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EDWARD MURPHY D. CLARK, M.D.

Portrait of the Hon. Mr. Murphy, M.D.

EDWARD MURPHY D. CLARK, M.D.



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Dear Mr. Cox.
Augustus E. Wilson,
of Great Britain,
of Cambridge.



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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1855.

THE INSPIRED MAN.

BY J. D. BELL.

IF you had lived a mariner's life, you could speak of having many times gazed out, long and rapturously, upon the broad sea, when the soft sunbeams were sporting with her raven locks, and the wild and boisterous winds were all slumbering in the distant islands. Then you might tell us of having been suddenly startled from your calm and peaceful reverie by a deep voice from the heavens, calling up the Titan forces of the tempest. Soon your ear was stunned by the loud wail of the blast, and, as you looked out, you saw the white sweat, foaming on the face of the toiling waters. Once more you stretched your giddy eyes over the great deep, and the thundering of the billows, the darkness, and the lightning, told you that old Ocean had grown eloquent.

I have fancied that this sublime scene might be considered a fit illustration of that grand process by which the great and divinely gifted man becomes inspired.

There are times when we see the human soul entering into a freer, mightier, and more intense life—a life that seems to gush with red and terrible action! The whole being seems to be shocked through and through with currents of divine galvanism. The ordinary infirmities of human nature seem to have melted all away under the mysterious heat of an awakened, inspired, eloquent soul. The reason has assumed a strange clearness; the imagination is all alive with bold and beautiful imagery; and the eye darts forth a wild and weird electricity. To act mightily, in that hour, seems as easy as for the storm to shake the giant trees, or to toss the iron-ribbed ship. The great deep of the soul has been broken up. Every look, every gesture, every smile, and every frown beams, and burns, and overflows with fervid power. And the glo-

rious words that come sparkling, and leaping, and gleaming, and thundering forth—then, O, who can describe them!

"They seize upon the mind, arrest, and search,
And shake it—bow the tall soul, as by wind—
Rush over it as rivers over reeds,
That quaver in the current—turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless, leaving in the brain
A rocking and ringing!"

One of the peculiar features of this lofty inspiration is its naturalness. It is always interpreted by the occasion from which it originates. You can not mistake it. No buffoon can pass off an inflated for an inspired soul. The mimic orator will always be betrayed by his speechless eyes; and gin-inspired poetry will always smell of gin. True eloquence can no more be mimicked than an elephant could be housed in a soap-bubble. The inspired man will always present you his credentials, and you will acknowledge them, and give him welcome to your soul; for you must. As his day, so will his strength be. In the hour of insignificant emergency, his voice will be sweet and playful; and when great interests are at stake, his appropriate utterances will also come forth; and you will understand them then, just as, when you hear a rolling among the clouds, you know it is the thunder.

There are three great moods of human eloquence or inspiration. One of these is that state of sublime abstraction in which the soul of the gifted poet is sometimes found absorbed away and lost. The inspiration of the poet is the most ethereal of any of which man is susceptible. We see men sometimes that remind us at once of Deity himself. They possess such power, that, with almost a single word, they might hush the clamor of rebellion, or take the spunk out of great armies. Such is not the poet's power. He partakes more of the angel than of the God. He seems to be the heavenliest being in the

world. Milton and Paradise are twin words. How disgusted we are with the epic that runs down into sensualism and worldliness—with the Muse that pollutes its seraphic wing in the dust! You read a few leaves of Hudibras, and, in spite of all his admirers, your heart whispers, "This is not divine!" The true poet makes us heavenlier, not earthlier. I think there is, at best, but little divine inspiration in satires. When did you like Horace most, my friend? Was it when, with his great pinions dragging along the very ground, he led you through the dull routine of his journey from Rome to Brundisium? or was it when, almost a Horace yourself, you drank into your very being the beautiful fire of his Odes and Epodes? When did Byron catch hold of your spirit, and soar up out of sight with it in the ether of heaven? Was it when you read his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and "Don Juan?"* or was it when you saw and heard him, like some royal angel, soliloquizing in the "Prophecy of Dante" and "Childe Harold?"

If you fathom the hearts of men, you will find that the universal sentiment is, that the true mission of the poet is to exalt the mind, to gather supernal light from the far-distant slopes and summits of truth, and to scatter it over the world. And hence it was that when we found Byron and Burns in a debauch, and read Alexander Pope's lampoon on London, the very best lines of these poets began, from that time, to smack too much of the flesh. I confess that I have never admired Lalla Rookh so much since I read of Tom Moore's duel. Inspiration is always understood to mean a state of exalted fervor—a divine afflatus. It can not be the fire of rotten wood. Milton and Homer both understood this; and, hence, though blind, they constantly gaze into our souls from their great works, with eyes like stars. You know how it was, too, with the divine Ossian. In that hour when his gorgeous words flew around your spirit, like cinders struck from a blazing diamond, you could not believe him a poor, blind man, pining for the light. His humanity was lost in his angelhood. And just so the true poet is always struggling upward from the human to the divine. It seems to be his fate to be constantly subduing and sublimating that which is material and earthly, whether of himself or of the world around him. He makes that look beautiful which is deformed. He puts sweet odor into

the withered rose, and dilates upon the majestic beauty of darkness. He never tells you that he is poor, or blind, or sensual. He never tells you that because the critics have done him violence, they ought all to be damned. The working of his lower passions is entirely concealed; for he knows well that to unfold this would be fatal to a pure and serene spirituality. He makes his joys seem ethereal and his sorrows divine.

"His fantasy

Breathes spirit-life ecstatic o'er dead rhyme;
As from cold river waves the gold edged rays
Of morn's young sun send up a columned haze,
Rifted and quivering, through whose dense array
We see the rose-sheathed day-beams, trembling round
The silver sculpture of the clouds, that away
'Neath sapphire skies, in virgin whiteness crowned."

Such is the true poet, and such is his inspiration.

But another great mood of human inspiration is presented to us in the orator. There is an indescribable power in gifted oratory. The inspiration of the orator is unlike that of the poet, inasmuch as it is a fusion rather than a blooming of the soul. The inspiration of the poet is beautiful, that of the orator grand and irresistible. One woos, the other carries by storm; the poet charms by the halo of light that envelopes him, the orator overwhelms and merges every thing in the impetuous gush of his melted passions.

The orator seems to be an embodiment of all the forces as well as the charms of nature. When inspired, he represents the storm, flapping its wild wings over the great deep; and his words, then, are even

"Like supernatural thunders, far yet near,
Sowing their fiery echoes through the hills!"

Again, he has all the gentleness and beauty of a summer day. His voice seems to mimic the soft gurgling of streams and fountains; his face is serene as the azure heavens; and we catch beautiful glimpses of a quiet soul beaming through his eyes, just as we sometimes see the peaceful sun mirrored far down in the blue waters.

But now he suddenly assumes a new attitude. The ripple of brooks and the music of birds is heard no more. The feast of beauty is all broken up. Blighted is the gorgeous purple of the fields, and covered with cold, dank clouds is the sun that but lately shone down so beautifully upon us. Winter—cold, bleak Winter—with his beard of frost, comes up before our eyes. We hear a dismal chattering of teeth, and see the billowy snow drifting over the frozen ground.

One word more, and we find ourselves, it may

*The readers of the Repository don't read Byron's "Don Juan."—Ed.

be, reposing on some soft couch, regaled by the breath of zephyrs, our thoughts wandering far away in the flowery land of dreams. But we can not stay long here. The eye of the orator suddenly flashes with keen lightning, and a deep voice, like muffled thunder, soon startles us up from our slumbers. We open our eyes, and lo! we now see cities, and mountains, and great trees reeling over the earth, drunk with volcanic fire! We are not mistaken. Etna—great Etna—vomiting forth terrific streams of burning lava, stands before us. Alas! this is too much. We sink down, our faces buried in our hands, and our hearts beating like battle-drums—thunder-shivered, speechless, lost! But it needs only one more flourish of that orator's mysterious wand to throw us back among those streams, and birds, and flowers, and dreams again. O, how omnipotent is the great orator! No wonder that when Benjamin Franklin had heard the mighty Whitefield for the first time in his life, he threw all the gold he had into the charity-box. No wonder that when Rowland Hill had become surcharged with the terrible electricity of the eloquence of Chalmers, he sprang from his seat, like a wild man, and striking the very pale of the altar with his fist, shouted to the top of his voice, "Well done, Chalmers!" And no wonder that when Patrick Henry, that "eagle of eloquence," uttered the eternal scream, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" the patriots of the Revolution began to harness for battle.

We should not fail to notice here, perhaps, how soon the great orator seems to resume his humanity again after the hour of his inspiration is over. The glorious man then unstrains his electrified nerves. The mighty bond of his being becomes loosened, and he stoops down from his empyrean of eloquence, like Cicero, it may be, to have a romp with his children; or, like Daniel Webster, "to saunter along the shore of the great Atlantic, watching the play of her noble billows, or seat himself on the bank of some flashing streamlet to fish for trout."

Now he is the ocean in a calm; or, rather, he is old Etna, whose base grows green with grass and flowers in midwinter.

We come, finally, to notice the third and last great mood of human inspiration. And it is that which arrests and startles us in the wild and awful splendor of the hero.

Heroism is but another name for practical eloquence. The hero is the inspired man, literally *working out* his lofty ideal. This ideal may be any great purpose. In the case of Bonaparte it was a martial conquest; of Robert Fulton, a

steamboat; of Martin Luther, the Reformation. That is a false philosophy which confines heroism to simply a fearless wielding of the sword, and a firm facing of the cannon. The chief of warriors did mighty battle with but a helm in his hand, and a compass for his shield. The heartiest shouts of victory the world has ever heard, perhaps, came from old garrets and laboratories. Many a Waterloo has been fought on a leaf of foolscap. I turn my eyes down yonder, and see the battle route of that great Napoleon whose war-steed is the swift-footed lightning. Howard, and Columbus, and Morse, and Washington, and Bonaparte, were all men of one blood. And of the same brave blood were the Christian martyrs, and all the heroic missionaries that have fought and fell in heathen lands. But we must not tarry here.

Let us glance at the hero in that hour when his soul, swallowed up in the maelstrom of ambition, seems goading his very body with lashes of fire up the burning steep of victory. O, what an hour is that! Scorn, ridicule, danger, death, all that under other circumstances might intimidate, and terrify, have lost their power. The man is transformed into a hero.

"And now with flashing eyes he springs,
His whole bright figure raised in air,
As if his soul had spread its wings,
And poised him one wild instant there!"

Unlucky moment, this, for all opposing forces. A mighty hand has been lifted up, and the royal mandate has gone forth, "Thus far and no farther!" Stand back now, ye old priests, and princes, and kings. Hide thy dragon head, thou coward Pope! A hero, clad in fire, and armed with thunderbolts, is after you all. What can ye do now with your proclamations, and denunciations, and martyr-fires? Ye can not conquer a brave man. Devils can not conquer him. Who can stop a red comet in its fiery course? Who can gag a volcano? He looks at your swords, and their keenness is gone. He bares his bosom to your arrows, and they turn from their courses and come whizzing harmlessly over his head. He goes before the mouths of your cannons, and they are as mum as death. He defies your tortures, and goes to the stake shouting, Victory! At Thermopylae, he is Leonidas—at Quebec, Montgomery. Like Stephen, he falls with his radiant lips laureled with victorious prayers; and like Marco Bozzaris, he reels from his battle-horse, exclaiming in his last moment, "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain." Such is the eloquence of heroism.

If we have correctly canvassed the whole

ground of our subject, the three great moods of human inspiration we have just contemplated embrace all the points of inquiry that can, in any manner, be entertaining to us. We have seen the inspired man as the poet, the orator, and the hero; or, better to say, as the inspired thinker, the inspired speaker, and the inspired actor. It only remains now to ask each one to study the inspired man in connection with his own life and destiny. Yes, my friend, study him well. If you would be the poet, aspire to no less than ethereal spirituality. I beseech you, write not for this world under the miskindled fervors of passion.

If you would be the orator, struggle toward the glorious heights of speech. Be true. Be nobly natural.

And, let me pray you, do cultivate the spirit of the hero every day. You must not forget this. Every minute of time pleads for heroes. Will you be one?

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM JAY.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

FIRST PAPER.

PERSONS who undertake the work of writing their own lives generally offend two classes of individuals: first, those who do the printing of their book for them; and, secondly, those who undertake to read such books when printed. The cause of offense in the former class arises from the fact that it is an enormous draft on their stock of capital I's, and in the latter class the stone of stumbling consists in the apparently everlasting glorification of self, which constantly stands out. Mr. Jay, the author of *Morning and Evening Exercises*, and a variety of the most popular and practical works before either the English or American public, and whose name is emphatically a household word among religious people and families, undertook the work of writing his own life, not for the benefit of the public, but at the urgent request of his own children. He succeeded well in the undertaking; and, now that he is dead, and those children have placed their father's life before the public, many will be the sentiments of gratitude and admiration expressed by those who love to peruse biography, seasoned with good sense, and pervaded by variety of incident and a wholesome vivacity.

William Jay was born near Bath, England, in the year 1769. Of his early life and parentage very little of a satisfactory nature is known. His parents were very respectable; that is to say, they were poor and religious. William was their

fourth and only male child. It is mentioned in his commendation that he was remarkably free from those immoralities which too often attach to youth. "I remember one act only of gross transgression," says he, "and it pains me now in review; it was the uttering of a known and repeated *falsehood*, accompanied with an *oath*, to carry a point, as I was interested at play. For this my conscience so smote me, that I was soon constrained to withdraw from my companions, and went home, and retired to implore forgiveness." When about fourteen years of age, the Methodists came into the neighborhood where William lived, and he went to hear one of their preachers, by the name of Turner, preach. Here is his account of the way he was impressed by the services:

"The singing, the extemporaneousness of the address, and the apparent affection and earnestness of the speaker, peculiarly affected me; and what he said of 'the faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' was like rain upon the mown grass, or cold water to a thirsty soul. I scarcely slept that night for weeping and for joy; and as the preaching was to be renewed the next morning at seven o'clock—not to interfere with the service of the Established Church—I happened to be the first that came. Mrs. Turner, who had come from Trowbridge to superintend things for the time, opened the door herself, and, taking me by the hand, benignly asked, 'Are you hungering for the bread of life?' She continued talking to me most winningly for some minutes, till others began to enter. But this seemingly casual and trifling circumstance was important in the result; for from that day forward she particularly noticed me; and, as I had been recently apprenticed, and was returning from my work, which was then at Fonthill House, in the evening, she often met me, and conversed with me till I reached home; and her information and addresses were more useful than many of the sermons I heard, as she adapted herself to the state she found I was in, and to the present kind of knowledge which I required."

Young Jay continued to attend Methodist preaching; and, on one occasion, having listened to a sermon on the importance of family prayer, he went home and requested his father to set up the family altar, and have regular morning and evening devotions. The father declined, and from a consideration which makes, even now, many homes of professedly religious persons prayerless homes; namely, that he had no gift for prayer. Whereupon his son, to relieve his

father, proposed, with tears in his eyes, to do the praying himself. The offer was accepted, and William forthwith became a sort of domestic chaplain. He also attended the Methodist prayer meetings, and engaged in the exercises with a zeal, a pathos, and a power truly astonishing in one so young. At one of the church prayer meetings an Episcopalian, an acquaintance of the Jay family, dropped in to see how things were carried on. In his turn William addressed the Throne of Grace. He had unction in his words, and *prayed* that all present might have their names written in the Lamb's book of life. This was too much for his neighbor, the Episcopalian, who professed orthodoxy, and who thought that he alone saw things clearly. He, therefore, took his young friend aside, and said abruptly to him, "You know well that that Lamb's book was filled up from all eternity, and if our names are not now written there, they never will be." But the young, praying soldier was not to be frightened by such a declaration; for he immediately quoted the words, "The Spirit and the bride say, *Come*; and let him that heareth say, *Come*; and let him that is athirst *come*. And *whosoever will*, let him take the water of life freely."

When about fifteen years of age, a clergyman of the Independent Church, by the name of Winter, a most exemplary man, became greatly prepossessed in regard to William, and took him as a pupil into an academy of which he had charge, and which was solely for the education of young men desiring to do good and preach the Gospel. Mr. Winter was a poor man, and so was William a poor boy, and sometimes they both got into straits about getting along temporally. Mr. Winter used frequently to go as far as thirty and forty miles on a Saturday to preach; but instead of getting good feed for his horse and himself, and pay for his preaching, he was turned empty away, and his horse outrageously foundered and abused. At one appointment, named Addington, where the populace had been stirred up beforehand against "irregular preachers," by the Episcopal clergymen and some other fellows of the baser sort, his horse lost a great portion of his tail and mane, and parts of both ears.

Mr. Winter, nothing daunted by the opposition and persecutions in his path, kept on quietly serving God, and so urged the work of preaching upon young Jay, that he took hold of the Gospel plow himself when scarce sixteen years of age. His first effort was made at a small village, called Abbington, near Stonehenge, and was from

1 Peter ii, 3: "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." His divisions were as follows: 1. The Lord is gracious; 2. The best way to know this grace is by tasting it; 3. Such knowledge will have an influence over the possessor; for if we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, it will induce us to love him; it will draw out our desire after more; it will make us anxious to bring others to partake with us, saying, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye may also have fellowship with us." From his sixteenth to his twenty-first year he was kept busy in sermonizing and preaching; for in that period he delivered over one thousand discourses, or about two hundred per year, or four per week. And this, it might be well to remark in passing, is more than the majority of more modern preachers do. Numbers of preachers in our city stations do not preach over sixty or eighty sermons a year, having no discourse through the week, and having but two Sabbath services, and one or both of these frequently attended to by some stranger or friend. Now and then young Jay had to take some severe criticisms. Here is a sample, in his own words:

"Soon after I begun my early career, I went to supply for a Sabbath at Melksham. At this time was residing there an old gentleman from London—a very wise man, at least in his own conceit. I called upon him on the Monday morning. He received me rather uncourteously. He did not, indeed, censure my preaching, but rudely said he had no notion of *beardless* boys being employed as preachers. 'Pray, sir,' said I, 'does not Paul say to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth." And, sir, you remind me of what I have read of a French monarch, who had received a young ambassador, and complaining, said, "Your master should not have sent me a beardless stripling." "Sir," said the youthful ambassador, "had my master supposed you wanted a beard, he would have sent you a goat."'"

People soon, however, began to appreciate the worth of the "boy preacher," as Mr. Jay was now called, and, from simple country appointments, he was elevated to preach in some good-sized towns and villages. In the year 1788, and when but nineteen years old, he became acquainted with Rev. Rowland Hill, who pressed him to go down to London, and occasionally fill his pulpit, that of Surrey Chapel, for him. With the consent and approbation of his tutor, Mr. Winter, he started with Mr. Hill to London. Here his preaching soon made him famous.

Crowds rushed to hear him, so musical was his elocution, so graceful his manner, so modest his behavior, so deep his piety. On the occasion of preaching his last sermon there, the whole of the yard in front of the house where he preached was filled with eager listeners, and when he had finished speaking, the multitude would not leave till he had, from an open window, bidden them farewell. While in London, beside the acquaintance of Mr. Hill, he formed the friendship of Rev. John Ryland and Rev. John Newton, two men of God. He had also several calls to settle in the city; but he declined them all, preferring a small congregation near Chippenham, at \$140 a year.

During his first visit to Surrey Chapel, Mr. Jay became acquainted with a minister of Bath, named Tuppen. This Mr. Tuppen, on his return home, spoke in high praise of "the boy preacher;" and when subsequently he fell sick, he recommended his congregation to send for young Jay to supply his place, and to dedicate the new chapel, which was to be called Argyle Chapel. The official members complied with Mr. Tuppen's request, and Mr. Jay came and preached for them, greatly to their profit and satisfaction. Mr. Tuppen's illness was unto death; and among his last requests was one that Mr. Jay should be his successor, which request was unanimously complied with by the Church. From the very start, Mr. Jay "drew and kept full houses," and was extraordinarily popular and useful. His church had to be enlarged three times during his incumbency to accommodate the numbers who flocked to hear him.

On the sixth day of January, 1791, when in his twenty-second year, Mr. Jay was married to Miss Anne, daughter of Rev. Mr. Davies, of Bathaston, a small village two miles from Bath. The marriage ceremony was performed at St. Peter's, Cornhill, by Rev. Rowland Hill. Of his wife he thus speaks:

"She possessed every requisite that could render her a helpmate. Her special qualities were admirably suited to my defects. She had an extemporaneous readiness which never failed her, and an intuitive decisiveness which seemed to require no deliberation. Her domestic virtues rendered my house a complete home, the abode of neatness, order, punctuality, peace, cheerfulness, comfort, and attraction. She calmed my brow when ruffled by disappointment or vexation; she encouraged me when depressed; she kept off a thousand cares, and left me free to attend to the voice of my calling. She reminded me of my engagements when I was forgetful,

and stimulated me when I was remiss, and always gently enforced the *present* obligation as 'the duty of every day required.'

"I mention this the more not only to express my own gratitude, but that my Church and the public, if they have derived any little advantage from my labors, may see how much of it they owe to this wise and good woman. She now stood in the additional relation of a mother, and in process of time furnished me with a most lovely family of six children, three of each sex, who 'rose up and called her blessed.'"

Of his fifth child, Edward, he narrates this incident:

"When quite a child, he had nearly perished. His nursemaid had, by reading herself asleep, set fire to the curtains. I had just time to snatch him from a flaming bed, which was nearly all consumed, with other furniture in the room. He was at first educated for the ministry, and preached for some time with much approbation. But a timorousness and even dread with regard to his appearing and officiating in public, instead of decreasing by use, so grew upon him, and so threatened and even affected his health, that I was constrained to acquiesce in his importunity to leave the pulpit and enter secular life."

And of his last child, a daughter named Statura, he writes the following touching account:

"She was a child of a very lovely and obliging temper, and apt at learning. She was also truly pious, and, like her two sisters, had early come to the table of the Lord. But at the age of nineteen I was summoned to resign her. She had always been free from ailments. I left her in perfect health, to go and preach at the opening of a new chapel at Tavistock, in Devonshire; but I had not proceeded farther than Totness when a messenger overtook me with foreboding intelligence. I hastened back in anxious, trembling suspense, and reached home only just in time to see her dying of typhus fever. She was incapable of knowing the father around whose neck she had so often clung. I turned away, and was led by her mother into the solitude of my study. We kneeled down, hand in hand, to pray; but not a word was uttered. At such a season, how poor is speech, and how surprising is it that persons should employ it, and not yield to the devotion of silence and tears!

"This was the first time death had entered our indulged dwelling. Till now I knew not what it was truly to be a parent. My heart was desolate within me; and there was danger that weeping would hinder sowing. As my ministry had always been very much of a consolatory kind,

I began to dread the application of the address of Eliphaz to Job, 'Behold thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands; thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now is it come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art weary.' "

Mr. Jay was not possessed of a very strong physical constitution, and was frequently the subject of headaches and dizziness that rendered preaching difficult. These attacks were very sudden, and came on him several times in the pulpit. Feeling the necessity of a careful regime, and regular habits, he betook himself to a spare diet, to early rising, and to rigid habits of temperance. Summer and winter he rose at five o'clock and retired at ten. The last day of the week he always took as a holiday.

"It was the practice of my dear father," writes one of his daughters, "to throw off all study on the Saturday, that he and his subject might be fresh for the Sabbath. On that day—and O, what a joyous afternoon that was to us children!—we were indulged in rambling with him in a country walk, choosing the side of some running brook, which he delighted to follow, or sending us scrambling into field or hedgerow for wild flowers; and, when each brought their little nosegay, to receive the prize held out to them for the best flowers, or best arranged."

In a letter to a Committee of the Festival of the Bath Teetotal Society, he used the emphatic words:

"The subject of Teetotalism I have examined physically, morally, and Christianly, and, after all my reading, reflection, observation, and experience, I have reached a very firm and powerful conviction. *I believe that next to the glorious Gospel, God could not so bless the human race as by the abolition of all intoxicating liquors.*"

There is something in this declaration which it would not be improper for a considerable number of English clergymen especially to dwell upon in solemn meditation.

His first published work was a discourse on "The Mutual Duties of Husbands and Wives," which rapidly went through six editions. Of all his works, however, the Domestic Minister's Assistant, consisting of morning and evening prayers for six weeks, had by far the largest sale. "I always," said he, "composed rapidly. If I succeeded at all to my satisfaction, it was commonly at once. What I produced by mere dint of effort seldom pleased me. The mind should, indeed, be excited by love to the subject, or pleasure in the study; but I always found a consciousness

of difficulty and elaboration unfavorable to success. The production was wanting in simplicity and naturalness. There is no reaching flowers by ladders and balloons. They do not grow in the air, but in the ground. They are not above our head, but at our feet. We find them in walking. We bend to view them, and stoop to gather them. I always found one thing very helpful in the choice and in the study of my subjects for preaching. It was the feeling of a rightness of aim and motive; that is, a simple regard to usefulness; and a losing sight of advantage, popularity, and applause."

In reference to his sermons, it may be remarked that he never set apart regularly any particular time for study, thereby reducing the exercise to a kind of mechanism or compulsion. He thought habitually. He chose his texts and subjects early in the week, and studied upon them wherever he was, whether in the house or out walking, or working with his own hands. "With regard," said he, "to subjects, what I have always deemed the best kind of preaching is neither highly doctrinal nor dryly practical; but distinguished by what I should call *experimentally*, or a constant blending of the doctrine and practice of the Gospel strongly with the affections and feelings."

He guarded sedulously against length in a sermon, seldom exceeding forty minutes in any discourse. On the principle which Lamont recommended, he thought that nothing could justify a long sermon. If a sermon was a good one, there was no necessity of its being a long one, and if a bad one, it ought to be short. "I could commonly ascertain," he says, "before I left the study, how I should succeed in the pulpit. With me the tug of the war was always alone. If I felt that I had grasped my subject, and could gain a certain frame of spirit made up of the *solemn* and the *tender*, I rather longed for the service than dreaded it; and this was very much the case on all occasions, the more extraordinary and trying ones not excepted."

He was no mere story-teller; and yet, throughout the most of his long ministerial life, he dealt largely in incident and anecdote. Bunyan's motto, copied from Hosea, was, in some sense, his motto: "I have used similitudes." This practice, however, of using appropriate metaphor and illustrations, does not belong, as the reader knows, to all preachers. Perhaps the instance mentioned by Dr. Carey may be recollected by some. The Doctor is reported to have said to a young minister who preached before him, "My young friend, I have much approved

of your sermon, but it had one deficiency—it had no '*likes*' in it." And when asked for an explanation, he said, "Why, when you read our Lord's discourses, you constantly meet with the expression, The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, like unto mustard-seed, like unto a net, like unto a marriage, and so on. Now, never preach again, my young friend, without some '*likes*' in your addresses." A story, says Cecil, "will hold a child by the ear for an hour together," and "men are but children of a larger growth."

Dr. Bowrie, physician to Mr. Jay, in some reminiscences of his life, speaks as follows respecting some peculiarities in his preaching:

"Mr. Jay, in his preaching, often made a wonderful impression by a single sentence delivered in a powerful manner. One of these I shall mention as pressing most strongly at this moment on my mind, although heard by me many years ago. He had been preaching on the repentance of Judas, and took occasion in the discourse to attack the love of money, as one of the, if not the principal, sins of the Church of God; and at the close of one of the divisions of his subject, he burst forth in his own peculiar and emphatic manner, with the following awful sentence: 'Avarice, avarice is the monsoon, the devil's trade-wind, from the Church into hell.' Another at this time presses itself forcibly on my memory; and although, perhaps, by the very fastidious, it may be said not well fitted for the pulpit, yet at the time of delivery it made a wonderful impression, and now is so clear before me that I must give it. Mr. Jay was speaking of the glaring inconsistency of many professors of the Gospel, and endeavoring to show how impossible it was to expect the Divine blessing to rest on half-and-half professors of religion. He rested much on the necessity there was for decision for God, and the clear manifestation before the Church and the world, in the believer's walk and character, so as to leave no doubt who indeed was his Master; and in the midst of a powerful appeal pronounced the following: 'Some of you, my dear brethren, are so inconsistent and undecided, that if at this moment I saw the devil running away with some of you, I could not call out, "Stop thief!"—he would but carry off his own property.'"

As a pastor, he was somewhat peculiar. He announced that, in order to have time to preach, he must not spend all his time in pastoral visiting. The healthy and the wealthy, if they were pious and exemplary, he begged to be excused from calling on, except "semi-occasionally;" but the

afflicted, the poor, and the wayward, he felt it his duty to look after, with attention and carefulness. He was brief and prayerful in these calls, and talked and laughed but little. Questions having a direct reference to one's spiritual case were put to each member called on, and he accepted of no equivocation in reply. So large, however, was his congregation that he found it very difficult, preaching as he did five times a week—that is, three times on the Sabbath, once Wednesday night, and once in the country adjacent—to attend to pastoral calls, even among those who needed such calls. He more than once urged on his leading members, male and female, the absolute necessity of their acting as pastors, or callers and exhorters upon their fellow-members. "Is there nothing you can do," said he once, addressing his brethren and sisters, "but serve tables? Could not females be usefully and properly employed? Were they not, in the first Churches, officially engaged, not indeed in preaching, this was expressly forbidden—and inspiration is only common sense here—but in cases that did not compromise the duties and decencies of their peculiar sphere and character? Paul says to the Philippians, 'Help those women that labored with me in the Gospel.' To Timothy he speaks of a 'widow well reported of for good works, if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good.' 'I commend unto you,' says he to the Romans, 'Phebe our sister, who is a servant of the Church, which is at Cenchrea. For she has been a succorer of many, and myself also. Also greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us.'"

To remedy somewhat his deficiency in visiting, he appointed a Monday evening meeting, to which he especially invited the busy, the poor, and the aged, and talked to them for an hour or so in a free and familiar manner about their sins, and about the best means to be employed to live happy and to obtain salvation.

Of his personal reminiscences, his criticisms on cotemporaries and friends, and of his piety and his triumphant death, we can not speak now, but must beg the reader's indulgence till another month.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

CHRIST AND THE INFIDELS.

THE brightness of the brightest name pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper room," where he instituted the feast that should forever consecrate his memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of his love; the scene in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulcher; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which he bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which he well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisp infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its gray locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the Gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful. Yes; before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Savior welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the monarch under the vail of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "remembered by him when he came into his kingdom;" they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which he shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom he was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him, and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!" they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of his mission, and guarantees of the truth of his doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevo-

lence of his character, and are types of the spiritual cures his Gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulcher, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of him "who brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found him unbidden at her side, type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which he took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which he declares himself "the resurrection and the life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with childlike trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see him who is invested with the "keys of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy these, and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent him having the pre-eminence who loved, because he loved us, to call himself the "Son of Man," though angels call him the "Son of God."

It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an *illusion*, every variety of experiment proves it to be *inveterate*, and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans. *Probatum est*. At His feet, guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth, in faith and love, its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found and will find repose there, and have invested him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than his.—Henry Rogers.

As he that makes a bridge of his own shadow can not but fall in the water, so neither can he escape the pit of hell that lays his own presumption in the place of God's promises.

The world twines itself about the soul, as a serpent doth about an eagle, to hinder its flight upward, and sting it to death.

THE TWO EDENS.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

I AM dreaming, dreaming of Eden,
 Ere the serpent entered in,
 And over the brows of the tempted
 Fastened the fangs of sin;
 When the flowers that grew in the garden
 With shadowless bloom were bright,
 And no broken urn of the lily
 Infolded the dews of night.

O, fair and beautiful Eden!
 O, perfect and sinless love!
 When light, like a prism of glory,
 Circled the world from above!
 And a sweet, rejoicing anthem
 Was sung by the earth to the sun,
 As swift through the realms of azure
 She swept in her glory on;

When afar in the quiet valleys,
 'Neath the bloom of a thornless rose,
 The lion and lamb together
 Lay down in a sweet repose;
 When the fawn and the spotted leopard,
 The wolf and the young gazelle,
 Came close to the sound of the singing,
 As Eve's voice rose and fell.

And the beasts that lived in the jungles,
 And the birds that flew in the air,
 Fled not from the footsteps of Adam,
 In Eden, ere Death was there.
 But I turn from the hour of darkness,
 The time of the cross and thorn—
 The night of the earthquake's mutter,
 That followed when sin was born.

I am dreaming, dreaming of Eden—
 That Eden of love that lies
 Far over the shadowy waters—
 The quiet land of the skies—
 Where, over the walls of pure jasper,
 No serpent can enter in;
 And o'er the Eternal City
 Hangeth no cloud of sin;
 Where the loved, upon whose bosoms
 The sods of the earth are lain,
 Will come to our fond embraces,
 And gladden our hearts again.

O, fairest and beautiful Eden
 Of endless, eternal rest!
 Of all the sweet dreams that e'er thrill me,
 This glorious one is best.
 When the heart within is pulsating
 With sorrows, and hopes, and fears;
 When the eyes that look to the star-land
 Are misty and dim with tears;
 There cometh the voice of an angel—
 A syllable sweet of love—
 With a thought and hope of the Eden
 Remaining for us above.

LIFE.

BY ELLA ENFIELD.

'Tis but a weary scene,
 This toilsome life—
 A restless, troubled dream—
 A constant strife.

When childhood's happy morn
 Unfolds its light,
 Then hope begins to dawn,
 And life is bright.

Soon clouds of sorrow come
 O'er childhood's sky,
 Obscure life's rising sun,
 And dim the eye.

Corroding cares come on,
 With added years,
 Pressing the spirit down
 With anxious fears.

As darksome night beclouds
 The sunny morn,
 So grief and sorrow shroud
 Hope's golden dawn.
 Here short-lived pleasures dwell,
 Vain, fleeting toys,
 And momentary dreams
 Of earthly joys.

The "cypress" wreath adorns
 The "unwritten brow,"
 Where once the "orange" bloomed,
 So faded now.

The beauteous flow'rs, arrayed
 In gorgeous bloom—
 Into the tomb!

How soon they droop and fade
 Thus earthly beauty dies;

'Tis constant never:
 Like fading light it flies,
 Soon gone forever.

Our life is but a dream—
 A fleeting breath—
 A few remaining sands,
 Awaiting death.

Earth's treasures are but toys,
 Not worth our care;
 And all its transient joys,
 How vain they are!

But there's a world above,
 Where all is peace;
 Where joys abound and love—
 Where sorrows cease;

Where life—immortal life—
 Forever reigns,
 And beauty robes with green,
 Those heavenly plains.

There blooming Hope unfurls
 Her banners fair,
 And sweetest music flows,
 Unceasing, there.

MORAL EDUCATION.

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

ALL agree that the youth of our land should be provided with common schools; that common schools are designed to educate; that education means development; and that it should embrace the whole man.

There was a time when the friends of education, in their care for the mind, lost sight of the body, forgetful that, however superior the spirit may be to its earthly instruments, its outward manifestations are through the bodily organs. It is as though the engineer, impressed with the distinctness and power of steam, should be unconcerned with the machinery by which it is applied. Now, however, it is understood that the teacher should possess a competent knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, in order that he may give judicious directions in the construction and furniture of his school-room; in regulating its supplies of heat, light, and atmosphere; in adjusting the tasks and punishments of his pupils, and in superintending their diet and exercises; that he should not only be able to give such directions, but also satisfactory reasons for them; to illustrate, in a familiar manner, the general laws of digestion, circulation, respiration, etc., and to show their practical application. For want of such qualifications in the teachers of other days, many are weak and sickly among us, and many regard education through a cloud of gloomy and painful associations. Once it was supposed that education consisted in so many quarters of grammar, and so many of geography, and so on. Now it is generally admitted, that while we teach the child arithmetic, grammar, geography, civil history, and the general principles of philosophy and natural history, we are to bear in mind that these, after all, are but means, not the end; that the great object of the educator is to teach the child to think. Let the pupil form the habit of patient, clear, consecutive thought, and you may let him go. *Thinking*, not knowing, makes the great distinction between the mind of the philosopher and that of the fool; the ability to reason is the measure of mental excellence, the instrument of high achievement. 'Tis this that scales heaven, and fathoms hell, and compasses space; that outstrips the lightning, and speaks like the voice of God; that defies volcanoes and storms; and laughs at warrants and executions in its burning path. 'Tis this, despite all conquerors, to which God has given the dominion of the world, as by a covenant of salt. It is a trite observation that studies should be so

arranged that all the mental faculties may be developed and duly balanced. In cases of eccentricity this is necessary to guard against monstrosity, and in other cases it is very well. But ordinarily we need have no *painful* concern in this matter. To prepare men for the various pursuits of life their minds are constituted differently; and the school should not be a bed of Procrustes. If we can form, in each case, a habit of vigorous mental action, we can safely trust to social intercourse and the daily scenes of the world's state to regulate and moderate it.

We are too much disposed to regard the faculties of the mind as separate and independent, like oxygen and hydrogen in the compound blow-pipe; whereas, they are but the different modes in which the mind acts, and are only treated separately, in scientific works, for the sake of convenience. In most cases, the soul, in performing one operation performs others also. How can we have an act of judgment, for example, without attention, abstraction, memory, association, etc.? In strengthening one power, then, we may strengthen all; let us, therefore, hail with delight any evidence of genius in the pupil in whatever form it may appear.

Next to the education of the mind comes the development and training of the taste, and the sensibilities, both natural and moral. All are agreed up to this last point. When we come to moral nature there is a class that cries, "Hold, you may teach the temporal but not the spiritual; all moral and religious instruction must be excluded from the common school." Of this plan I remark that it is neither feasible nor allowable; and to the illustration of this proposition I will devote the remainder of this paper.

That the scheme is not practicable is evident, first, from the very nature of education, which consists in leading out the mind, encouraging inquiry, nourishing free, bold, independent thought. Will you draw lines around an awakened, emancipated, aspiring spirit, and say, hitherto shalt thou come and no further? More especially, can you restrain it from those great subjects which have been the themes of ages, which have absorbed the minds of Moses, and Socrates, and Paul, and Plato, and which have controlled the march of human events? As well attempt to hold the lightning as it leaps from heaven to earth, or from earth to heaven. From every figure on his blackboard, from every crown, or cross, or flag upon his outline map, the boy, *that is a boy*, may push his inquiring way downward to conscience, or upward to God. Vain to cry, halt, when he has pushed you to the line of things, moral and religious.

Second, from the connection between the different powers of the soul, intellectual, sensitive, moral, and voluntary. This is so intimate that you can not train one class of faculties without training others. The celebrated Dr. Hunter, who was noted alike for the solidity of his judgment and the facetiousness of his expressions, once remarked—glancing at certain theorists—"Gentlemen, physiologists will have it that the stomach is a mill, others that it is a fermenting vat, others again that it is a stew-pan; but in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, nor a fermenting vat, nor a stew-pan, but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach." So of the human mind—it is neither a reasoning, nor a feeling, nor a conscientious apparatus, but a *mind*, gentlemen, a human mind. Suppose we adopt the phrenological hypothesis, and ascribe to each of its powers a separate organ; still, it must be conceded, they are intimately connected, so that you could not influence one without affecting others. They must be *more* closely connected than the different organs of the body, yet you can not seriously affect one *bodily* organ without affecting more or less every other. There is a great sympathetic nerve which binds them all together, and teaches each to weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice in the same system. An injury upon the surface of an extremity may carry dismay to the vitals. Moreover, the different organs of the body *depend* upon each other. Suppose you determine that you will watch exclusively over the brain; soon may you look for cerebral disorder. Well, you interrogate the troubled organ. Why, dear Brain, are you so perverse? how is it, after all the care that I have bestowed upon you, and the exclusive affection I feel for you, that you are radiating such a half-elaborated, pernicious, nervous influence over the whole body, distressing every nerve and confusing every organ? "Well," the poor brain replies, "I am not to blame; I am not unmindful of my functions, nor insensible to your goodness; but the heart has been pumping up lately such a corrupted stream of blood that, with all my extra exertions, I am not able to manufacture out of it any thing better than the vicious, maddened stuff that I send out through the nerves." Well, go now to the heart. Heart, what is the reason that you have sent such an impure current to the brain of late? "It is no fault of mine," replies the heart; "I pump up as good a blood as I receive; I wish it were better, I am sure; for it is painful to work in such a fluid, and if some change is not made soon I shall get sick. Ask the lungs why they send such a *poor* article to me." Well, Lungs, what

does this mean? "Blame not me; I expand and contract, as I have always done, and air the blood as much as ever—the fault is lower down. Ask the *vena cava* why it sends up such miserable venous blood?" *Vena cava*, how is it? "I furnish as good an article as I can, considering the abominable chyle which I get. Go to the stomach, and you will see what is the matter." Well, Stomach, the whole system is in disorder, and the fault is traced to you. "I own," says the stomach, "that the trouble is with me; nevertheless I do the very best I can with the materials I have, but they are very unsuitable; and, moreover, with the water in this neighborhood there is often mixed a strange poison which bewilders me, and sometimes turns me upside down." Thus, a little defalcation or derangement in one of the partners carries bankruptcy and confusion into the whole bodily firm. This will serve as an illustration. The different organs of the spiritual system—intellectual, sensitive, and moral—are also united by sympathy and mutual dependence; if you get one of them into the habit of vigorous and healthy action, the others will assume, to some extent, a corresponding action. Quickened the heart, for instance, and intellect and conscience will wake up; touch conscience, and intellect and heart will leap; arouse intellect, and its associated sensibilities will be more or less stirred. With what god-like energy does even a sluggish mind move when brought under the power of some strong passion! How often does the Gospel, by quickening conscience, exalt reason! In proportion as it is believed by a man or a people, both heart and intellect beat more quickly, and the individual and the state steadily ascend. So, too, improve intellect, and you improve, as a general rule, conscience. I grant there are exceptions: quickened intellect may be attended with dormant, rather, *perverted* conscience; but this only proves that something more than intellect is necessary, not that quickened intellect does not tend to quicken conscience. There is also mutual *dependence* among the different powers. Confine attention to intellect and it may act perversely, not because it does not act strongly, but because it has not right premises. The most important truth is moral, but the state of the heart materially affects the intellect in its efforts to acquire it: it constitutes a medium through which it is seen. If you put on green glasses, you see the whole creation green; so if you look through a green heart, you see the whole moral world tinged. Why is a father unfit to sit in judgment on a son? why has a prisoner the right to challenge his enemy from the jury-box? why is it so hard to convince the miser,

however strong his intellect, of the necessity for charity? or the coward of the necessity for battle? or the sluggard of the necessity for action? or the lover of a wrinkle in the face of his mistress? The heart may also put reason in a wrong relation to truth; may turn it away from the proof; may even silence what it can neither escape nor confute, as Wadsworth's drummer did Fletcher's reader. The heart must be clarified before the intellect can have clear vision on moral mountains. The intellect, moreover, is dependent on the heart or conscience for impulse, without feeling it would act to no purpose; the stronger the feeling the stronger the mental action: hence the superiority of conscience as a motive power.

Suppose we pay exclusive attention to conscience: we may make it as tender as the apple of the eye, and yet be miserable offenders. A man may persecute his neighbor, sacrifice his child, expose his father to perish, and take his own life, and in all this think that he is doing God service. The feelings of obligation must be connected with right views of duty before we can go into the path of uprightness; therefore, we must cultivate the intellect—the perceiving power. The divisions, strife, enthusiasm, fanaticism, bigotry, etc., in Christendom are chiefly owing to a want of intellectual training rather than a want of religious principle. From this correspondence and dependence of action it follows that you can not educate one part of our nature without influencing others.

But, thirdly, from the *connection between truths*, the scheme appears impracticable. Perhaps there is not an atom, all the relations of which can be described by a human or angelic mind. These relations run backward and forward, upward and downward in a series, the end of which God only knows. So with phenomena: a spark falls upon a shaving, a conflagration ensues; and the whole atmosphere of the globe is so affected that no particle of it sustains the same relation, or will sustain, at any time hereafter, the same relation as if the spark had not dropped; and as to other results, commercial, intellectual, and moral, who shall trace them? So with truths: the most in significant is a member of a great family, to every member of which it stands related. The law that expands a bubble propels a steam-engine; the principle that wafts a feather wheels the planets. Who shall say, when he introduces a truth into the mind, where it shall stop? it may lead that mind onward through related truths forever. But let us apply the remark. How can you teach mental philosophy without affecting the heart, directly or indirectly? You can not dodge the

questions of the immateriality and the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, the immutability of moral distinctions; and to discuss them would be to mine in the depths of theology. You may be willing to skim the superficies, but what shall keep your *students* from the profundities? Nothing, if only you have *educated* them. Do you teach the *history* of philosophy? it must be either in the form of a dry genealogy, or a warm genesis of the human mind; if the former, it is a misnomer to style it history of philosophy; if the latter, you must go with your pupils to the depths of heart and conscience. Do you teach rhetoric? what more interesting or fundamental topic does it embrace than the rules of evidence? How can you learn to persuade without learning to convince? and how learn to convince without treating of evidence? and how treat of evidence without bearing upon the very foundations of the Christian faith? According as you instruct upon this point will your pupils be inclined to receive or reject Christ, or prefer this or that creed or Church. You may not intend this result, you may not trace the process; but the result is inevitable, and the process traceable. Do you teach logic? you may easily teach it so as to incline the pupil either, on the one hand, to be a sophist, or, on the other, a reasoner. You may so select his authors and examples, and so arrange his exercises as to give him a bias toward either Bacon or the school-men. Though the principles of the science are invariable, their applications may be very different, and so may the mental habits and moral results to which those applications respectively lead. Perhaps you say that these are not suitable subjects for the common mind. Well, lay them aside. History is certainly fit for any school, but how will you teach it? If you give any thing more than a chronological chart, you must impart much moral and religious instruction. *Man* is in history, *God* is in history. You must treat of the rise and fall of religions as well as empires; of dark ages and light ages; of corruptions and reformations. Will you shut out the history of the world, and open only the history of our own country, which can scarce be said to have a history? Even there you must read of paganism, and Puritanism, and ecclesiasticism, and Antinomianism, and Quakerism, and witchcraft, and freedom, and slavery; and can you be silent on all these points, even under the probings of vexatious questions? He who studies history studies to little profit if he merely mark events; he should trace them to causes, should analyze and generalize, should go from effects to agents, through plans and purposes to motives, and

through motives to principles. Do so, and where are you, but in the question of Divine providence and speculations concerning its future operations and final results? Every-where images and examples rise upon the heart, and arguments and reasons gather over the mind to teach the inevitable ruin of vice and the final triumph of virtue. Who has not heard of "Butler's Analogy," which proves that providence and religion run side by side?

But let us limit the studies of the school to the natural and exact sciences. Even here we may not be able to avoid the conscience and the heart. Moral truth may start up and refuse to "down" at our bidding. Direct your eyes either to the earth or the heavens, you see displays of wisdom, power, goodness: these are abstracts—where is the concrete? these are attributes—where is the Being to whom they belong? So grand the demonstrations of God on the pages of modern astronomy, and so simple the process by which the mind may ascend from them to God, that a great man has pronounced a halt in it as proof of insanity. "The undevout astronomer is mad." Who may prevent a child from ascending from creature to creator—from exclaiming, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty?" or from descending from the general conclusion to specify inferences: such as, "When I consider the heavens," etc.? From masses do you turn to atoms, and from attraction at *sensible* distances to attraction at *insensible*. Here, then, is chemistry. One of its first truths is the law of definite proportions—a law deemed by many one of the clearest demonstrations against Atheism that creation affords. To some minds all the fires of the crucible denote the finger of God. Parke's chemical catechism is as full of theology and thanksgiving as of science. Perhaps the dryest of all the natural sciences is anatomy—it is a valley of dry bones—yet to an ancient anatomist, Galen, every bone of the skeleton was a verse, and every joint a stanza in a hymn of praise to God; and a modern anatomist, Sir John Bell, has written a treatise to prove, from the human hand alone, the being and natural attributes of the Almighty. And what shall we say of geology? which, affording evidences of repeated acts of creative power, new illustrations of Divine goodness, enlarged conceptions of Divine plans, conclusive proof of a superintending Providence over the globe, and his special interference from time to time with his general arrangement; and which, teaching that the material universe had a beginning, that fire and water are the chief agents in effecting its changes, that the work of creation was progress-

ive, that man was the last of the animals created, and that he has been but recently introduced into the world, has important connections with both natural religion and revealed. Indeed, all the natural sciences have relations to theology at all points—they are "Bridgewater treatises." God is the center and circumference of science. Trace any ray of scientific light upward, or trace it outward, to farthest east or remotest west, and you find one law, one God and Father of all, who is above all and in all. What shall prevent the pupil from crying out, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" Who shall enable us to imprison our pupils in spiritual diving-bells, by which to shut out Him in whom they live and breathe, while they dive into the boundless ocean of his wisdom, and love, and power? Suppose we lay aside the natural sciences, and confine the studies of the pupil to reading, writing, and arithmetic. Well, what shall we read? what shall we write? what example shall we spread upon the black-board? Seeing the intimate relations of truth you must draw black lines around almost every page. You must make the Index Expurgatorius as long as the catalogue of books. It were easy to set copies that might set the heart on fire: such as, "All men are born free and equal;" "All men have inalienable rights, among which," etc. Ah! that et cetera might point the hero's sword or form the martyr's heart. It is already undermining all thrones but God's. Dr. Channing's antislavery feeling was kindled by one of his earliest copies, and which was in these words: "All men are free when they touch the soil of England." "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" this simple line might work like leaven in the heart of the child, and through it in the heart of the nation. So examples in arithmetic and algebra might be so framed, either by accident or design, as to lead to the solution of the sublimest moral problems.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

"A LIGHTED lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are within the house." And so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. Such an influence has been beautifully compared to a "carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens, oftentimes, many a harsh and creaking sound."

AN EXCURSION TO THE COCO-MARICOPA INDIANS UPON THE RIVER GILA.

FORTY-FIVE miles to the Coco-Maricopa villages. The river Gila bends to the north, but will meet us again at the villages, not sooner. Forty-five miles without water and without grass. The trains of wagons, and the weary band of riders must be hurried by the mules as quickly as may be over the desert stage; the forty-five miles must be got through without stoppage during the cool hours of the evening and the night.

That was once our predicament; namely, the predicament of Mr. Bartlett, the commissioner attached to the United States and Mexican boundary commission, of the surveyors, engineers, soldiers, and other members of Mr. Bartlett's party, engaged in traversing the northern frontier of Mexico, and of myself. For my own part let me own that I neither hungered nor thirsted, nor was weary by the way, having been carried comfortably stretched upon a sofa through deserts and wildernesses, and among all savages encountered by my fellow-travelers. I was carried about on my sofa by a couple of stout volumes that have played the part of chair-men excellently—let me say so much in a certificate at parting—never wearying or causing weariness. They have just been equipped by Mr. Bartlett, and are ready to carry any man who will make use of them through many of the half-unknown regions of Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua.

The last tributary to the Colorado flowing from the interior is the Gila, which comes to it through an extensive tract of uninhabited desert, broken with isolated mountains, destitute of grass, or wood, or water. The course of the Gila is throughout by rocky wilds and barren plains, in which man can not live.

We came every-where, I and the boundary commission, upon the ruins left by parties who had gone on the same road before us. Abandoned wagons here take the place of the dead camels of other deserts; we found them occasionally baking in the sun, or arrived at places where we saw much iron strewn about, with fragments of vehicles, tin kettles, and camp equipage, impediments that had been destroyed by overburdened men, on their way to the gold diggings of California.

Upon one spot there was a piece of rocky ground covered with fragments of trunks and wagons, among which were human bones and skulls. That was the scene of the disaster that fell on the family of Mr. Oatman in March of the year 1851. Mr. Oatman was traveling, in com-

pany with other emigrants, and had with him wagons and merchandise. Against advice, he set off in advance of his companions from the Pimo villages. His little son came back among the Indians some days afterward, a child of twelve years old, beaten and bruised, who had returned on foot through seventy miles of wilderness, forty-five of them without water, to report that the Indians had killed his father and his mother, and carried off his sisters. He had himself been beaten and left for dead. When he revived he had seen only the mangled bodies of his parents, and the wreck of their property. His two sisters, girls of from twelve to fifteen years old, were gone. The perpetrators of this outrage were the Apache Indians, and the Maricopas went with the child on a fruitless expedition for the recovery of the two girls, who are at this hour, if they be not killed, detained among the savages. The Maricopas covered Mr. Oatman and his wife with stones, for no grave could be dug in those inhospitable rocks, and went on to inform the Major at Fort Yuma.

The houses of the Coco-Maricopas look like rabbit warrens. They are dens built of sticks and straw, with or without mud. Forked poles are stuck upright in the ground; poles are laid across them; and about these there are sticks laid so that a rude kennel is formed in which a man can not stand upright, and into which he creeps by a hole some three feet square. Rushes or straw are woven between the poles, and the whole mansion is sometimes stuccoed with mud. In these houses the Indians sit and sleep, and to these they retire when the weather is inclement; but their ordinary life is out of door or under rude arbors attached to their more solid wigwams.

The Coco-Maricopas are particular about their hair. In the first place it should be understood, that, except over the eyes, they never cut it, and that, when fully let down, it falls over their backs and shoulders, reaching to the knees; commonly, however, it is knotted up behind with a great club. Just over the eyes it is cut off in a straight line, so that it is quite removed, not merely parted from before the face. These Indians weave for themselves handsome figured belts, which they wear commonly as head-bands, and they usually fill their hair with clay, which is, on the whole, a cleaner dressing than the fragrant fat which is used by some European tribes. The women drudge more than the men, and may be seen carrying on their heads not only baskets of corn, but also, on the top of the corn, cradle and child.

They are brave in war, and they are faithful, too, in love. Each man takes but a single wife,

and though it is his business to conciliate her parents with gifts, he marries only on receiving the free assent of the fair one, or rather dusky one, whom he is courting. He makes love with a flute. It is rather a cat-courtship. When the Coco-Maricopa, or the Pimo Indian, thinks that the heart of his beloved is inclined toward him he proceeds to a declaration in form, which he makes by taking a flute of cane pierced with four holes, sitting down in a bush near the lady's dwelling, and setting up a dismal too-too-too for hours together, day after day. If the girl takes no notice of his call, he is a rejected suitor; if she be disposed to marry him, she comes and says so. The bridegroom is expected by gifts to compensate, according to his means, the parents of the bride for the loss of her services, the services of a girl being, among these tribes, most valuable, because she does all household work, and even helps to till the ground. Sometimes, indeed, she also weaves, but generally weaving is the work of the old men.

Francisco Dukey, the Maricopan chief and interpreter, was a greedy fellow, with the temper of a Jew. He was the most civilized of his tribe, and appeared in shirt, pantaloons, and hat. To get what pickings he could out of the Americans appeared to be his business; all that he could for himself and the rest of his friends. Francisco sitting down to dinner with the visitors as guest in their camp, occasionally handed bread and meat to his friends who stood around, and after dinner filled his plate with good things which he handed round for them. On a subsequent occasion he went so far as to strip the table, leaving nothing for the cook and servant of the honorable commissioners. Much to his own surprise he was not again asked to stop and dine. Francisco, being civilized, knew the potency of whisky. He had got whisky from emigrants, and he desired whisky from Mr. Bartlett and his friends, who were determined never to give intoxicating drink to any Indians. Not having it as a gift, Mr. Dukey hoped to come upon it as a treasure trove, and tried every junk-bottle he saw about the tents or wagons. Once he got lemon syrup, then he got vinegar, another time he took a pull at a mixture for diarrhea.

After that he was satisfied, and tried no more. Dr. Webb, attached to the Commission, was collecting specimens of the natural history of the districts visited, and the Indians were much edified and amused by the contents of his bottles, and the dried objects hanging about the tent. It was suggested, therefore, that the boys of the village should go out to collect any curious in-

sects, lizards or snakes they could find, and that they should be rewarded for so doing. Instead of letting the boys go, the men, for hope of reward, marched out themselves, and in a few hours came with a few grasshoppers and crickets. Although useless, Dr. Webb received them graciously, encouraging the captors to make further zoological research. About an hour afterward, half a dozen sturdy men marched to the camp in single file, every man swelling with importance. The leader advanced with a grand air, and the Doctor got his bottles ready. Space was made on a table for the prizes, and the Indian then laid upon it two small and very common lizards without their tails, those having been broken off in the catching. For this contribution to science, the six men required a shirt apiece.

Camp being fixed, a friendly message was dispatched to the chief, Cola Azul—blue tail—who was working in the fields. He soon appeared with his interpreter, and came in state wearing several shirts, a blue overcoat, felt hat, and pantaloons. The burden of his state was much too heavy for him, the thermometer then standing at a hundred and twenty. It was a relief to hear that he was seen presently afterward not far from the camp, sitting under a tree in none but the clothes nature gave him, with his dignity at his side tied up in a bundle.

The religion of these tribes is not very comforting. They believe that after death their souls will go to the home of their ancestors, and live in the great sandhills on the banks of the Rio Colorado. The souls of their enemies, the Yumas, will go to the same place, and the fighting shall continue evermore between the hostile races. The limbs of every man's body are to be transformed into those of wolves, bats, and owls.

THE OCEAN CEMETERY.

THE sea, great world of waters, is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All graveyards, in all other lands, show symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all; the same requiem-song, by the minstrelsy of the ocean, is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored will sleep on, till awakened together when the sea shall yield its dead.

GHOST STORIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

NUMBER I.

WHETHER myriads of spiritual creatures do in verity walk the air; whether, in truth, some mortals have been called away by the flitting of a pale bird or a voice on the winds by night, it is not my purpose now seriously to inquire. However thin the veil may be that divides us from the future life, and however much the angels may come and go, if so they do, lessens not the great solemnity, and we all of us stand back from the still entrance of another life, listening for some noise louder than the earth-worm makes—some voice of gladder assurance than the sobbing and the farewell.

How far the lights from the other side of the darkness have been really supposed to shine in upon us, and how often traced to their truth and dwarfed to merely some will-o-the-wisp, would be a curious inquiry; but in these stories I propose only to relate such experiences of the dreamers of dreams and seers of visions, as have, from time to time, been made known to me, some of them grave and some of them gay, trusting in that love of the marvelous, which we all have in a great or less degree, to give to my stories an interest, which, in themselves, they do not possess.

First, then, "It is many and many a year ago" that my good sister Rosalie and I were left to tend the fire in the sugar-camp. I was something more than twelve years old, and she thirteen, or thereabouts. We did not expect to be long alone, and at first thought our task a pleasant pastime. We were nearly a mile from the house and in a great, lonesome woods, but what cared we for all that—we had penetrated every nook a thousand times for buds or berries, moss, pebbles, or plants, and never encountered any thing more fearful than some owl, a stray cow, or a harmless hunter. So our laughter rang across the hills in answer to each other, for we separated now and then and went on what we humorously termed exploring expeditions—in simpler phrase, in search of hickory bark, with which to make our fire bright when the night should fall.

A great heap of the shelving strips, peeled from the growing trees, lay before the arch where the flames curled red together, and the steam rose from the boiling sugar-water and drifted along the hillside like a heavy mist; but the work was not relinquished; even when a sufficiency had been accumulated, there was a pleasure in the discovery of a new tree, and with the growth of the bark-heap grew ambition. We

would surprise our father when he should join us with our industry, and make a great flame that should light him along the woods as he came, for the night bid fair to be a dark one. "Heigh-ho, if here ain't a couple of little Indians, as I am alive," called a voice, half kindly and half harshly, as we met on a knoll returning with the last arm-full we had proposed to gather.

We stopped suddenly and saw, a little to one side our path, partly concealed in some papaw bushes, and pointing his gun directly in our faces, a tall, bony-visaged man.

"O don't, Amos," said Rosalie, shielding her eyes with her hand, "don't hold your gun so, we are afraid of a gun." At this appeal the reckless fellow began snapping the lock of the gun, assuring us that it was full charged, and that if we stood still he would shoot us in the face, and that if we attempted to run he would shoot us in the back, and that in any event we were dead squaws. "If that is the case," Rose said, "we may as well go on. I hate to die by so mean a hand, that's all."

The man, whose name was Amos Hill, a reckless, worthless idler of the neighborhood, but guiltless of any real crime, now came out of the bushes and joined us, telling us that his gun was empty, and that for the world he would not harm us, and further to make amends he offered to carry our bark for us, and said if we were afraid he would remain with us for an hour. Rose, who was sadly vexed with him, replied that there was nothing she was so much afraid of as himself, and would greatly prefer that he should go his own way.

He affected to regard her words as a pleasant jest, and said he would remain with us whether we wished it or not, for that it was not safe for such children as we to be left in the woods alone. A sort of rude hut stood immediately before the arch where the sugar-kettles were placed, composed of pieces of plank and clapboards that had some years before been a part of a house a little way from where we were—of the dry limbs of trees and the like.

In this hut, which was open toward the fire, Rose and I seated ourselves on a rude bench, while Amos stationed himself outside to watch for ghosts, as he said, and shoot them if any made their appearance. His gun, primed and cocked, he set up beside him, and, probably, to give his pretenses the greater effect, bared his brawny arms and hauled some blazing firebrands within reach, assuring us that either fire or fire-arms were available against ghosts, whatever might be said to the contrary.

The night set in dismal enough, as the clouds and the damp sighing winds had foretold; and the slow falling of the rain on our leafy roof, the trickle of the brooks along their stony beds, and the noise of the winds in the thickets and the tree-tops all blent together, and seemed to us a melancholy moaning, for, to say truth, we were greatly more afraid with our protector, as Amos called himself, than we should have been alone. And sitting there in the rude shelter before the great blazing fire, the rain now and then dropping on our heads, Amos told us the following ghost story, to amuse us, as he said, but I suspect now it was rather to annoy us and retaliate upon Rose for her plain speech. Our hut, I said, was in part composed of the planks and boards which had once made a house. I could remember myself when it stood without inhabitant, but in pretty good repair, about the distance of a stone's throw from our camp; a spring, almost choked with spearmint and iron-weeds, was yet bubbling up a few steps from where the stones of the chimney lay, and we had picked bits of earthenware and searched for more precious treasures about the ruins many a time. We knew, too, that two brothers named Alerton had once lived in the log-house, and that one of them had died there. Some other facts with which we were conversant the story-teller adhered to, giving thus to his narration an air of probability, which otherwise it would not have had. How the young men had chanced to live in the woods alone, Amos asserted was unknown to him. Whether he spoke truth I know not; but it never occurred to me to make inquiry on the subject elsewhere, and I have no means at hand of knowing now. I only know that an old house stood in my father's woods when I was a child, and that earlier than I could remember two brothers named Edward and Albert Alerton lived there together.

But to the story. Amos began by asking us if we had never seen the ghost of Albert walking about the camp of gloomy nights, and he peered out curiously as he spoke, as though he expected to see him. You know, I suppose, he continued, that he is buried yonder on the hill-side where the sweet-brier grows? We knew of the sweet-brier, but said there was no grave-mound there. "No," said Amos, "but there is a hollow there; for when the grave was sunken it was never filled, and the wild rose was planted there by Betty Gardener," for that he saw her digging and setting it one moonlight night himself, as he drove the sheep home away from the wolves.

"Go now, if you dare," said Amos, "and see if there is not a sunken grave beside the brier."

Rose was not naturally timid, and I suspect assumed more bravery than she really felt; and so making a great torch of the hickory bark, she said if I would go with her she would go, and, laughing, we set out together. The torch grew dimmer in the rain as we went across the brook, treading on the sandstones that stood above the water by the spearmint spring, and up the slope of the hill. Rose stopped once or twice and whirled the bundle of bark round and round to give the flame a new impetus, and when we came within a dozen yards of the rose-bush, held it high above her head that we might see a little in advance of us. We did see distinctly, not only the brier-bush, but something beside it that seemed like a woman, haggard, and clad in pale-colored garments.

We did not wait to be assured of what we saw, but ran back fleetly enough, Rose dropping the torch or the rain beating it out, I forget which—I only know we plashed through the water in the dark.

Amos did not laugh, for he was not a little superstitious himself, and examining the priming of his gun came within the shelter of our hut, having first brightened the fire and whistled the fragment of a gay tune. "Now I guess you will believe," he said, and from the earnestness of his manner, and the drops of sweat along his forehead, it was evident that he believed at any rate.

We quite forgot to ask who Betty Gardener was, till, in the course of the story, it was unfolded.

"I don't see how he happened to be buried there," said Rose, now taking it for granted that Albert was buried as Amos had said, "and why he should come back to the earth, if he does come; was he wicked, or why can't he rest?"

"Wicked!" repeated Amos, "he was the best boy in the world, for he was only twenty when he died—such a sweet temper and such a fair face never went together before. His eyes were brown as a bird's, and his hair of the same hue, only touched with sunshine, and the smile of his lips was sweet as that of a woman," and in his earnestness the rough man paid a compliment to the sex, which, in his more habitual mood, he would have been far from doing. "All his ways were gentle like a child," he went on to say, and that his hands were as white as a lily; and that while his brother Edward hunted in the woods with his gun and dogs, Albert would dig flowers or gather berries of fruits, or sit in the sunshine reading books of poetry.

"No, no, he was good as he could be," repeated Amos, "and once I told him the biggest lie I

ever told any body." Another time Amos would have boasted of this, but now he was frightened into confession.

"Humph," said Rose, "what made you?"

"I don't know," said the man humbly, "I wish I hadn't." And after a moment he went on: "One of the coldest nights that ever was—too cold to snow—though a little now and then sifted in your face hard as steel, and the wind came so sharp and still from the north it seemed to cut right through you, I was going home two or three hours after sunset from where I had been stealing apples in a barn not far from here, and seeing a bright light at the window of the cabin yonder, I turned aside and went in, partly to warm by the fire, and partly to borrow Edward's gun. I remember the house and every thing that was in it, and how the brothers looked, just as if it was yesterday. The great wood fire made the little room glow again—a pewter dish of bright apples was on the pine table, and a bunch of quails tied together by a string hung in the window, and a China pitcher, ornamented with red roses and pale green leaves, hung on a peg over the fireplace. Edward was mending some fishing tackle, and filled up all the intervals of talk with whistling or singing, and Albert sat on a low stool in one corner, reading by the firelight from a piece of an old volume entitled 'The Black Penitents.' His face was stooped forward over his book, and his hair fell in half curls along his forehead, while one arm was around the neck of a huge black dog called Rover, that sat upright beside his young master.

"We had some merry jesting, Edward and I, at the youth's expense, for it was reported among the neighbors that he and Betty Gardener were promised to go together to the parson's so soon as the sanction of the girl's mother could be had, which it was not thought likely would happen very soon, she being a rough, head-strong woman, and giving preference to a rich miller from a distant neighborhood. More than once she had said Albert was a weakly, worthless stripling, whom she despised, and that, unless he kept out of her way, she would twist his neck off as readily as she would that of the pigeon that crossed her path. A coarse, vulgar woman was Mrs. Gardener, plowing and planting the fields with her own hands, and slaughtering a sheep or a calf just as a butcher would do. Folks wondered a good deal that Albert was not afraid of her threats, for it was whispered about that her husband had died of poison; and though no body said his wife gave it him, it was none the less believed.

"That Albert and Betty—as sweet and modest a girl as ever was—continued to meet, in spite of the mother, I knew; for I had seen them gathering berries together the last harvest, and not more than a week past had seen Betty milking in the very China pitcher which hung over the fireplace, and afterward carrying it to the hedge, where she delivered it to Albert himself.

"This I told Edward, who laughed as merrily as I; said they should have to enlarge the house; growing boisterous when I said Albert had paid for the milk in coin current among lovers. This was not true.

"Albert smiled and said Betty had given him many a pitcher of milk beside the one I told of, as Edward knew; but that if we would find something else to jest about it would please him more than he could say. He spoke so sweetly, yet so seriously, that we could not jest with much grace afterward, and partly to make amends I took one of the stolen apples from my pocket and gave him, which he liked, he said, all the better for being frozen. He laid the book open on the floor beside him as he talked, and still keeping his arm around the neck of the dog, shook back his pretty curls and smiled now and then as though amused rather than interested in what I said to him. His girlish beauty, or his indifference, or both, vexed me, and I told him I knew of an orchard full of just such apples as I had given him, three or four miles away, and that we would some day take a basket and go to it together, intending to entice him to go on the search alone, as I really did.

"Edward said he could not loan me his gun the following day, but that if I would join him we would make a day together.

"On my way home I mentally located the orchard I had told Albert about, and marked out a route which it would cost him some pains to get over, thinking to have fine sport over his empty basket when he should get back. I did not consider how delicate he was, and how unequal to so long a journey in the intense cold.

"The morning was a little milder, cloudy, and snowy, and soon after breakfast Edward and I set out on our hunting expedition, as agreed, Albert declining to join us, as I had expected, and proposing to hunt the orchard instead. We laughed at his gloves, overshoes, comforter, and other wrappings, as, accompanied by Rover and with a small basket on his arm, he set out, saying he should be at home and have a bright fire waiting for us at seven o'clock.

"We had a brave day of it," continued Amos, looking in the direction of the grave to see if he

could discover the ghost, "finding more game than we could well get home. The snow fell all day, so that when we crossed tracks we knew them to be fresh, and counted an addition to our treasures. Once crossing Mother Gardener's fields, as in derision we called the old woman, we saw her splitting back-logs half a mile from the house, and Edward, playfully leveling his piece, said he had a mind to make a target of her, and if he had poor Albert would have been the better off." Again Amos stopped to listen and poke the fire, but seeing nothing, and hearing nothing, he re-seated himself and resumed.

"The sun set clear, the snow half a foot deep by this time; and the moon coming up full and round we kept up our sport for two or three hours, and so intent on it were we that Albert was scarcely thought of. The wind was still, and it was as clear and intensely cold as I ever saw it; and as I blew on my numb fingers I thought what Albert must have suffered, and felt a twinge. Coming in sight of the house we saw no light, and I had just remarked it, when Edward replied, 'There he is now, just before us; he has been to Mother Gardener's for milk; don't you hear him striking on the pitcher?'

"He was not more than thirty yards in advance of us, and from the sound seemed to be striking the pitcher with his knuckles as he walked. 'Halloo!' said I, 'how many apples did you get?' but no voice replied. 'O don't think to deceive us,' said Edward, 'we know you have been to Mother Gardener's, and let the fire go out at home; stop and tell us how is Betty!' Such a dismal groan made answer as I never heard, and we both hurried forward to see what was the matter; but though we nearly run we gained not a whit, the boy keeping just so far in advance. 'Very well,' said Edward, halting, 'we are not so anxious to join you as you may think;' and here came such another groan as a dying man might make, and the youth staggered one way and another as if sick or faint.

"We thought he was practicing upon us, and spoke no more; and presently, being near the house, he turned aside and sat down where the brier-bush now grows. The moon shone full in his face as he turned, and seeing that it was indeed Albert, we told him he would have a cold bed, and would find it for his interest to come in, upon which he groaned again more piteously than before. Taking no further heed of him we passed into the house, where all was dark and lonesome enough.

"Rover rose from the corner on our entrance, and seeing not Albert threw his fore-paws on the

window sill, and, looking in the direction of Mother Gardener's, howled out aloud three or four times, and striking a light we saw the China pitcher empty, and, as usual, hanging on the peg over the jamb.

"We made a great fire, and had been warming by it more than an hour, Edward appearing a good deal uneasy about his brother, but still not going forth, when all at once the door opened and Albert came in, pale and staggering just as we had seen him.

"We saw at once this was no affectation, and hastened to make a bed for him; and when he lay down he moaned just as we heard him an hour before. Edward asked him a little sharply why he had not answered our call, and why, when so ill, he had lain down in the snow.

"He asked, in a whisper, for water; and having swallowed a large draught, he told us he had not seen us, nor heard us call, nor lain down in the snow, and said he had come directly from Mrs. Gardener's, pointing out the direction and solemnly assuring us that he had not been where we supposed we had seen him. Having swallowed another draught of water, he said he was on his way home, and being almost frozen came across Mrs. Gardener's farm; that she saw him from the window as he looked at the house in the hope that he might see Betty, and coming out asked him very kindly to go in and warm by the fire; that he did so, and that she gave him something to drink, which he believed was killing him; and that Betty, coming in as he drank, pulled the cup away from his lips, crying out, 'Good God, mother!' and that she herself had walked with him most of the way home, supporting and cheering him; but that it was so cold he had persuaded her to go back against her will, telling her he felt quite well. He said all this gasping for breath and in a whisper; and while we sought to help him in some way, we knew not how, the door opened hurriedly and Betty came in, and, regardless of us, took his head on her bosom and rocked him to and fro, telling him she loved him, and he must not die; that she could not live without him, and she put her hand on her head as though it were indeed cracking. He smiled when he could not speak any longer, and putting one arm around her neck drew down her head—perhaps he kissed her, I don't know—and a moment afterward Betty called us to come and help him. Poor Albert! there had come a helper greater than we.

"When we had straightened him for the grave, and closed his eyes and mouth, we covered him with a sheet, and making torches, like those you

made to-night, we went out to the hill-side, thinking perhaps the poor boy had not known what he said, and that after all it had been him that we saw. Our own tracks lay fresh, but there were no others; and where we had seen him lie down, the snow was white and level without the slightest imprint at all. Of course we knew it was no mortal thing we had seen, but a shadow, as it were, sent to tell us of the death that was coming.

"All that night, and all the next day, and till the morning of the day after, Betty sat by the coffin still as a stone, speaking not for any thing that was said to her, her eyes tearless and her mouth rigid as though it would never smile again.

"By Edward's direction a grave was digged a few steps from the door; he would not be so lonesome, he said, with Albert so near. He was buried there, and Edward might as well have been buried, too, for all the best part of him seemed to go with Albert; his gun grew rusty, and he neglected all the sports he used to enjoy so much, never jesting or smiling, or caring for his old companions any more. He would sit moody in the corner reading his brother's books day after day, and when the spring came round he would sometimes sit at the door and play the flute that used to be Albert's; but all the neighbors said the music was not like the old music. One night hearing the flute, I went across the fields and found him, thinking perhaps he would be glad of mortal company, having had only the dead so long. He spoke civilly enough, but seemed little glad to see me, playing on or musing the same as if I had not been there. All at once there was a noise, like some one digging, by Albert's grave, and looking in that direction, there, sure enough, was a woman setting a bush—her black hair blowing wildly about her shoulders; for it was a rough March night—clouds, and moonlight, and wind, all flying about together. Of course it was Betty Gardener; and when she had planted her rose, the old dog—black Rover—that was lying at Edward's feet got up and joined her, and the two went away silently together."

At this juncture of the story footsteps and merry voices were heard, and the next moment two or three young lads of the neighborhood joined us at the camp-fire. All the tenderness and pathos of manner which had accompanied the story-telling, Amos dropped at once, and assumed the bullying, bragging behavior that characterized him. The lads were on their way home from a singing school, and when they went forward, which they did presently, Amos joined

them, for that he was afraid to go alone I suspect, and Rosalie and I were left to protect ourselves from fright as we best could. We began by talking loud and making the blaze very bright; but when the fire was mended and we sat down, we found it difficult to keep up a steady conversation, and every now and then caught ourselves listening for the steps of our father, we said; but to own the truth, it was more in memory of what we had seen, or supposed we had seen by the grave.

The rain was still falling slowly, and the night so dark that we could not see at all beyond the circle of the firelight; we had been left alone much longer than we had expected to be; and far from the house, the grave at hand, and the ghost story still ringing in our ears, it is no wonder we were afraid.

Two or three times I thought I heard footsteps along the damp leaves before I dare say so; for the sound was not in the direction we expected our father to come. At length I became so alarmed that I could not forbear asking Rose if she heard any thing, when she owned that she had heard the noise I spoke of for some time past, but that it must be a sheep or a cow astray from the flock. She said this to quiet me, but I did not believe it, nor she either. The step was too light and stealthy to be that of an animal; and yet what mortal would be walking alone in the rainy woods at night? and yet that some one was walking so we could no longer disbelieve. Our rude house, as I said, was open at one side, so that it could afford us no protection from an evil-disposed person, if such a one were hovering about us. We listened for the firm, fearless step we expected over the hill, but in that direction all was still, while between us and the grave we distinctly heard the slow, light treading. While we whispered together as to what we should do, we beheld standing in the edge of the light, but not plainly visible, something that looked very like the figure we had seen by the grave. We waited no longer, but stealing out of the house gained the hill-top by a little circuit, and ran nimbly toward the lane leading to the house. When we dare look back to see if we were pursued, we heard the reassuring step of our father, and when we told him what we had seen, he said it was likeliest our fancy or the winds, or both together, or at most Amos himself lingering about to frighten us. Whatever it was we were not afraid to return with him and ascertain. It surprised us a little that he should walk right forward, never stopping to listen or look about at all, not even when we reached the hill-

top, and saw sitting on the bench we had lately quitted the shape we had twice seen before. This was no ghost, but a veritable old woman, with white hair and wild, wandering eyes, from which the look of reason seemed long to have departed. On her head she wore a white veil, and about her person a great shawl of a gray color; but we had no time for scrutiny, for she no sooner saw us than she ran swiftly into the woods, and we heard no more of her that night.

It was afterward reported that Betty Gardener was come back, having escaped from the asylum where she had been a great many years, and that many persons had seen her wandering about the neighborhood and sitting at the grave of Albert Alerton. If it were she that we saw I know not, but we could think of no explanation of our strange visitor so probable. Whether or not the boy was supposed to have been murdered, and what became of the melancholy Edward, I never thought to inquire, when a child, but I shall not fail to do so now if opportunity occurs, and if any thing come to my knowledge worth writing out I shall give it in a subsequent story.

Edward's cabin, as we called the two or three logs and the pile of stones where the chimney had been, possessed for us thenceforward a new interest; and though half afraid we used to linger about the ground, especially at the spearmint spring, partly fearful and partly hoping we should see the unquiet ghost Amos had told us about; but we never did, though we once found some flowers which seemed to have been lately strewn over his grave, and a fine linen handkerchief spread at its head over a bunch of white violets, as though to cover the face of the dead.

Of all the treasures in life's chart Love is the most beautiful; but to Betty and Albert, as to thousands of others, it was only a dream.

STRENGTH OF SOUL.

It is Virtue alone which can render us superior to fortune; we quit her standard and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks us; she turns us on her wheel; she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old-rooted evil, but it is not incurable; there is nothing a firm and elevated mind can not accomplish. The discourse of the wise and the study of good books are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice and the best counsel will be useless.—*Petrarch.*

ANGELS.

BY COATES KINNEY.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"—HEB. I, 14.

WITH sweet voices, solemn warnings
Of the being yet to be,
Bands of spirits hover round us,
Like the shore-birds on the sea.

Shore-birds, how they set hearts longing
For the happiness of home!
As around the wearied vessel
They in flocks of beauty come;
They out venture far and farther
In the calm of sea and sky,
Singing glad; but when the tempest
Threatens and the rocks are nigh,
Then they, landward wildly winging,
Scream the omens on the gale,
Of a shock among the breakers,
To the ruin rushing sail.

So these spirits from yon bright shore,
Golden with the sand of stars—
When God's truth has calmed the billows
Of our being's passion-wars—
Then these spirits come to visit,
Come to visit and console,
Dipping angel pinions round us
In the earthly sea of soul—
Cheering onward, or else warning
Of some thundering tempest nigh,
Or some secret rock of ruin
On the voyage to the sky.

They are round us—round us ever;
'Tis their presence in the soul,
When affections, like full fountains,
Gush from thence without control;
When the thrilling heart-cords quiver
As a harp's air-smitten strings,
'Tis their sweeping angel fingers,
Or their brushing angel wings;
When the soul of earth takes pinion
For a heavenward faith-flight far,
Upward through the awful nothing
Beckon they from star to star.

Oft they glide down in our slumbers—
Those whom on the earth we knew,
And those who have lived before us—
And we wake to live anew;
For their voices, sweet and solemn,
Though but ripples of the tone
Which upbillows, music's ocean,
Ever round the Great White Throne;
Yet inspire us with more longing
For the glory in the sky—
For the happy life immortal
Of these angels hovering nigh.

With sweet voices, solemn warnings
Of the being yet to be,
Bands of spirits hover round us,
Like the shore-birds on the sea.

A TRIP TO QUARTERLY MEETING IN OLDEN TIME.

BY REV. JAMES L. CLARK.

IN the year 18— I received my appointment to H—— circuit, which was generally regarded in the conference as being located somewhere near the *starving point*. But being a great admirer of the itinerant system, and a firm believer in a special Providence, I received my appointment as coming from God, and immediately removed, with my family, to my new field of labor, where I was received with warm hearts and *open houses*, in more respects than one.

I had traveled round my circuit once or twice, spying out the nakedness of the land, when the time came for holding our first quarterly meeting. It was to be held about fifteen miles from the place where we had pitched our tabernacle for the year. On Friday about noon I put my horse in a buggy, and, with my wife and child, set out for the place where I was to meet my official brethren to transact the business connected with the welfare of our Zion.

The country through which we passed was, comparatively speaking, new. For the first few miles we passed openings, here and there, where the pioneers of civilization had leveled the forest, and erected their rude tenements, to afford them shelter and protection from the inclemency of the seasons as they rolled around. We soon, however, left these cheering evidences of civilized life behind. After crossing a small stream we took up the side of a hill till we arrived at the summit of one of those numerous ridges, or continuous ranges of hills, so common in this country. Here we were surrounded with the unbroken forest. Our road followed the tortuous windings of the main ridge, keeping generally on its summit, which frequently was so narrow as scarcely to afford level ground enough for the road; while down on either hand it rapidly descended, as far as the eye could reach, till it terminated in a narrow vale, some three or four hundred feet below the level of its summit. Here solitude swayed her scepter. No sound broke the awful stillness that every-where reigned, save now and then the mournful note of some wandering bird, who, far from human habitations, sought a retreat in these solitudes of nature.

We had advanced through the forest about four miles when we met with a slight accident, which proved to be the cause of some inconveniences which we afterward suffered. In passing down a gentle declivity the fore axle of our vehicle caught on the top of a stump and broke

the singletree. Here we were four or five miles from the nearest human habitation, and with no tools or implements to make another. And to add to our cheerless prospect, the heavens became overcast with clouds which threatened to pour out the teeming shower upon us. Night was fast approaching. What could we do? Necessity is said to be the mother of invention. After thinking for a moment I took off my lines, and with them tied the broken singletree to the crossbar that held the shafts together, and then walked and led my horse; but owing to this delay, and the slow gait we were compelled to go, night overtook us before we came down the side of the ridge into the valley of a small stream, called H——s river. Shortly after we descended into the valley, the glimmering of a light and the barking of a dog gave us the welcome information that we were near the abodes of human beings. When opposite the house we stopped, and I went in to ask for permission to stay all night, but we were refused by a gray-headed man. I urged my condition—a stranger totally unacquainted with the road. The night was dark and rainy, and my wife and child were with me, not knowing where to look for shelter; but I pleaded in vain. I was told that about two miles farther there was a house where he expected we could stay. I turned away more in sorrow than in anger to impart the information of our repulse to my companion, while this passage of Scripture awakened mournful feelings in my breast, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in." We now resumed our journey, the rain meanwhile increasing. Surrounded by darkness that might almost be felt we went on through scenes of danger, out of which the directing hand of God alone brought us in safety. All at once our progress was arrested; we had missed the road. Leaving my horse I felt about with my feet till I found the track, and in a short time we emerged from the woods into an open space, and presently came to a house, where, upon inquiry, I found we could stay. When we entered the house, quite fatigued and hungry, we found none of the family at home but a young man, who informed us that we could get nothing to eat, as they had no bread baked, no candle to make a light, and his sister, who kept house for him, had gone to stay all night at one of the neighbors. As this had been fast day we felt a little disappointed in not getting supper. Fortunately, however, we procured a little milk for our babe, and after satisfying its demands we had prayers, and then, wet and weary, we retired to rest, thankful that we were so much better off than our Savior was

when he was upon the earth, who had not where to lay his head.

We rose in the morning, after a refreshing sleep, and started on our way, the rain still falling. After proceeding about half a mile we upset on the edge of a dangerous precipice. My wife and the child were thrown within about a foot of its edge, but, thanks to a kind Providence! we escaped unhurt. By perseverance, in an hour's traveling we arrived safely at brother W——'s, wet, tired, and hungry, and did ample justice to the food we found smoking upon the table. Breakfast over I started through the rain to the spot where the quarterly meeting was to be held, and was met a short distance from it by my presiding elder, brother S——, who kindly welcomed me to my kingdom. After conversing a short time we proceeded to the place of meeting; but such a place! It was an old frame, twenty by thirty feet, built for a bark shed for a tannery, the vats for which still surrounded the building, if such it could be called. In order to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, the brethren had collected some plank and set them up on end round the frame, leaving an aperture on one side to answer for a door. Windows there were none. The boards were fastened on with hickory withs. The inside was seated with split poles, which were laid across some sills which were placed lengthwise of the building. The floor was of dirt, plentifully covered with straw, as the space within our altars at camp meetings frequently are. A rude fixture at one end answered for a pulpit, from which we preached the unsearchable riches of Christ to the hungry souls who came through the mud and rain to this rude temple, dedicated, for the time being, to the worship of God. After sermon by the elder, which seemed to drop like showers of mercy on a thirsty land, the usual routine of quarterly conference business was attended to, when it appeared that the sum of nine dollars, thirty-seven and a half cents was paid in for the first quarter of the year. Well, the poor had the Gospel preached unto them. We retired to dinner, and sat down to the table, the furniture of which consisted of a few broken plates, knives, and forks, for there was not a whole one of any kind on the table. On the center of the table smoked a piece of fat pork, a few potatoes, and some corn-dodgers, as they are termed in this country, made of corn coarsely ground and half sifted. From these we satisfied the demands of nature, and felt like giants refreshed with new wine. At five o'clock brother H——n preached; we had a moving time, but nothing special. On Sabbath morning

we had our love-feast. It still rained; but the people came out, and God manifested himself to us in the old bark-shed as he did not unto the world. Many felt like singing,

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

Our meeting progressed finely. During prayer meeting at night eight broken-hearted penitents had the oil and wine of consolation poured into their bleeding hearts, and were enabled to rejoice in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sin. We continued our meeting several days with success. The last night was a time of power. Although the rain poured down incessantly, and the wind blew almost a hurricane, with the lightning flashing, and the thunder rolling almost continually, yet but few of the people knew of the terrific nature of the storm that was raging without. The cries of the penitent for mercy, the shouts of the new-born soul, and the rejoicing of the people of God over their children and friends just converted, all mingled together, rose above the roar of the tempest without, and forcibly reminded me of the scene described in Ezra, where the noise of the shout of joy could not be discerned from the noise of the weeping, for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off. Fifteen professed to find pardoning mercy that night, and among them was the young man and his sister, at whose house we staid over night on our way to the meeting. As the result of our meeting thirty-eight professed conversion, many of whom are still on their way to glory. Surely the wilderness and the solitary place was glad for them, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. I felt amply paid for all my difficulties in getting there, and more than ever resolved for God to live and die.

IDLERS, THEIR VISITS.

THE idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit simply and solely to the circumstance of his being very tired of himself.

PHILOSOPHY OF WINGS AND TOES.

BIRDS live more in a given time than any other creatures. For to live is not only to live; it is also to move, act, and travel. The hours of the swift, which in sixty minutes can reach the distance of eighty leagues, are longer than the hours of the tortoise, because they are better occupied, and comprise a greater number of events. Men of the present day, who can go from Europe to America in a little more than a week, live four times as much as men of the last century, who took a month to make the passage. People who are now fifty years of age have still a longer time before them than Michael Angelo and Voltaire had at the moment when they were laid in the cradle. Independently of birds thus enjoying more of life than all other beings in the same given number of years, time seems to glide over them without leaving a trace of its effects; or, rather, time only improves them, reviving their colors and strengthening their voices. Age increases the beauty of birds, while in men it brings on ugliness.

Hold not up your chin too high over the ring of your white collar. I have seen better white bands about the neck of many a little bird that twitters in the hedge by the wayside. It is not reason that parts you from the beast most widely, so much as your hat. Many a dog has better head-lining than yours, but a head-covering like that which you clap on every day would look ridiculous, even upon a pig. I should like to know what furrier or paletot-maker, with the clothes of beasts given him to cut up and fashion into clothes for men, can dress the world of fashion half as well as the animal itself is dressed. What Macintosh garment is so beautiful as the water-proof dress of the salmon or the duck? Brummel never wore a coat half as well-fitting as a dog's. This coat fits without a crease, and always maintains its luster by a principle of renovation contained in itself. It becomes thicker and heavier when its wearer is exposed to severe cold and needs the warmest wrappers, and it becomes, in hot climates, thin and very light. It maintains the temperature of the body, and impedes the transmission either of heat or cold from without. It serves as a light mattress to the wearer that enables him to lie down comfortably on the bare ground, on stones, or upon the hardest floor, and to resist any ordinary amount of damp. The same dress on a female wearer serves as a bed for her little ones to nestle upon. A whole bird of paradise, or part of the tail of an ostrich stuck upon a lady's head does

not impart to her dress the lightness and beauty of a complete set of plumage such as any bird, even a poor linnet in Seven Dials, has for everyday wear. Then how amazingly fit are the bird's clothes for the bird's occupation! The direction of every feather is calculated in birds of swift passage to assist and expedite their flight; and in birds that fly stealthily by night, to make their movements noiseless.

A bird is a model ship constructed by the hand of God, in which the conditions of swiftness, manageability, and lightness are absolutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not in the world two things which resemble each other more strongly, both mechanically and physically speaking, than the carcass and frame-work of a bird and a ship. The breast-bone so exactly resembles a keel that the English language has retained the name. The wings are the oars, the tail the rudder. That original observer, Huber the Genevese, who has carefully noticed the flight of birds of prey, has even made use of the metaphor thus suggested to establish a characteristic distinction between rowers and sailers. The rowers are the falcons, who have the first or second wing-feather the longest, and who are able by means of this powerful oar to dart right into the wind's eye. The mere sailers are the eagles, the vultures, and the buzzards, whose more rounded wings resemble sails. The rowing bird is to the sailing bird what the steamer, that laughs at adverse winds, is to the schooner, which can not advance against them.

The bones of highflyers, as well as their feathers, are tubes filled with air, communicating with a pulmonary reservoir of prodigious capacity. This reservoir is also closely connected with the air-cells which lie between the interior muscles, and which are so many swimming-bladders, by aid of which the bird is able to inflate its volume, and diminish its specific gravity in proportion. In birds that are laden with a heavy burden of head, Nature has interposed so decided a gap between skin and flesh that there results an almost complete detachment of the skin. Consequently, they can be stripped of their coating just as easily as a rabbit can. In man and other mammals the blood, in the act of breathing, advances ready to meet the air; in birds, air enters to find the blood, and comes in contact with it every-where. Hence an ubiquity of respiration and a rapidity of hematosis which explains the untirability of the wings of birds. The muscles do not get fatigued, because they receive new vigor every second from the influence of the

ever-revived blood. A stag or a hare drops at last, when hunted, because its lungs, rather than its legs, are tired.

Between the different members of a bird's body there exists a sort of equilibrium and balance, which prevents any one organ from obtaining undue development without another losing in the same proportion. Thus, exaggerated length of wing generally coincides with very small feet and legs. Examples: the frigate-bird, the swift, and the humming-bird. Feathered feet and legs are mostly short, as in pigeons, bantams, ptarmigan, and grouse. Nature always contrives to economize out of one part of a bird's body the material which she has too lavishly expended upon another. Good walkers are bad flyers, and good flyers are bad walkers. First-rate runners and divers are deprived of the power of rising in the air. Half-blind individuals, like owls, are astonishingly quick of hearing. Creatures clad in plain costume are recompensed by the powers of song. The lark and the redbreast, victim species—both being greedily eaten in France—have the gift of poesy bestowed upon them to console them for their future sorrows.

The most exquisite sense a bird possesses is sight. The acuteness and sensibility of the retina are in direct proportion to the rapidity of wing. The swift, according to Belon's calculation, can see a gnat distinctly at the distance of more than five hundred yards. The kite, hovering in the air at a height beyond our feeble vision, perceives with ease the small dead minnow floating on the surface of the lake, and is cognizant of the imprudence of the poor little field-mouse, as it timidly ventures out of its hole. Some hunters in Bengal killed a large wild boar, and left it outside their tent. An hour afterward the sky was blue and cloudless, only a minute speck in one quarter fixed their attention. It became larger, and proved to be a vulture flying in a straight line out of the far heavens toward their wild boar. In less than an hour seventy vultures had thus flown in straight lines from all quarters of the sky. Again—Aleppo is so placed that it may be seen from a great distance. Stand after dinner on the terrace roof of a house at Aleppo, and make gestures with your hand, as if you were scattering crumbs. Flocks of birds will dart to your feet out of a sky in which just before perhaps not one was visible. From the upper regions of the air they keep a look-out on the flesh-pots of the Syrians. The bird that is so far-sighted is near-sighted, too; it discriminates morsels, and sees accurately what it should pick up, between its eyes and the point of its beak;

for it must adjust its eye, and does so readily, even to that short distance. The bird, too, has a surprising quickness of sight. When flying at the pace of an express-train under shelter of a forest, it will steer its way among the boughs, and never once suffer collision, after our express-train fashion. So quick-sighted, short-sighted, and far-sighted are birds.

All God has done and made he has thoroughly well done and made. If he had not exactly proportioned the visual organs of the bird of prey, or the swallow, to its dashing flight, the mere extreme velocity of the bird would have only served to break its neck. Partridges constantly kill themselves against the iron wires of electric telegraphs; and nothing is more common than to find thrushes and larks with dislocated vertebrae, when they fall into the large vertical net which is used in France by twilight sportsmen.

Perhaps, after all we have said and seen, the sense of touch is the most perfect in birds, and the organs of feeling are endowed with a subtlety of perception more exquisite even than those of sight. In fact, air being the most variable and unstable of elements, birds would be endowed by nature with the gift of universal sensibility, enabling them to appreciate and foretell the slightest perturbations of the medium they inhabit. In consequence, the feathered race are armed with a nervous impressionability which comprises the different properties of the hygrometer, the thermometer, the barometer, and the electroscope. A tempest, which takes the man of science by surprise, has, long before, given warning to the birds of the sea. The noddies, cormorants, gulls, and petrels know twenty-four hours beforehand, by means of the magnetic telegraph which exists within them, the exact day and moment when Ocean is going into one of his great rages, opening wide his green abysses, and flinging the angry foam of his waves in insult against the forehead of the cliffs. Some birds are the harbingers of wintery storms; others usher in the advent of spring. The raven and the nightingale announce the coming of the tempest by a peculiar form of bird's expression, which they both seemed to have borrowed from the vocabulary of the frog—a pre-eminently nervous animal, to whom the science of galvanism is greatly indebted. The chaffinch, in unsettled weather, recommends the traveler to take his umbrella, and advises the housekeeper not to be in a hurry to hang out her linen. Certain mystic geniuses have attributed this faculty of divination possessed by birds to some special sensibility, acquainting them with the action of

the electric currents that traverse the atmosphere, and accurately informing them of their direction. Nor is there any scientific argument which can be confidently opposed to such a theory.

After the organs of sight and touch, the sense of hearing comes next in importance. The delicacy of the auditory powers of birds is sufficiently apparent from the passion for vocal music which many of them manifest. It is a universally admitted physical law that, in all animals, a close and invariable correspondence exists between the organs of voice and those of hearing. Now birds, it will be seen, are the Stentors of nature. The bull, who is an enormous quadruped, endowed with an immensely capacious chest, does not roar louder than the bittern, a moderate-sized bird which frequents our ponds. In Lorraine they style him the *bœuf d'eau*, or "water-bull." A crane, trumpeting two or three thousand yards above the surface of the earth, pulls your head back just as violently as a friend who asks you "How do you do?" from the balcony of a fifth-floor window; while the thundering Mirabeau, who should venture to harangue the Parisian populace from the top of the towers of Notre Dame, would run a great risk of not being able to convey a single word to a single member of his congregation.

Ascend in the air, by means of a balloon, in company with an old Atlas lion, whose formidable roaring once struck terror throughout Algerian wildernesses; and, when you have risen only half a mile, make your traveling companion give utterance to the most sonorous of his fine chest-notes. Those notes will spend themselves in empty space, without descending so low as the earth. But the royal kite, floating another half mile above you, will not let you lose a single inflexion of his cat-like mewings, miniatures though they be of the lion's roar. It is probable, says M. Toussenel, that Nature has expended more genius in the construction of the larynx of a wren or a nightingale than in fabricating the ruder throats of all the quadrupeds put together.

Smell and taste are but feeble in birds; and they have no great occasion for either sense. A bird's appetite *must* be enormous, in order to supply the animal heat necessary for the maintenance of its superior nature. A bird is a locomotive of the very first rank, a high-pressure engine, which burns more fuel than three or four ordinary machines. "Animals feed, man eats," says worthy Brillat Savarin. "Clever men alone know how to eat properly." This strictly true gastronomic aphorism is more exactly applicable to birds than to quadrupeds. Birds feed to as-

suage their hunger and to amuse themselves, not to indulge in mere epicurism. They fatten through sheer ennui, and for pastime's sake, rather than through any ambition of "cutting up fat." The task, moreover, assigned to them is to destroy the innumerable seeds of weeds, [which they do in a larger proportion than the protected seeds of human food,] and animal and insect vermin, which would soon annihilate the labors of man, did not certain species of birds feel an incessant craving to devour them. Birds have no nose, for the same good reason that they have no palate. It is not necessary that creatures, destined to eat every thing without making wry faces, should have posted in front of their stomach, as we have, a vigilant sentinel, who is troublesomely cautious who and what he allows to enter the fortress. All, therefore, that has been said about the fine scent of the crow and the vulture, who snuff gunpowder and corpses at incredible distances, is simply absurd. There is an excellent reason why crows should *not* smell gunpowder; namely, that gunpowder is scentless till it is burnt. (We venture to doubt this statement of fact: having a decided personal nose for the saltpeter.) If crows *could* perceive that perfume it would attract them, instead of driving them away. Crows and vultures are carrion birds, who love, above all things, the treat of a battle.

Once when the sons of the last king of France had ordered the make-believe of a nice little war, to be got up in the environs of Fontainebleau, for the gratification of the burgesses of Paris—a race whose eyes are always on the look-out for childish spectacles, wherein quiet people pretend that they are on the point of killing other quiet people—an old crow of the neighborhood, who had gone through the campaign of 1812, fancied he recognized in the maneuvers of the army of parade, a repetition of the murderous dramas which had supplied him, in the good old time, with frequent and delicious banquets. He informed his comrades all around, what a lucky chance was in store for them: expressly advising them to get their beaks and claws sharpened on their way to the rendezvous. A whole flock of body-pickers assembled, and hovered in thick groups over the two camps, exciting them by their vociferations to set to, in right good earnest. If but little blood were shed, it was not through any fault of the crows; and nothing could equal their spite and rage when they found that the demonstration was only a joke.

We have here only room briefly to state that

M. Toussenel, for reasons which he ably states, classifies birds according to the form of the foot. Every bird, from the penguin of the Antarctic Pole, to the gerfalcon of the North Cape, has the foot either flat or curved. The whole kingdom of birds is thus divisible into flat-foots and curve-foots. The first three orders of the former class are, the oar-foots, the stilts, and the velocipedes, or runners. Further general details are now impossible; we can only give a sample of the runners.

The velocipedes come immediately after the stilts in the order of creation. They were the first inhabitants of the earliest emerging continents; for they are herbivorous and graminivorous creatures, and grass is the initial manifestation of the vital forces of the earth. Their character of primogeniture is, moreover, indelibly stamped upon all their features, in their rudimental structure, and their small number of toes. The order opens with the ostrich—the ostrich is a bird-quadruped, as the penguin is a bird-fish—it can not fly for want of wings, and has only two toes on each foot. If the monodactyl, or one-toed bird, existed, it would certainly belong to this order. All the runners of Europe have wings and can fly. The most unfinished series we possess is that of the winged tridactyls. The bustard is the one which comes nearest to the ostrich. Nevertheless, as every individual in the order has its frame modeled, more or less, after that of the ostrich, it is important to refer to this original or primitive pattern, and to compare its organization with that of the humming-birds, in order clearly to comprehend the character and the providential destiny of the creatures we are considering.

The humming-bird, and all the swift sailers, have the thoracic cavity, or chest, outrageously developed, with the ridge of the breast-bone projecting like the keel of a cutter. But, in virtue of the natural law of equilibrium, this excessive development can only take place at the expense of some other part of the body. In the humming-bird the atrophied and deficient portion is the region of the insertion of the lower members. All is sacrificed to lightness and utility. The chest is fashioned like the blade of a knife. In short, the swift sailer, when its feathers are plucked, has a great resemblance to its own skeleton: an idea, which invincibly repulses all thoughts of savory roast-meat.

But let us demolish, piece by piece, the frame of the bird of prey, or the humming-bird. Let us put the complete in the place of the incomplete, and substitute the empty for the full. Let

us take, in one word, the very reverse of all these anatomical arrangements, and we shall have the exact pattern of the runner. There do not, perhaps, exist in all nature two creatures belonging to the same family, which bear such slight marks of relationship as the humming-bird and the ostrich. In vain would the latter deny the fact that it partakes more of the camel than of the biped; for, in proof of the fact, it carries on its back the children and the kings of Egypt. An ostrich is a vice-versa humming-bird. Here flight, there running, is the only means of locomotion. In the ostrich the breast-bone, instead of projecting, is flattened down to ridiculous dimensions. It is a bony plate in the form of a shield, which acts as a prow instead of a keel. The thighs and legs assume the bulky dimensions of the same parts in herbivorous quadrupeds. All of which means, that Nature, who, in the swift sailers, has favored the development of uneatable parts at the expense of those which are articles of food, has completely changed her style of architecture in the velocipedes: neglecting the parts which are never eaten, in order to develop, in luxurious fashion, those parts which supply us with dainty dishes.

Now, wherefore this contrast of comparative anatomy? Wherefore has Nature, who does nothing without a motive, so liberally garnished the velocipede with meat? Why has she endowed that tender viand with so remarkable an easiness of digestion, and so exquisite and inviting a flavor? Does Nature, by these signs, intend to insinuate that the providential destiny of the runner is to be snared or shot, and then roasted and eaten?

The fact, alas! is only too probable, the language too clear, the oracle too certain. Yes! every thing leads to the belief that Nature has destined the order of velocipedes to serve as food for flesh-eating creatures, in every kingdom of the animated world. Yes! these unhappy races merit, in the same degree as the ruminants, the appellation of the victim order. [Victim, from the Latin *victus*, conquered, from which the word *victuals* is also derived, in consequence of the ancient practice of conquerors making a meal off their conqueror's *sirloin*.]

The velocipedes are all true ruminants, living, like them, on grass and grain. They have several stomachs, with a preparatory crop, fulfilling exactly the same office as the paunch of the quadruped. Now, all meats produced from grass are of delicate taste and easy digestion. Analogically and algebraically speaking, the hen is to the cow as the partridge is to the roe. The hen gives us

her eggs and her chickens, just as the cow does her milk and her calf. We ought, besides, to remark that, in either order, the flesh of the female is superior to that of the male. The fact, moreover, is universal, that nature has endowed the female world with more delicate aromas than the male; with more fleshy tissues and shorter muscles.

The great bustard is the swiftest of our runners. Per contra, flight is severe exercise, and is only undertaken, with visible repugnance, when danger is knocking loud at the door. The slightest damage to its wings exposes it to serious disasters. One morning before daybreak, when some Champagne peasants were proceeding from Suippe to Chalons-sur-Marne, they perceived a herd of creatures at a certain distance from the road making unavailing efforts to rise from the ground. On approaching to inspect the phenomenon more closely, they ascertained that the crippled birds were great bustards, whose wings were so completely locked up by the hoar-frost as to be useless, either for flight or running. The barbarous travelers, as we should have done in their place, naturally took advantage of the circumstance. They knocked the unhappy fowls on the head; and the market of Chalons, the capital of Bustardland, was abundantly supplied on that occasion. A gunshot which tells upon a bustard, at the lowest figure, is always worth twenty francs on the spot. Champagne, which, in the time of Belon, was so rich in bustards and so poor in vegetables, is still the only province of France where these birds feel comfortable, and consent to breed. But two facts are sufficient to give you an idea of the present variety of the species. Many sportsmen, M. Toussenet included, have shot for years in the Champenoise desert, without burning powder over a single bustard. And for many seasons past, Chevet, the illustrious game-dealer of the Palais Royal, has not received more than half-a-dozen specimens. The great bustard has passed into the state of a myth in Artois, Vendee, Brenne, and even in the stony plains of the south, where it formerly took up its winter quarters. Its apparition in those credulous districts is now considered as the forerunner of extraordinary political events—although it seldom does really more than announce the approach of frosty weather.

The physiognomy of the plovers is not happy. Their head is much too voluminous, their eye too large, their bill too short, inserted too low, and too much at a right angle with the cranium. The sentiment of fraternity is highly developed in most species of the Ploveridae. When a plover is brought to the ground, the whole band

alights to render him assistance. Sportsmen have more than once exterminated whole flocks of dotterels without stirring a step. The poor creatures cruelly expiate their fault of having too round a head. They have the extreme and idiotic simplicity to believe in the harmlessness of tipsy people; and allow themselves to be easily approached by whomsoever may pretend to be unable to walk straight. Religious observers of the Mussulman law, they repair to the water-side at stated hours, two or three times every day, to make their ablutions and wash their feet. The dotterel, of all the plovers, has the biggest and the roundest head, which might, perhaps, be supposed to indicate that it contains the greatest quantity of brain. The fact is exactly the reverse. He has the greatest faith in drunken men, and manifests the most obstinate propensity to throw himself in the sportsman's way. This same dotterel, formerly very common in La Beauce, was the primitive element of the famous *pate de Chartres*. It has fallen a victim to its own glory. The *pate's* success led to the *pate's* consumption, and the *pate's* consumption led naturally to the destruction of the species. The Chartres pastry-cooks are at last obliged to replace the absent dotterel by partridge, quail, and lark flesh.

Threetoeism's last expression appears in the form of the golden plover. Henceforth this character of primitiveness completely disappears; its disappearance announces the end of flatfootism, and our arrival at a superior sphere. The bird by which the transition is made is the lapwing, rejoicing in a small hind-toe. The apteryx is an instance what a superior passional title is conferred upon a quasi-tridactyl by the simple addition of a spur, however high on the leg it may sprout. The influence of a fourth toe is not less manifest here. The Swiss lapwing contracts matrimony. He is willing to remain the golden plover's messmate and friend in the daily relations of winter life; but he refuses to enter into any community of political and vernal doctrines with him. The moral superiority of the four-toed bird is further displayed in the crested lapwing. Why this crest on the English peewit? Why do we find an attribute of royalty adorning one head and not another?

The crest, it appears, is an honorary reward bestowed upon the peewit, both for his exemplary domestic conduct, and for the numerous services of a composite kind which he renders to his lord and master, man. The peewit is not content with supplying us, in October, with savory meat; in spring he presents us with exquisitely delicate eggs, at least as good as those of the domestic

hen. He does not restrict his benefits to the pleasures of the table; he affords us sport on the grandest scale. At large, he protects the dikes of Holland from the ravages of worms, which would otherwise undermine them. For that reason, he prefers the Polders to any other residence—plains which lie beneath the level of the sea, and have been rescued from the waves by the industry of man. In captivity he ornaments our gardens by the finished graces of his elegant person. He wages a relentless war against earth-worms, grubs, slugs, and snails. Boldly setting his face against the loose and shameful morals of his neighbors, he alone dares to display the noble standard of conjugal fidelity. Henceforth the crest of the peewit will puzzle nobody. The answer to the enigma is openly published. The flight of this bird in a state of excitement is not less rich in somersaults and pirouettes than that of the snipe when deeply in love. And if the lapwing can not, like him, bleat like a goat, to declare his passion, he makes up for it by mewling like a cat.

Nature has so regularly constituted the series of dusters, and has so artistically limited the boundaries of the genera, that she has really made each physical character of the bird an element of classification. Contrary to the opinion of learned men, you may take this family by the feet, by the head, by the neck, by the tail, by the color, by the origin, by the country, by the locality, without incurring the least risk of error. For head-dress, there is the aigrette of the pea-fowl, the tuft of the pheasant, the longitudinal comb of the cock, the helmet of the guinea-fowl, and the bald and carbuncled pate of the turkey. There are rudimental tails, short tails, middle-sized tails, outrageous tails. There are tails square, tails round, tails lyre-shaped, tails wheel-and-fan-wise. But the series has something better than that to serve it as a separative type. It is a mark of such superior importance, that merely to indicate it renders all mention of the others unnecessary. The spur is the feature now referred to.

The spur is no mere accident in the way in which a creature is shod. Instead of softening a distinction, it makes a real revolution. It effects a thorough transformation of costume and manners, and sums up in itself the whole family history. In the single word spur are comprised the ideas of pacha, harem, despotism, jealousy, daz-zling dresses among the males, gentleness and timidity among the females.

If the task of christening the turkey had been left to the first child that came to hand, it is more

than probable the bird would have been called the glouglou, seeing that such is the name he gives himself. But the course of things, in natural history, never runs on so smoothly as that. The creature's earliest French godfathers, with their heads full of certain features of the cock, gave him the name of *coq d'Inde*—to distinguish him, observe, from the one who really came from India, whereas the new arrival was a native of America. But as, in those days, America passed for the continuation of Asiatic India, the unfortunate choice of *coq d'Inde* ought not to be imputed to individual ignorance. Afterward *coq* was suppressed; and, little by little, the bird was called first the dindon, then the dinde. Fourier—who knew so many things without having learned them, and who divined the history of a species from one single character—makes the turkey the emblem of the bashful lover. The turkey brutally tramples upon the passion which exhausts and is killing him. But this weakness of temperament is only one of his least defects. Buffon, who wants to make him out a brave fellow, quotes in support of his opinion the singular proof of courage that a flock of turkeys have been seen to surround a hare on her form, and bravely unite to peck her to death. A number of political heroes are capable of this act of heroism, and sometimes perform it; but without being awarded the laurel for the act.

The turkey is bald, like most fast livers. His face and forehead are disfigured by bunches of warts and chaplets of excrescences, swollen and red from the excesses of the table. These characteristics recall the physiognomy of the vulture, whom the turkey resembles in stature, color, cowardice, and greed. When a man is both stupid and mischievous, we proverbially say he is like a turkey. But the portrait is too flattering; the turkey is worse than mischievous and stupid. He wears at the bottom of his neck a tuft of black hairs, to testify his fraternity with the he-goat. This model of gluttons, drunkards, and sluggards, is irascible in temper, like all people who quickly get fat and rich. You hear him storm and cry glouglou—you see him red and blue with anger. The turkey-hen, however, is well-behaved, and is the most devoted mother in the world.

When the writing of this article had been concluded, we received a communication which corroborates M. Toussenel's estimate of the passionate sensitiveness, the vigor, and the visual perfectitude of at least one family of the beings gifted with wings and toes:

"On Friday last, the fourth of August," our

correspondent writes, dating from Glamorgan-shire, "one of my cats, an adept at bird-catching, was clever enough to capture a martin. He was immediately assailed by two birds of the same species, who each made a stoop at him, striking and then wheeling off; but he bore off his prey. Nothing further occurred till Sunday—probably from want of opportunity—but on that day, being in front of the house, and the coast clear, the cat was vigorously attacked by three martins. Rising to a considerable height in the air, they darted down on his head with great force, and in such quick succession that they quite confused him. At first Mr. Tom's efforts were confined to attempts to get hold of his assailants; but they wheeled off, after delivering each a blow with their pointed beaks, too swiftly to be caught.

"This warfare had lasted a considerable time—for the whole affair occupied fully three-quarters of an hour—when the three birds flew off, each in a different direction, as if to procure recruits; and in a very short time reappeared with six or seven other martins, who all joined in the same plan of attack. Tom, who may be supposed to scorn the idea of flying from small birds, was soon roused to anger, in place of desire for prey, by the incessant stabs at the back of his head—the birds hitting it every time with unerring precision, after adroitly skimming off for another descent and another aim, move how he would; and he at length grew quite angry. He growled, and erected his bristles and tail for a regular fight. Finally, unable either to seize his tormentors or to endure the fierceness of the attack any longer, he ingloriously retreated under a warehouse door, which afforded him shelter, the birds striking at his tail, the last part of him in sight."

Then comes a postscript:

"On concluding my letter, I walked out, and stood for some time in the front of the house near the spot where the combat took place on Sunday. A martin, which had a nest under the eaves of the warehouse, was sailing about in the air, and Tom's sister was pattering along on the ground, neither animal, to all appearance, regarding the other. In a few minutes the tom-cat came out, and in an instant the bird, screaming loudly, flew at him with the utmost fury, making several desperate darts, but seemed fearful of approaching quite near enough to strike, there being no other bird in sight to second him, or to distract the attention of its adversary; but it was quite clear that there was no mistake in recognizing its enemy, although the two cats are so very nearly alike in size, color, and general appearance, that no person, unless very intimately

acquainted with them, would be able to distinguish one from the other. This little bird, however, had been so nicely observant, as to know at once, without hesitation, who was the offender."



A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BISHOP HEDDING.

BY REV. E. PADDOCK, D. D.

EVERY thing relating to that great and good man, the late Bishop Hedding, must have a permanent interest to all who knew him, and especially to the members of the communion to which he was so bright an ornament. In my own bosom scarcely any other human name awakens emotions at once so deep and so tender. The remembrance of him is always grateful to my heart. I became acquainted with him at an early period in my public life—soon after he was ordained bishop—and, for many years, performed for him, when he visited the conference of which I was a member, the office of private secretary. Of course, I was much in his company; and especially as he presided over that body about as frequently, perhaps, as all the other bishops taken together. And the more I was with him, the more I loved and venerated him. Such dignity and such simplicity, such lofty intelligence and such purity of aim, are seldom found in the same person. Eulogy, however, is far from being the object of the present brief communication.

The perusal of your late article, Mr. Editor, on "The Last Hours of Bishop Hedding," brought so vividly to my recollection a passage in his history, that I can hardly suppress my inclination to give your readers the substance of it.

At the session of the Oneida conference, in—I think—1840, held at Norwich, Chenango county, N. Y., I was quartered at the same house with the venerable Bishop. As I was going out to public worship, on Sunday evening, he said to me, "Brother, I wish you would excuse me from accompanying you, I am so much fatigued; and then you know the exhausting labors of the closing part of the conference are still before me; and I must recruit, and prepare for them." In truth, I had no thought of his accompanying me; for I knew he had not only preached a long and fatiguing sermon that day, but had ordained both the elders and the deacons. The circumstance, however, shows—what was always an amiable trait in his general character—his tender regard for the feelings of others. He was studi-

ously careful never to say a word or perform an action which would be likely to give pain to any human being, save only when it was clearly apparent that the interests of religion demanded that sort of discipline, and then the infliction was ever accompanied with so much tenderness that even the subject of it was obliged the more to respect him.

The public service of the evening performed, I returned to our mutual lodgings. Finding the chamber of the good Bishop unilluminated, and presuming he had retired to rest, I determined to pass through his room—which I was obliged to do in order to reach my own dormitory—as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb him. As soon as I opened the door, however, I heard his tender voice in the opposite end of the room, saying, "Brother, please be seated while I light a lamp. You will find a chair to the left of the door." The venerable old gentleman experienced some little difficulty in igniting his match, but finally succeeded in lighting the lamp, when he said, "I have been sitting here by this open window, enjoying the cool air, [the evening was excessively warm,] and examining this poor heart of mine, to see whether it loves the blessed Jesus as much as it used to." After a moment's pause, he added, his voice tremulous with deep emotion, "And I think it does, full as much—yes, a little more than it ever did before." These were his precise words—words which I can no more forget than I can forget that I ever saw the man.

Seating himself, he continued to speak of his own past experience with a freedom and a pathos which were at once most delightful and most edifying. Among other things, he said, "I do not know whether it is so with others, but I often find great spiritual comfort in reading our hymns. They contain a depth, a concentration of meaning, which comes home to the soul with a kind of divine power. Though I can not substitute them for the inspired word, I frequently read them with a view to religious edification, as well as from a regard to their unsurpassed poetical beauty."

The afternoon sermon, that day, had turned chiefly on the resurrection of Christ, and the exercises were closed with that incomparable hymn, commencing,

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies."

To that hymn the Bishop particularly referred, and spoke of it as one of the finest in the English language, and as often having been a blessing to his own soul. He repeated the whole of it with the greatest force and propriety, and pointed out its principal beauties with the nicest discrim-

ination. He regarded it then, as he did upon his dying bed, as being "all glory." Indeed, all of his exercises on that happy morning to which you refer—the morning he was visited by the Rev. brother Ferris—seem to have been strikingly of a piece with those of the memorable evening at Norwich.

"THY WORD IS TRUTH," ST. JOHN XVII, 17.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

"*Thy word is truth.*" Of dust thou art, frail mortal;
And unto dust at last thou shalt return; [Gen. III, 19.
Thy soul must enter through death's gloomy portal,
Its future destiny beyond to learn. [Rom. v, 12

"*Thy word is truth.*" From out the house of David,
And stem of Jesse, shall a Savior spring; [Isa. xl, 1.
Then as a rose the desert waste shall blossom, [xxxv, 1.
With joy and gladness shall they sweetly sing.
[xxxv, 2

"*Thy word is truth.*" Behold the promised Savior,
Low in the manger, where the ox is fed; [Luke II, 7.
The morning stars for joy have sung together,
[Job xxxviii, 7.
And Chaldea's shepherds, full of fear, have fled.
[Luke II, 8, 9.

"*Thy word is truth.*" Lo in Gethsemane's garden
[Matt. xxvi, 39.
Great drops of blood stood on his regal brow:
[Luke xxii, 44.

"I pray thee, Father, let this bitter cup
Pass by; but not as I will, Lord, but thou."
[Luke xxii, 42.

"*Thy word is truth.*" The Savior cried, "'Tis finished!" [John xix, 30.
And terror hid the guilty world in gloom;

[Mark xv, 33.
He conquered death, and, in full strength and glory,
[Luke xvi, 8.
Unbarred the portals of the guarded tomb.
[Matt. xxviii, 2, 3, 4, etc.

"*Thy word is truth.*" Now, by the blood of Jesus,
[Eph. i, 5, 6, 7.
As children, Father, to thy throne we come,
[Rom. ix, 26.
The heathen to thy son shall soon be given,
[2d Psalm, 7, 8.
Thy will on earth as in the heavens be done.
[Matt. vi, 10.

UPWARD steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall,
From the wall into the sky,
From the room along the spire;
Ah! the souls of them that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.—*Longfellow.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA.

BY REV. J. W. WILKY, M. D.

THE immense empire of China presents for our study, and the exercise of our sympathies, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred millions of females, held in the degrading bondage of Oriental customs, and in the ignorance and superstition of idolatry. The moral and social position of these suffering millions is such as to waken in every pious and benevolent heart a desire to ameliorate their condition, and to elevate them to a higher and better state. Providence has unexpectedly thrown open to the Christian world, the long-closed gates of the heathen empire in which these oppressed daughters are found, and, through strange and even wonderful developments, appears to be calling loudly upon the lovers of the Savior and the friends of humanity, to turn their attention and their labors to the Christianization of the vast people thus brought within the reach of their sympathies. The two hundred millions of oppressed females, found in the population of this empire, claim, by their situation, a large share of our Christian sympathy, and, by their interesting and promising character, a large share of our benevolent labors toward enlightenment and evangelization. Here, where the Gospel exerts none of its benign influences, the rights of women are truly invaded, and from being the equal and the companion of man, she is reduced to a mere instrument for his pleasure, or a faithful slave for his service. To all who are sincere and earnest advocates for "Woman's Rights," and are anxious for opportunities to exercise their benevolent feelings in lightening the burdens, and refining the character, and exalting the position of their oppressed sisters, we most heartily commend the vast field which is here opened to their philanthropic labors.

In China, as in other countries, the influence of woman is great, and is exerted in the family and in the state, in morals and in religion; but in that country, in the position which she occupies, that influence is only exercised for evil. We feel convinced that nothing can reach and break up the numerous and great evils of heathen life and society, but the transforming influence of our holy Christianity. This alone can destroy the idolatry which lies at the bottom of their degradation, and this only can teach to benighted man the true position which should be occupied by the help-mate that God has given him, and thus shake the very foundation of the oppressive system which degrades the daughters of the east. But the enlightening truths of the Bible must be taught

to the oppressed females, as well as to their unfeeling masters. We in vain attempt a reformation of society by directing our attention to the men alone. The future men and women of the nation are under the influence of the wives and mothers of to-day, and we are only vainly laboring to exhaust a stream that is fed by a never-failing fountain, while we leave untouched this undercurrent of woman's influence. It is as necessary to teach the mothers as to enlighten the fathers, and the wives must be converted, or we can produce no permanent impression upon the minds and hearts of the husbands. We must reach the children, the future nation in embryo—but we must reach them through the family, in which presides the wife and mother.

But who shall teach the women of China? The missionary, who goes forth to preach the Gospel, can not gain access to the females of the land. The iron usages of eastern society forbid his entrance into the "inner apartments," where the mothers, and wives, and daughters are found, and custom does not allow the daughters of the land to mingle in public assemblies. The missionary looks in vain to find the female in his chapel, and but seldom is she found to stop and mingle with the crowd that gathers around him in the street or in the country. The boatwoman, and the burden-bearer, and the market-woman, whose avocations have somewhat freed them from the restraints of society, and in an equal degree rendered them less susceptible to good impressions, may occasionally delay for a moment to catch a passing word from the missionary; but the Chinese lady is to him always unapproachable. In no class of society is education given to females, and scarcely any are able to read at all the language of their own country; so that, while excluded by the usages of society from the direct labors of the missionary, they are also, by ignorance, shut out from receiving a knowledge of the truth through books. What, then, can be done for the daughters of China? Can nothing be done to give to them the blessings of the glorious Gospel, and to elevate them to the high and happy sphere secured to the gentler sex by the institutions of Christianity? They can be reached, and the blessings of the Gospel can be imparted to them; but it is only by the personal labors of their sisters, the daughters of England and America; and it is for these to say whether the Chinese female shall be elevated to the hopes and privileges of woman in Christian lands, or remain the unhappy victims of the despotic usages of the society in which they live. With the view of awakening a deeper interest in

behalf of these females of China in the hearts of the highly blessed daughters of America, and with the hope of inspiring in some hearts, at least, a spirit of consecration to the noble work that lies before them, we wish to give to them a better acquaintance with these daughters of the east.

In contemplating the women of China, they present themselves to us, as in our own country, in various grades of society, from the humble boatwoman and the noisy burden-bearer, to the modest and retiring wife of the wealthy merchant and the secluded but gaudy wives of the mandarins. She is found, degraded and ignorant, in her contracted home, on a little boat that lies moored by the river's bank, or plies to and fro on its broad bosom, gaining her livelihood by fishing, and rearing her children in want and ignorance. She is found, beneath the rays of a broiling sun, laboring in the fields, sowing, planting, and gathering, and bearing her products on her shoulders to market, her careless husband, in the mean time, often amusing himself with the children, or smoking his tobacco or opium at home. She is found thronging the streets, bearing heavy burdens, performing the most menial services, competing with rough, half-naked men in feats of strength and labor, herself as boisterous and as masculine as they. She is found, in another grade of society, in the secluded retirement of her home, called by the name of wife, but used as her master's slave, having the duties of a miserable household to perform, with none of the rewards of love or gratitude. Still higher in life she is found as the tinselled and ornamented inmate of the "inner apartments," secluded from society, bearing the hollow title of wife, or filling the character of the purchased handmaid, free from degrading employments, but left to amuse herself as she can with music, embroidery, and dress, and always expected to amuse and gratify the wishes of her master, without dreaming she has a right to be considered his equal and companion, or expecting any return for her affection and kindness. She is found, too, in the wretched haunts of vice and infamy which abound upon the water and the land, the most miserable and degraded of her kind, because often her degradation is involuntary, and she occupies her wretched position because unfeeling or poverty-stricken parents have sold her to a monster.

As found in these various positions, her personal appearance and dress differ considerably. In the middle and lower ranks of society, the Chinese female possesses but few attractions.

Her dress is always modest and seasonable, but not always clean and tasteful. Her naturally tawny complexion is made more dark and rough by exposure to the sun, and her consciousness of degradation and her conflicts with rough and boisterous men have made her bold and masculine. The laboring women of China have often been mistaken, by recent visitors, for men, and we have heard those who had but just arrived in China, remarking that they found no women in the streets, when, perhaps, a third of all they met were the tawny, toiling, noisy daughters of China. In all ranks of society the hair of the women of China is always beautiful; it is always black, glossy, and luxuriant, arranged with taste and beauty, adorned with flowers, or often put up in the shape of their favorite but fabulous bird—the Chinese phoenix—a long fold of rich, dark hair, reaching out behind the head, representing the large tail of the bird, with two others extending from the sides of the head, representing its expanded wings, while another cluster gracefully bends over the forepart of the head, terminated by a light metallic appendage, representing the bird's bill, which rests upon the forehead. In scarcely any grade of society is this beautiful ornament of the head found disheveled or neglected.

Nor can the worst of usage, nor the deepest degradation, entirely crush out of the hearts of these humbler daughters of China all womanly feeling, and they are still found to possess some of the gentler affections, and capable of being reached and affected by kindness and sympathy. Some have been gathered, by the missionaries, from the lowest walks of society, and, after being introduced into their families, and made to realize—what is almost a new idea to them—that, after all, there are such things in the world as gentleness, kindness, and affection, the cords of womanly feeling have been touched in their hearts, and they have been awakened into a sort of new life, manifesting the kindness, the faithfulness, and the devotion which can probably never be entirely obliterated from woman's heart. Two or three instances of this kind are now vividly before my mind, and I remember, with the most grateful feelings, many instances of the affectionate kindness of one of these daughters of China.

"The Chinese lady, in the better classes," says Mrs. Bridgman, in her excellent little book, "The Daughters of China," "is not without attractions; she is generally bland and courteous in her manners; her toilet is often arranged with taste and beauty, though her decorations are usu-

ally profuse and gaudy. Her dress is well adapted to the season. In the heat of summer, her attire is simply grass-cloth; as the weather becomes cool, this is exchanged for silk and other richly embroidered materials.

"The whole Chinese system of ethics requires females to be so secluded that their opportunities of intercourse with foreign ladies are few; when they do meet them, however, their address is singularly confiding and affectionate, and they enter into conversation with sprightliness and vivacity. But what do they talk about? Your age, the numbers of your children, your ornaments, the style of your dress, and your large feet. Examine the countenance of the Chinese; the features are regular, and, though there are peculiarities which mark the race, such as the obliquity of the eyes, flat nose, tawny skin, and, when uneducated, a certain inane expression common to both sexes; yet when the Chinese lady is favored with an interchange of sympathies with one of her own sex from another country, there is light in her eye and joy in her heart; it is not the flash of a bright and highly cultivated intellect; for, alas! she is not considered worth the pains, time, and money, of being taught to read; but the women of China have souls, and there are deep fountains there, sending out, as far as their situation admits, streams of maternal and sisterly affection; and there are fountains of evil, too, and the courses that issue from them are broad and deep. Ungovernable temper often spreads discord in the domestic circle, and the strong folds of idolatrous superstition bind her tender offspring by an oath of perpetual fidelity to the altars of false deities."

Much attention is paid by the females of China to dress, and their outward adornments are always fully up to the measure of their pecuniary ability. The dress, in all ranks of society, is strikingly modest, concealing all parts of the person except the face. This, with the head, is usually left uncovered. No hats are worn by the ladies, as these would interfere with the beautiful arrangement of their glossy hair, and their place is supplied with flowers, both natural and artificial, tastefully set. Along with these, among the wealthy, may often be seen pearls and other rich and gaudy ornaments. An interesting element in the Chinese character is their fondness for flowers, and in this their females largely participate. Every little boat that floats upon the water will have at least one flower-pot, and as many more as can be afforded; and every hut, however dark and dismal it may be, will have something green and beautiful about it. The poorest boatwoman

and the toiling daughter of the field, as well as the high and wealthy, will have a flower to adorn their heads, and nearly every little shop, as well as the rich store-room, will have some pots of green and flourishing plants. Chrysanthems, camellias, lilies, polianthes, magnolias, oleanders, azaleas, orange-flowers, and the blossoms of early spring, are universal favorites, and the magnificent lotus is looked upon with the profoundest admiration, if not, indeed, with idolatrous veneration. This is a pleasing, and, we think, a promising trait in the character of the Chinese female; we have hope in the heart, though it may be hardened by the folds of heathenism, in which there is a love for the beautiful, and particularly for the softer and gentler beauties which God has made in the flowers.

The dress of the poorer females is usually made of grass-cloth or cotton, black among the laborers, and usually light blue, bordered with pink, among those of indoor occupations. Among the higher class, we find grass-cloth, silk, crape, etc., ornamented and embroidered. The dress is made tight about the throat, with large sleeves, sometimes exposing the hands and wrists, strung with bracelets made of shell, precious stones, gold, or silver. Underneath this outside dress or tunic is, among the wealthy, a richly embroidered skirt, extending nearly to the feet, from which appear below the embroidered pantalettes, nearly concealing the tiny feet which can not be dispensed with in the Chinese lady. When or how this cruel custom of compressing the feet originated, it is probably now impossible to determine; but at the present day it prevails throughout the empire, and is the mark of the Chinese lady, and indispensable to a suitable betrothal. Betrothal takes place very early in life, and a little girl whose feet are permitted to attain the usual size, would not be chosen as the first or principal wife, and could not be introduced into any of the higher classes of society, except by being purchased as the second, third, or fourth wife of some mandarin or wealthy merchant, who would like her handsome face to ornament his miniature harem. Females who have been saved from the tortures of this compression can thus only expect a life of toil or degradation, and they find their homes upon the water, or in the fields, or as bearers of burdens in the close and filthy streets, or as the subordinate inmates of some rich man's "inner apartments." For these reasons, the custom prevails extensively in all parts of the country and in all ranks of society—the poorest family striving to secure the honor and the advantages of having at least one small-footed lady. The

process of compression is usually commenced at about the fourth year of age, and is done by bandaging the feet closely with strong muslin rollers, and must be an extremely painful process, as the cries of the young sufferers during its first stages are every-where heard. It results in a miserable deformity of the feet, which renders them almost useless as organs of locomotion. The gentlemen of China appear to be very warm in their admiration of these little, deformed appendages of the ladies, speaking of them often in conversation, praising them in poetry, and contrasting them with the large feet of foreign ladies, which they suppose to detract greatly from what they are willing to acknowledge, the surpassing beauty of their faces and persons, and the elegance of their manners.

These "waving willows," as they poetically call them, may often be seen in the lower walks of life, tottering along in the street, supporting themselves by one or two sticks, or resting on the shoulder of a little boy or girl. They are rendered unfit for any laborious employment; but in poor families it is often necessary for them to do a large amount of outdoor as well as indoor labor, and they frequently display considerable ingenuity in devising ways and means to accomplish their object without the use of their feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"OUR FREDDIE STILL."

BY MRS. E. T. EBERLEIN.

SHALL we not watch for him when morning breaks,
And when night's gloomy shadows pass away;
Will not his beauteous eyes and sunny face
Come with the day?

Shall we not see him at the hour of noon,
When his fond father from his work shall come,
Whom he was wont, with happy feet, to speed
To welcome home?

O, when the night comes stealing on, and folds
Her sable robes around the weary earth,
And when the cricket's chirping voice is heard
On the lone hearth—

Shall we not see him in the old arm-chair,
Watching, half fearfully, the shadows creep,
On the dim walls, or gently in our arms
Fold him to sleep?

He is not there—not there, nor any where
That mortals with frail footsteps e'er have trod;
For thou hast called the gentle spirit home
To thee, our God.

There, when our pilgrimage on earth is done,
And we have meekly borne thy righteous will,
May we not clasp him to our yearning hearts—
Our Freddie still?

THE FALLEN SOLDIER.

BY MRS. M. A. RIGLOW.

"My heart bled within me when I gazed on young H., where he lay in all the pale beauty of death. He was to have been married, the week following, to an accomplished lady; but such was his great zeal to serve his country, that he became a volunteer in our camp, and met his death the following morning. On opening his vest, we found a likeness of the beautiful Miss ——. The back of the portrait was stained with his blood."—LIFE OF MARION.

WHERE his country's banner sweeps,
On the field of war he sleeps,
With his eyelids, darkly fringed,
By the breath of cannon singed;
And you see the crimson blood,
Where the youthful hero stood.

Warrior! in the furious strife,
In the weary ebb of life,
What could solace thy young heart,
Making Death's a pointless dart?
Could thy love of country stay,
While thy life-stream ebbed away?

Soldier! here, what hast thou pressed
Closely to thy cold, still breast?
'Tis a maiden's pledge of truth,
Beaming with the air of youth;
Smiling in the dreadful fray,
Where the dead and dying lay.

Often didst thou fondly gaze
On that sweetly pictured face;
Dreaming of a conquered peace,
When the gory fight should cease,
And thy happy country, free,
Should give back thy bride to thee.

But thy hopes are withered now;
Death has chilled thy noble brow;
And the maiden long shall wait,
Tearful and disconsolate;
For her warm heart followed thee,
Struggling here for liberty.

Long that maiden dreamed of bliss—
Dreamed of coming happiness;
But her hopes are lost in night;
Thou hast fallen in the fight,
And thy garments, soiled and torn,
Stiff with clotted gore are grown.

Where the dewy morning weeps,
There the maiden's lover sleeps,
There is sinking to decay,
There may be the vulture's prey;
But he did not die unblest,
With that image on his breast.

WHITE as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is Hope's last gleam in man's extremity.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH AND LIFE.

BY REV. A. D. FIELD.

"There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Yet not thus buried or extinct
The vital spark shall lie,
Far o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes, too, this little dust
Our Father's care shall keep
Till the last trumpet sound, and break
The long and dreary sleep."—H. K. WHITT.

READER, shrink not away because I have named to you a doleful subject; for perchance even out of this there may come sweetness for thee.

Why is it we start back so much appalled when we look into the grave? Too much of our fear comes from a wrong view of the matter. We are too apt to look upon Death as the great destroyer, and to shrink from his presence as from a foe. But Death is not a destroyer; death is not an extinguishment. The grave does not swallow up all there is of the loved ones. No! death is only a departure; and as the immortal spirit takes its flight, the clay habitation falls back to earth. The player, behind the scenes, dresses and paints for the coming acting; when the curtain rises, he enters into the scenes for which he has been preparing. Life is the fitting time, and death is only the hoisting of the curtain that lets us on the stage to act in the eternal scenes forever. The cold sweating of death is only, as it were, the cold drippings of the waters of Jordan, as we pass over to the promised land.

Look ye at yonder ship, as she comes, like a distant bird, over the waters. She heaves in sight; she comes up; she passes by; she goes beyond the horizon, and disappears from our view. But is she lost? When she went out of sight, did she sink overwhelmed in the waves? No, no. She has only gone on to her destined port. Thus the dear child comes into the family circle. For awhile its prattle is heard; for awhile its beaming face greets the delighted household—and then it disappears; it goes away from the sight. No more—ah! no more—shall it be there! But is it annihilated? Is it laid away, perished forever, in an eternal sleep? No! Parent, weeping over the tomb with anguish, no! Like the disappearing ship, it has only gone on to its heavenly destination. You saw it for awhile; but it could not tarry; the angels have taken it away. And, perchance, those heavenly

symphonies that break upon your ear in dreams of the night-time are notes swelling out from the harps of the redeemed ones, among whom your little one tunes a harp before the throne of the Lamb. Yes; the little Roscoes, and Myras, and Henrys, and Marys, that are lost from the home circles, are to-day sweeping each a harp in the blessed land. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Not lost; but heaven has one angel more;
Not lost; but gone before?"

To be sure, there is a seeming death of the body; but is the body the person? Cut off my limbs—ay, flay the flesh from my bones—and you do not destroy *me*. You have only been hewing down my habitation. I, the immortal—I still live. You bury my arm; it is not *me*. You bury my whole body; it is not *me*. The laying of my body in the grave is only burying all my body, instead of a limb; I still live on. Let a driving wind blow down the house in which I live, and it leaves me still living. To be sure, the place of my habitation is crumbled to pieces; but yet I am alive, though miles away. So when we lay the bodies of the loved ones of the heart in the grave, it is only laying away the clay tenement now no longer habited; the loved one is gone away, and lives on in better than earthly mansions.

"Then weep not for Mary,
Though she is no more,
Her voice is now mingling
With saints on the shore.

O, weep not for Myra;
For near the bright throne,
She sweepeth the harp-strings
That now are her own.

O, weep not for Beanie;
Though laid in the tomb,
She liveth in glory,
And beckons thee home."

But though, when we think of the gone ones, we think of them as in heaven, yet the heart often turns to the grave. There is a love that lingers around the tomb, though we look upon the loved ones as gone to mansions of light. We cling, with fond regret, to the dear relics that lie crumbling to dust in the ground. While we look to heaven, we love to do so from the graves of the dead. This is not a feeling that needs to be smothered. Well may the heart of a fond mourner weep over the grave.

When we leave olden homes and go to new lands, we love to think of all that is past. When we revisit the old places, how dear are the houses where we have lived!—how dear the old school grounds where we have spent our youth! Above

all, how sacred the old churches, with their altars, where we have so often kneeled! Our home is in a far land; but how fondly the heart lingers around the dear remains of scenes that gave us joy in days gone by! It is thus respecting the dead. We can believe our little Willie lives in heaven; but we are so apt to lose the spiritual in looking at the material, we can hardly think of him only as connected with the frail body we laid in the grave. We remember the prattle of his tongue. We remember the sparkling of his eye, the curling of his auburn locks; and no wonder we love to linger around the dear earth that incloses his mortal remains.

We watch, with anxious solicitude, the fate of those old church walls; and who shall say we may not think of the destiny of the crumbled body of the one we loved so well? Then often, and fitting, is the thought that comes up, Shall we see Willie again as he was?

Here our hearts may take comfort. The crumbling clay shall be resuscitated. But how are the dead raised up? God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. "Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality." Death is swallowed up in victory!

"There, there we shall sleep, but not always remain;
We look for the coming of Jesus again."

The grave has been crying out for victims these thousand years. The low wail of the mourners that go about the streets has long sounded upon the evening air. But shall this cry resound forever? No, no! We are awaiting a voice mightier than that of the grave, that shall drown out the dull tolling of the funeral knell.

But how can the resurrection be? "Should it be thought a thing impossible that God should raise the dead?" Ay, God is to do it. Were it said that man was to do it, or even an angel, we might linger in despair; but God is to do it!

"An angel's arm can't snatch us from the grave,
But millions of angels can't confine us there."

"Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine."

—♦—
ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON said that he loved a life divided between ascending up to heaven to procure blessings, and descending to diffuse them upon earth.

THE PILGRIMS.

BY REV. ALBION FELLOWS.

MANY years ago there lived in England a very strange people called the Puritans. Their manners and customs were, in some respects, absurdly rigid. They were intolerant and austere; and yet they were a high-minded and noble people. They bowed meekly before the Lord of heaven, but looked down with contempt upon princes, and nobles, and kings, and refused to pay them homage. When persecution came upon them they had no fear of death. They arose to their own rescue, girt on the sword, went out to battle, and spread terror through the ranks of the enemy.

Wearied, at length, with unceasing contention, and still determined never to submit, a part of their number resolved to leave their home, escape its oppression, which they could not endure, and suffer banishment and exile in the savage wilderness of a distant clime. It was a bold resolve. They knew that dangers were in their pathway, that the dark, heaving sea was before them, and that tempests were out, ranging the deep and howling for prey. But they called upon their God, and went down to the sea. There, rocking on the tide, they found the Mayflower, waiting to bear them from their homes forever away.

The time had now come to try their souls. For the last time they turn to look on the hills of England. Friends are there to bid them a last farewell. How touching is the parting scene! Friend looks mournfully in the face of friend, as if standing by the bedside of the dying to catch the last look of life, and hear the last sigh. And then, all kneeling down, their tears bedew the sandy beach, while their hearts are uplifted with the fervent prayer that Heaven would keep them till death, and bring them together again when the trump of the angel shall sound. They embrace once more, and then embarking, the little ship, with its precious freight, moves slowly from the shore. With tearful eyes, those that remain upon the shore gaze anxiously upon the vessel till the white sails appear like a speck against the bending sky; and on the Mayflower eyes grow dim with looking back, and will not turn from the lingering gaze till the last hill sinks down and is lost behind the waves.

The Pilgrims are out on the deep. They know their peril, and trust in Him who holds the winds in his fists and calms the roaring tide. Storms arise and threaten; but the hand of Providence

here. The tempest thunders by, and the trusting pilgrim-band is safe. Weeks roll away, and the little bark, shaken and tossed on Atlantic's stormy waves, is nearing New England's shores. The pious voyagers, arising from their morning devotions, and beholding, for the first time, the land of their exile, bow down again and give thanks to the God who has kept them from the ocean's wide grave.

The Pilgrims rejoiced, when they stepped on the rock of Plymouth, that they were beyond the reach of oppression's cruel power. They had already suffered much, and were well aware they had more to endure; but they were not disheartened. They still held fast their integrity, and worshiped their Maker even when famine pressed them sorely; and when death came among them, the victims of the destroyer bowed submissively to the summons and the stroke, while the survivors looked up to Heaven through their tears, and still gave thanks and sang praises.

Thus lived and died the bold Pilgrims who braved the perils of the deep and the dangers of a savage wilderness, who endured winter's cold and the lack of bread, that they might live before their God with a conscience untrammelled, and leave the world with a spirit unfettered and free. And they did not pass away without fulfilling their high commission, and leaving a worthy memorial of their Christian heroism. In the freedom of speech they led the world. They laid the corner-stone of a free and happy nation, and upon the firm granite of their hills they planted the strongest pillar that has ever graced the temple of liberty.

Hallowed, thrice hallowed, be the memory of the Pilgrims! The waves that wafted their bark to the shore are still rolling and dashing upon the rocky coast; but the Pilgrims are gone.

Pierpont, one of the Pilgrim poets, speaks of his fathers mournfully, though sweetly:

"The Pilgrim fathers are at rest,
And the snow-white sail,
That they gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

But the pilgrim spirit has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed
Of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.

It watches the bed
Of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay
Where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more."

IMMORTALITY OUR PORTION.

BY M. MITCHELL.

HOW expanding to the mind of man 'is the thought that he shall live forever—that his spirit's life shall outlast the mighty monuments of time, and live after the last page shall have been written in the annals of the world! There is grandeur and sublimity in the thought. All things else may die; but our souls shall live forever. All things else may lose their grace and beauty; but our spirits, lovely even in ruins, shall retain their loveliness, and, rising o'er the wreck of worlds, never know the pangs of death. While contemplating it, man's brightest hopes grow brighter, his purest aspirations purer, and his entire being feels as if it had advanced one step farther in its upward course, and reached a point from which more extended views greet the eye, and fairer objects are seen. It is an elevating, an ennobling idea—one worthy the meditation of beings made a "little lower than the angels;" for it softens the asperities of life, sweetens its bitterest cups, and, when the darkness of the grave gathers around man's pillow, cheers him onward. Yes; immortality is the soul's birthright. Our spirits are children of the Deity, breathed by him into the nostrils of men, and, partaking thus of his own immortal nature, must live forever. God has declared it. His word is truth. Other proofs, too, exist, which strongly demonstrate its certainty. How otherwise can we consider that belief which pervades the hearts and consciences of universal man? Visit whatsoever tribe, language, or nation we may, deep in their beings will we find implanted the consciousness of immortality. Go, tell him whose dwelling is near by the rushings of the lordly Niger, that life is but a dream, and the "grave its goal," and how soon will his bosom swell, and his eye reveal the throbbings of the inner man, as he points you upward, and adds his testimony to that already collected, that man's soul shall live forever! Whisper to the child of the north, "in mournful numbers," that earth is man's only home, and the future but a blank, and how soon, from the hidden springs of his being, will gush up the stout denial, and from his tongue words of purer accent fall, teaching that grander, holier, healthier doctrine, immortality our portion! Thus we will find it all o'er and o'er the world, up on the hills and down in the valleys, out on the verdant plains and in the deep forests, by the side of babbling brooks and on the shores of roaring oceans. Wherever, in short, man is found, there will appear truths

innumerable, unmistakably declaring that the soul is immortal, and earth but its probation home. They speak forth in full strength and power; and, when rightly apprehended, strike a death-blow at the illusory systems men have devised for their own pleasing. Alas, that man should trust to reason's glimmering ray—

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travelers!"

To comprehend the idea of immortality, in its fullest extent, is beyond the capacity of finite minds. It is too boundless, too immeasurable. To gain even a partial conception of it requires all the intellectual energy we can summon. "World by world shall drop mellowed off the wrinkling stalk of time," and the lights of the universe grow dim; but our souls shall wane not, neither become faint nor weary. The stars which decorate the dome of the skies, "the hollow of God's hand," shall cease to revolve in their orbits, and be numbered among the things that were; but man shall live, and feel an impulse urging him on forever. Earth, too, shall be shaken from her axes, and her revolutions never more usher in the "uprisen sun, God's lidless eye;" but our souls shall see Him as he is, and live forever. The universe itself, that great cathedral,

"Whose quenchless lamps, the sun and moon supply;
Whose choir's the winds and waves; whose organ,
thunder;

Whose dome the sky!"

shall hear its death-knell tolled and requiem sung; but man, child of heaven, shall live forever; and, if obedient to his Creator's will, forever chant glad anthems around the throne of the great I Am.

A happy immortality! How it thrills my soul and bears my spirit upward! Let life's sorrows be my portion, and her stormy waves beat wildly against my light, frail bark, what care I? Onward, upon the breast of the heaving billows, is my course, and the port of heaven the port in view. The Bible is my chart to guide me onward; and yours, too, gentle reader. Obey its dictates, and your path through life will be strewn with the most fragrant of flowers. Listen to its teachings, and you shall be happy. Be good, be god-like, and be true, and it shall be yours to hear, when the grave-blossoms drop from the brow of old Time, the glad voice—

"Awake from death—awake, and live with God."

THE Jews, like children, had a picture placed above their lesson.

THE YOUNG DEPARTED.

BY JOHN OCKELTREE, M. D.

Jays that the heart hath cherished
Never, never die;
Buds that on earth have perished
Blossom in the sky.
Death hath no power to sever
Golden links of thought—
Links that stretch upward ever,
Links in that chain that never
Rust of earth hath caught.
Gems that are brightest, rarest,
Cumber not the earth;
All that is purest, fairest,
Have the "second birth."
Ere the first stain of sorrow
Spots the sinless brow.
O, it is sweet to borrow
Faith from that far-off morrow,
Breaking on us now.
Where dwell the young departed—
They of unripe years?
Who bade farewell, ere started
Care's petrifying tears?
Not where the grass is growing
Greenly on the sod;
But where Life's stream is flowing;
Where soft airs of heaven are blowing,
Round the throne of God.

REMINISCENCE OF JOHN WESLEY.

ONCE I went with him in his carriage into Bristol, and heard him preach from Eph. v, 8: "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light." It was the only opportunity I ever had of hearing this truly apostolical man. The whole scene was very picturesque and striking. Several preachers stood in the large pulpit around him; the sermon was short, the language terse and good, but entirely devoid of expansion and imagery, while the delivery was low and unanimated. This surprised me. Was it the influence and effect of age? If it was originally the same, how came he to be so popular among the rude multitudes which always attended him, and so hung upon his lips? Whitefield's voice and vehemence, and strong emotions, will, in some measure, account for the impressions he produced, even regardless of the grace of God which accompanied them. How popular and useful was Berridge! yet he had nothing of the vulgar orator in his manner; it was plain and unimpassioned. This was the case also with many of the original corps of evangelists.—*Autobiography of Rev. William Jay.*

TRAINING A CHILD—A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

WE have a friend, somewhat advanced in life, who has that best certificate of ability in a mother; namely, a most exemplary family; and we are often greatly interested in hearing her tell anecdotes of her experience in bringing them up. Some of these are too good to be lost, and for the benefit of our lady readers we repeat one.

When our friend was yet a young mother, she had two daughters, one less than two years older than the other. The eldest, Julia, was a petite beauty, very delicately formed, with regular features, clear complexion, and bright golden ringlets. The second, Helen, was of larger growth, more childlike, with less of the statuary perfection of form and features, a paler cheek, and straight hair, which obstinately refused to be curled. Her principal beauty was the lovelight in her serious, contemplative face, which was not so obvious to strangers. The children were so nearly of one size, and so constantly dressed alike, that they were thought to be twins; but the younger was comparatively unnoticed. They were constantly together, while visitors at home and strangers abroad were daily or hourly exclaiming, "O, what a beautiful child!" what "lovely hair!" when looking at the elder sister. One day, after some ladies had passed out who had been very lavish of expressions of admiration for the golden curls, the little Helen came up to her mother's side and with an unshed tear in her eye looked up and asked, "Mother, is not Helen's hair pretty too?"

This was a revelation to the mother, and taking her up she caressed the unpraised hair, and said how beautiful it was for mother, and how mother loved Julia and Helen both alike, and how dear they were to her. But experience had taught her that she could not prevent strangers admiring and caressing the one child, while they passed the other unnoticed, and thus make the one vain and the other sad. So, after a severe mental struggle, she resolved to sacrifice the external beauty of the elder to preserve her spiritual loveliness, and in half an hour Julia's golden curls, and Helen's straight tresses, were lying side by side in a paper envelop. In speaking of it, she said, "O, it *did* appear so hard to cut off those curls, for I had been so proud of them; but when it was done there was little difference in the children's appearance, and people took but little notice of them."

At the age of three years little Helen was beautiful in her shroud, and at thirty Julia wears her curls with a different grace and humility from what she would have done had she never so lost them.

TALKING TO THE FLOWERS.

BY W. S. PETERSON.

SITTING in the door-yard grassy,
Is a little blue-eyed lassie,
Talking to a flower;
And her cherub voice is ringing,
Half a laughing, half a singing,
Hour after hour.

Don't her azure eyes look funny,
Peeping through the ringlets sunny,
O'er her forehead falling!
Now a little bird comes near her,
And her tones grow louder, clearer,
To the songster calling.

I can scarcely other deem her
Than a little fairy dreamer,
Really unreal;
For she is a lovelier being
Than the poet's eyes e'er see in
Fancy's bright ideal.

Frowning maids of doubtful ages,
And better-halfless sages,
Will call it folly, may be,
Thus to be soliloquizing,
And gravely poetizing
Just about a baby;

But, to me, there's not a creature
Of lovelier form and feature
In this world of ours,
Than a little laughing lassie,
Sitting in the door-yard grassy,
Talking to the flowers.

THE MOTHER TO HER DEAD CHILD.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

Rest, quiet slumberer, thy pain is past;
Pale sickness can not harm thee more, my child:
A spirit pure, and free, and undefiled,
Among the angel bands thy lot is cast.

O, when I saw thee die—lone, solemn hour!—
The pall of silence falling on thy face,
As falls cold twilight on the flower space—
Then felt I darkness on my spirit low'r!

What was the world to me, my angel blest,
When, in thy little coffin, sweet and still,
They bore thee from me to the church-yard
chill,
And laid thee down, in dewy spring, to rest!

When I surveyed our garden walks at even,
And missed thy gladsome laugh and sparkling
eye,

I wept; but, looking on the peaceful sky,
Smiled through my tears to think thy soul in
heaven!

TRUTH AND POETRY.

BY W. H. BARNES.

WHO can explain the strange whims and caprices of the public mind? The thoughts and ideas which come and go through the popular brain are not governed by the ordinary laws of association. Realities which have been married ever since time began, suffer a strange divorcement when they pass through the great cerebrum. For instance, the world has long thought that Poetry and Truth were deadly enemies; yet there are no friends in the universe more true-hearted than they.

Truth lived in the bosom of God before he had made one visible creation. When the first thing of beauty came from his hand, Poetry was born. God saw her fit for companionship with Truth, and joined them together. Since then they have walked forth together, blessing with their presence heaven and earth, and all the stars. The coming of every beautiful creation has strengthened the ties which bind Poetry and Truth. "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

The true poet is the great apostle of truth. He speaks silver-toned words which the world delights to hear, and those words bear the burden of reality. Many such poets the world has not seen; but at their coming they shed a fadeless renown upon the ages in which they lived. Falsehood is the language which the coward speaks; but the poet is not a coward. He stands up before his own and all coming ages, and speaks what his heart prompts him, recking not whether the world frowns or shakes its sides with laughter.

In the progress of Truth and Poetry over the earth they are sometimes seen side by side in the same pathway, and all speak blessings on them as they pass. But very often men hear the silvery voice of Poetry, but their dull, earthly eyes fail to see her silent sister walking by her side. Sometimes the golden cord which unites them is concealed by the gorgeous drapery, yet we doubt not that they still walk forth in company.

Every observer has seen many traces of their union in the great highways of literature; let us wander into the by-paths and point out some of the spots that have been visibly hallowed by their united footsteps. We do not search long in vain; for here in an every-day volume before us we find the sweetest poetry and truth, deep-laid in human nature, joined to describe the feelings and illusions of the watcher by the death-couch of a loved one:

"We watched her breathing through the night—
Her breathing soft and low—

As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

Those who have seen a loved one die can feel that Truth is here as well as Poetry. How often, through the night, did the fear come upon you that she was dying, but you bent over her and found that she was sleeping sweetly! After a while the pale features seem so smiling and beautiful that you think she has wandered away from the sick bed in a pleasant dream. But the heart beats no more, the wave of life is still, the one you loved is dead.

A little way further the *two* are united to teach us a lesson on *intolerance*. Here Truth, which sometimes seems to occupy the back-ground, assumes even the more prominent position.

"Consider, then, before, like Harlothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That by the simple accident of birth
You might have been high-priest to Mumbo Jumbo."

Here the beautiful sisters, though clad in a homely garb, join their voices to recommend that charity which suffers long and is kind. When Poetry and Truth unite themselves against an evil, it withers beneath their mysterious touch. How unmanly does that bigot appear who would

"Rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind!"

We always feel grateful to the poet, who, by a hint whispered to us in solitude, starts a deep fountain of thought and feeling in the heart. Poetry alone may appear upon the printed page, but Truth makes her appearance in the soul, and there lingers long, speaking words, pleasant to be heard. A poet has humorously described his mission:

"To patch with song
The ragged mantle of the beggar earth."

There is more of truth in these quaint words than is expressed. This is indeed a "beggar earth," ever making demands and continually uttering petitions in the ears of mortals. An inordinate "love of the world" is thought to be man's peculiar attribute; he should now manifest it by his actions. Let the orator speak words of consolation and hope; let the miser give of his hoarded gold; let all men bring their brightest talents and apply them to the benefit of the mendicant; let every profession and occupation work with manliness in their several spheres, and the world will soon be beyond the reach of penury and want. Her face, now care-worn and haggard, will then be bright and beautiful. Her vestments, now torn and worn by six thousand years of

storm, will be exchanged for robes of royalty. Her neglected fields, which now produce thorns and briars, will be as the "garden of the Lord."

But we have strayed from the ancient landmarks of literature farther than we intended. If, in our discursive wanderings, we have learned a good lesson, let us remember it; and whenever, in the future, we see Truth and Poetry together, let us welcome them to our hearts.

TRAITS AND ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

THE horse is universally acknowledged to be one of the noblest members of the animal kingdom. Possessing the finest symmetry, and unincumbered by those external appendages which characterize many of the larger quadrupeds, his frame is a perfect model of elegance and concentrated energy. Highly sensitive, yet exceedingly tractable, proud, yet persevering, naturally of a roaming disposition, yet readily accommodating himself to domestic conditions, he has been one of the most valuable aids to human civilization—associating with man in all phases of his progress from the temporary tent to the permanent city.

Delighting in the river-plain and open glade, the savannas of America, the steppes of Asia, and the plains of Europe, must be regarded as his headquarters in a wild state. There is no doubt expressed, however, as to the original locality of the horse. The wild herds of America are looked upon as the descendants of Spanish breeds imported by the first conquerors of that continent; those of the Ukraine, in Europe, are said to be the progeny of Russian horses abandoned after the siege of Azoph in 1696; and even those of Tartary are regarded as coming from a more southern stock. Naturalists, therefore, look to the countries bordering on Egypt, as in all likelihood the primitive place of residence of this noble animal; and there is no doubt that the Arabian breed, when perfectly pure, presents the finest specimen of a horse in symmetry, docility, and courage. Regarding the horse as of Asiatic origin, we now find him associated with man in almost every region of the habitable globe. Like the dog, ox, sheep, and a few others of the brute creation, he seems capable of accommodating himself to very different conditions, and assumes a shaggy coat or sleek skin, a size little inferior to that of the elephant, or not larger than that of an English mastiff, just as circumstances of climate and food require.

In a state of nature, the horse loves to herd with his fellows, and droves of from four to five hundred, or even double that number, are not unfrequently seen, if the range be wide and fertile. The numbers of these vast droves are inoffensive in their habits, and when not startled or hunted, are rather playful and frolicsome; now scouring the plain in groups for mere amusement, now suddenly stopping, pawing the soil, then snorting, and off straight as an arrow, or wheeling in circles—making the ground shake with their wild merriment. It is impossible to conceive a more animated picture than a group of wild horses at play. Their fine figures are thrown into a thousand attitudes; and as they rear, curvette, dilate the nostril, paw in quivering nervousness to begin the race, or speed away with erect mane and flowing tail, they present forms of life and energy which the painter may strive in vain to imitate. They seldom shift their stations, unless compelled by failure of pasture or water; and thus they acquire a boldness and confidence in their haunts which it is rather unsafe to disturb. They never attack other animals, however, but always act upon the defensive. Having pastured, they retire either to the confines of the forest, or to some elevated portion of the plain, and recline on the sward, or hang listlessly on their legs for hours together. One or more of their number are always awake to keep watch while the rest are asleep, and to warn them of approaching danger, which is done by snorting loudly, or neighing. Upon this signal the whole troop start to their feet, and either reconnoiter the enemy, or fly off with the swiftness of the wind, followed by the sentinel and by the older stallions.

They are seldom to be taken by surprise; but if attacked, the assailant seldom comes off victorious, for the whole troop unite in defense of their comrades, and either tear him to pieces with their teeth, or kick him to death.

COURAGE.

Courage and unshrinking firmness have ever been attributes of the horse. The magnificent description given in the book of Job, must be familiar to every one: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?—the glory of his strength is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth out to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword; the quiver rattleth against him—the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither

believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head, and the ears far asunder, are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the forelock. This assertion is in all probability correct, for there is no reason why cerebral development should not influence the character of a horse as well as that of a man; but much, too, depends upon judicious training. Some, says Colonel Smith, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick at grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavoring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, shrapnell-shells, and rockets; and it was painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and to hear their groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect, at a charge in 1794—when the light-dragoon horse was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted—a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

The horse, though naturally afraid of the lion, tiger, and other feline animals, has often sufficient confidence in a firm rider and his own courage to overcome this timidity, and to join in the attack. This was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Sir Robert Gillespie, and noticed in the *Naturalists' Library*. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear from one of the bystanders, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. Here, instead of swerving, the noble animal went right over his formidable enemy with a firmness that enabled the rider to use his lance with precision. This steed was a small

gray, and was afterward sent home as a present to the prince regent.

M. Arnauld, in his *History of Animals*, relates the following incident of ferocious courage in a mule. This animal belonged to a gentleman in Florence, and became so vicious and refractory, that he not only refused to submit to any kind of labor, but actually attacked with his heels and teeth those who attempted to compel him. Wearied with such conduct, his master resolved to make away with him, by exposing him to the wild beasts in the menagerie of the grand duke. For this purpose he was first placed in the dens of the hyenas and tigers, all of whom he would have soon destroyed, had he not been speedily removed. At last he was handed over to the lion, but the mule, instead of exhibiting any symptoms of alarm, quietly receded to a corner, keeping his front opposed to his adversary. Once planted in the corner, he resolutely kept his place, eyeing every movement of the lion, which was preparing to spring upon him. The lion, however, perceiving the difficulty of an attack, practiced all his wiles to throw the mule off his guard, but in vain. At length the latter, perceiving an opportunity, made a sudden rush upon the lion, and in an instant broke several of his teeth by the stroke of his fore-feet. The "king of the animals," as he has been called, finding that he had got quite enough of the combat, slunk grumbling to his cage, and left the hardy mule master of the battle.

As may be readily supposed, the intrepidity of the horse is often of signal service in the cause of humanity, commanding at once our esteem and admiration. We know of no instance in which his assistance was so successfully rendered as in that which once occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, and which is related by M. De Pages in his *"Travels Round the World."* "I should have found it difficult," says he, "to give it credit, had it not happened the evening before my arrival; and if, besides the public notoriety of the fact, I had not been an eye-witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every individual at the Cape. A violent gale of wind setting in from north north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off

to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when again seating himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no seldomer than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land; but his gallant rider, alas! was no more."

Occasionally there is so much sagacity and affection combined with the intrepidity of the horse, that his conduct would do credit even to the bravest human nature. Like the dog, he has been known to swim to the assistance of a drowning creature, and this without any other impulse than that of his own generous feelings. Captain Thomas Brown, in his interesting *Biographical Sketches of the Horse*—a work to which we are indebted for several of the facts here recorded—mentions the following gratifying incident, which proves the possession of something more than mere unreasoning instinct: A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a small pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.

ATTACHMENT TO MAN.

In submission and attachment to man, the horse is equaled only by the dog and elephant. He soon learns to distinguish his master's voice, and to come at his call; he rejoices in his presence, and seems restless and unhappy during his absence; he joins with him willingly in any work, and appears susceptible of emulation and rivalry; and though frequently fierce and dangerous to strangers, yet there are few instances on record of his being faithless to those with whom he is domesticated, unless under the most inhuman and barbarous treatment. Colonel Smith relates

the following affecting incident of attachment in a charger which belonged to the late General Sir Robert Gillespie: When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the color stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

The affection of the horse is sometimes displayed in joyous gambols and familiar caresses like those of the dog, though, like the man in the fable who was embraced by his ass, one would willingly dispense with such boisterous manifestations. We are informed in the *Sporting Magazine*, that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession, December, 1793, a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlor window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and then leap back to his pasture. We have ourselves often witnessed similar signs of affection on the part of an old Shetland pony, which would place its forefoot in the hand of its young master like a dog, thrust its head under his arm to be caressed, and join with him and a little terrier in all their noisy rompings on the lawn. The same animal daily bore its master to school, and though its heels and teeth were always ready for every aggressive urohin, yet so attached was it to this boy, that it would wait hours for him in his sports by the way, and even walk alone from the stable in town to the school-room, which was fully half a mile distant, and wait saddled and bridled for the afternoon's dismissal. Indeed, the young scape-grace did not deserve one-

tenth of this attention, for we have often seen old "Donald" toiling homeward with him at the gallop, to make up for time squandered at taw or cricket.

Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and creditable as that of the human mind. During the peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to every body else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This noble animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the long peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched on the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seemed that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of his grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

INSTANCES OF REVENGE AND OBSTINACY.

Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston, in America, was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design; and coming

up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind-legs, and killed his master on the spot.

In the preceding instance the provocation was deceit and trickery; the poor horse, however, often receives heavier incentives to revenge. Can we blame him when he attempts it in such cases as the following? A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him; and had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animals.

It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish nobleman, that he always became restive and furious whenever a certain individual came into his presence. One day this poor fellow happened to pass within reach, when the animal seized him with its teeth and broke his arm; it then threw him down, and lay upon him—every effort to get it off proving unavailing, till the bystanders were compelled to shoot it. The reason assigned for this ferocity was, that the man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before, and which it seems to have revengefully remembered.

ATTACHMENT TO OTHER ANIMALS.

Gregarious when wild, the horse retains his sociable disposition undiminished by domestication and bondage. "My neighbor's horse," says White, of Selborne, "will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavoring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects he is remarkably quiet." The same disposition characterizes less or more every member of the family. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; and yet the presence of a cow, of a goat, or a pet lamb, will perfectly satisfy them. The attachments which they thus form are often curious and inexplicable.

A gentleman of Bristol had a grayhound, which

slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The grayhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him, that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the grayhound to accompany him in his walks; on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said: "Let me also accompany you." When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh—he ran up to the horse and licked his nose; in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with the horse and grayhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying at the grayhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

The following singular instance of attachment between a pony and a lamb is given by Captain Brown: "In December, 1825, Thomas Rae, blacksmith, Hardhills, parish of Brittle, purchased a lamb of the black-faced breed from an individual passing with a large flock. It was so extremely wild, that it was with great difficulty separated from its fleecy companions. He put it into his field in company with a cow and a little white Galloway. It never seemed to mind the cow, but soon exhibited manifest indications of fondness for the pony, which, not insensible to such tender approaches, amply demonstrated the attachment to be reciprocal. They were now to be seen in company in all circumstances, whether the pony was used for riding or drawing. Such a spectacle no doubt drew forth the officious gaze of many; and when likely to be too closely beset, the lamb would seek an asylum beneath the pony's belly, and pop out its head betwixt the fore or hind legs, with looks of conscious security. At night, it invariably repaired to the stable, and reposed under the manger, before the head of its favorite. When separated, which only happened when effected by force, the lamb would raise the most plaintive bleatings, and the

pony responsive neighings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep; the lamb joined the flock at a short distance from the pony, but as soon as the owner removed him, it quickly followed without the least regard to its own species. Another instance of the same description happened when riding through a large flock; it followed on without showing any symptoms of a wish to remain with its natural companions."

We shall close this pleasing section of the horse's history with an extract from the "Biographical Sketches," which speaks volumes for the intelligence and affection of the brute creation: "My friend, Dr. Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which, although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar. These animals were mutually attached, and seemed perfectly acquainted with each other's actions. The dog was always kept in the stable at night, and universally lay beside the horse. When Dr. Smith practiced in Dublin, he visited his patients on horseback, and had no other servant to take care of the horse, while in their houses, but Cæsar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend Cæsar. When it happened that the Doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Cæsar. They both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, till he came out again."

POWER OF MEMORY.

Horses have exceedingly good memories. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the road; they will recognize their old masters after a lapse of many years; and those that have been in the army, though now degraded to carter's drudges, will suddenly become inspirited at the sight of military array, and rush to join the ranks, remembering not only their old uniform, but their own places in the troop, and the order of the various maneuvers. Many interesting anecdotes might be recited under this head, which place the retentive powers of the horse in a highly pleasing and creditable light.

A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached his destination.

Two years afterward, he had occasion to go the same way, and was benighted four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. "Here am I," said he to himself, "far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope." He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked, that the animal could not possibly have been that road but on the occasion two years before, as no person ever rode him but his master.

In point of sagacity and memory, the ass is nothing inferior to his nobler congener, as is shown by the subjoined well-known anecdote: In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, then at Malta, was shipped on board the *Ister* frigate, bound from Gibraltar to that island. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off Cape de Gat; and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might be able to swim to land; of which, however, there seemed little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the ass presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of his former master. The poor animal had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or traveling map, had found his way from Cape de Gat to Gibraltar—a distance of more than two hundred miles—through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before, and in so short a period that he could not have made one false turn.

GENERAL SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It has been before remarked, that the horse is inferior to none of the brute creation in sagacity and general intelligence. In a state of nature, he is cautious and watchful; and the manner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, station their scouts and leaders, shows how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of communicating their ideas far superior to that of most other animals. The neighings by which they

communicate terror, alarm, recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, etc., are all essentially different, yet instantaneously comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by each other. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the fore-foot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand, in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of deteriorating, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

Professor Kruger, of Halle, relates the following instance of sagacity and fidelity, which we believe is not without parallel in our own country: A friend of mine was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house, which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family gone to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint.

"It is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a curious ardor; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing; and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor." The feelings of that individual are little to be envied who draws a severe lash, or urges beyond his speed or strength an animal so willing and so obedient, and whose powers have been so essential to human progress as the horse.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

EXPEDIENTY OF THE SAVIOR'S DEPARTING.—"It is expedient for you that I go away."—*John xvi, 7.*

"It is expedient;" that is, it is better for you that I should go away. And it was not only better for them, but it was better for the whole world in all coming ages. Why? Because "if I go not away the Comforter will not come." But still it may be asked, why the presence of the Holy Spirit was more valuable to them and to the world than the presence of the Savior himself? To this it may be answered,

1. That by his departure, his death, and ascension—by having these great facts before their eyes—they would be led by the Holy Spirit to see more fully the design of his coming than they would by his presence. While he was with them, notwithstanding the plainest teaching, their minds were filled with prejudice and error. They still adhered to the expectation of a temporal kingdom, and were unwilling to believe that he was to die. When he had actually left them, they could no longer doubt on this subject, and were prepared to understand why he came. And this was done. See the Acts of the Apostles every-where. It is often needful that God should visit us with severe affliction before our pride will be humbled, and we are willing to understand the plainest truths.

2. While on earth the Lord Jesus could be bodily present but in one place at one time. Yet, in order to secure the great design of saving men, it was needful that there should be some agent who should be in all places, who could attend all ministers, and who could at the same time apply the work of Christ to men in all parts of the earth.

3. It was an evident arrangement in the great plan of redemption, that each of the persons of the Trinity should perform a part. As it was not the work of the Spirit to make an atonement, so it was not the work of the Savior to apply it. And till the Lord Jesus had performed his great work, it was not proper, the way was not open, for the Holy Spirit to descend to perform his part of the great plan. Yet, when the Savior had completed his portion of the work, and had left the earth, the Spirit would carry forward the same plan, and apply it to men.

4. It was to be expected that far more signal success would attend the preaching of the Gospel when the atonement was actually made, than before. It was the office of the Spirit to carry forward the work only when the Savior had died and had ascended. And this was actually the case. See Acts ii. Hence it was expedient that the Lord Jesus should go away that the Spirit might descend and apply the work to the children of men. Yet the departure of the Lord Jesus was to the apostles a source of deep affliction. But had they seen the whole case, they would not have been thus afflicted. So God often takes away from us one blessing that he may bestow a greater. All affliction, if received in a proper manner, is of this description. And could the afflicted people of God always see the whole case as God sees it, they would think and feel as he does, that it was best for them to be thus afflicted.

Vol. XV.—4

I MUST WALK WITH GOD.—I must walk with God. In some way or other, whatever be my character or profession, I must acquire the holy habit of connecting every thing that passes in my house and affairs with God. If sickness or health visit my family, my eye must see and my heart must acknowledge the hand of God therein. Whether my affairs move on smoothly or ruggedly, God must be acknowledged in them. If I go out of my house or come into it, I must go out and come in as under the eye of God. If I am occupied in business all day long, I must still have the glory of God in my view. If I have any affair to transact with another, I must pray that God would be with us in that affair, lest we should blunder, and injure and ruin each other.

WHAT RELIGION IS.—Whatever definitions men have given of religion, I can find none so accurately descriptive of it as this—that it is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence on the heart. Men may speculate, criticise, admire, dispute about, doubt, or believe the Bible; but the religious man is such because he so believes it, as to carry a practical sense of its truths on his mind.

THE BIBLE A GARDEN.—The Bible resembles an extensive and highly-cultivated garden, where there is a vast variety and profusion of fruits and flowers: some of which are more essential or more splendid than others; but there is not a blade suffered to grow in it, which has not its use and beauty in the system. Salvation for sinners is the grand truth presented every-where, and in all points of light; but the pure in heart sees a thousand traits of the Divine character, of himself, and of the world—some striking and bold, others cast as it were into the shade, and designed to be searched for and examined—some direct, others by way of intimation or inference.

THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.—"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast."—*Heb. vi, 19.*

The anchor of every true Christian was cast in the same foundry with that of Paul. And we should not lose confidence in our anchor when we feel the soul to be rocked with the storms of life.

A ship at anchor is quite a different thing from a ship fastened up in a dry dock. And a vessel at anchor is often more disturbed by the winds and the waves, than one that is left to ride at will over the billows; just as the person careless of right is less disquieted than the one who is striving to conform his conduct to the perfect rule of right.

FEELING AFTER GOD.—"If haply they might feel after God."—*Acts xvii, 27.*

Perhaps nothing can give us so strong an idea of the rich treasure we have in the Bible, as to enter into the thoughts, and reflections, and faith—if faith they can have—of those whose understandings have never been illuminated by this ray of heavenly light.

The following relation of the reflections of a heathen,

as given to a missionary to whom he had listened while preaching the Gospel, we take from the New York Observer:

"Your views, O white man, are just what I wanted and sought for before I knew you. Twelve years ago I went, in a cloudy season, to feed my flock along the Tlotse, among the Malutis. Seated upon a rock, in sight of my sheep, I asked myself sad questions; yes, *sad*, because I could not answer them. The stars, said I—who touched them with his hand? on what pillars do they rest? The waters are not weary; they run without ceasing, at night and morning alike; but where do they stop? or who makes them run thus? The clouds also go, return, and fall in water to the earth. Whence do they arise? Who sends them? It is surely not the Barokas—rain-makers—who gave us the rain, for how could they make it? The wind—what is it? Who brings it, or takes it away, makes it blow, and roar, and frighten us? Do I know how the corn grows? Yesterday there was not a blade to be seen in my field. To day I return and find something. It is very small; I can scarcely see it, but it will grow up like to a young man. Who can have given the ground wisdom and power to produce it? Then I buried my forehead in my hands. Again, I thought within myself, and I said, we all depart, but this country remains; it alone remains, for we all go away. But whither do we go? My heart answered, perhaps other men live under the earth, and we shall go to them. But another thought arose against it, and said, these other men under the earth, whence come they? Then my heart did not know what more to think. It wandered. Then my heart rose and spoke to me, saying, All men do much evil, and thou, thou also, hast done much evil. Woe to thee! I recalled many wrongs which I had done to others, and because of them my conscience gnawed me in secret, as I sat alone on the rock. I say, I was afraid. I got up, and ran after my sheep, trying to enliven myself; but I trembled much."

DRINKING THE DUST OF THE GOLDEN CALF; OR, THE DEBASEMENT OF IDOLATRY.—"And he [Moses] took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewn it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."—*Erodus xxxii, 20.*

What, we may be asked, did Moses design by the strange action described in this text? Just to show the Israelites how deeply they had debased themselves in worshiping as a god a thing which might be swallowed with their food, and afterward cast out into the draught. This is the debasement to which every one, receiving the consecrated wafer at the hands of a Romish priest, subjects himself. He swallows down into his stomach the very thing which, a few moments before, he worshiped as a god.

"DINNA GANG THE SAME WAY."—The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, formerly President of Princeton College, was once on board a packet ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed Atheist. The unhappy man was very fond of troubling every one with his peculiar belief, and broaching the subject as often as he could get any one to listen to him. He did not believe in a God and a future state—not he! By and by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would be drowned. There was much consternation on board, but no one was so frightened as the professed Atheist. In this extremity he sought out the clergyman, and found him in the cabin, calm and collected, in the midst of danger, and thus ad-

dressed him: "O, Dr. Witherspoon! Dr. Witherspoon! we're all going; we have but a short time to stay. O, how the vessel rocks! We're all going; don't you think we are?" The Doctor turned to him with a solemn look, and replied in broad Scotch, "Nae doubt, nae doubt, mon; we're a' ganging; but you and I dinna gang the same way." The poor man was speechless; and the worthy Doctor, who had not said much before, then took the opportunity of setting before him the guilt and folly of his conduct.

JOHN RYLAND'S EXPOSITION OF THE STORY OF THE SYRO-PHœNICIAN WOMAN.—William Jay, in his "Reminiscences of some of his Distinguished Contemporaries," gives the following incident of John Ryland. They had taken tea together at the house of a Christian friend:

"At the domestic worship he said, 'You, Eusebius'—so he commonly called me, I know not wherefore—you shall pray, and I will for a few minutes expound.' (He was never tedious.) He took the story of the woman of Canaan. After commenting on her affliction, and application for relief, he came to her trial and her success—reading the words—'And he answered her not a word,' he said, 'Is this the benefactor of whom I have heard so much before I came? He seems to have had the dead palsey in his tongue.' 'And the disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us.' 'And why should we be troubled with a stranger? We know not whence she is, and she seems determined to hang on till she is heard.' 'But he said, I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;' and you know you are not one of them; and what right have you to clamor thus?' 'Then came she, falling at his feet, and cried, Lord help me! But he said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs; and she said, True, Lord, yet the dogs can eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table.' 'What I want is no more to thee than a crum, compared with the immense provisions of thy board; and I come only for a crum, and a crum I must have; and, if thou refuse me a seat at thy table with thy family, wilt thou refuse me a crawl and a crum underneath? The family will lose nothing by my gaining all I want.' . . . Omnipotence can withstand this attack no longer; but he yields the victory—not to her humility, and importunity, and perseverance—but to her faith, that produced and employed all these, for 'all things are possible to him that believeth.' 'O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Lord, what was that you said?' 'Why, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I will have my dear child instantly healed.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I will have my poor soul saved.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I will have all my sins pardoned and destroyed.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' 'Why, then, I'll have all my wants supplied from thy riches in glory.' 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. Here, take the key, and go, and be not afraid to rifle all my treasures.'

"Now, Mrs. ———, this woman was a dog, a sad dog, a sinful dog, and if she had had her desert she would have been driven out of doors; and yet there is not a woman in this house comparable to her. Let us pray."

THE HANDFUL OF GRAIN.—Take a handful of grain. Lay it up by thee, and it profiteth thee not. Grind it to flour, and like her of Zarephath, make thee a little cake thereof, and it shall yield thee a moment's comfort and support. But sow it in the earth, and it shall bring thee forth a bountiful increase. So it is of wealth. Hoard it,

and it yieldeth neither profit nor comfort. Spend it on thy pleasures; they are but for a moment. Bestow it on the poor, on the fatherless and widow, on the little ones of Christ, and he shall remember it with a plenteous reward.

REDEEM THE TIME.—"*Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.*"—*Eph. v, 16.*

The startling words of the fourteenth verse must be linked with those of the sixteenth. It is expected of one who is "awake" and has "risen," that he should redeem the time. Sleepers may waste it; he must redeem it. Can we be awake, and yet not "redeem the time?"

It was an ancient custom to put an hour-glass into the coffin, as an emblem of time run out. "I stopped," says a writer of the last century, "in Clerkenwell church-yard to see a grave-digger at work. He had dug pretty deep, and was come to a coffin which was quite rotten. In clearing away the rotten pieces of wood, the grave-digger found an hour-glass close to the left side of the skull, with sand in it, the wood of which was so rotten that it broke when he took hold of it." A strange custom this, to notify the dead that their time was at an end! Of what profit could such a warning be, coming thus too late? It is to the living that we would present the hour-glass! It is the living that we would warn of the swift rush of time! Moments and years—moments and years! With what speed do they hurry away! O time, time, time, how soon will it be done! Men and brethren, look at that hour-glass, emptying itself grain by grain, with such un-staying eagerness. Living men, you will soon be the dead, or the last trumpet will be sounding; and where will you be, and what is your hope? But look at the apostle's words, "Redeem the time."

1. Buy it out of the hands of those who are casting it away. Time, like a wide fair garden of flowers, spreads out before the children of men; but they trample down its flowers. Time, like a vast treasure-house, opens its stores of gold and silver; but they throw them away. Buy them up! Lose nothing! Wasted time stands at the very head of the world's long catalogue of sins. Be warned! Men waste time; do you use it? They throw it away; gather it up. Whatever those that are asleep may do, those whom the apostle calls "fools"—verse 15—it becomes you, who profess to be awake, to use it well. Redeem the time!

2. Buy it up, so as not to lose a moment. As the reaper with his sickle carefully cuts down and binds up the corn of autumn, so do you with time! As the gleaner follows the reaper, picking up each scattered ear of grain, so do you glean up each moment of time! For each one is precious, too precious to be lost, or slept away, or laughed away, or danced away, or sported away, or talked away, or idled away. Gather up the very smallest fragment, that nothing may be lost; for each lost moment tells upon eternity. So many moments lost on earth, so many moments lost for heaven, and lost forever! Redeem the time!

3. Buy it up, so as to lay hold of each opportunity as it turns up: for the word "time" refers as much to "opportunity" as to time itself. Be on the eager watch for opportunities. Allow none to slip from you. Seize upon each one. Improve them all. It has been said that there is "a tide in the affairs of men," which must be taken at its height, or else all is lost. But in truth there is not one tide merely, but many. There may, in one sense and for certain things, be but one tide; but in another

view there are tides not a few. Each day, each hour, has its tides, its critical moments, its opportunities, its seasons, which must be seized on at the moment, or lost forever. Might we not endeavor, each morning, to forecast a little, and consider what opportunities may lie before us, and be ready to seize each one as it passes; for it passes us as the winged lightning. Be ready to lay hold on it. Redeem the time!

4. Buy it up, so as to have all in readiness against the evil day. As Joseph bought up the corn in the land of Egypt, as generals draw together all manner of stores into some city or fortress against the day of war and siege, so do you. The evil day is at hand; nay, it has already begun. There is not a moment to be lost. Make ready for the worst. Remember that preparation for an evil day consists much in redeeming time. If this be neglected, then that day will not only come upon you unawares, but it will come as the avenger of your wasted hours. Redeem the time!

THE HAND THAT SAVES US.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work, that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, till he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him it was certain death; if he held his peace death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him. Just so, we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty, in mercy, dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us at the time we are complaining of his dealing, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

PANTING AFTER CHRIST.—"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—*Psalms xlii, 1.*

Every soul in Christ hates sin—panting after holiness. Nothing makes him pant more after God than corruption striving within. Paul never prayed more earnestly than when he had the thorn in his flesh. The thorn in the flesh makes us pant after God. When a vessel is left by the tide lying dry upon the sand, it can not be moved—it is a helpless log. The mariners may try to draw it with ropes, but it only sinks deeper in the sand. They can do nothing but long for the tide, that it may again be lifted upon the waves, and sail into the harbor. So is it with a Christian. You are often like a vessel on the sand. You can not move. You attempt duties, but it is a heavy work. Without Christ you can do nothing. You wait and pant for Christ, for the full tide of the Spirit, to lift your soul above the waves, and carry you prosperously on toward the heavenly harbor.

Editorial Disquisition.

THE BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST;

OR, THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Few subjects in the whole Bible have awakened deeper solicitude, or been the occasion of more speculation, than the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, or "the unpardonable sin," as it has been sometimes termed. The passage which has given rise to this question is found in Matthew xii, 31, 32: "Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." See also Mark iii, 28, and Luke xii, 10. The following modifications of the latter clause of the passage—namely, by Mark, "hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation;" by Luke, "it shall not be forgiven"—are highly explanatory of its import.

In its practical and experimental aspects, this subject has been the source of deep and painful anxiety to thousands. Many a soul, weighed down under the deep consciousness of guilt—feeling that God is afar off—has been led to inquire whether the mysterious line of demarcation between the pardonable and the unpardonable may not have been already transcended. Many others have gone still further, and, amid the distractions of an excited and morbid imagination, have settled down in deep and dark despair, under the conviction that they have incurred that guilt to which Heaven's mercy extends no forgiveness.

In its theoretical and speculative aspects, it has elicited an amount of discussion almost incredible. With regard to the nature of this "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost"—the thing, the act in which it consists—opinions have been various, incongruous, and contradictory. Some regard it as some sin peculiar to the age in which the Savior lived, but do not attempt to define its character; some suppose it to have been disbelieving against the evidence of the senses; others that it was some great sin, outleaping all the ordinary crimes of which men are guilty. St. Ambrose made it consist in denying the Deity of the Son of God; others in speaking against the Deity of our Lord as distinguished from his humanity; some in denying the Deity of the Holy Ghost; others in imputing the works of the Holy Ghost to the devil; and still others in blaspheming and renouncing God. Some extend it to heresy and schism in the Church of God; others make it consist in backsliding, or apostasy from God. Grotius thought it to be the sin of an impenitent, hardened, and insolent sinner, as Korah, Pharaoh, Simon Magus, and Ananias and Sapphira.

The more common opinion of modern commentators seems to be, that it was *openly attributing the miracles wrought by Christ, in their presence, to the agency and power of the devil*. Hence, they say, none in a subsequent age could be guilty of that fearful sin, as it was impossible for them to be personal witnesses of the miracles of Christ. Nor, according to this theory, could any in the time of Christ become guilty of this sin, unless they personally

witnessed these miracles and then attributed them to the devil. Nay, some go even farther, and say none except such as witnessed these miracles, and, not only in their hearts, but also by word of mouth, attributed them to the devil, as did some of the Jews—can become guilty of the irremissible sin.

With this latter opinion accord substantially our own commentators. It is the only one that requires from us any serious consideration. Then, before indicating our own convictions upon the subject, let us point out a few of the insuperable objections to the more commonly received interpretation.

OBJECTIONS TO THE GENERALLY RECEIVED EXPOSITION.

1. Those who adopt the opinion that "the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" consisted in attributing, on the part of eye-witnesses, the miracles wrought by Christ to the agency of the devil, *utterly fail to assign a reason why this sin should be so strikingly marked by the judgments of God*. To ascribe these miracles to Satanic agency, notwithstanding all the evidences of their divine origin, was indeed a great sin. But was it so heinous a crime as that of crucifying the Lord of life and glory? Look at the subject. In that age the belief in witches, ghosts, demons, and manifest Satanic agencies was prevalent among the people. Jugglers performed astonishing feats, claiming for themselves the exercise of supernatural power, and thus filled the minds of the people with wonder. How natural, then, was it for the ignorant multitude to confound our Savior with jugglers, and to ascribe to him Satanic agency! But when they laid hands upon him and put him to death, they violated every dictate of conscience and religion. The one sin might have been committed ignorantly; but the latter, more violent and cruel in its character, was absolutely without excuse or palliation. Yet to the very murderers of our Lord salvation was distinctly and fully offered. Can any one tell us why he who murdered his Lord might have forgiveness, while he who simply witnessed his miracles and said they were wrought by Satanic agency, was placed beyond the possibility of pardon, either in this world or in the world to come?

2. Again: this exposition is based upon the supposition, that attributing the miracles wrought by Christ to the devil was a sin, not against Christ, but against the Holy Spirit.

Now, then, miracles were performed by Christ himself. "But if I, *with the finger of God*, cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you." Luke xi, 20. Christ said, "I do cures, cast out devils," etc. Luke xiii, 32. Are the sick healed? do the blind receive their sight? Are the deaf made to hear? and are the dead raised up? It is *Christ* that does the work.

These miracles also testified of Christ and not of the Holy Ghost. "The works that I do bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me," John v, 36; "The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me," John x, 25; "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. Though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him," John x, 37, 38. These miracles, then, were wrought by Christ; they also testified of Christ. The inevitable conclusion is, that to attribute them to

the agency of the devil, is blasphemy against Christ and not against the Holy Ghost—a conclusion fatal to this interpretation of the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

3. This interpretation assumes that they who ascribed the miracles of Christ to the agency of Satan, actually committed the irremissible sin.

A strong presumption—if not an absolute demonstration—that these individuals had not committed an irremissible sin, exists in the fact that the Gospel was afterward offered to them; that is, it was offered to the *whole people*, of whom these very persons constituted a part, without any reservation or *exception* whatever.

But—it will be objected—did not our Savior give this admonition, "Because they said, he hath an unclean spirit?" Precisely so. That was the occasion that called for this admonition. They were now blaspheming against him, and that led him to warn them, lest they should also blaspheme against the Holy Ghost. A father, whose son begins to manifest his fondness for the low associations of the dram-shop, will warn that son against the evils of intemperance and abandonment of character, even though those evils are seen only in the distance. So our Savior, finding the Jews rejecting his mission and office, makes it the occasion to warn them against the future sins to which the present would inevitably lead.

4. Another objection to this interpretation is, that it can not be reconciled with the obvious import of other Scriptures.

It is a sound principle of Biblical interpretation, that if we find a passage which is obscure and of doubtful interpretation, we should reject any interpretation that would conflict with the general character of the Gospel, or with the obvious and unquestionable meaning of other passages of Scripture. In fact, the obscure and ambiguous is to be interpreted in the light of the clear and the unambiguous. Now, this interpretation would make this passage say to a certain class, namely, those who had committed this unpardonable sin, "There is no salvation for you; you may repent, pray, weep, believe, but you can not be forgiven." Such a conclusion conflicts irreconcilably with the whole Gospel economy, which offers pardon to all without exception, without limitation. "God now commandeth *all men every-where* to repent," Acts xvii, 30; "Let the *wicked* [that is, all the wicked, of whatever character or however great his crimes] forsake his way, and the *unrighteous* man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he *will have mercy* upon him; and to our God, for he *will abundantly pardon*," Isa. lv, 7.

No exception is made in the Gospel call. All men, every-where, are commanded to repent, and assured that their salvation from all their sins, and from all kinds of sin, is possible through our Lord Jesus Christ. This call and this assurance are utterly irreconcilable with the idea that a portion of the human family were absolutely and irreversibly excluded from all participation in the salvation provided in the Gospel, and to all intents and purposes were already everlastingly condemned. And especially does this absurdity become apparent, when we remember that the Gospel began to be proclaimed to the very people among whom these supposed unpardonable offenders were to be found. The offer of salvation was made to them and to their children. If a portion of these persons had already committed the irremissible sin, the offering of salvation to *all* of them seems to be a practical realization of the Calvinistic idea that God offers salvation to *all*, notwithstanding a part of them

are irrevocably reprobated and doomed to everlasting woe. The genius and spirit of the Gospel require us to believe that there is no sin which may not be washed away in the atoning blood of Christ, and no sinner who may not be saved by his merit and intercession.

5. Another objection we have to this interpretation is, that it would make this sin an exception from the general mercy of the Gospel.

This has been distinctly admitted by the most philosophical men who have adopted the interpretation to which we object. Richard Watson not only speaks of it as "an *exception* from the mercies of the Gospel," but also declares that "it stands in *direct opposition* to the general character of the covenant of grace." A sad concession this for so profound and philosophical a mind! Sorely perplexed and bewildered must he have been to be forced to make such a confession concerning a theory he had adopted!

Now, we contend that, without the clearest warrant—a warrant resting upon something more than mere metaphysical hypothesis or even logical deduction—a warrant resting upon the plain and distinct "thus saith the Lord"—we are not justified in assuming that there are any exceptions in the merciful provisions of the Gospel. Before we can believe such a thing we must have clear and full authority—passages of Scripture clear and distinct in their declarations, and upon the exposition of which, as to their bearings upon this point, commentators are agreed. But here we have no such thing. A single passage in the whole Bible, and that of doubtful interpretation—as is evident from the fact that commentators have drawn out of it no less than a dozen different shades of meaning—is, in violation of the sound canons of Biblical interpretation, made to sustain a theory of most alarming character, being, according to Richard Watson, not only "an *exception* from the mercies of the Gospel," but standing "in *direct opposition* to the general character of the covenant of grace."

6. A final objection which we urge against this interpretation is, that it is inconsistent with the mercy and goodness of God; and also with the principles on which he has ever dealt with our weak and sinful race.

If there be one sin so fearful in its guilt that Heaven can not extend mercy to it; so irremissible that no sorrow, or penitence, or faith can ever find relief from it, God would not have left man exposed to it without clear and distinct premonition. The sin would have been described, its character portrayed in so full, clear, and explicit a manner that no man could be in doubt as to the matter. The consequences of the commission of that sin would have been made known, with all the solemn sanctions of divine authority, that man might be deterred from it. To suppose that God has done differently from this is to impugn his wisdom or his goodness. The warning against sin in general would not meet the case; for other sins, when committed, may be forgiven, but for this—if we are to credit the interpretation adopted by so many—there is no forgiveness. But to permit men to commit that sin, and then to warn them of its irremissible character, as our Savior is here represented as doing, would be fearful mockery. Suppose a man ignorant that arsenic was a deadly poison, were by us, and we were seeking to instruct and counsel him, and professing to be his friend, and yet should permit him to partake of the deadly poison unwarned, would it consist with either mercy or justice? And if, after he had taken it, we commenced unfolding to him its deadly properties, would it

not seem rather a mockery of his wretchedness than an admission for his good?

But, if it be objected that no one is now exposed to the commission of this sin, we must reply that some *once were*; and, if we are to credit this interpretation, they actually committed the unpardonable offense. So far, then, as the interpretation impugns the character and government of God, it is liable to the same objection as if all men every-where were left in ignorance, exposed to the commission of the same sin.

These are some of the objections that fairly lie against the commonly received interpretation of this subject. To us they seem insuperable. We are compelled to reconsider and revise our opinions upon the subject. This view of it seems irreconcilable with the character of God, with the principles of the divine government, and with the genius of the Gospel. And then to base a principle so monstrous upon a single passage,^o and that of doubtful and disputed interpretation, is a violation of one of the most important principles of sound criticism.

THE KEY TO UNLOCK THIS MYSTERY.

In one single fact in the Gospel economy we find a key with which to unlock this mystery. That fact is simply this, that *while the whole Trinity is engaged in the work of man's salvation, the work or agency of the Holy Spirit only is conditional.*

1. The work of the eternal Father in that gracious covenant, in which he consents to open the door of reconciliation, was altogether without any condition requiring man's agency or co-operation. No act of wickedness or of implety on the part of man could prevent the ratification of the everlasting covenant of mercy.

2. The part assumed by Christ was also unconditional. He would pay the "price." The consent of man to the atonement was no part of the condition on which it was made. No one could say, "I will have no part in this redemption." The blasphemer, however vile and wicked, rejecting Christ and despising his mission, would still be redeemed.

3. But the work of the Holy Spirit was conditional. While man could not prevent the ratification of the covenant between the Father and the Son, nor yet the work of universal atonement from being effected, he could resist the Holy Ghost. To him was committed the fearful power of annulling the agency of the Holy Ghost, so far as his personal salvation was concerned. God could open the way to his salvation, Christ could redeem him whether he would or not, but the Holy Ghost had no power to save him without his full and free consent. Effectual resistance, then, to the Holy Ghost was possible, and that resistance rendered forgiveness and salvation impossible.

Each person in the holy Trinity may be blasphemed. To blaspheme God is to use his name with irreverence, to malign his character and government, or to calumniate his providence and grace. The Son is blasphemed when his character and work are perverted, calumniated, or maligned. The Holy Spirit is blasphemed when its sacred offices are contemned and resisted through impenitence and unbelief, which, so long as they are continued, render forgiveness impossible.

THE ACT CONSTITUTING THIS BLASPHEMY.

We are brought to this conclusion, that "the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" consists not in *any one* sinful

act, but in a course of continued willful and hardened opposition to its gracious influences.

1. This interpretation gives to our Savior's reproof a plain and practical meaning.

If, by the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, he meant some peculiar and anomalous sin—if the phrase was employed in some technical and abstruse sense, his reproof might excite wonder, but its force and application would hardly be realized. But they knew what it was to resist the Holy Ghost. Their fathers before them had been guilty of this sin, and had reaped its bitter consequences. When our Savior warned them against this sin, they, therefore, perfectly understood what he meant.

2. This interpretation harmonizes with all the circumstances connected with the case.

Christ had come. They were now blaspheming and rejecting him. Still he would redeem them. The Holy Spirit was soon to make his advent. Their present rejection of Christ would open the way to and prepare them for the rejection of the Holy Spirit also. Seeing this, our Savior raises a warning voice. He says to them, "You may blaspheme me, but I will redeem you; but beware when the Holy Spirit comes. If you reject and malign him as you are now rejecting and maligning me, you will cut yourselves off from the mercy of God and from the possibility of salvation."

3. The distinction between the sin against the Holy Ghost and other sins is natural.

There may be sins committed in times of great ignorance and prevailing darkness, which, by a merciful God, may be overlooked—"forgotten"—"winked at." But he that resists the Holy Ghost when it enforces the claims of God and the duty of repentance, sins knowingly; for he wars against conscience as well as against God. For him, then, there can be no excuse. He knowingly thrusts from him the boon of life, and tramples the mercy of God beneath his feet.

4. The Jews afterward actually incurred the guilt and suffered the consequences of this sin. Their subsequent resistance to the Gospel and rejection of it proves this. St. Stephen says to them, while in the very act of sin, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye."

5. This interpretation accords, as we have already observed, with the office and work of the Holy Spirit.

It may be "grieved," resisted, and that resistance interposes an insuperable bar to the exercise of the functions of the Holy Spirit in our salvation. He that resists the Holy Spirit paralyzes the only agency that can make him holy and bring him to heaven.

6. It also accords with observation and experience. Multitudes of the most vile and blasphemous wretches upon the face of the earth have received forgiveness through repentance and faith. In revivals of religion, many, with vastly more light than the Jews had in the time of our Savior, have attributed the work of the Holy Spirit to the devil, but have subsequently become convinced of sin; and when they ceased to resist the Holy Spirit and came to Christ, their great sin interposed no obstacle to the cleansing power of his atoning blood.

7. Is it objected that this sin *hath never forgiveness*, and is, therefore, different from ordinary sins which may be forgiven? We reply that this strong expression must be interpreted in the light of other passages. It is said that "no drunkard shall inherit eternal life;" but this does not imply that the drunkard may not cease to be a drunkard and then inherit eternal life. It is said that

* The subject is mentioned by three of the evangelists; but they are only different versions of the same matter.

"the wicked shall be turned into hell;" but this does not imply that the wicked may not become righteous and then gain heaven. So he that is blaspheming against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness; but if he will repent and cease to blaspheme, he may have forgiveness and life; for "the wicked" and "the unrighteous," of every shade of character, are commanded to forsake their sins and return unto the Lord, who will crown them with abundant pardon.

8. The question, then, arises whether it is possible for the day of grace to terminate before death. No proof that such may be the case, so far as we know, exists. The object of our present life is *probation*; if probation cease, what further spiritual end can be accomplished by a longer life? The whole Gospel economy is against the supposition. It goes, with its provisions, with the offer of its mercy and of its salvation, down to the last hour of the sinner's life, and as he is about to take his fearful "leap in the dark" it still strives to woo him to Christ and heaven. Every presumption, then, is, that if in the case of any individual sinner his probation had come to its final and eternal end, that moment would be the last of his wretched earthly existence.

9. But is there not "a sin unto death?" Yes, verily, every sin unrepented of is a sin unto death. The apostle evidently borrows a figure from the Jewish law, in which a certain class of sins were "unto death;" that is, punishable with death—as idolatry, blasphemy, etc., while others might be repented of, atoned for, and forgiven. The sin unto death is the sin visited with temporal death, as in the case of Korah, Eli, Saul, the disobedient prophet mentioned 1 Kings xiii, 1-32, and Ananias and Sapphira.

We believe that such sins may be committed, and, perhaps, are often committed, in the present day—sins for which God strikes down the offender and brings him to judgment. How often is the blasphemer stricken down by death in the very act of blasphemy, and without any apparent cause! Among the active infidels who, some years since, were accustomed to meet in the city of New York, there was one remarkable alike for physical and moral deformity. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and frequently participated in the public debates that were had among them. In one of his harangues he became more than ordinarily blasphemous; he defied the Almighty's power, and dared Jehovah to seal his lips. Suddenly he became confused, his tongue faltered, his language became incoherent, his friends took him away, and he died a raving maniac. Take another case. More than fifty years ago, while a revival was in progress in one of the towns in New Jersey, a meeting was gotten up by the wicked and profligate to burlesque the scenes of the religious meetings. In the midst of it a young and dissolute actress stood upon one of the

benches, and, with mock solemnity, began to tell her pretended religious experience. At length she exclaimed, "Glory to God! I have found peace, I am sanctified, I am now prepared to die!" These words were hardly uttered before the wretched girl dropped senseless upon the floor and was taken up a corpse.

Cases of this character are almost innumerable. They stand out as admonitory facts to check the headlong course of iniquity, and to admonish men that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

But this sin unto death does not of absolute necessity involve the everlasting damnation of the soul. Eli, and Saul, and the disobedient prophet committed it, and suffered a sudden and violent death; but who shall say that their souls, having been washed and purified from all their stains by the blood of Christ, may not have found repose in heaven?

10. Finally, our interpretation presents the subject in a practical aspect. If the view we have taken of the subject be correct, it is not one sinner here and there, once in an age, who becomes guilty of the irremissible sin; but every obstinate and persevering sinner in the end becomes guilty of it. Every sinner is practically blaspheming the Holy Ghost. Every sin that he commits is but a link in the fearful series that shall constitute, when the day of probation has ended, his unpardonable guilt. It is but a link in that everlasting chain that shall bind him in the thralldom of despair and woe forever.

The tendency of both virtue and vice is to *fixedness of character*. The possibility of reaching, in this life, that point in our career when absolute and unalterable fixedness of character is attained is greatly doubted. But it is a fearful thought, and full of practical admonition to the wicked, that he is constantly approaching it. The stages of his approach may be so gradual as to be imperceptible, and the transitions from one to the other be almost unconsciously made. How terrible the condition of that soul which has become so totally estranged from God, so entirely the slave of vice, so thoroughly depraved in all its character, and so completely grounded and settled in wickedness that all hope of change is forever precluded! *That condition, whenever and wherever reached, is hell.* The transitions may be gradual, imperceptible, but the line of demarkation is certain and definite.

"There is a time we know not when—

A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

There is a time by us unseen,
That crosses every path—
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath."

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT IN OHIO.—The number of members belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio is about 80,000, and of effective ministers 450. The total amount paid these 450 ministers is not \$120,000 annually; making the average salary of each man about \$267 a year. Each member, it will be perceived also, contributes to this \$120,000 a little over \$1.25 a year.

The average amount paid for missionary and other purposes is less than forty cents per member; so that the whole amount paid yearly by each member for Church purposes is only about one dollar and three-quarters.

CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—It appears that the city of San Francisco paid, during last year, about \$18,000 for the support of the Romanist schools of that city.

They did not, however, succeed well, at least not in the qualities of a good name, and the grand jury took the matter in hand and pronounced the schools a nuisance. All history goes to show that the schools of the Romans, when carried out on genuine Roman principles, are superficial in character and pernicious in their moral influence.

PRESBYTERIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The statistics of Presbyterianism—Old School and New—in the principal of the United States cities, is as follows: Brooklyn, New York, Old School, five churches, 1,152 members; New School, four churches, 2,011 members: Philadelphia, Old School, twenty-three churches, 6,640 members; New School, fifteen churches, 4,798 members: Buffalo, Old School, one church, 580 members; New School, six churches, 1,577 members: Pittsburg, of both denominations, six churches, 1,399 members: Cincinnati, Old School, eight churches, 1,167 members; New School, four churches, 830 members: St. Louis, Old School, five churches, 1,046 members; New School, eight churches, 1,561 members. In New York city, where the population is near 600,000, there is but one member of the Presbyterian Church to every fifty-three of the population, and but one church edifice to each 16,000 souls. In Boston there are no Presbyterian Churches of any note, the Congregationalists having sway there and throughout New England.

EDUCATION IN BOSTON.—The amount of money invested in the school-houses of Boston is \$1,500,000. The yearly appropriations for education are \$1,200,000, while the amount raised for all other city expenses is but \$870,000. The amount expended for instruction in the common schools of Massachusetts, last year, was \$4.50 for each child between five and fifteen years of age.

OLDEST CHURCH.—The oldest church now existing in the United States, is one near Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Virginia. It was built in the reign of Charles I, between the years 1630 and 1635. The brick, lime, and timber were imported from England. The timber is English oak, and was framed in England. The structure is of brick, erected in the most substantial manner. The mortar has become so hardened that it will strike fire in collision with steel.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.—The notes of the Bank of England, under a new process, not long since adopted, are signed by machinery. The engraving of the whole note is complete. Formerly the bank employed twenty clerks, at a salary each of £500 per annum, who did nothing else but sign their names to notes. The new mode of signing, it is supposed, will prevent counterfeiting.

DISTILLATION IN THE UNITED STATES.—By the census of 1860, the number of bushels of corn and grain consumed in the distilleries of the United States was 18,053,300; the number of gallons of rum and whisky distilled, 48,634,455; barrels of ale and beer, 1,777,924. At one cent a glass for the whole, it would amount to \$65,265,292; about three dollars a head—say fifteen dollars for each family. Saying nothing about imported liquors, this tax of fifteen dollars on every head of a family is gouged out of the bread and clothing of women and children who can not help themselves.

FARMS AND FARMERS.—Farms occupy two-thirds of the land of England. The number of the farms is 225,318; the average size is 111 acres. Two-thirds of the farms are under that size, but there are seven hundred and seventy-one of above 1,000 acres. The large holdings

abound in the south-eastern and eastern counties; the small farms in the north. There are two thousand English farmers holding nearly 2,000,000 acres; and there are 97,000 English farmers not holding more. There are 40,650 farmers who employ five laborers each; 16,501 have ten or more, and employ together 811,707 laborers; 170 farmers have about sixty laborers each, and together employ 17,000.

CINCINNATI SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati are twenty-five Sunday schools, six hundred and twenty-seven teachers, and thirty-eight hundred and seventy-two scholars; with the Presbyterian Church, eighteen schools, three hundred and forty-five teachers, and twenty-one hundred and eleven scholars; with the Congregationalist, three schools, sixty-two teachers, and three hundred and fifty-five scholars; with the Episcopal Church, three schools and six hundred and forty scholars; with the Baptist Church, eight schools, and thirteen hundred and seventy-eight scholars; and with all other denominations, thirty schools, four hundred and fifty teachers, and about thirty-five hundred scholars—making the grand total for the city of some eighty-seven schools and twenty-six thousand Sunday school scholars. Forty-eight of the schools take up each Sabbath a missionary collection, the total amount for the year past being \$3,141. The largest sum contributed—\$402.61—was by the Christie Chapel Methodist Episcopal Sunday school, for "missions and Sunday School Union."

COOKING COD-LIVER.—Cod-liver and cod-liver oil having become quite an article of modern medicine, and the latter being unpleasant to take, they have adopted a plan of cooking the liver. It is in this wise: Take a pound of fresh cod-liver, peel and steam two pounds of good flavory potatoes; cut the liver in four pieces, place it over the potatoes, and then steam them, letting the oil from the pieces of liver fall on the potatoes. Make some incisions in the liver with a knife to extract the remaining oil, and dish the liver up and eat with a little melted butter and anchovy sauce. Serve up the potatoes with a little salt and pepper. Both dishes will be found to eat extremely well; and any one who will eat regularly of such preparation for a few months, will, from a state of leanness, become quite hearty and fat.

THE OLIVES OF GETHSEMANE.—In Turkey every olive-tree which was found standing by the Moslems when they conquered Asia, pays a tax of one medina, or about one quarter of a cent, to the treasury, while each of those planted since the conquest pays half its produce: now, the eight olive-trees of Gethsemane pay only eight medina, or only two cents. Dr. Wild describes the largest as being twenty-four feet in girth above the root, though its topmost branch is not above thirty feet from the ground. M. Bove, who traveled as a naturalist, asserts that the largest are at least six yards in circumference, and nine or ten yards high—so large, indeed, that he calculates their age at 2,000 years.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.—This institution is now under the patronage of the Wyoming annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has as its President Rev. Nelson Rounds, D. D. Connected with the University is a Biblical department and also a teachers' class, the former furnishing gratis, to those who desire it, systematic and competent aid in the critical study of the Scriptures, and the latter, under the supervision of Dr. Rounds, affording all needed instruction

to those persons who may be desiring to become common school teachers.

PROPERTY IN UTAH.—In Utah, on the death of a man, his property descends to the Mormon Church, his wives and children not being recognized as heirs. The Church is the sole heir of all property.

COLORING GLASS.—As an instance of the benefit which practical men may derive from scientific research, we may mention a fact interesting to gardeners and seed-merchants, in connection with colored light. Recent discovery has shown that remarkable effects could be produced on plants by interposing colored glass between them and the sun. Blue glass accelerates growth; and Messrs. Lawson, of Edinburgh, have built a stove-house glazed with blue glass, in which they test the value of seeds for sale or export. The practice is to sow a hundred seeds, and to judge of the quality by the number that germinate; the more, of course, the better. Formerly, ten days or a fortnight elapsed while waiting for the germination of the seeds; but in the blue stove-house, two or three days suffice—a saving of time worth, so say the firm, £500, or \$2,500.

SCHOOLMASTERS' WAGES.—Fifty years ago Boston had seven schoolmasters, whose salaries were \$865.65 per annum. The ushers had \$433.33 a year. The whole amount paid for salaries to teachers, and the incidental expenses of the schools, was only \$16,687.11, of which sum \$6,295.12 was required for a new school-house. The expenses of schools now are \$356,800.20. The salaries of all the teachers were \$7,256.46; now they are \$193,039.41. There is a perceptible difference in the figures.

SUMS FOR SMOKERS.—Estimating the cost of good cigars at one dollar a week, and computing compound interest at seven per cent. from the age of fourteen, the cost at twenty years of age would be \$397.12; at thirty, \$1,537.88; at forty, \$3,807.89; at fifty, \$8,324.70; at sixty, \$17,201.32; at seventy, \$34,995.51; at eighty, \$70,341.65. The cost to health and morals can not be computed. Why not let the chimneys, and furnaces, and locomotives do the smoking?

ASTRONOMY'S CONQUESTS IN 1854.—Professor Challis announces, as the conquest of astronomy during the past year, four new planets, and the same number of new comets; none of the latter having been, as yet, identified with any of their predecessors, which, unfortunately, is also the case with respect to the planets—the number of which, instead of being the mystic seven, bids fair to increase to seventy; equally to the inconvenience of astronomers and the juvenile students of astronomical catechisms.

STATISTICS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The population of New York is 600,000, of which 30,000 may be classed as floating population. Of the 6,000 persons who are criminals, or in charge of the governors of the alms-house, three-fourths of the whole number are foreigners, and almost every one of these foreigners are Roman Catholics. In the year 1853, there were committed to the prisons of that city for ninety-three specified offenses, 28,405, of whom 22,291, or nearly four-fifths, were foreigners. Of 7,075 liquor-sellers, 6,597 are foreigners. In that city are 50,000 German infidels, with their poisonous publications; 200,000 Roman Catholics, governed wholly by a bigoted priesthood; 250,000 who are wholly destitute of any means of grace; 43,000 families are without a copy of God's word.

PAPER.—The number of paper mills in the United States is 750, with 3,000 engines, and a daily product of 900,000 pounds, or 270,000,000 a year, of the value of \$27,000,000. Rags to the amount of 405,000,000 pounds are consumed, value at four cents, \$16,200,000. The cost of labor is \$3,375,000. A reward of £1,000 is offered by a London newspaper for the discovery of some substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. Who will gain it?

THE AFRICAN INSTITUTION IN PARIS.—An association for the diffusion of civilization and Christian light in Africa, has recently issued a circular, which shows that the number of blacks held in slavery in different countries is seven and a half millions, of which 3,005,000 are in the United States, 3,250,000 in Brazil, 900,000 in the Spanish colonies, 85,000 in Dutch colonies, 140,000 in the Republics of Central America, and 80,000 in European establishments in Africa.

RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.—The Palestine Archaeological Association believe that some of the stones set up for memorials, as recorded in Scripture, are still standing, and they propose to search for them: among these may be mentioned, Joshua's monolith at Shechem, and the twelve stones he set up at Gilgal. The ancient tombs, also, are to be sought for and explored: there is the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were buried; and as the latter "was embalmed in Egypt, and the body was placed in a coffin, or sarcophagus, after the custom of the Egyptians, there is every reason to conclude," so runs the report, "that it still lies undisturbed." There is, moreover, the tomb of Joseph, who, as viceroy of Egypt, must have been buried with all the precautions due to high rank; and the tombs of the kings, besides sepulchers of remarkable individuals, in which, as is known, "scrolls of the law" were sometimes deposited. This is but a part of what the association propose to accomplish—their scheme embraces further examination of what is known, as well as discovery of the unknown; and if they can only carry it out, their expectation of finding something to illustrate ancient Jewish history has a reasonable chance of being gratified.

THE WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—At a *concezione* at the Polytechnic Institute in Paris, a curious illustration was given of the capabilities of photography in experienced hands. Two photographs were exhibited, one the largest and the other the smallest ever produced by the process. The first was a portrait the full size of life, and the last was a copy of the front sheet of the London Times on a surface scarcely exceeding two inches by three. Both pictures were exceedingly perfect, the portrait, it is said, being more pleasing and far more correct than those usually produced, while the copy, notwithstanding its exceeding minuteness, could be read without the aid of a magnifying glass.

CHILDREN IN BAVARIA.—The King of Bavaria has decreed that no children, aged less than ten years at least, and who have not received elementary and religious instruction, shall be employed in manufactories; that they shall not be occupied more than nine hours a day, and that of these three shall be passed at school; that the children shall be continually under surveillance, and that, if possible, the two sexes shall be kept separate.

AN HONORED INSTITUTION.—Princeton College, in New Jersey, has educated more than six hundred clergymen, and more than two hundred judges, statesmen, and members of Congress.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. WILLIAM JAY.—This work contains not only the memoir of the distinguished author, but also reminiscences of some distinguished contemporaries, as John Newton, John Ryland, William Wilberforce, Hannah More, Rowland Hill, Richard Cecil, Robert Hall, John Foster, Lady Maxwell, John Wesley, and fourteen other celebrities. It contains, also, selections from the correspondence of Mr. Jay, and his literary remains. The work has the rare advantage of the joint editorship of George Redford, D. D., LL. D., and John Angel James. It is full of variety and richness. An excellent sketch of the biography will be found in the preceding papers of this number. New York: Carter and Brothers. 2 vols., 8vo., pp. 413, 336. For sale by Moore, Wilstach & Keys, Cincinnati.

HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By George Ticknor Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers. The first volume of this work is now before us. The second volume will complete it. In his preface, Mr. Curtis states the object of his work: "How the Constitution of the United States came to be formed, from what circumstances it arose, what its relations were to institutions previously existing in the country, what necessities it satisfied, and what was its adaptation to the situation of these states, are all points of the gravest importance to the American people, and all of them require to be distinctly stated for their permanent value." These points he has kept steadily in view. This, we believe, is the first systematic effort to write a history of the Constitution; and it has been so thoroughly done—the sources of information have been so completely exhausted, and the materials put together with such artistic skill and such sound judgment—that there is no danger of the work being soon eclipsed by a successor. The style of Mr. Curtis is well adapted to such a composition—precise, lucid, and yet descriptive and flowing. The portraits of the principal actors among the framers of the Constitution, with which the volume closes, is no insignificant feature of the work. These portraits are drawn with a master hand, and evince a profound study of their originals on the part of their author. We regret that our space will not admit of a more extended review. The student of American history is laid under great obligations to Mr. Curtis for his admirable work. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

ARMAGEDDON; or, The Overthrow of Romanism and Monarchy.—This is a new exposition of prophecy, by S. D. Baldwin, A. M. In addition to the results indicated above, Mr. Baldwin finds "the existence of the United States foretold in the Bible; its future greatness; invasion by allied Europe; annihilation of monarchy; expansion into the millennial republic; and its dominion over the whole world." He believes the United States to be "Israel restored," and believes that we are to annex peaceably or by force nation after nation, till our republic embraces the entire earth. Whatever we may think of the conclusions of the author—and we confess we give but little credit to them—we can not but admire the earnestness of his spirit and the boldness of his speculations. He spends but little time in combating the theo-

ries of other authors, but applies himself to the development of his own. It is a curious work, and we commend it to the attention of the curious. "Young America" ought to "go in" for its wide circulation. It makes a thick 12mo. volume of 480 pages, and is gotten up in fine style by Applegate & Co., of Cincinnati.

WOOD'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. Pp. 5".—This work bears internal evidence that its author loved his work, and prosecuted it *con amore*. A work on natural history, of a popular character, with a correct classification and with proper explanations of the meanings and derivations of scientific words for the benefit of the common student, has long been felt. This want is here supplied. Scattered through the work are no less than four hundred and fifty-three illustrations from original designs. We recommend the work to all our young friends who are interested in the study of natural history; and also to parents, as an excellent work for them to put into the hands of their children. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

THE want of a work composed of judicious selections from the Bible, and adapted to common school purposes, has long been felt by many practical educators of youth. This want is now supplied, and well supplied, so far as we can judge, by **THE BIBLE READING-BOOK**, prepared by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published by Lippencott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia. It contains portions of the history, biography, poetry, prophecy, precepts, and parables of the Old and New Testaments, such as form a connected narrative, in the exact words of Scripture, and in the order of the sacred books. It is not a mere skeleton of the Scriptures, but rather the heart of the holy book, and is, therefore, more likely to interest the heart of childhood. We believe all the miracles and all the prophecies relating to our Savior are here selected. The arrangement of the book is excellent; and we have no hesitation in saying that, for school purposes, it is preferable to the Bible in full. It may be had at the bookstores generally.

THE "ancient philosophers," taken as a whole, were a queer set of men; and their manners and habits, their whims and oddities, and their wit, wisdom, and folly furnish a few unique pages in the world's history. From these fields of inquiry Rev. Joseph Banvard has filled a 12mo. volume of 408 pages: **WISDOM, WIT, AND WHIMS OF DISTINGUISHED ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.** Published by Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman, of New York. The work also contains many incidents in their personal history, and anecdotes of their intercourse among men, as well as their apothegms, proverbs, and pithy replies to different and curious questions. The work contains a great amount of curious and instructive information, not hitherto accessible to the general reader. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

TENDER GRASS FOR LITTLE LAMBS, is a charming book for children, by Rev. Cornelius Winter Bolton, a grandson of Rev. William Jay. Parents will do their children a good service by placing this book in their hands. Published by the Carters, and for sale by Moore, Wilstach & Keys, Cincinnati.

PALEY'S EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY, with Notes and

Additions, by Charles Murray Nairne, A. M., is a very fine edition of this standard work. It is by the same publishers, and also for sale by Moore, Wiltach & Keys, Cincinnati.

JEANNIE MORRISON; *or, the Discipline of Life.*

MARY DUNDAS; *or, Passages in Young Life.*

THE BROTHER AND SISTER; *or, the Way of Life.*

The above form a valuable addition to the series of works for the young, that are being issued from the press of the Carters. They are attractive in their character and healthful in their influence. For sale by Moore, Wiltach & Keys, Cincinnati.

THE CITY SIDE; *or, Passages from a Pastor's Portfolio. Gathered by Cara Belmont. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*—This is said to be an interesting work of the Sunny Side and Shady Side series; but we have not found time to read it. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS VERSUS THE BUSH. *By Mrs. Moodie. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.*—This is a sort of companion or sequel to a former work by the same author: "Roughing it in the Bush." It abounds in gossip and anecdote, and has some amusing descriptions of scenes and characters. Moore, Wiltach & Keys, Cincinnati.

MERTON MERRIVILLE, *by Paul Croyton, is now completed. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally.*

PEARSON ON INFIDELITY.—This work, the octavo edition of which we noticed some time since, has been issued by the Messrs. Carter in a neat 16mo. volume. We reiterate our former high estimate of the work, and trust that, in the west as well as the east, it may have an extensive circulation. Moore, Wiltach & Keys, Cincinnati.

CHRISTIANITY DEMONSTRATED BY FACTS, *by William P. Strickland, D. D., is a neat duodecimo volume of over 400 pages, which religious readers will find exceedingly useful in enlarging their views and strengthening their belief in regard to the validity and profuseness of the arguments and facts in favor of our holy Christianity.*

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

MESSRS. LEONARD SCOTT & Co. have laid on our table, three of the FOUR QUARTERLIES for October.

THE EDINBURGH contains, 1. Vestries and Church Rates; 2. Memoirs of King Joseph; 3. The Arab Tribes of the Great Desert; 4. Railway Morals and Railway Policy; 5. Burton's History of Scotland, from 1689 to 1748; 6. Macaulay's Speeches; 7. Reform of the War Department; 8. The Management and Disposal of our Criminal Population.

THE LONDON contains, 1. The London Commissariat; 2. Church Bells; 3. The Present State of Architecture; 4. Siluria; 5. Goldsmith; 6. The Eclipse of Faith; 7. The House of Commons and Law Amendment; 8. Samuel Foote.

THE WESTMINSTER contains, 1. The Odin Religion; 2. The Character, Condition, and Prospects of the Greek People; 3. Rajah Brooke; 4. History; its Use and Meaning; 5. Women in France: Madame de Sable; 6. The Sphere and Duties of Government; 7. The Rise and Progress of Diplomacy; 8. The Crystal Palace; and Contemporary Literature.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY GUIDE for the United States, published monthly by Dinsmore & Co., No. 9 Spruce-street, New York, is the only reliable work of the kind, and is an indispensable *vademecum* to every traveler.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for November, is a sterling number. We give the list of articles, and recommend the work cordially to all in pursuit of a first-class foreign monthly magazine: Turkey and its Population; Civilization—The Census; The Secret Agent; Color in Nature and Art; Latin Versification; The Influence of Gold upon the Commercial and Social Condition of the World—Part I; Peace and War; The War and the Ministry. Leonard Scott & Co., republishers, 79 Fulton-street, New York. Terms, \$3 a year.

MINUTES OF THE CINCINNATI ANNUAL CONFERENCE, for the year 1854, show a total membership in the bounds of the conference of 32,266. This is an increase of about 100 for the year.

MINUTES OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN INDIANA CONFERENCE, for the year 1854, exhibit a Church membership of 22,500, an increase of about 1,800 for the year.

MICHIGAN ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—The Minutes of the nineteenth session of the Michigan annual conference for 1854, show a membership of 19,200, Church property to the amount of \$246,000, and parsonages of \$47,000. The sum of \$3,449 was raised for missions, \$119 for the Sunday School Union, \$511 for the Tract Society, and \$457 for the American Bible Society.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE WESLEYAN ACADEMY, *Wilbraham, Mass., Rev. Minor Raymond, D. D., Principal,* exhibits a list of 342 gentlemen pupils and of ladies 291—total, 263. The aggregate, by terms, shows for the year 900 names. Dr. Raymond manages the institution with great prudence and skill.

THE NEWBURY SEMINARY AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, *Newbury, Vt., Rev. Henry S. Noyes, A. M., Principal,* has had an average attendance for the year of 500 pupils. The total attendance for the year was 804.

THE FORT WAYNE FEMALE COLLEGE AND FORT WAYNE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, *Rev. Samuel Brenton, A. M., President,* has had an attendance, for the year 1854, of ladies 159, and of gentlemen 97—total, 256. The Institute, now in the seventh year of its existence, is enjoying a fine state of health and prosperity.

DISCOURSE ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MISS EMILY P. WILKINSON, *of Bloomington, Ill., from the pen of Rev. Professor Goodfellow,* portrays the character of one who, though young in years, was ripe in the Christian graces.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER, a quarto, weekly, agricultural, literary, and family newspaper, is one of the best weekly journals in the country. Each number is embellished with engravings, illustrative of some agricultural or other topic under discussion. Terms, \$2 a year. Published at Rochester, New York.

THE HOME JOURNAL, *edited and published by George P. Morris and N. P. Willis,* has maintained undiminished, during the year, its character for variety, life, and attractiveness. Its bill of fare for the ensuing year promises well. Published at New York, at \$2 a year.

THE METHODIST ALMANAC, for 1855, maintains its former high character for fullness of Church statistics and general religious information. Its embellishments are numerous and tasteful.

Notes and Queries.

IS SALT GOOD FOR ANY THING?—Some of our agricultural exchanges have been discussing this question to a very decided extent. One of them, editorially and by correspondent, has struggled hard to make the impression that salt is always and invariably injurious to men and animals, taken with or without their food. "At the creation," runs a specimen of their logic, "there were no salt-troughs placed before cows or horses, or before animals of any sort." May be not; but is it positively certain that there were no *salt springs* near? "We believe that no animal would ever touch salt unless trained to it." Ah! indeed. Did no body ever hear of the "deer licks" of the west, or spots where salt water oozes out of the earth, and to which deer, buffalo, etc., are in the habit of resorting to lick the ground for hours? Certainly *they* were not trained to it! In Big-Bone Lick, Kentucky, the bones of innumerable species of living and extinct animals have been found. These certainly did not go there for the pleasure of killing themselves in the mire, but to obey an instinct of their nature. The Indians, who do not show many signs of intelligence above supplying their animal wants, knew the use of salt, even before they had any communication with white men, and would go to almost any length to obtain it; assuredly they were not trained! Salt, in *our* opinion, is good, and ought to be used. An incident is just now fresh in our memory. Several years ago an experiment was made in a penal establishment in Europe, where several convicts were kept on food without a particle of salt, till some of them died of *worms*, and the rest were only saved by giving it to them.

WHAT IS "LIE TEA"?—A vast amount of stuff which the knowing ones among the Chinese call *lie tea*, and a vast quantity of which is used, both in Europe and America, is made thus, according to an account furnished by John Lindley, F. R. S., Professor of Botany in University College, London: "The Chinese take a tub, into which they put a quantity of sand and similar substances, pounded leaves, vegetable dust, or any thing containing vegetable matter, with apparently some gypsum; this they sprinkle with rice-water. The rice-water, being of a glutinous nature, collects the composition into small balls, which hold together, and by degrees, by dexterous manipulations, the tubfull of this fraudulent material acquires the form of myriads of globules. In the next place these globules are faced and blacked with black lead, and then tintured green with a mixture of Prussian blue and chromate of lead. As to tea, there is not a particle in the whole mixture." This information may be of special interest to some of the lady tea-drinkers of the United States of North America.

SLEEPING AFTER DINNER.—Quite a variety of opinion prevails in regard to the safety and healthfulness of taking a nap immediately after dinner or a full meal. Dr. John C. Warren, Emeritus Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University, in discussing the point, takes the ground that apoplexy has sometimes followed as a consequence of napping after dinner, and thinks, especially after a heavy dinner, the practice is very dangerous. Going to sleep on the back, or in an easy chair, the full stomach compresses the diaphragm and heart

and prevents the free reception of blood, and causes an accumulation and compression of blood on the brain. By sleeping on the side little or no apprehension, as to the result, need be felt; for the lateral posture takes off the pressure of the loaded stomach from the heart and great bloodvessels, and leaves their circulation free.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.—The North American Review, for October, has an article on Young, the poet, which runs over with a curious mixture of blame and praise. It concedes, in winding up, however, that the Doctor was considerable of a wit, besides being a solemn man and plous; and in illustration of this gives numerous examples, one of which is these two lines:

"Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist, we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive."

Of the similes of Young the Review thinks the following very beautiful, picturesque, and scientifically accurate, wherein pleasure is compared with quicksilver:

"Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still;
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins!"

WHAT IS SUNSHINE MADE OF?—In a paper published by the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the "Mechanical Energies of the Solar System," Professor W. Thomas takes up certain views which have already been put forward, and, arguing them out, finds reason to believe the source of solar heat to be "undoubtedly material." This material consists in the countless meteors wheeling round continually in space—a tornado of shooting-stars, stragglers from which occasionally appear in our own atmosphere, but of which we see the main body in the zodiacal light. These, says the learned Professor, are gradually caught by the sun's attraction: "each meteor thus goes on moving faster and faster, and gathering nearer and nearer the center, till at some time, very suddenly, it gets so much entangled in the solar atmosphere as to begin to lose velocity. In a few seconds more it is at rest on the sun's surface, and the energy given up is vibrated in a minute or two across the district where it was gathered during so many ages, ultimately to penetrate as light the remotest regions of space." The objection, that we should see an augmentation in the bulk of the sun, is answered by the fact, that although the sun might grow a mile in diameter in eighty-eight years, yet forty thousand years would elapse before the apparent diameter to us would be increased by one second: and with what instruments shall we measure such a rate of progress? The sun may have gone on increasing in dimensions ever since the creation of man, quite undetected by us. For it to grow in reality as much as it appears to grow from winter to summer, would take 2,000,000 years.

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARDS.—"I went out," writes a correspondent, "one Sabbath, last November, along with a clerical friend, to fill an appointment at a Methodist chapel not one hundred miles from the city. The day was fine, the air bland and bracing, and I felt a good flow of exuberance and joyful satisfaction. By the time we reached the church, however, my spirits, like the mercury

in a barometer at the approach of foul weather, suddenly fell. Why? There was the show of a fence around the church and the church graveyard, but the hogs were busy. The gate had long since gone to destruction, the lower boards of the fence were missing in more places than one, and there was an appearance of distress everywhere showing itself. The porcine quadrupeds aforesaid were unceasing in their efforts to root up the green sod of the graves, and, alas! they were altogether too successful in their work of destruction. How did I preach? Words came, but my heart was chilled by my view of the way in which the Lord's children keep the Lord's house and property. Is there no remedy, Mr. Editor, for such slovenliness? can not religion be made to help the habits of such Christians? and is not neatness, as Mr. Wesley has told us, 'next to godliness?'"

LEE VERSUS THE ISZ.—"Mr. Editor,—I see you are going to give a little space to Queries and Notes. Well, sir, I intend to ply you with a few 'queries,' and leave you to supply the 'notes.' I have a lot of queries in relation to the orthography of the English language. One I will ask now. Why do certain words terminate with *ise*, as Christianize, civilize, brutalize, while others terminate with *ies*, as compromise, advertise, enterprise? and by what rule shall we determine whether the termination shall be *ise* or *ies* in any given word?"

To assign a *reason* and to give a *rule* are two very different things. We should be very reluctant to commit ourselves to the task of assigning a *reason* for all the peculiarities of English orthography. The reason for those peculiarities is sometimes to be found in the original source from which the word was derived, sometimes in the medium through which it was transmitted, and sometimes in causes incidental and hidden from the search of the keenest philologist. As to the rules in the case, we have heard the following suggested:

Rule I. When a complete word would remain after leaving off the termination, *ise* should be used, as *real-ise*, *civil-ise*, *modern-ise*, etc.

Rule II. When a word be incomplete without the termin-

ation, *ies* should be used, as *demise*, *comprise*, *surmise*, *advise*, *enterprise*, etc.

We apprehend, however, that these rules are liable to many "exceptions." Among them may be noted *criticise*, *advertise*, etc., from which, if the suffix *ise* be taken, complete words would remain; also *recognise*, *dogmatise*, *alkalise*, *syllogise*, *deputise*, etc., from which, if the suffix *ies* be taken, incomplete words would remain.

Our friend may find himself engaged in "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," but we hope he will persevere.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.—"Query.—To what may the diversities in the orthography of the English language be attributed?"

Note.—These diversities, for the most part, reach back into the Anglo-Saxon. The following are probably the leading causes to which they may be attributed: 1. The original dialectic differences among the ancient Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. 2. The different local dialects that would inevitably spring up in an age where there was no printing, and among a people who were distributed into petty and distinct kingdoms, having comparatively little intercourse with, and little affinity for each other. 3. The introduction of Scandinavian terms from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. 4. The influence of the Norman conquest, and the consequent fusion or commingling of Saxon or Norman words. 5. The carelessness of early writers who attached but little consequence to orthography. In the Anglo-Saxon a single word was often spelled in as many as fifteen or twenty different ways. It is a curious fact that the name of Shakspeare is spelled in at least two different ways in his will. 6. Local and incidental causes, which will always exert more or less influence over a living language, whether written or spoken. These diversities in orthography Johnson termed "spots of barbarity;" and for a time it was claimed that he had removed them, and in his Dictionary had settled "the external form of the English language." But, alas! for the pride of human learning, these "spots" bid fair to outlive even the work of the great English lexicographer.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

SABLE SERMONIZING.—The black minister was closing up his prayer when some white boys in the corner had the ill-manners to laugh, so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before and very earnestly, "Bress all dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the "amen," the pious old negro said: "O Lord, we are not in the habit of adding postscripts to our prayer, but if the 'spression, 'Bress all dat is human,' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human, also, besides!"

DWIGHT AND PUTNAM.—On the surrender of Burgoyne, General Putnam, overjoyed at the news, immediately spread it through the army, and shouts and firing of cannon signaled the glorious event. The Rev. Timothy Dwight, a chaplain in the army, preached a sermon at headquarters the next day, from the text, "I will remove far off from you the northern army." Never was a sermon so listened to before by the officers and troops. Putnam could not refrain from nodding, winking, and smil-

ing during the discourse at the happy hits with which it was filled, and at its close was loud in his praises of Mr. Dwight and the sermon, though, to be sure, he said there was no such text in the Bible—the chaplain having coined it to meet the occasion. When shown the passage he exclaimed, "Well, there is every thing in that book, and Dwight knows just where to lay his finger on it."

FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS.—The Bishop of Oxford was rebuking one of his clergy for following the hounds. "My lord," replied the clergyman, "every man must have some relaxation, and I assure your lordship I never go to balls." "Ah," said the Bishop, "I perceive you refer to my having been at the Duchess of Sutherland's party; but I give you my word I never was in the same room with the dancers." "My lord," responded the clergyman, "my mare and I are getting old, and we are never in the same field with the hounds."

DR. M'NEILE AND DRUNKENNESS.—Rev. Dr. M'Neile issued a general invitation to the worshippers at St. Paul's, Liverpool, to a lecture on the evils of drunkenness. Some

wag, well acquainted with the church-goers who like a glass, got the notice printed as a circular, and then sent it round among them, with the words, "Mr. ——— and friends are affectionately invited to attend." Great was the indignation at the Doctor, and especially in quarters that might seem most in need of the lecture.

CANDOR.—Marivaux, a celebrated French writer of romances, who flourished in the first half of the last century, having one day met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity of him, he replied, "My good friend, strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master," said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am." "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see you are an honest fellow, here is half a crown for you."—*Severard's Anecdotes.*

THE ORPHAN'S REPLY.—A little boy, who was poorly clad, was tauntingly asked by a rude young man "if his mother knew he was out?" The little fellow looked at the interrogator a moment, while his bosom heaved and tears gathered in his eyes, and replied, "Sir, my dear mother is dead."

A METAPHYSICIAN.—Entering upon an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus—you know where you start from, but it is impossible to tell where it will carry you.—*Punch.*

THE MOON.—The Mohammedans believe that the cavities which the telescope reveals in the surface of the moon are made by blows from the wings of angels. Quite the opposite, but hardly less fanciful, is the opinion of the sententious poet, Martin Farquhar Tupper, who locates hell in the moon, because, as astronomers inform us, not a drop of water is to be found on its surface.

STANLEY AND BROUGHAM.—Lord Stanley once alluded to Lord Brougham as "the noble lord who had just taken his seat;" but chancing to look round, and seeing the ex-chancellor jumping about like a cricket, begged pardon, and said he meant his noble friend who "never took his seat."

A ROSE AND ITS THORNS.—When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

BEN JONSON AND THE LORD.—Lord Craven was very desirous to see Ben Jonson, which being told to Ben, he went to the lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, the porter refused him admittance with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said he understood his lordship desired to see him. "You, friend!" said my lord, "who are you?" "Ben Jonson," replied the other. "No, no," quoth his lordship, "you can not be Ben Jonson, who wrote the 'Silent Woman;' you look as if you could not say boo to a goose." "Boo," cried Ben. "Very well," said my lord, better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; "I am now convinced you are Ben Jonson."

RETOUR COURTEOUS.—Bethel, an Irish barrister, was the opposing counsel in a case in which M'Nally, the celebrated witty barrister was employed. Bethel made several rude personal observations on M'Nally, who, on that account, interrupted his opponent in his speech. Bethel, vexed at this, at last exclaimed, "Brother M'Nally, you have taken the liberty of forcing your remarks in the

middle of my statements, and have several times broken the thread of my discourse." "Brother Bethel," said M'Nally, "why didn't you *sew it better?*" Bethel's father was a shoemaker, and his son was ashamed of him.

GRAY HEAD AND GRAY BEARD.—Cardinal Richelieu one day said to M. de Sart, a celebrated physician, "I am gray-headed, yet my beard is black; and your head is black, and your beard gray. Can you account for these appearances, doctor?" "Easily," replied de Sart; "they proceed from exercise—from labor of the parts; your eminence's brains have worked hard, and so have my jaws."

CHURCH-RATES AND THE QUAKER.—A collector of Church-rates in England called upon a Quaker, who kept a dry goods store, for the usual sum; the latter said, "Friend, is it right that I should pay, when I never attend the Established Church?" "The church is open to all," answered the collector, "and you might have attended if you had a mind to." The Quaker paid the money, and on the next day sent the collector a bill for broadcloth. The man came immediately, and, in great passion, asked the meaning of it, declaring that he never had a single article from his store. "O," said the Quaker, rubbing his hands, "the store was open for thee, and thou mightest have had the cloth if thou hadst a mind."

BANGOR GRAVEYARD.—The following inscription is on a tombstone in the church-yard at Bangor, Ireland. On the stone, which appears to be of red marble, there is the family arms with the motto,

"Fortis non Ferox."

The inscription is in Latin, thus:

"Hic aetatis, abavitis et avo sic patre creatus
Presbyteris, sanctis, Presbyter ipse jacet
Annos si spectes juvenis hos exiit, at si
Aut studis aut moribus transiit ille senex."

The above may be freely translated as follows: "Here lies one who was himself a Presbyter, and sprung from a father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and remoter ancestors, who also were Presbyters. If you regard his years, he died young; but if either his attainments or his character, he passed from earth in a good old age."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—A boy called a doctor to visit his father, who had the delirium tremens. Not rightly recollecting the name of the disease, he called it the *devil's trembles*—making very poor Latin, but very good English.

THE WORTH OF ELDERS.—A minister being asked of what use elders were in a Church, replied that, "It was to give power to ministers; he was a unit, the elders, ciphers—placed upon my right hand, they increase my power; but my elders have got on the wrong side, and reduce me to a fraction."

ONE LETTER.—The Glasgow Herald says of a deceased gentleman, "He was not more respected in public than revered in private." A cotemporary, in quoting the paragraph, completely reversed its signification, by dropping a single letter, and writing, "He was no more respected in public than revered in private." One letter does sometimes make a great difference.

HUMBBUG.—Humbug, which is in universal use, comes unquestionably from *Hume of the Bog*, a Scotch laird, so called from his estates, who was celebrated in Edinburgh society, during the reign of William and Anne, for the marvelous tone of his stories, in which he indulged so commonly that they became proverbial; and thus a very long shot was always designated "a regular Hume of the Bog." Hence, by simple contraction, *humbug*.

Editor's Table.

THE NEW VOLUME.—With the present number we commence the *fifteenth volume* of the Ladies' Repository. The continued increase of public patronage has induced the publishers to enlarge the work from forty-eight to sixty-four pages, and to make sundry other improvements—all of which will, no doubt, be perceived and appreciated by our patrons and friends.

It is an interesting fact that the Repository will, this year, contain just *double* the number of pages it contained in 1840, when first issued, and also, that we have now monthly two steel engravings, in addition to a beautifully engraved title-page, for January, when in the first volume there were only four engravings inserted for the whole year: yet the work is now published at the *same price*. The large increase of circulation has enabled the publishers to make these improvements, so advantageous to our patrons. As our friends last year gave us the greatest increase to our circulation ever realized in a single year, we now repay them by making the greatest improvement ever made in any one year.

The editor, too, would take the opportunity to present his congratulations to his old friends, and trusts that he will still be permitted to make his monthly visits to their home circles. Heaven's blessings be upon you, dear friends, young and old! "May your shadows never be less!" as saith the old proverb.

To his new friends, timidly and modestly, would he make his best bow—hoping that his acquaintance with them may be long continued and productive of mutual good.

ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.—We have rarely presented so great a variety, both as to style and matter, in any one number as in this. "The Inspired Man," from the terse and vigorous pen of J. D. Bell; the "Life and Times of William Jay," from the sprightly pen of Erwin House; "Moral Education," from the smooth and classic pen of Dr. Thomson; the touching incident in the life of Bishop Hedding, so illustrative of his character, from Dr. Pad-dock; and the fine article on the Daughters of China, from Dr. Wiley, are worthy of special attention from every reader. We have also some articles of a briefer and lighter character, some poetic gems, and also some carefully prepared selections to complete our circle of adaptation. Various as may be the tastes and turns of our readers, we endeavor to serve a dish for all.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*The New Cover.*—The new engraving we have had for our cover will be among the first objects that will arrest the attention. Some will look upon it just as the chubby, bright-eyed, dimple-cheeked, curly-headed child at the left of the base views it—simply as a picture. See, his eye is turned outward as though he would attract attention—his hand pointing where he would direct that attention, and his face wreathed in smiles, as much as to say, "Ain't that a pretty picture?" Such, we trust, will be the verdict of all who look at it simply as a picture.

Others will wish to study it more fully, to examine its artistic execution. Such will find a delightful blending of the symbols of "literature and religion." Music is represented by the harp, the guitar, and the piano; painting by the portfolio, the pallet, and the easel; science by the telescope and the globe; literature also by its appro-

priate insignia. In the female figure on the left, learning and literature are connected with woman. The artist has done well to put a pen in her hand; for in these days *the pen in the hand of woman is exerting a transcendent influence*. In the figure on the right religion is also appropriately connected with woman; she sustains the cross, and her clear intellectual and spiritual eye pierces to the highest summits of heaven-born faith.

St. Louis.—We here present our readers with another of our splendid views of American cities. It is from an original drawing, and was engraved expressly for the Repository. St. Louis is one of the prominent cities of the west. It is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, twenty miles below the mouth of the Missouri, and nearly two hundred above that of the Ohio. It is nearly equidistant from New Orleans to the Falls of St. Anthony, each being about eleven hundred and fifty miles distant. It is the great commercial metropolis of Missouri, and was formerly the capital of the state. Its site is elevated above the river, so as to protect it from being submerged by any of its floods, and it is also protected by a limestone bank extending along the shore nearly two miles. These are rare advantages. The city extends along the bank of the river about three miles, and the streets cross each other at right angles—running either parallel with the river or at right angles to it. The bank in the rear is some forty feet higher than the first level, and overlooks the city, the river, and the surrounding country. The population of the city is about 90,000. There are some fifty churches. The Catholics have a strong hold here, having a splendid Cathedral and a well-sustained college. The city is admirably situated for trade, and its trade surpasses that of any other city on the river except New Orleans. Steamboats ply from this place in almost every direction, and the number of arrivals in a single year have amounted to nearly a thousand. It has also become a large manufacturing place.

St. Louis was first settled in 1664 by a company of merchants, to whom the Dictator-General of Louisiana had given a grant for the exclusive trade with the Indian tribes on the Missouri. In 1770 there was a French garrison here and about forty private houses. Ten years later an expedition of one hundred and forty British and fifteen hundred Indians was sent out from Mackinaw to capture the place. It, however, was successfully defended against their attack.

For the past thirty years the city has enjoyed a very rapid growth. It is the natural depot of the vast and fertile regions watered by the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois, and their numerous tributaries. It can hardly fail to become, in time, one of the great cities of the new world.

Bishop James.—Our engraver, Mr. Jones, has been remarkably successful in the production of this likeness. As it regards fidelity of expression and artistic skill in the execution, we think it will be ranked among the very best of the many portraits he has engraved.

Bishop James was a native of Salisbury, Litchfield county, Connecticut. He was a school-teacher in his earlier days, and, at the time of his entrance upon the ministry, we believe he was principal of an academy in New Jersey. He was received on trial in the Philadelphia

conference in 1830, and stationed at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. In 1834 he was appointed agent for Dickinson College, then in its infancy. In this agency he continued two years, and was then stationed in Fifth-Street Church, Philadelphia. In 1839 he was transferred to the New York conference, and stationed in Mulberry-Street Church. In 1841 he was elected Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society. In this capacity he traversed nearly or quite all the states of the Union, eloquently and successfully pleading the cause of the Bible.

At the General conference of 1844 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All will pronounce the accompanying a truthful portrait.

Title-Page.—A charming little picture, too, the engraver has given us for our title-page. Children and flowers—how beautiful the association!

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"Thoughts on Education" evinces considerable vigor of mind, but there are some crude expressions and defective figures which indicate inexperience. Take the following from the very first sentence: "The old man whose *hoary locks* are tottering on the verge of time." *Steps*, not *locks*, totter.

We are sorry to disoblige our friends, but we can hardly find place for the following articles: "Charles Lee," "A Tribute to my Departed Mother," "Woman's Sphere," "We may Live," "Bunyan's Times"—the author will pardon the editor, but it appears to have been rather carelessly written—"Autumnal Reflections"—albeit the fair authoress has vigor of mind, and if she will prune her compositions of some of their overloaded foliage they will bear print yet—and also "A Contrast."

"The Primrose," early flowering plant though it be, seems to have blossomed prematurely. Some of its lines are little more than half-grown; others are of an uncomfortable length. It reminds us of the following stanza which we have somewhere seen:

"There are, it is true, some crippled lines, namely,
That have too few feet and crawl lamely;
But then, as a compensation for that, you will meet
Many others that run along on a superabundance of feet."

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—Our preparations under this head we have been compelled to omit for want of room.

MISCELLANY.—*The Best Sign of a Call to the Ministry.*—William Jay mentions the case of a young man who thought he was called to the ministry. The thought originated with *himself*; neither his pastor nor the Church knew any thing about it. The young man, however, must needs consult somebody, and calling upon Mr. Jay he was directed to an "older authority." This was a man of blunt, straightforward manner. The young man sought an interview with him; told him that he had been for some time satisfied of his call to the ministry, and asked his aged adviser what he deemed the best sign or evidence of a Divine call to the work. "Sir," said the sage, "what I should deem the best sign or evidence would be a man's not thinking of it, but considering himself the last person in the world God would select for this purpose; and who, if God came for him, would be found like Saul, 'hid among the stuff,' and requiring an effort to draw him out." We commend this incident to the attention of those who imagine themselves called to the ministry, while no corresponding conviction seems to be wrought in the Church.

The Woof of Scandal.—Mr. Wilberforce relates that at one time he found himself chronicled as "St. Wilberforce" in an opposing journal, and the following given

as "an instance of his Pharisaism." "He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the streets to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which perverseness turns into a charge or reproach, I began to reflect, and I soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was this: I was walking in the Pump Room in conversation with a friend; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and as I had a Horace in my pocket I took it out and read the words. This was the plain *bit of wire* which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation." How many ugly *pins* have been manufactured out of even smaller *bits of wire* than even that!

STRAY GEMS.—Every body complains of his memory—nobody of his judgment. . . . Phœbus endows the weak poet, like the statue of Memnon, only with sound. . . . By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.—*St. Gregory in Mor.* . . . Those who understand the value of time treat it as prudent people do their money—they make a little go a great way.—*Hawkey.* . . . If you do not keep pride out of your souls, and your souls out of pride, God will keep your souls out of heaven.—*Dyer.* . . . There is a greater depravity in not repenting of sin when it has been committed than in committing it at first. To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to *weep bitterly*, as he did, when we have denied, is worse.—*Pygson.* . . . Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell, inasmuch that he found more grace than he had lost.—*St. Ambrose in Ser. ad Vincula.* . . . He who is always his own counselor will often have a fool for his client.—*Hunter.* . . . Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.—*Fenelon.* . . . The most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth. . . . Gravity is the ballast of the soul. . . . Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. . . . Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire. . . . Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. . . . Scorn no man for his poverty; honor no man for his wealth.—*Turkish Prov.*

ANOTHER WORD TO THE FRIENDS OF THE REPOSITORY.—Will you, dear friends, bear another word of exhortation from your friend, the editor?

Of our brother ministers we would inquire, Have you done all you could to promote the circulation of the Repository among the members of your congregations? Has effort been made—*prompt, energetic effort*? Has the congregation—nay, the *whole neighborhood*—been canvassed by yourselves, or by agents appointed by you, to obtain subscribers? *Now* is the time for action; not a moment is to be lost. Continue, brethren, to roll up our subscription list.

Will not our old and present subscribers help us? You receive the work to your own home and give it a hearty welcome; but may you not be the instrument of sending it to the *HOME OF YOUR NEIGHBOR*? Show this number to him, to his wife, to his daughter, and invite them to subscribe for the volume. Let them see the work, its contents, its engravings, the beauty of its mechanical execution, and tell them all this is to be had for two *DOLLARS*. They will hardly be able to resist the temptation to subscribe. Your pastor will be ready to receive it and transmit the money.



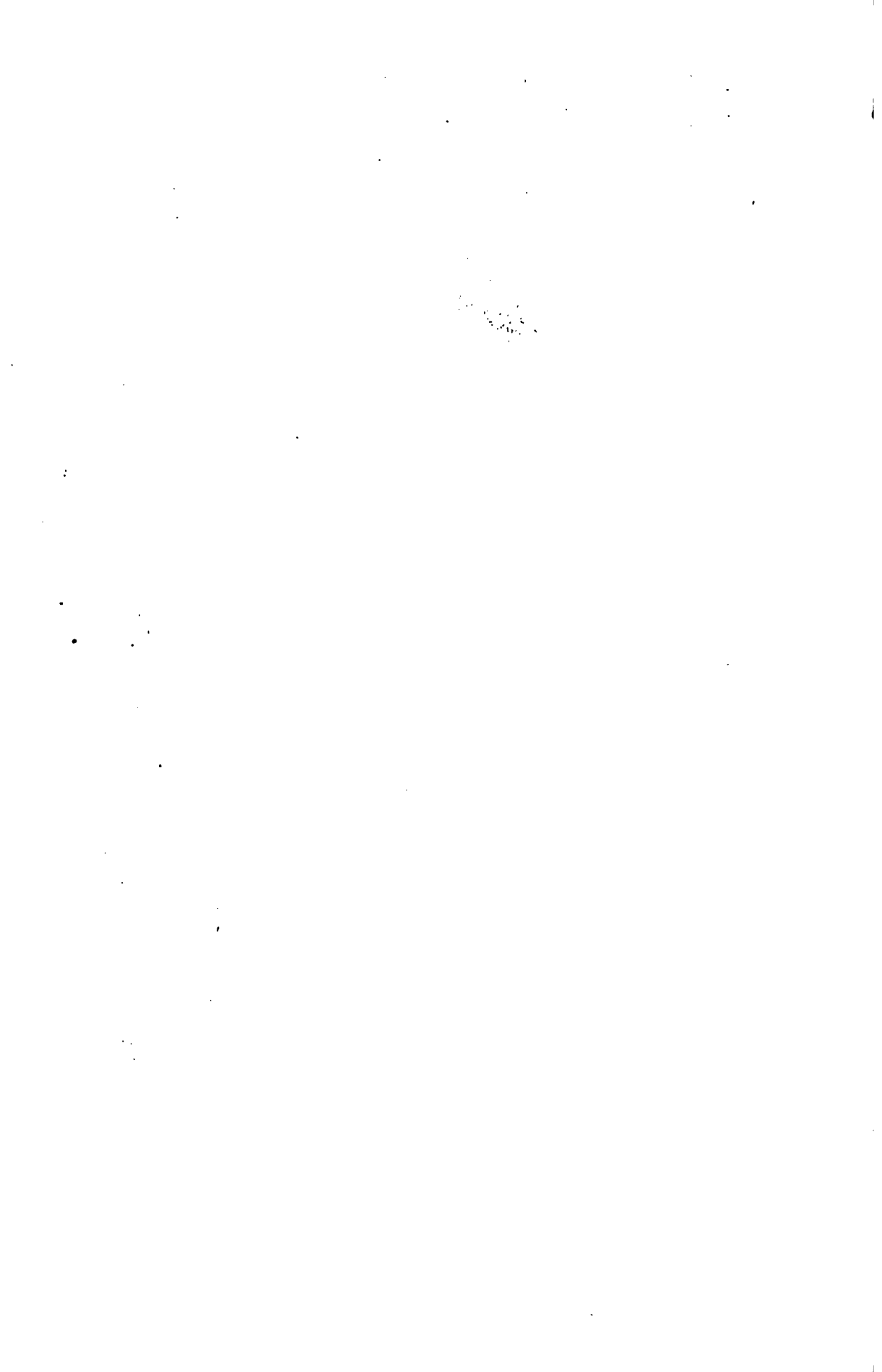
DESIGNED BY STICKMAN

ENG'D BY F. E. JONES

(C. 1)

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

ENGRAVED BY F. E. JONES FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1855.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A NEW era has opened in the literary history of woman. One of the striking characteristics of the present age is the great number of female writers that have appeared, the wide celebrity they have attained, and the transcendent influence their writings are exerting upon the taste, the morals, the heart, and the intellect of the age. That this is a true development of womanly nature is evident from the fact, that, with some slight exceptions, their productions are addressed to the moral and religious sentiments, and contain healthy aliment for each. More spiritual and refined in her sensibilities than is the opposite sex, she has a keener and a more truthful perception of all that pertains to our emotional nature, and her delineations often prove more just and natural. We hail this development of woman's talent as one of the most auspicious indications of the time—betokening the dawn of a brighter and purer day in the world of literature.

This new development, so strongly marked, especially in American literature, is worthy the attention of the journalist, not only as an event characteristic of the age, but on account of its influence on the present and its promise for the future. The astronomer marks the progress of the sun through the heavens by the movement of its light upon the sun-dial. So would we mark the progress of this movement across the horizon of literature. Each one of the characters that appear furnishes a point of observation, and marks a new stage of progress. To this end, as well as for the interest and profit of the reader, as we pass along, we propose a series of sketches of the literary women of America.

Whether we consider the length of time she

has been recognized in the world of literature, the steady growth and permanent character of her fame as a writer, the wide celebrity she has attained, both in the new and the old world, and, above all, the number, variety, and usefulness of her productions, we know not of a more appropriate name with which to commence this series than that of Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

The town of Norwich, Connecticut, is honored as being the birthplace of Miss Huntley, afterward Mrs. Sigourney. The first inhabitants, who settled here at an early date, planted themselves in a narrow valley by the side of the little river Yantic. From this spot, however, the tide of population and business has been diverted to more convenient localities in its immediate vicinity. It is called the Old Town, to distinguish it from the parts that have more recently become populous. The place is described as being one of romantic interest. Seated in a basin formed by surrounding hills, it looks up and around upon an almost endless variety of natural scenery. Here craggy rocks, gray with age and beaten by the storms and blasts of centuries, tower above the quiet village. There sloping greens, and limpid streams, and landscape beauty greet the eye and inspire the imagination. It seemed a place designed by nature to develop the powers of the soul—to render the mind vigorous, self-reliant, and strong—and to fire the imagination with conceptions of the beautiful, the grand, the sublime. In the most picturesque part of "Old Town" Miss Huntley first breathed the vital air, September 1, 1791. Her parents were in moderate circumstances; her father devoted himself to agricultural avocations, but had not, at that time, any proprietorship in the soil. Fortunately for the genius of the daughter, while their situation was such as to beget refinement of taste and manner, it was also such as to make "industry necessary, beneficence practicable, luxury impos-

sible." Mr. Huntley was of Scotch descent, and for some time served his country as a soldier in her struggle for independence. He was a man of great probity and integrity of character, of fervent piety, of warm and earnest benevolence, and of unbroken equanimity of disposition. He pursued his daily labors with that contented and happy spirit which made his life's thread run smoothly. The genial sunshine of his heart, which beamed on all around him, continued to grow without abatement, and accumulating years had so little effect upon him, that in his eighty-eighth year it was said of him, "His mind was clear, and his step elastic. Age had sprinkled no snow upon his head or his heart. Life was bright and warm with lingering affections, yet with 'loins girt and lamp burning' he serenely waited the summons of his Lord." The maiden name of her mother was Wentworth; and her line of descent is traced back to the old Tory governors who were so highly honored for their loyalty to the crown of England. She possessed strong powers of mind, a remarkable memory, a vivid imagination, and a warm heart. Her educational opportunities had been limited, and her education was consequently defective. But the best efforts of her strong natural powers were devoted, with exceeding care and tenderness, to the nurture of her only child—the subject of this sketch. The daughter was not spoiled by overweening fondness and indulgence, but sedulously trained to habits of systematic order and persevering diligence in the tasks and duties assigned to her.

The situation in which we find the young poetess placed in early childhood—the natural scenery that surrounded her—the character and position of her parents, were admirably adapted to the development of her native powers. Even her being an only child, inducing, as it did in her case, the substitution of intellectual pleasures and pursuits for the common sports of childhood, exerted a powerful influence upon her early—almost premature development. Her precocity was remarkable. At the age of three she could read her Bible fluently and correctly. At seven the indications of her genius began to appear more distinctly, and she was often found composing verses for her amusement. One year later she had become "a scribbler of rhymes." At nine she began a fictitious work in the epistolary style, and at eleven commenced keeping a regular daily journal. Into this journal she incorporated her verses and other writings as though they were a part of the record of her life and feelings. All these scribbles, however, were kept sacredly

private. So fearful was she that some one might discover them, that she resorted to various methods of concealment. Having neither lock nor key in her possession, she would hide them under piles of books, or carefully place them away in some spot where no intruder would be likely to discover the hidden treasure.

Another circumstance connected with her early history, and exerting a powerful influence upon her whole character and subsequent career, is found in her early connection with Madam Jerusha Lathrop, widow of Dr. Lathrop, of Norwich, and daughter of Hon. John Talcott, Governor of the state from 1735 to 1741 inclusive. She was truly "a noble lady of the olden time." Mr. Huntley became her steward, and his family lived in the fine old mansion. Madam Lathrop had lost her own children while they were yet young, and she now became tenderly attached to this young and timid child that nestled beneath her roof. The attachment was mutual, and so strong did it become while Lydia Huntley was yet a child, that the two became almost inseparable companions. At this period of her life, says one, "What mind, however sagacious, would have recognized in this young girl, remarkable for the delicate richness of her cheek and the sweet docility of her disposition—as she sat in her little chair, reading aloud to her beloved benefactress from Young's Night Thoughts or Bishop Sherlock's Discourses—or curiously conning her own rude rhymes at eight years of age—or running in glee over the turf of the court-yard in front of the mansion, decked with roses and sweet-brier, of Madam Lathrop—or rushing through the spruce-arched gateway—or sweeping floors with elaborate skill—or trying to iron—or steadying the young fruit-tree that her father was planting—or dropping the garden-seeds behind him—or spinning upon her mother's great wheel—ever accompanying her industry with a happy song—who would have ever recognized in this girl the future 'Hemans of America?' Who would have guessed that she would in later years be the admirer of the great—the confidential correspondent of Hannah More—the friend of Joanna Bailie and the Countess of Blessington—the recipient of costly gifts from royalty in honor of her muse—and the most famous of the female bards of her country?"

In the house of Madam Lathrop she enjoyed many advantages which the straitened condition of her parents could never have afforded her. Intercourse with one so noble could not but tend to beget a corresponding nobleness of mind and gentility of manner. Here, too, she became

acquainted with many of the distinguished personages of the time, for the princely mansion of Madam Lathrop was a favorite resort for such persons. And, perhaps, above all, here she had access to a library of select books, and was surrounded by all the blandishments of refined and chastened culture. And, besides all this, even her own mother scarcely watched over the unfolding genius of the young girl with deeper interest than did this noble Christian woman. When the timidity of the young poetess had been so far overcome, her benefactress was the constant critic to whom all her productions were submitted; and her smile of approbation and words of encouragement were the highest rewards that the young aspirant had ever conceived.

This association continued with unabated interest till Miss Huntley had attained the age of fourteen years, when she was deprived of her benefactress by death. This was the first great sorrow that had pierced her young heart, and long and sincerely did she lament it. "Nor has her mind ever lost the influence of this early association. It has kept with her through life, and runs like a fine vein through all her writings. The memory, the image, the teachings of this sainted friend seem to accompany her like an invisible presence, and wherever the scene may be, she turns aside to commune with her spirit, or to cast a fresh flower upon her grave. In the lines upon planting slips of *constancy* on the grave of a friend, found in her first publication of poems, she says:

'Seven times the sun with swift career
Has marked the circle of the year,
Since first she pressed her lowly bier;
And seven times sorrowing have I come,
Alone, and wandering through the gloom,
To breathe my lays upon her tomb.'

Being an only child, Miss Huntley was the object of the tender and yearning affection of her parents; all their earthly hopes centered in her; and all their plans of life seemed to have almost exclusive reference to her. In turn, her affection for them was no less unceasing and ardent. When, subsequently, she became the wife of a wealthy merchant in Hartford, and the mistress of a noble mansion, her parents were made the partakers of her own home; and here, beneath the roof of their loved and cherished daughter, blessed by her filial love, both of them peacefully closed their eyes in their last and long sleep.

After the death of Madam Lathrop, her young protegee found an equally true friend and an equally faithful benefactor in her nephew, Daniel Wadsworth, of Hartford, a man of great wealth, and

of equal refinement and benevolence of character. To him she had been commended by her benefactress, and from him did she constantly receive protecting care and encouragement.

Miss Huntley's early ambition was to become a teacher. Referring to her childhood's days, she says, "My own predominant desire, lowly yet persevering, and coeval with the earliest recollections, was to *keep a school*. In the most cherished and vivid pencilings of fancy, I was ever installed in the authority and glory of a school-mistress, counseling, explaining, or awarding premiums, always listened to, regarded, and obeyed. Nor were these dreamings quite destitute of vitality. As they created a deeper indwelling in the profession which I had secretly chosen, they gave also some practical preparation for it." How often it is that in these predilections of childhood, "coming events cast their shadows before," with reference to the coming life of activity! It is said that the favorite sport of Hannah More, in her childhood, was, in her coach manufactured by her imagination out of a chair, "to go up to London and see bishops, and booksellers." That of Mrs. Sigourney was "to keep school."

When she became of sufficient age, she was sent to "the district school," which consisted of some seventy scholars. Here she was distinguished for the ease and thoroughness with which her lessons were acquired. Her love of study was passionate, and her devotion to it unremitted and intense. Only a few years since Mrs. Sigourney said, "I now recall with fresh pleasure the intense industry of that period of life, when, after the close study of a long winter evening, my books were laid under the pillow at retiring, as sentinels, lest the newly acquired ideas should chance to escape. They were also consulted at the dawning light, if, in the solitary recitation of lessons to myself as a teacher, aught of doubt or of hesitation occurred." Another writer, referring to the early period of her school-training, says, "Then the sexes were not, contrary to the law of nature as developed in the family, penned up apart, to take away from one the stimulus of masculine strength, and from the other the softening influences of female delicacy. We remember that we once heard Mrs. Sigourney say, that one of the most profitable periods of her early culture, was that in which she, with several other young ladies, successfully struggled to retain their places with honor in a class containing several young men of talent, who were pursuing at school the studies of the first year in Yale College." One of the young gentlemen of this class was Jabez W. Huntington, afterward a judge of

the Supreme Court of the state, and also a member of the senate of the United States. Another was the Hon. Henry Story, an eminent lawyer in the same state. It is doubtful which sex derived the greatest advantage from this spur to industry and intellectual activity.

Her first attempt at school-teaching was in a private room in the apartments of her parents, and her school consisted of two young ladies. She spent six hours daily with them, being as thorough and rigid in her instructions and examinations as though a whole class were profiting by her labors.

Having now satisfied herself of her mission as a teacher, she was desirous of acquiring a more thorough preparation for her work. For this purpose, in company with a dear female friend, Miss Ann Maria Hyde, she spent some time in Hartford, and at the close of her term she returned to Norwich, and, in company with her friend, opened a school for young ladies. Here the two met with great success. A large class was gathered under their instruction. "Into this circle," says one who enjoyed their instructions, "they cast not only the affluence of their well-stored minds, and the cheering inspiration of youthful zeal, but all the strength of their best and holiest principles. Animated, blooming, happy, linked affectionately, arm in arm, they daily came in among their pupils, diffusing love and cheerfulness, as well as knowledge, and commanding the most grateful attention and respect. Pleasant it is to the writer of this sketch, to review those dove-like days—to recall the lineaments of that diligent, earnest, mind-expanding group; and to note again the dissimilarity so beautifully harmonious, between those whom we delighted to call our sweet *sister-teachers—the two inseparables, inimitables.*" This school enterprise was continued two years, when the two parted to pursue the same occupation, indeed, but in different spheres. A year or two later Miss Hyde was taken away in the midst of her usefulness and promise. Her memory was sacredly cherished by her companion, and often has her pen been employed to honor her virtues and her talents.

In 1814, on the invitation of Mr. Wadsworth, Miss Huntley transferred her residence to Hartford, and under his auspices she opened a school for young ladies. Her residence here was in the mansion of Madam Wadsworth, the mother of her patron, where she enjoyed every advantage of refined society, and every means of intellectual culture. Her habit of composing verses was observed by Mr. Wadsworth, and at his instance her fugitive pieces were gathered together—both

himself and his estimable wife assisting in their preparation for the press—and published in 1815, under the title of "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse." The publication, under the excellent management of Mr. Wadsworth, was quite successful, and, it is said, yielded a larger profit than she ever realized from a single edition of any one of her subsequent works. The entire sum was presented to her aged and straitened parents, as the first-fruits of the genius they had so carefully cultivated.

In 1819 Miss Huntley was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford. Mr. Sigourney is descended from a Huguenot family, who emigrated to this country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In his earlier life, it is said, he possessed strong predilections for literature, and cultivated it with great ardor. He had been for many years a successful man of business, an active member of the Episcopal Church, and a zealous friend and patron of the Trinity College, located in Hartford. The beautiful spot where the favored couple made their home, was long known as "the Sigourney Place," and perhaps is to the present day. It was a place where the muses might delight to make their visits, and their inspiration would be felt to be in harmony with the scene.

Mrs. Sigourney had now fairly entered upon her literary career. Her second work was a biographical sketch of, and a just tribute to, her early and worthy companion, Miss Hyde. In 1822 she published her "Traits of the Aborigines of America," a poem in five cantos, and, two years later, a prose work, "Connecticut Forty Years Since." From that time forward her prolific pen has been busied in contributions, not merely to American, but also to English literature; for her works early found their way across the Atlantic, and, in spite of the ill-natured and ill-mannerly growling of some of John Bull's bull-dog critics, found considerable favor among the English people. Her productions, in both prose and poetry, are numerous—numbering now not less than forty-one volumes. Aside from her poems, her books for children, her "Letters to Mothers," "Letters to my Pupils," and "Letters to Young Ladies" are among the most popular of her productions.

Of the latter work the following anecdote, showing the wide extent of her usefulness and the appreciation in which her productions are held where it would have been but little expected, is worthy of being placed upon record. The story is on this wise. Some eight or ten years since, an American gentleman was traveling in a stage-

coach through a rustic part of Scotland. "His *compagnon du voyage* chanced to be a young Scotch lassie of considerable vivacity and intelligence. A stage-coach acquaintance was the natural result of circumstances, and the gentleman was soon known to be an American. The first question put by the young girl, after she had made this discovery, was, 'Have you ever seen Mrs. Sigourney?' The gentleman claimed the honor of an acquaintance with the American authoress, and a lively conversation ensued respecting her. The young lady expressed her ardent admiration of her works; but the gentleman was somewhat surprised to find that that admiration was founded as much on her 'Letters to Young Ladies' as on her poetry. The genial kindness expressed in that little volume had touched the young girl's heart, and its author was her *beau idéal* of a woman."

In 1840 she visited England and the continent of Europe. Here she spent a year, passing the summer in England and Scotland, and the winter in Paris. In London she published two volumes—one containing her selected poems superbly illustrated—which were highly spoken of by the critics, and well received by the British public. She was well received in the literary circles of the old world, and treated with marked distinction. While in Paris she wrote a piece "in honor of the magnificent celebration of the return of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena." It attracted much attention, and American genius was honored with the present of a magnificent bracelet from the Queen of France. After her return to this country, Mrs. Sigourney gave an account of her tour, and of her impressions of persons and things in the old world, in a volume entitled, "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands." About the same time her "Pocahontas and other Poems" was also given to the world.

When she was about setting sail for Europe, before bidding her children farewell, she took them to the graves of their grandparents, and there pledged them to protect and cultivate the flowers she had planted upon the sacred spot. The poem composed on the occasion is so full of tender pathos, so expressive of natural and holy feeling, and, at the same time, so touchingly plaintive, that it finds an open door into the innermost soul of every one capable of appreciating such sacred sentiments. Taken in connection with the circumstances of its origin, it gives such a beautiful illustration of the pure and holy sentiments that pervade her own heart, and give tone and character to her muse, that our readers will be pleased to see it entire:

"We've set the flow'rets where ye sleep,
Father and mother dear,
Their roots are in the verdure deep,
Their petals bear a tear.
The tear-drop of the dewy eve
Each trembling casket fills,
Mix'd with that essence of the heart
That filial love distills.

Mother! above thy lowly couch
I've set thy favorite flower,
The bright-eyed purple violet,
That decked thy summer bower;
The fragrant camomile, that spreads
Its tendrils, fresh and green,
And richly broiders every niche
The velvet turf between.

I kiss'd the timid violet,
That drooped its stranger head,
And called it *blees'd*, thus to grow
So near my precious dead.
And when my ventures path shall lead
Across the deep, blue sea,
I bade it in its beauty rise
And guard these graves for me.

Mother! there was no other hand
To do this deed for thee;
No other nursing claimed thy care,
Or fondly climbed thy knee.
And, father! that endearing name,
No infant lip but mine
E'er breathed, to wake thy tender prayer
At morn, or eve's decline.

O! spare to pluck these sacred plants,
Ye groups that wander nigh,
Where summer sunsets fire with gold
The gorgeous western sky,
That when your sleep is in the dust,
Where now your footsteps tread,
Some grateful hand the rose may train
Around your peaceful bed!"

The noble and generous Wadsworth was gathered to his fathers, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, in 1848. Her Monody on his death is a noble tribute to his memory—alike celebrating the virtues of his character and evincing the lofty genius of his protegee. We can not resist the temptation to append the following stanza:

"O friend! thou didst o'er-master well
The pride of wealth, and multiply
Good deeds not alone for the good of man,
But for heav'n's judging pen,
And clear, omniscient eye.
And surely where 'the just made perfect' dwell,
Earth's voice of highest eulogy
Is like the bubble of the far-off sea;

A sigh upon the grave,
Scarce moving the frail flowers that o'er its surface wave."

In 1850 Mrs. Sigourney was called to suffer the great bereavement of her life. She was the mother of two children, a son and a daughter. Her son, Andrew M. Sigourney, was a child of early and promising development. And child-

hood's early promise was just beginning to be realized in early manhood, when he was stricken by disease and death. Of this son Mrs. Sigourney has published an affecting memorial, entitled, "The Faded Hope." He died leaving behind him evidences of a pious and holy trust in God. Only a parent who has been thus bereaved, can realize what blighting of hope and what anguish of heart were comprised in that sad and great bereavement. But "she who brought him into the world, and loved him as her own soul, was strengthened to kiss the cold damps from his forehead, and close his unquivering eyelids. Over the immovable features there came afterward an exceeding beauty, such as they had never worn while he was a dweller in these tents of clay. Lifelike, and untinged by 'decay's effacing fingers,' it seemed to speak the glorious liberty of the sons of God." The incidents of his childhood, the methods adopted for the early development of his mind, and the right training of his heart by a devoted mother, his own youthful thoughts and scribbles, as well as plans and aspirations, and the touching incidents of his decline and death, make the "Faded Hope" alike interesting and suggestive.

Mrs. Sigourney is still ardently devoted to literary pursuits, as is evident from the fact that she is not only a contributor to some of the best magazines of the day, but within the past two years no less than four volumes from her diligent pen have been given to the public, and one—"Sayings for the Little Ones and Poems for their Mothers"—at the time of this writing, is just being issued from the press. Her literary correspondence is very large, and necessarily occupies a considerable portion of her time. Indeed, we have noticed that in a single year her correspondence required of her the writing of nineteen hundred letters. Great industry, method, and punctuality are striking traits of her character, and reveal the secret of her being able to accomplish so much in so short a time and with so little apparent injury to her bodily health and elasticity of spirits.

Yet even these literary labors have not engrossed her whole time. She gives practical demonstration that genius and literature are not incompatible with the proper discharge of the indispensable duties of the mother and the mistress of a household. She devoted herself personally to the education of her children—not even committing her son to the superintendence of another till he was ten years of age; and the mother became convinced that it would be salutary for him "to acquire somewhat more self-

reliance than the sheltering indulgence of domestic nurture is wont to teach." It has been well said of her that "she has sacrificed no womanly or household duty, no office of friendship or benevolence for the society of the muses. That she is able to perform so much in so many varied departments of literature and social obligation, is owing to her diligence. She acquired in early life that lesson—simple, homely, but invaluable—to make the most of passing time. Hours are seeds of gold; she has not sown them on the wind, but planted them in good ground, and the harvest is consequently a hundred fold." Worthy of double honor is our noble country-woman, who has thus given to all lady aspirants to the walks of literature a beautiful example of the harmony that may subsist between the highest development of genius and the daily exercise of womanly duties.

We had intended to give some critical remarks upon the genius and writings of Mrs. Sigourney along with this sketch, but our article has already grown to such a length that we must defer them to our next number. We will close for the present, then, with a personal notice of this distinguished woman, written some five or six years since; but as appropriate now, for aught we know, as when first written. "She has now arrived at full maturity of age, yet her complexion still retains a soft, ruddy glow, and her brown hair has not a speck of gray. Her profile is unusually classical. Her eyes are of a light gray. Her expression is the soul of amiability, and years have not affected the freshness of her spirit or the sparkle of her mind. Summery and genial as the air of June, her disposition is such as to win the stranger and attach friends to her as with cords of steel. May she live long to honor—by her character and genius—the women of America!"

WHAT THERE IS IN HISTORY.

MAN is in history—its most wonderful, and often its most perplexing phenomenon. Angels are in history—opening its mysterious seals, sounding its awful trumpets, and pouring forth its dreadful vials. Satan is in history—ever active to suggest what is evil, arrest what is good, or overthrow what is holy, pure, permanent, divine. Yes, God is in *all history*, whether he be seen or not; in its minutest winding, in its gentlest ripple, and in its roaring cataracts, in its longest chapter and in its shortest paragraph, at your festivals and funerals, beside the baby's cradle and above the monarch's throne.

TO MY WIFE,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTHDAY.

BY A. HILL.

I'm thirty-nine to-day, love,
 And stand in manhood's prime,
 And pause upon my way, love,
 To mark the flight of time.
 One-half, and that the best, love,
 Of my brief life is past;
 It used to seem too slow, love,
 But now it flies too fast.

I've traveled up the hill, love,
 And cull'd life's sweetest flowers;
 I've wandered through the vale, love,
 And passed some happy hours.
 I've angled in the stream, love,
 And sailed upon the sea,
 And many precious hours, love,
 Have whiled away with thee.

I've frolick'd in my youth, love,
 Upon the village green;
 But that was long ago, love,
 And years have rolled between.
 My mates have passed away, love,
 But few of them remain;
 Yet I would not go back, love,
 To be a boy again.

Of kindred, some remain, love,
 To cheer me on my way;
 While others in their graves, love,
 Have slept for many a day.
 I seem to see their faces, love,
 Those dear ones of my heart,
 And feel again the pang, love,
 Compelling us to part.

They come at memory's call, love,
 And group around me here;
 Their voices are so sweet, love,
 I'm pleased to have them near.
 A gentle mother's eyes, love,
 Seem beaming from on high,
 And brothers, sisters, father, love,
 Await me in the sky.

I've felt the pang of grief, love,
 And know the thrill of pain;
 But find a sweet relief, love,
 In friends that still remain.
 And when the world goes hard, love,
 Amidst its din and strife,
 I have thee by my side, love,
 My noble-hearted wife.

I'm thirty-nine to-day, love,
 And in the noon of life;
 I have a cherub child, love,
 And home, so free of strife.
 And not the least of all, love,
 For which my thanks are given,
 Are blessings like to these, love,
 To help me on to heaven.

I'm thirty-nine to-day, love,
 My locks are coming gray,
 And other marks of age, love,
 With each successive day;
 But my heart is young as ever, love,
 And thou as dear to me,
 As when, a humble suitor, love,
 I gave myself to thee.

I'm hoping for a place, love,
 In yonder blissful clime,
 When we have passed away, love,
 Beyond the bounds of time.
 The "race" is very short, love;
 The "fight" will soon be o'er,
 God grant that we may meet, love,
 On that delightful shore!

THE SKATER.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

On glittering fields of glassy ice,
 In the merry Christmas days,
 The skater buckles his skates in a trice,
 And skims through the morning haze;
 He shakes each clod of earth from his limbs,
 And sweeps like a tireless wing,
 As a bird through the summer ether swims,
 And cuts as true a ring.

From clear cut lines he may not swerve—
 Like the swallow's is his flight;
 Or he swings in the eagle's mighty curve,
 As it stoops from its mountain height;
 Now he girds himself for a keener race—
 A race with the arrowy wind;
 Like a furnace glows his eager face,
 For he leaves it far behind.

His trim young waist, so supple and neat,
 And lithe as a poplar now,
 Inclines to the spring of his winged feet,
 With many a swing and bow;
 And full is he of muscular grace,
 As he swiftly turns his reel,
 And fanciful figures can airily trace,
 As he spins on his whirling heel.

Like an arrow shot from a bow of might,
 He cleaves the icy air;
 Like a meteor shot across the night,
 His course is fleet and fair.
 With the tempered steel to his flying heel,
 He cuts before the breeze,
 While nerves in his glowing body feel
 The tension of ecstasies.

With his swaying form his course he speeds,
 Like the hawk on high, still wing,
 And on to the goal the way he leads,
 As he floats in an easy swing.
 As Christmas king long, long ago,
 The skater's brow was bound;
 Old Winter gave him a wreath of snow,
 With icy spangles crowned.

I'LL RISK IT.

BY REV. M. N. OLMSTED.

ONE fine Sabbath morning in the spring of 1853, as one of the pilgrims of Zion was journeying to the house of God, to join with others in the worship of his sanctuary, he observed a neighbor cultivating his garden. As every Christian should, he kindly admonished him of the fearful responsibility of deliberately transgressing one of the commands of the decalogue, which says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," pointing him onward to the hour of death and to the judgment scene, where his sin would surely find him out and visit him with merited punishment. "Well," said the man, "I'll risk it." Few would dare to utter such fearful language in word, but in practice there are thousands who do it every day.

Behold that miser with his bags of shining gold. He counts their contents over and over again. He rises early, and toils late, and deprives himself of almost every comfort for the sake of gold. The frosts of many winters have whitened his locks; time has furrowed his once fair cheek, his step falters, his eye grows dim, his intellect fails, and a voice from the word of God admonishes him that he "can not serve God and mammon," and that he must renounce the world or sink to endless perdition. But he clutches the golden treasure, exclaiming, "I'll risk it!"

Look at that man of noble bearing entering that gilded saloon, where the "wine is red, and giveth his color in the cup, and moveth itself aright." He quaffs the poisonous beverage, while the relentless habit daily increases upon him. Each draught is as the additional web of the spider thrown around its victim. He is solemnly admonished by the word of God of the horrors of a drunkard's grave. A beloved wife or sister weeps over him, pointing to the end of some of his comrades, expressing fears that his course will result in a similar fate, and that "*at the last it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.*" But he breaks away from the expostulation of his dearest friends, and madly rushes to the intoxicating cup, exclaiming, "I'll risk it!"

See that young man entering that scene of amusement. Enchanting music invites, and the gayety of the scene charms him onward. Merry feet trip lightly to the sound of the viol. Anon a volley of mirth and laughter bursts forth and rises amid the group, and mingles with the striking of the midnight clock, which rings out the death knell of another murdered hour. As the sound dies away, Conscience whispers in his ear,

in the language of Solomon, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*" But he stops his ears and dances along, singing, as he goes, "I'll risk it."

Gaze for a moment at yonder votary of fashion. The Creator has endowed her with a most graceful form and well-turned features—with a brilliant intellect, capable of abundant usefulness; yet she labors incessantly to *improve* her person. How well she succeeds may be seen in her pale features, her languid eye, and distorted figure. Occasionally the hectic flush sits upon her cheek, her appetite fails, and other symptoms of a kindred character appear as precursors of a speedy dissolution. The physician and loved friends caution her to abandon the follies of fashion. She is admonished by the early victims which have fallen around her, as well as by the word of eternal Truth, that that frail tenement, however much it may be decorated, will soon become food for the unfeeling worm, while the neglected soul, in all its naked deformity, must soon stand before the eternal Judge and meet its final doom. But, like the butterfly, she flits along, exclaiming, "I'll risk it."

Once more. Behold that gathering crowd at the sanctuary. One exclaims, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Another, burdened with sin, and writhing under the lashes of a guilty conscience, cries out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" while a giddy throng sport with eternal things, and laugh to scorn those who worship the living God. The man of God delivers his message, inviting all to the fountain of mercy, where the chief of sinners may obtain complete redemption, and "beseeches them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God." He closes his address with a thrilling warning to those who trifle with, or even "*neglect this great salvation.*" But as the multitude retires the shrill notes of this giddy throng peal forth, bidding defiance to the claims of God and the terrors of perdition, "I'LL RISK IT."

BORROWED LIGHT.

BY E. GEORGE ADAMS, A. M.

WHEN the sun flings down his glorious crown
At the feet of the conqueror, Night;
Each star steals a gem from that diadem,
And shines with a stolen light.

GHOST STORIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

NUMBER II.

NEARLY a year was gone since the time of our meeting Amos in the sugar-camp, and the narration of his curious story. He was done enacting tricks, done telling stories to frighten and bewilder his listeners; and if there was any truth in him he was come to it, for he was gone to that country whence no traveler returns—gone to the presence of the Searcher of hearts. Let us hope he found that mercy which here he bestowed not upon himself; for surely he was his own worst enemy, dealing always harder by himself than he was dealt by.

One way and another he had been the cause of much ill-feeling and ill-fortune in the neighborhood, and yet, as I have before intimated, he was guiltless of premeditated evil.

If he met a timid school-boy he could not resist the temptation of telling him it was an hour or two later than it really was; that he had just passed the school-house and seen the master cutting a switch big enough to goad an ox, and looking in the very direction the belated boy might be expected; or some similar fabrication he would make to send the child needlessly hurrying and fretting on his way. For such boys as loved bird-nesting, he had always some wonderfully pleasing account; and though his character for story-telling was well known, he had ever some new device to deceive the listener, and make him think he, of all the world, was the one Amos best liked—the person selected by him as the repository of his truth-telling.

I remember once when we were gathering nuts in the woods a little way from the school-house, watching for the rap of the master on the window-shutter, for it was nearly time for the afternoon school to begin, Amos Hill came suddenly among us. He was holding his hands tightly against his forehead when we first saw him, and, approaching, said, "O dear, children, how sick I am!" After a little he sat down on the grass and then lay down, drawing himself up as one in pain, and groaning and moaning to himself piteously.

We all crowded around and asked what was the matter, and, pressing his hand now on his head, now on his side, and now striking them together as one in terrible misery, he told us he had nearly killed himself, he believed, by falling from a tall tree a mile and a half away, in which he had climbed to get a nest of red-birds; that an old woman of the neighborhood, whom we all

knew, named Ann Stacy, had offered him ten dollars for a pair of red-birds, and that he had been at great pains to find them.

We all knew the tree, for it was the tallest one for miles about, and was known by the name of the high oak, and we knew Miss Ann Stacy was a great lover and collector of birds; and, besides, how could we doubt the truth of a man suffering as Amos was! He professed himself a little easier presently, but said he didn't care for the birds nor for any thing else, if he could only live to get home; and that if any of the boys were a mind to go and carry the birds to Ann Stacy, they were welcome to the price of them; he had laid the nest at the root of the tree, and that there were two birds in it nearly large enough to fly. Feeling in his pocket he seemed not to find his handkerchief, upon which he said, "O, I forgot! I spread it over the nest to keep the birds safe; it was a good handkerchief, but the boy that gets there first may have it."

A number of the boys now looked wistfully at the school-house and whispered one to another, that if it were not so near school-time they would go.

Hearing this, Amos said it was no where near the time for school to begin; that as he passed Squire Smith's saw-mill a few minutes before, the men were just going to dinner, and that we could tell by the shadows it was not near school-time. As he talked he groaned, wishing it was later, so the market people would be returning from town, and some of them take him up and carry him home.

A dozen boys set off at once eager to secure the birds, and racing for the sake of the handkerchief, which Amos had said was a very good one. They were no sooner out of sight than the young man said to us who were left with him, that he felt greatly worse, and believed he was going mad, upon which he began to bite at the grass and the air, and then in a hideous tone warned us to fly from him, as he believed he should eat some of us up in a minute more. Afraid of our lives we ran, one over another, and Amos after us, snapping his teeth together and growling like a mad dog.

In the hollow near the school-house he fell fell down to die, as we supposed, and with hair wildly tossed and teeth chattering we gained the master's protection just at the right moment. A stern, hard man was our master; and when we told him Amos was dying in the hollow, he said nobody would be the loser, and went on with the lessons as though nothing had chanced. The girls whose brothers had gone for the birds,

suffered not a little in view of their protracted absence, and the long, limber switch which lay on the master's desk, and which he eyed occasionally as though it gave him great satisfaction.

I need scarcely say that Amos betook himself to his feet, and went home elated with the uncommonly good joke he had played off, and they—the boys—returned at a late hour—having found neither birds nor handkerchief—trembling and sweating, more from the fear of the rod than any thing else.

I remember once the father of Amos, a good and worthy man, when about making a journey, ordered a new coat to be made at the village tailor's, for the old one had quite served out its time. When the day of departure came, and all else was in readiness, Amos was dispatched in great haste to bring home the new coat; but hour after hour the carriage waited at the door, and not a little impatient the good old man waited too. At last came a boy with a bundle, sent by Amos, as he said. It was enough like the young man to keep his father waiting so, but no further annoyance was suspected, and carefully packing away the parcel supposed to contain the new coat, the old gentleman set out on his journey, and not till the time came when he wished to appear unusually well was the discovery made that the graceless son had appropriated the new coat, and sent home his own old one to his father. But I need not instance more of his tricks, or dwell further on the general worthlessness rather than wickedness that characterized him.

Nearly a year, as I said, had gone since our meeting him in the sugar-camp: it was middle winter—a bright moonlight and pleasant for the time of year. The cows were in their sheds, the chickens on the roost, and we children sitting before a great blazing fire of hickory logs wishing for snow to fall, and that a new sled would make itself and stand right before the door in the morning, with a nice bed full of straw, and having a fine coverlid over all. But the wish was no sooner perfected than we amended it by wishing the sled might turn into a sleigh, painted green or red, and having a great brown buffalo-robe over the seat; and further, that the seat might prove a money box, full of gold as it could be, and that we might go to town and buy new dresses at the cost of a thousand dollars per yard, and that the box might still be just as full, and, in fact, never get any the lower, though we should buy a million of things at equally extravagant charges. Our pleasant fancies were pleasantly interrupted by a loud rapping on the door, and presently by the entrance of Nathan

Baxter and his wife, Jenny Baxter—or uncle Nat and aunt Jenny, as they were familiarly called by the young folks of the neighborhood. They were come to pass the evening and take supper at our house, as was, with country people, the custom of the times. They were not formal calls, which the neighbors made upon each other in those days, and in dress for the finest effect without any reference to comfort; nor did a few formal phrases, for the concealment of feeling and not the expression of it, make up the conversation. All was genuine. What had been seen, and felt, and thought, was given in exchange for what had been seen, and felt, and thought.

What a glad surprise their coming was to us all, and with what a cordial sincerity aunt Jenny smiled and said she had been wanting to come for the last six months, but that for one while she had no dress that was really nice, and then she waited for a new cap; for that when she got one nice thing she wanted another to wear with it, and that having the cap at last her shoes were given out, and so one thing after another had kept her home, greatly against her will, and that she was come at last without every thing she would have liked to have. All this she said and a great deal more, as she untied her close-fitting, white satin bonnet, and unpinned and folded her drab-colored shawl. Not that aunt Jenny was a Quakeress; she simply wore this plain dress as most becoming to her years and position. A smiling, rosy face she had, and a smooth, white brow, that had never seen a wrinkle of care or sorrow; for she regarded this world as a very good sort of place, and esteemed herself as in a good degree necessary to the general well-being of things; not that her self-esteem was so inordinate; it is probable, however, that Mrs. Jenny Baxter had, at various times and on various occasions, whispered Mrs. Jenny Baxter, that she was the chief pillar of the Church, and the leader of the neighborhood society. I am not sure but this comfortable assurance which Mrs. Baxter had made Mrs. Baxter tended to make her all the pleasanter companion and more useful woman.

That so much responsibility rested upon her, caused her to weigh and consider things before action or utterance, and gave to her manner a kind of pomposity which I am sure was quite unaffected. At any rate she was to me one of the pleasantest visitors we ever had, and the white ribbons of her cap, and the white kerchief, neatly pinned across her bosom, and her smoothly ironed black flannel dress gave me real pleasure. There was an appropriateness in whatever

she assumed, whether her garment were of wool or silk, that made some less fortunate people call her proud and stylish.

Plainer, by a good many degrees, was uncle Nathan, and older by a good many years—a little bent man with a wrinkled face and thin white hair he was, and the father of half a dozen children that aunt Jenny was not the mother of; and why so pretty a young woman married an old widower was a matter of some curious speculation when she first came into the neighborhood. I do not pretend to have understood this matter better than other people; but that she was a good and faithful wife to uncle Nathan was certainly true. He grew straighter and stronger, smiled more and sighed less after she became his helpmate, and lived at least a dozen years longer with than he would have done without her.

The fire was replenished, the candle snuffed and another one lighted by way of welcoming and honoring our visitors, and our nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Claverel, were sent for.

Uncle Nathan keeping his broad-brimmed hat on his head, which, by reason of baldness, was always cold, drew up close to the fire, and, leaning on his stout walking-stick, engaged in conversation about the weather and the facilities the fine moonlight afforded for visiting, the prospects for wheat, the general health of the neighborhood, etc.

Aunt Jenny was warm enough and rather drew away from the fire, as she took from her work-basket some blue and white spotted yarn, and began the knitting of a small stocking for one of the afore-mentioned half dozen children. She had thought at first she would make the yarn red and white, she said, as she had always admired red stockings for children; but on further consideration she had feared the red would fade and look worse in the end than the blue. She had knitted the mate of the one she proposed then to make, she told us, while watching a few nights before with the corpse of Amos Hill. At the mention of this watch uncle Nathan groaned loud and long; we could not understand why at first, for Amos was not one to be much mourned for, certainly not by those in no way connected with him.

"It was the awfulest thing I ever saw," he said, directly. "I always expected the devil would get him, but I did not expect to see him come for him as I did."

"Well, Nathan, the old fellow has got his match, if he has got him," said aunt Jenny, and here came in all the history of the young man's life, each one recounting the tricks and falsehoods

they had known him to be guilty of up to the time of his death, which had been sudden and violent. Whether in his last moment any thought had reached itself out toward heaven was unknown, for he had died and made no sign. Mr. and Mrs. Claverel now came in, and the circle about the fire was widened, and after an interval devoted to the interchange of gladness and good wishes, the talk about Amos was taken up again; for in the country a death in the neighborhood darkens, for a time, the sunshine of every household.

"I thought Amos was not long for this world for some time before he died," said uncle Nathan.

"Why so?" asked my father, "he looked healthy enough."

Uncle Nathan, who was a firm believer in dreams, and omens, and ghosts, and the like, replied, that one night during the last summer he had dreamed of seeing Amos ride a white horse through the air, and that standing still to look at him he vanished away. Mr. Claverel, who was in no way given to mysticism, laughed outright at this, but said he himself had had a token more curious than the dream. A week previous to his death he had met Amos as he was going to market, and the young man had told him where he could dispose of the load of oats he was carrying to town on advantageous terms, and that calling at the place indicated he had found the information correct.

Mrs. Claverel, who wore a mourning-ribbon on her cap, and an apron of black silk, in memory of a blue-eyed little girl who the last fall had gone out to play with her sisters and never come back alive, looked all the more grave for the light words of her husband, and said she doubted not but there were such things as warnings, both in dreams and out of dreams. "You know, Samuel," she added, "about the 'land' you missed last year."

Mr. Claverel looked grave, too, now, adding, "Well, Dolly, I don't know, may be there are such things."

"Had you any premonition previous to the demise of your little one?" asked aunt Jenny, precisely and formally, but not the less kindly.

And Mr. Claverel here explained that in sowing his oats the spring past he had missed a "land," which, to own the truth, had caused him some uneasy sensations, and the more for that his little daughter, Adeline, had said one day, seeing the bare ground in the midst of the green grain, that she believed it was a real true sign some body was going to die.

The field of grain had grown opposite our

house, and often and often, by one and another, the land missed in sowing had been remarked, and the superstition attaching to such a mistake dwelt upon, so that we had come to regard it almost as an augury, and the death of little Adeline, shortly after the harvest was gathered, as its fulfillment.

The graveyard where she was buried was not more than a quarter of a mile from Mr. Claverel's house; and when good Mrs. Claverel told how their watch-dog had gone there day after day all the past summer, and howled so loud and so lonesome, and that she had felt it a confirmation of her previous fear, uncle Nathan said the howling of a family dog, without any unusual provocation, was a sign of death which he had never known to fail.

All merriment was effectually subdued by the allusion to little Adeline, for all of us had remarked the howling of the dog and the missed land, and all had known, too, the pretty little girl whose death had been, as her mother believed, thus distinctly foretold. The candles and the fire grew dim without notice being taken of them, and the wind moaned at the windows in keeping with the solemn tone of the conversation.

Uncle Nathan related how the night on which his first wife died he was sitting by her bedside at midnight, when there fell a loud knocking on the door of the parlor, which surprised him not a little, inasmuch as it was not the door at which people were accustomed to seek entrance; and that taking with him the candle he opened the door, but found no one there. "It was the wind likely, or Amos Hill at most, feigning to be a ghost," said my father, who had small faith in those impersonal creatures.

"I wish I could think so," said uncle Nathan, and he went on to tell us that he had not only seen ghosts with his own mortal eyes, but that he had heard their footsteps and other more fearful and unmistakable evidences of their proximity. Here he groaned a believing and lamenting groan, and said he wished we could all have seen what he saw, watching with the corpse of Amos. Of course there was a good deal of anxiety expressed to know what uncle Nathan had seen, upon which, with a manner of the utmost sincerity, he related the following.

"It was about midnight, and I sat half asleep by the fire, and trying to drown, with good thoughts, the wicked talk of the two men who watched with me—comrades of the dead they had been, and are, I believe, more lost than he, if possible—when all thought of sleep was driven away by the noise of loud shuffling, and opening

my eyes I saw, to my horror and astonishment, that they had turned back the lid of the coffin, leaving the dead man's face exposed, and were actually dealing cards upon it. My blood stood still, and I besought them to leave their dreadful trade and go away; that I would rather a thousand times watch alone than have them with me. They replied by laughter, coarse jests, and such oaths as I will not repeat, asking me tauntingly if I was not afraid. I said yes, I was afraid, and had just opened the Bible when there came such a rattling of chains as caused me to let it fall. The reckless fellows were evidently not much less frightened—they forgot what the trump was; and when the slow dragging of the chain was heard again, they left their playing, and, jumping from the open window, ran as fast as they could. I trembled violently, for I still kept hearing the rattling and dragging of the chain, and it was plain enough that the evil one was come to carry off Amos, body and all. I managed to gather up and burn the cards, and for the rest of the night I stood in the open door ready to run, and I am not ashamed to own it," concluded uncle Nathan, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Mr. Claverel laughed immoderately at the conclusion of the story, and told uncle Nathan that if he had looked out into the moonlight he would have seen in the field next Mr. Hill's house his old kicking cow, on whose leg he had fastened a heavy chain, to cure her of her bad habit; for that he had no doubt but this was what Mr. Baxter had heard.

"Blame it all!" exclaimed the old man, more irritated than pleased, "some folks could explain away the very *airth* if you would listen to them."

"Nattie, Nattie, my dear," said aunt Jenny, in half-reproachful, half-coaxing accents, "there is one ghost even Mr. Claverel can't explain away," and she patted his withered hand with her plump white one.

"What is it? what is it?" we all asked at once, and winding up her yarn, and having smoothed the gray hair of her husband, and said he was not always a coward, she turned the wedding ring on her finger and began: "When I was fifteen or thereabouts, my mother died, leaving me alone in the world, for my father had been dead longer than I could remember. We had no money, and, of course, not many friends. There was no alternative for me. I must go out to service, and it was not long till a situation presented itself, which was to assist in the housework of a country tavern in a lonesome neighborhood, a hundred miles from where I was born. My fellow-worker proved to be an old woman, very superstitious,

and of a marvelous experience, if her narrations were to be relied upon. There was no other public house within a dozen miles of us, so that we had a good many travelers to entertain—not unfrequently more than we could accommodate, for to say truth we had but three guest chambers. From the first I had noticed an upper room fastened with a padlock, and supposed it to be a store-room, till passing it one day with my work-mate she stooped her ear to the door and listened attentively. I inquired what she expected to hear, but she motioned me to keep silence, and presently glided away on tiptoe. Often we must make beds on the floor and resort to other inconvenient means for the accommodation of our guests, which led me to prosecute my inquiries relative to the disused apartment. Tired of my importunity the landlord one day told me the room was haunted, and that he had wished the fact kept from me, inasmuch as not one girl in twenty would remain in the house after learning it. I laughed at the story; said I was not afraid; and getting possession of the key went in to examine the premises, assuring the landlord that I would air and fit it up for use. The sunshine streamed brightly in as I dusted the furniture, made the bed with clean sheets, filled the pitcher, and placed some flowers on the table to make all cheerful. I found it much the prettiest and pleasantest room in the house, and told the landlord, on leaving it, that I would answer for any harm that should happen the guest who slept there that night.

"Toward sunset travelers began to drop in, and two or more had been assigned to each room, leaving only the haunted chamber, when my good man, Nattie here, rode up to the door and requested supper and lodging. Supper was prepared, at which I presided, receiving from the tired stranger more than the share of civilities which I was accustomed to receive.

"Shortly after the meal was concluded the traveler desired to be shown to his room, when, moved by compassion, the landlord informed him that he must choose between the floor and a haunted chamber, to which Nathan replied that he preferred the bedroom, haunted or not, and was accordingly shown up.

"‘Remember your promise,’ said the landlord, ‘and if we find the man strangled in his bed in the morning, expect to be arrested for the murder.’

"There was so much concern in his manner that the words weighed upon me; and when our work was concluded and we retired for the night, I asked my assistant how the chamber happened to be haunted. After expressing much alarm for

the safety of the guest she said, ‘It is ten years ago since that room was shut, and for my life I would not sleep in it, nor be the means of any one else sleeping there.’ I felt my hand tremble a little as I unclosed the shutter and looked out to be sure all was quiet. The sky was completely overcast, and the winds blowing up through the leaves of the great wood near by, gave a gloomier effect to the distant thunder.

"‘Mercy! mercy! the ghost will come to-night,’ continued the old woman, ‘and if you don’t get pulled out of bed by the hair for opening that room it will be a wonder.’

"The rain began falling now, so we were obliged to close the window; and with the lightning flashing right in our faces and the wind driving the little candle flame about, the woman huddled close against me as I sat on an old chest, and went on with the story. She had been an inmate of the house for about twenty years, and for the first ten the haunted chamber had been the favorite room of all travelers. One night, as black and stormy as that, two travelers had called late and asked for entertainment, which was given them. No register was kept, and no names were given or required. One of them was a young and beautiful woman, the other a man, much older, silent mostly, and seemingly stern. They lodged together in the haunted chamber, the woman going thither supperless and tearful, the man leading the way and offering no support or soothing words to the wife, if so she were. Their manners and dress indicated persons of refinement and used to all luxury, and it was a matter of much regret, said the woman, that we could not give them better accommodation.

"‘In the morning,’ she went on, ‘the strange gentleman left before the house was astir, though the rain was still falling and the roads almost impassable. The lady was not able to rise, and on attending her with breakfast I found her pale, tearless, and as one struck into stone. She neither ate, nor drank, nor smiled, nor in any way noticed my presence. I combed her long hair, bathed her face, and in all ways did for her all I could, for I could not but think her case a very sad one. Two or three days went by, and she had not yet left her room nor spoken, when, on opening her door, I found her in bonnet and shawl; and on asking her what she proposed, she said, “Walk to the post-office.” I told her that was six miles away, and she did not look strong enough to walk across the room, and that if she would wait till the evening, or, at furthest, the next morning, I was sure a boy might be spared to do the errand for her.

"“Then there is a post-office at the cross roads five or six miles from here?” she said, as though glad to be confirmed in what she had only in part believed till then. For a moment she seemed quite happy, smiled and said she would wait; but that if the messenger could go just then she would be so glad—two hours would be so long to wait. I said I would see, and as I left the chamber turned and asked what name should be inquired for.

“The white cheek clouded with crimson, and after a moment she said, “Never mind, I will go myself.” I tried hard to dissuade her, but could not, and with a quick stop and an energy that seemed almost superhuman she went away.

“It was late at night when she returned, looking more like one who had got up out of the grave than a living woman. When I asked if her quest had been successful, she shook her head mournfully, and seating herself at the window overlooking the road, never got up again. All my entreaties could not prevail on her to lie down; with her eyes straining away to the distance and her lips breathlessly apart, she sat hour after hour and day after day. At last I persuaded her to allow me to go to the office, which I did, inquiring for a letter for Mary H——. Such was her direction. I received none, and shall never forget the look of despair that settled in her face when I told her so. Once, and only once, she groaned as if her heart was breaking—I think it was—and motioning me to leave her I did so; and on going next to the chamber I found her still sitting upright at the window, but dead.

“When we dressed her,” continued the old woman, “we found a picture in her bosom, which we recognized as that of the man who had brought her to our house.

“She was placed in a coffin and the door of her chamber locked; for how or where to bury her could not be decided at once. It was a little after sunset when an old man, who seemed more bowed with grief than years, stopped at the house and requested to be shown to a particular room—indicating the one in which the dead lady lay. On being told that it was occupied, he said he knew it; that it was his daughter who had the room; that he saw her sitting at the window, and she beckoned him to come in. We told him that was quite impossible; that the lady was dead and in her coffin; but he persisted in saying he had seen his child alive not half an hour before; that she had beckoned him to come in, and that he must see with his own eyes whether or not she were there. So great was his importunity that the chamber was opened, but only the dead lady,

and she in her coffin, was found; but no sooner had the old man seen her than he exclaimed, “My sweet Mary, my child, my child!”

“That night he carried her away, and we never saw or heard any thing as to who they were or what became of them.”

“The old woman further told me,” said Mrs. Baxter, “that many a time since then the lady had been seen sitting at the very window where she watched so long, sometimes gazing intently on a picture, and sometimes with a little child in her arms; and that, as often as any guest had been given the haunted chamber, the ghost of a woman had been seen walking up and down the floor as one in great distress, and sometimes taking possession of the bed, and sometimes groaning aloud; that one or two persons had been nearly strangled by her; so the chamber had been finally abandoned; but still steps were often heard there, and the door carefully secured at night would be found wide open in the morning.

“The wind blew furiously,” Mrs. Baxter went on, “the rain still fell, and altogether it was as dismal a night as ever I saw, and at the conclusion of the old woman’s story I confess to some misgivings as to the safety of the person I had caused to sleep in the haunted room. I went to bed, however, and I suppose eventually fell asleep, with much uneasiness as to our guest weighing on my mind. And now, Mr. Baxter,” she said, turning smilingly to him, “you may as well tell the rest.”

The old gentleman drew himself up, and looking proudly on his wife took up the thread of the story by saying: “Having been told my room was haunted, I looked about carefully on going into it, closed the windows, and placing some chairs against the door, for I found no key, I retired, leaving the light burning. I was tired and soon fell asleep, but not very soundly I suppose, for some time in the night a little noise about the door awoke me; it was like some one softly trying the key, and raising myself on my elbow I listened close, and became shortly convinced that some one or something was there, for the door now began to be pushed against the chairs. Presently a hand was thrust through the aperture, the chairs removed, and a figure, clothed in white, came noiselessly into the apartment. The light had burned down, and I could not tell distinctly whether it were ghost or woman, and I confess to some shrinking, as it approached the bed and began feeling across it. I was not long in doubt, for the hand no sooner touched my face than I knew it to be a mortal, and a very pretty one, too, and could not resist the temptation of holding

it very closely, and afterward of putting my arm around the ghost's neck and waking it—for it was evidently asleep—with a kiss; you can judge of the surprise of Jenny, for it was she, on finding herself in so novel a situation. What the acquaintance, so curiously begun, led to, you all know; but, notwithstanding this pleasant experience in a haunted chamber, I am no less a believer in ghosts."

This story tended to create cheerfulness, and the remainder of the evening was as merry as the opening had been somber. Even Mrs. Claverel smiled, and in the cheerful conversation that was kept up till midnight took her part, and when the ample supper was spread all had appetites to do it justice. Mrs. Baxter "toed off" her little stockings as she talked, for her work did not suffer on account of the pleasant stories she had to tell, in all of which she had figured prominently.

It was midnight, as I said, before the work was put by and the shawls and bonnets brought forth, and when the party separated it was with kindly feeling stirred up, and hearts strengthened and steadied for the work and the warfare of life. Among my pleasantest memories are those of visitors of winter evenings in the country; and if ghost stories were told, so much the better.

LITTLE AMY—A GERMAN TALE;

OR, THE BEAUTY AND REWARD OF DOING GOOD.

THE following story was gleaned from an old German pocket-book. It is in itself beautiful, and, moreover, teaches a beautiful lesson:

One Sunday afternoon, in summer-time, the village children went into the church to be taught their catechism. Among them was Amy, the shepherd's step-daughter, some seven years old. She was a tender-hearted child; and when the clergyman, after speaking of our duty toward our neighbor, said, "All people who would please God, must do good according to their means, be those means ever so little," she could not refrain from weeping.

For Amy was very poor, and felt innocently persuaded that she had no power whatever to gladden by her love or kindness any earthly creature; not even a lamb, or a young dove. She had neither, poor child.

So Amy came out of church with sadness in her heart, thinking that God would take no pleasure in her, because—but that was only her own idea—she had never yet done good to any one.

Not wishing that her eyes, now red with weeping, should be seen at home, she went into the fields, and laid herself down under a wild rose-

bush. There she remarked that the leaves of the shrub, untarnished with dust, were dry and drooping, and that the pretty pink blossoms looked pale and faded; for there had been no rain for a very long time.

She hastened to a brook that flowed by at no great distance, drew water in the hollow of her hand—for cup she had none—and thus toilfully and by slow degrees, often going and as often returning, she washed the dust away from the languishing rose-bush, and so refreshed its roots by the timely moisture, that soon it reared itself again in strength and beauty, and joyfully and fragrantly unfolded its blossoms to the sun.

After that little Amy wandered on by the side of the brook in the meadows, whence she had obtained the water. As she gazed upon it, she almost envied the silver stream, because it had been able to do good to the rose-tree.

On what she herself had done, she did not bestow a single thought.

Proceeding a little way further, she observed a great stone lying in the bed of the narrow brook, and so choking up the channel that the water could only struggle past it slowly; and, as it were, drop by drop. Owing to this obstacle, all the merry prattle of the stream was at an end. This grieved Amy on the water's account; so with naked feet she went into the stream and shook the heavy stone. Some time elapsed before she could move it from its place; but, at length, by tasking all her strength, she rolled it out, and got it to remain on the top of the bank. Then the streamlet flowed merrily by, and the purling waves seemed to be murmuring thanks to the gentle child.

And onward still went Amy, for at home she knew there was no one who cared to inquire after her. She was disliked by her step-father, and even her own mother loved the younger children much better than she loved her. This constituted the great sorrow of Amy's life.

Going far about, and ever sad because she had done good to no one, she at last returned to the village. Now, by the very first cottage she came to, there lay, in a little garden, a sick child whose mother was gone to glean in the neighboring fields. Before she went, however, she had made a toy—a little windmill put together with thin slips of wood—and had placed it by her little son to amuse him, and to make the time appear shorter to him during her absence.

Every breath of air, however, had died away beneath the trees, so that the tiny sails of the windmill turned round no more. And the sick child, missing the playful motion, lay sorrowfully

upon the green turf, under the yellow marigolds, and wept.

Then Amy stepped quickly over the low garden hedge, heedless that it tore her only Sunday frock, kneeled before the little windmill, and blew with all her might upon its slender sails. Thus impelled, they were soon in merry motion, as at first. Then the sick child laughed, and clapped his little hands; and Amy, delighted at his pleasure, was never weary of urging the sails round and round with her breath.

At last the child, tired out by the joy which the little windmill had given him, fell fast asleep; and Amy, warned by the evening shadows which began to gather round her, turned her steps toward home. Faint and exhausted was she, for since noon she had eaten nothing.

When she reached the cottage door, and stopped there for a moment with beating heart, she heard her step-father's voice, loud and quarrelsome, resounding from within. He had just returned from the ale-house, and was in his well-known angry humor, which the least cause of irritation might swell into a storm. Unfortunately, as Amy, trembling, entered the room, her torn frock caught his eye. His passion was kindled at the sight. Roused to fury in a moment, he stumbled forward, and, with his powerful fist, struck the poor little child on the forehead.

Then Amy bowed her head like the withered roses in the field; for the blow had fallen on her temple. As she sunk, pale and dying, to the ground, her mother, with loud lamentations, sprang forward and kneeled beside her. Even the stern and angry man, suddenly sobered by his own deed, seemed for a moment shocked, and became touched with pity.

So both the parents wept and mourned over Amy, and laid her upon her little couch in the small inner chamber, and strewed round her green branches, and various kinds of flowers, such as marigolds and many-colored poppies; for the child was dead!

But while the parents bitterly reproached themselves, and wished they had been kinder to poor Amy, behold a wonder!

The door of the chamber gently opened and the waves of the Brook which Amy had set free, came gently rippling by, in the stillness, and sprinkled the mouth and eyes of the dead child. The cool drops flowed into her veins, and once more set the arrested blood in motion.

Then she again unclosed her eyes, which so lately had been dim and motionless, and she heard the soft waves, like gentle voices, murmuring these words in her ear:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us."

Yet a little while and the chamber was again stirred by the presence of some kindly power which seemed hovering around.

This time it was a gentle Breeze which entered with softly fluttering wings. Tenderly it kissed the forehead of the child, and lovingly it breathed its fresh breath into her bosom.

Then Amy's heart began to thrill with quicker life, and she stretched out her hand to the many-colored flowers, breathed their delicate odors, and rejoiced in their beauty.

And the Breeze softly said:

"I bring thee back the breath which thou didst expend upon the sick child's pleasure!"

Then Amy smiled, as if she were full of bliss.

When the Breeze had ceased to murmur its soft words, an angel came gliding in through the low door of the little chamber, and in his hand he held a garland of fresh, fragrant roses. These he laid against the cheek of the pale child; and, lo! they restored to it the hues of life, and they bloomed again. And the flowers seemed to whisper:

"This we do unto thee in return for the good thou didst unto us!"

And the angel kissed Amy on the forehead, eyes, and mouth; and then came life back to her in its strength.

And the Angel said to her:

"Forasmuch as thou hast done good according to thy means, and thou knewest it not, therefore shall a tenfold blessing rest upon thee!"

THE BIG RIVER.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

I.

MURMUR on, thou noble river!
Like old Time, pursue thy way!
Down to ocean rolling ever,
Hold thy course, at night and day!
Gently, and with graceful motion,
Glide along through countries fair,
To the wild and trackless ocean—
Lave thy weary waters there!

II.

Roses smile at morn, and wither
Ere the night dews bathe their cheeks;
Buoyant clouds that glow in ether
O'er the twilight mountain peaks,
Melt to tears ere bright Aurora
Lifts the curtains of old Night;
But, sky-born stream, with ancient glory
Thou dost revel still in light!

LITERATURE AND LABOR.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGERSHALL.

LITERARY, like all other success, depends on labor—is the result of hard work. Books that are dashed off may have temporary notoriety, but those only win permanent places in the world's esteem which are complete; and to complete any work—a book, a picture, a statue, a house, a shop, an edifice, an instrument of handicraft, an article of dress or ornament—labor is required.

The writers of the century which precedes ours were men who wrote, and pruned, and polished, and polished, and pruned, and wrote with assiduous care. The authors of America, who are to-day most highly regarded, and whose prospects for regard by posterity are fairest, are men who work, not only to write books, but who have other occupations to which they regularly devote their energies. Particularly is this the fact of our younger writers, and so is it particularly true, also, of the younger writers of Europe. There are fruitful lessons to American working-men and women in the early history of the latter-day authors whose stars are now ascendant in Europe. The opinion, which has been orthodox, that to write a great poem, or produce a great history, or a great statue, a man *must* wholly devote his energies to the poem, the history, or the statue, is not surely founded. To be sure, time is required, and the world may receive fewer of a great man's works if he is driven to practical toil for daily bread; but if he have resolution as well as talent, he will not fail to accomplish something higher than bread-getting.

Edward Lytton Bulwer is one of the few successful authors of this age, who, by ancestral fortune, are relieved from the necessity of labor; but his experience is a lesson to every man who works for his daily bread, and to every boy and every girl preparing so to work.

When he began his career he composed with the utmost difficulty, and often wrote his fictions twice over; yet—though a politician as well as a poet and a novelist—he has been one of the most voluminous writers of the day. The secret of his success he divulged in a lecture before a literary society in England: "Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me: 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall perhaps surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: 'I contrive to do so much, by never doing too

much at a time.' A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself—or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I begun really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college and was actually in the world, I may, perhaps, say, that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much—I have mixed much in politics and in the various business of life, and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere above sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

Settled determination, early in life, to accomplish distinction in some honorable sphere rarely fails to elevate a young man. He need only pursue his purpose with unflinching watchfulness and unflagging industry, and according to his capacity for work and his ability for management must success reward his efforts. Benjamin D'Israeli, now a leading man in England, was a poor boy of despised origin. It is related of him that when at school, he was asked by a companion, who is now a respectable tradesman, what course of action he meant to adopt in order to make his way in society. The young aspirant promptly replied, "I mean to write a book which will make me famous; when I have purchased fame, I mean to get a seat in Parliament; and when once in Parliament, I shall be determined to become a right honorable." All this has been fulfilled. In his first romance he suggested a possibility that the chief character might become chancellor of the exchequer of England. He spoke for himself in "Vivian Grey," and the possibility has been developed into a certainty. If his life be spared he will yet rise higher in the employment of the English Government.

Pierre Dupont, a pastoral, political, and philosophical poet, whom the people of France love, was the son of a poor artisan, and the spectacle of constant work had its effect in forming the mind of the youth. In a singing song for workmen, which is sung with spirit in the workshops of France, Dupont wrote:

"Tis our unresting arms that from the earth
And jealous ocean wrest those hidden treasures
Which feed with pomp the idle pride of birth,
Rich meats and clothing, and all selfish pleasures.
Gems, metals, diamonds, pearls from the deep,
Fruits from the hill, corn from the level plain,

We win for kings. We are the hapless sheep . . .
 What mantles from our wool the masters gain!
 From us her trade,
 Her wealth, her wonders, doth the world derive;
 But when the golden honey-store is made,
 The master burns the bee within the hive!"

This is too often true; but the sentiment gains, however, that the honey and the bee may be saved together. The bee-hunter has learned that it is too great a sacrifice to destroy the workers of a hive in order to obtain what they have hoarded, and society is learning that its noblest prosperity depends upon the encouragement and protection of its artisans and laborers. Therefore do these classes ascend the scale of humanity, and thereby are easier avenues to distinction opened.

Hugh Miller, the literary stone-cutter, of Scotland, with his hammer and pen has opened a way to respect and renown, in which American youths may honorably tread. He was born in October, 1802, in Cromarty, a small fishing town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland. His father was a shipmaster, and the owner of a small sloop, which he principally employed in trade with the Hebrides. In 1807 he perished at sea. His son, after attending the school of his native village, at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to the business of stone-mason in the sandstone quarries of Cromarty, an occupation which he followed steadily for fifteen years. It was a cold morning in February when he took to the hard task of earning his bread in a stone-quarry. His first day's experience made him a geologist. A *nodule* of blue limestone, broken by a stroke of his hammer, revealed to him a world of science, conjecture, and imagination, and from that day forward, in the language of an American admirer, "the world was richer in the possession of a man of genius whose science was embellished by his imagination, and his imagination restrained and controlled by his science." Geology is indebted to Hugh Miller for the discovery of the fossiliferous nature of the old red sandstone, and the record of his observations, experience, and reflections is written in that pure style and genial manner, which can attract and charm the general reader to the most frigid subject. He says he could not avoid being an observer; and that the necessity which made him a mason, made him also a geologist. In the winter months, during which mason work is generally suspended in country places, he occupied his time with reading, sometimes with visiting country friends—persons of an intelligent caste—and often he strolled away among old Scandinavian ruins and Pictish forts, speculating about their origin and history.

He made good use of his leisure. And when spring came round again, he would set out into the Highlands to work at building and hewing jobs with a squad of other masons—working hard, and living chiefly on oat-meal broth. One of his companions once said to him, "Ah, Miller, you have stamina in you, and will force your way; but I want strength; the world will never hear of me." It was the *stamina* which Hugh Miller possessed by nature, that were born in him, and were carefully nurtured by his parents, that enabled him as a working man to rise, while thousands would have sunk, or merely plodded on through life, in the humble station in which they were born. It was common for working men to drink ardent spirits. Miller was taught, when overwrought and in a depressed mood, to regard spirits as high luxuries. On one occasion he was induced to drink a gill of whisky. When he returned home, he found that if he attempted to read a pocket edition of "Bacon's Essays," which he often carried to his work, the letters danced before his eyes. On this experience he says: "The condition into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, *I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage*; and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold my determination." A young working mason, reading "Bacon's Essays" in his by-hours, must certainly be regarded as a remarkable man; but not less remarkable is the exhibition of moral energy and noble self-denial in the instance we have cited.

While Miller had been quietly discharging his duties as a workman, and industriously pursuing his studies, he had been doing what was better than either cutting tombstones or writing poetry; he had been building up his character, and thereby securing the respect of all who knew him. When a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened in Cromarty, and the manager cast about him to make selection of an accountant, whom should he pitch upon but Hugh Miller, the stone-mason? This selection was made simply because of the excellence of the man's character. He had proved himself a true, and a thoroughly excellent and trustworthy man in a humble capacity of life; and the inference was, that he would carry the same principles of conduct into another and larger sphere of action. Hugh Miller hesitated to accept the office, having but little knowledge of

accounts, and no experience in book-keeping; but the manager knew his pluck and determined perseverance in mastering whatever he undertook; above all, he had confidence in his character, and he would not take a denial. He was sent to Edinburgh to learn his new business at the head bank, and he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his employers. About the time that he was installed as a bank officer at Cromarty, his career as an author fairly began. He had previously published poems and a few newspaper articles. First appeared "Scenes and Legends in Scotland," then, in 1841, "The Old Red Sandstone." Soon afterward the Free Church movement drew him out as a polemical writer; and a "Letter to Lord Brougham on the Scotch Church Controversy" excited so much attention, that the leaders of the movement in Edinburgh invited him to undertake the editing of the "Witness" newspaper, the organ of the Free Church party; he accepted the invitation, and still holds the position of editor of that paper. Since he has been an editor he has published "First Impressions of England and its people," "Footprints of the Creator," and "My Schools and Schoolmasters." The latter work is an autobiography, from which the materials for this sketch of his career are drawn.

Throughout life Miller seems to have invariably put his conscience into his work. Speaking of the old man with whom he served his apprenticeship as a mason, he says, "*He made conscience of every stone he laid.*" He takes a cheerful view of the lot of labor. While others groan because they have to work hard for their bread, he says that work is full of pleasure, of profit, and of materials for self-improvement. He holds that honest labor is the best of all teachers, and that the school of toil is the best and noblest of all schools—a school in which the ability of being useful is imparted, and the spirit of independence communicated, and the habit of persevering effort acquired. He is even of opinion that the training of the mechanic, by the exercise which it gives to his observant faculties, from his daily dealings with things actual and practical, and the close experience of life, which he invariably acquires, is more favorable to his growth as a man, emphatically speaking, than the training which is afforded by any other condition of life. He declares that his purpose in telling the story of his education is to awaken an increased attention among working men to the importance of self-culture. He says: "They will find, that by far the best schools I ever attended are schools open to them all; that the best teachers I ever had are—though severe

in their discipline—always easy of access; and that the special form at which I was, if I may say so, most successful as a pupil, was a form to which I was drawn by a strong inclination, but at which I had less assistance from my brother men, or even from books, than at any of the others. There are few of the natural sciences which do not lie quite as open to the working men of Britain and America as geology did to me."

When a bank officer, he found himself less able and willing to pursue study than he had been in his former situation. "The unintellectual toils of the laboring man," he writes, "have been occasionally represented as less favorable to mental cultivation than the semi-intellectual employments of that class immediately above him, to which our clerks, shop-men, and humbler accountants belong; but it will be found that exactly the reverse is the case, and that, though a certain conventional gentility of manner and appearance on the side of the somewhat higher class may serve to conceal the fact, it is on the part of the laboring man that real advantage lies. The mercantile accountant or law clerk, bent over his desk, his faculties concentrated on his columns of figures, or on the pages which he has been carefully engrossing, and unable to proceed one step in his work without devoting to it all his attention, is in greatly less favorable circumstances than the plowman or operative mechanic whose mind is free though his body labors, and who thus finds, in the very rudeness of his employments, a compensation for their humble and laborious character. And it will be found that the humbler of the two classes is much more largely represented in our literature than the class by one degree less humble. Ranged against the poor clerk of Nottingham, Henry Kirk White, and the still more helpless Edinburgh engrossing clerk, Robert Fergusson, with a very few others, we find in our literature a numerous and vigorous phalanx, composed of men such as the Ayrshire Plowman, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Fifeshire Foresters, the sailors, Dampier and Falconer—Bunyan, Bloomfield, Ramsay, Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, John Clare, Allan Cunningham, and Ebenezer Elliot."

Let the working men of America take courage from Miller's career. The humblest one has as fair a chance in the world as had the self-instructed Geologist, whose reputation is now world-wide. Neither poverty, nor hardships, nor the pressure of various occupations diverted him from the pursuit of his favorite science, and from the accumulation of an amount of miscellaneous knowledge which men of far greater advantages of education might envy. It is to his credit that his

well-earned eminence has only served to increase his sympathy with the humble class from which he derives his origin, as well as his activity in promoting whatever measures appear to him adapted to advance their interests and to raise them to the level on which his own exertions have placed him. He was never vainglorious in his success, nor, as many self-raised men are, was he spoiled by the praise which his works called forth. "There is," he says, "no more fatal error into which a working man of a literary turn can fall, than the mistake of deeming himself too good for his humble employments; and yet it is a mistake as common as it is fatal. I had already seen several poor wrecked mechanics, who, believing themselves to be poets, and regarding the manual occupation by which they could alone live in independence as beneath them, had become in consequence little better than mendicants—too good to work for their bread, but not too good virtually to beg it; and looking upon them as beacons of warning, I determined that, with God's help, I should give their error a wide offing, and never associate the idea of meanness with an honest calling, or deem myself too good to be independent." He showed his self-denial, too, in waiting for a wife till he could afford to keep one in respectable comfort—his engagement lasting over five years, before he was in a position to fulfill his promise. And then he married, wisely and happily. The practical common sense which guided Hugh Miller was what was wanting to save many an able writer of earlier times from direful poverty in a garret.

"O youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opens a portal!
And tho' age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen saber,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow."

These lines were written by Gerald Massey, a poet of England, who became known to the world within the last year. He is now—1854—only twenty-six years of age. From a biographical sketch, with which he introduces his volume of poems, we learn that he was born in the lowest depths of poverty. His father was a canal-boatman in the interior of England, earning a

scanty subsistence by toilsome labor, and unable to write his own name. He lived in a wretched stone hut, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand in it upright, for which he paid the rent of but one shilling a week. In this state of destitution, the children of the family were obliged not only to shift for themselves, but to contribute by their petty earning to the support of their parents. When only eight years old, Gerald was sent into the silk-mill, and compelled to work in its rank, stifling atmosphere from five o'clock in the morning till half-past six in the evening, unable to catch a glimpse of the sun, except through the dingy windows of the factory. The mill was burned down, and the boy was released from his prison. He regarded the event with the liveliest gratitude. Standing for twelve hours in the wind, and sleet, and mud, he watched the progress and effects of the conflagration with the joy of a liberated captive.

His joy was brief. He was put to the business of straw plaiting, which was no less toilsome and more unwholesome than his work in the factory. In a marshy district, with no chance of exercise, the plaiters were exposed to severe attacks of fever and ague. Young Massey was tortured with the disease for three years, while the other members of the family, including the mother, were often so ill as to be unable to help each other, even with a cup of cold water. His own account of his early days is enough to make the blood run cold. "Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says, "by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

He had been taught to read at a penny school. The Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress afforded the first food to his boyish imagination. He committed many chapters of the former to memory, and devoured the whole of Bunyan's quaint allegory as a veritable history. Robinson Crusoe came next, and then some religious tracts left at the cottage by zealous Methodists. These were the only books he had read when he went to London as an errand boy at the age of fifteen. For the first time in his life he met with plenty of books. He read all that came in his way, from the simplest manuals of education to the standard works on Greek, Roman, and English history. "Till then," he says, "I had often wondered why I lived at all—whether

'It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery.'

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the book-stalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief. When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Till I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, etc., in a novel. The first verses I ever made were upon 'Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

His first attempts at verse were published in a country newspaper. Shortly after a small volume was brought out in his native town, which found but a quite limited circulation.

The poems in the volume from which we have quoted have reached a third edition, which may be considered a remarkable success in London. They have also been republished in New York. Massey writes with ringing energy, but with temperate judgment, of social wrongs; and knowing what it is to "suffer and be strong," he will yet produce poems which the world will gratefully preserve. He was employed last year as advertising agent for the "Westminster Review;" and when his volume was published—which was first done at

his own expense—he was Secretary to the London Society for the Protection of Italy.

We trust that he may not fail to fulfill what is written in his own hopeful words: "The crowns of poetry are not in the keeping of critics. There have been many who have given some sign of promise—just set a rainbow of hope in the dark cloud of their life—and never fulfilled their promise; and the world has wondered why. But it might not have been matter of wonder if the world could have read what was written behind the cloud. Others, again, are songful in youth, like the nightingales in spring, who soon cease to sing, because they have to build nests, rear their young, and provide for them; and so the songs grow silent, the heart is full of cares, and the dreamer has no time to dream. I hope that my future holds some happier fate. I think there is a work for me to do, and I trust to accomplish it."

"If thou art worthy, truly brave, thou shalt make the hardest circumstance a helper or a slave," wrote Alexander Smith, the poet, who rose comet-like last year. He has tasted the bitterness of oppressive want and hopeless care. His father was a pattern-drawer for muslin work, and Alexander learned his father's trade. His first poems were published in a newspaper of Ayrshire, Scotland. The success of his "Life Drama" won him the post of Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, where he may elaborate a poem that will win him permanent fame.

Hugh Miller, Massey, and Smith are representatives for England of a literature for the people, which contradicts the flat assertion, that our age of progress is wholly utilitarian. They have noble compeers in America.

A FIRM FAITH.

If I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, said Sir Humphrey Davy, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation.

SEA MOSSES.

BY E. GEORGE ADAMS, A. M.

Ye delicate fabrics of an almighty Hand,
Magnificent in your minuteness! He
Who wove the curtain of the rainbow; he
Who hangs the gauze-like garment of the mist
Upon the mountain's shoulders, and lets down
From the white stars the drapery of the night;
Who edges sunset's clouds with fringe of gold,
And limns upon the unimpressible glass
The weird-like tracery of the frost, and brings
From the cold mine of Winter the white pearls
To deck with feathery beauty Nature's trees,
And lifts the columns of Aurora up
In the far north, till rosy temples rise,
Then fade away like canvas of a dream—
He made you with your beauty floating out
Through the clear waves of ocean; as a veil
He hangs ye o'er the rocks, and in the depths
Of the far sea your foliage weaves, till wild
And weird-like arches festoon all that world
Hid by a cloud of waters.

Foot ne'er trod

That wilderness of beauty, nor has bird
Shaken with music the light branches, nor
Has moonlight or the flame-enveloped stars
Weaved silver threads into that web of boughs;
But the gay fish is there, of varied hue,
Peopling that solitude, and making bright
The darkness of those waters, and all shells,
Of such commingled hues, as they were dipped
In sunset's glow, and yet they never caught,
In their recess, the light of sun or moon;
But there they lie, like blush on maiden's cheek,
Trembling in their own beauty; and there, too,
The huge leviathan of the deep spouts up,
Through the thick net-work of the vine-like moss,
His foam, that, in a cloud of silver spray,
Falls back like snow, wind-shaken from the pines,
Where first it lighted as it came from heaven.
But though no mortal eye hath seen that world,
The dead are there: down through the waters blue,
From the wrecked ship, or from the giddy mast
Thrown, dizzy, off, or by mischance exposed
To the wild gulf, they sink, and the fair moss
Weaves round their forms a shroud more beautiful
In texture and in colors than the loom
Of Tyre, that city by the sea, erst wove
For the great Solomon.

THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

BY F. W. TABER.

A STAR hath arisen the nations to save,
A morning hath dawned to illumine the grave;
Messiah appeareth—a Savior is near,
The fetters to sunder, the captive to cheer.
All meekly adoring the sages shall fall
At the feet of the child, the Redeemer of all;
And empires and kingdoms hereafter enthrone
This child as a Savior, this Savior their own.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA.

BY JAMES M. MARTIN.

At the close of the day, when the sun bids "good-
night"

To heaven and earth, with a smile of delight,
And the shadows of eve creep slowly and pale
O'er the woodland and city, the hill and the vale,
There comes a sweet voice, in the twilight, to me
From the distant east, from the sounding sea.

The sea, the sea, the wide, wide sea,
Where the rippling waves, all joyous and free,
Make melody.

That voice is e'er heard in the din of the day,
In the silence of eve and the mild zephyr's play;
And memory wakes, in the halls of the soul,
Those undying notes, whose magical roll,
Borne by the night-wind, broke on the shore,
From the harp of the ocean in the days of yore.

O the sea! the sea! the rolling sea,
Whose music so stirring, and wild, and free,
Gives ecstasy!

How lovely the scene that enraptures the sight,
When night sits enthroned in her mantle of light,
And her curtain of ebony drops from the sky,
Tissu'd with gold-beams from Luna's bright eye,
And the high-rolling blue wave nestles to rest,
Fanned by the zephyrs in the ocean's broad breast!

The sea, the sea, the beautiful sea,
Whose pulsating heart beats gently and free—
Affectionately!

In fancy's wild dream the scenes of the past,
Like the blushes of morn, come brightening fast;
And the proud, gallant ship, with its snowy-white
sails,

Like a spirit, sweeps on with the driving gale;
While the foaming waves roll wildly alone,
And seemingly dash to the foot of the throne.

O the sea! the sea! the grand old sea!
In calm or in storm it is ever to me
All majesty.

And often, when sorrow has preyed on the heart,
And the soul groaned with feelings I could not
impart,
Have I turned from the world to the lone, lone shore,
And found sweet relief in the torn billows' roar.
O! a season like this, how magic its power!
Ay, it centers the bliss of a life in hour.

The sea, the mighty, endless sea,
It seemeth an image of thee, of thee,
Eternity!

TRUTH.

MUCH learned dust
Involves the combatants, each claiming Truth,
And Truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of Life's poor shallow lamp,
In playing tricks with Nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA.*

BY REV. J. W. WILEY, M. D.

THE appearance of a Chinese city or village is very different from that of the cities and hamlets of Christian and enlightened countries, and the homes of the daughters of China bear but little resemblance to either the neat and quiet dwelling-places of the humbler denizens of America, or the gay and brilliant mansions of the daughters of wealth and fashion. One great obstacle to cleanliness, beauty, and, we may add, to virtue, is the narrowness and filthiness of the streets. These, in Chinese cities, are but seldom more than ten feet wide; and as each shop-keeper is allowed about two feet in which to place his counter before his house, the actual width of the street available for passing and repassing is only six feet, and through this narrow space a dense population, eagerly engaged in multifarious avocations, is thronging and crowding its way all the day long. No horses or beasts of burden, or carriages for men or goods, are used in this country; and as men, and women, and children, too, are the beasts of burden, and all movable articles are borne to and fro upon their shoulders, we may easily fancy the thronged and noisy character of Chinese streets and by-ways. Sedan chairs jostling against each other, borne by rough and boisterous coolies; huge baskets of salt fish, boxes of tea, bags of rice, a countless variety of manufactured articles, vegetables, poultry, live and slaughtered animals for the market, and other things too numerous to mention, borne on the shoulders of men, and women, and children, thronging and crowding each other, each struggling for room and jostling his neighbor out of the way, and each panting, sweating, toiling bearer helping to keep up a continual noise by crying out to his neighbor to "look out," or "take care," or "walk straight," or "keep to the right," and the din of beggars' gongs and tradesmen's bells intermingling with angry and vulgar epithets from men, women, and children, make up the every-day scenes of a street in China. In the noise and bustle of these scenes, the humble daughter of China participates largely. She can carry as heavy a burden; she can walk as rapidly, cry out as lustily, and retort as keenly as her masculine rival, and she dares to compete in all these things with her sterner opponent.

Along these thronged and narrow streets are arranged the homes of the Chinese. But the word has a far different meaning from that which attaches to it in this happy land. Here it is a

word that embodies in it all that is good and gentle, and is a synonym for happiness and peace, suggesting to the mind a quiet and cheerful dwelling-place, where are found wives, mothers, and children—a sacred spot for the exercise of the kindlier feelings of our nature, where are found gentle hearts, clustering affections, bright hopes, and smiling faces. There it is a dark and gloomy word, meaning, in the vast majority of instances, a low, filthy, one-storied hut, within which the sun never shines, and through which the free, fresh air of heaven never circulates. Home, in China, means a little bamboo or mud-plastered hovel, without window or chimney, without ceiling or plastered partition, with a rough tile roof, dark and dreary, hanging overhead; a ground floor and black and filthy walls, with a work-shop or store in front; an open clay furnace, for cooking, set in any part of the house, the smoke being left to find its way out through the cracks and crevices of the roof and walls; a few four-legged benches, a couple of odd-shaped chairs, some narrow boards laid side by side, covered with a piece of matting, and provided with a round piece of wood to rest the head upon, intended as a bed, or, in some instances, a huge and clumsy bedstead, carved and gilded, but filthy and smoke-stained, constituting the furniture. Home, in China, in the great majority of instances, is a dark and comfortless place, in which men, women, and children stay, do business, eat, sleep, and die; where the voice of love is not heard; where kindness and affection would be intruders; where husbands often cook their own rice, eat at their own table, and keep their own company; where mothers and daughters are mere instruments of pleasure, or slaves for labor.

We acknowledge that this is not universally the case, but is by no means an overdrawn picture for the vast majority of homes in China. Even in the houses of those whose circumstances appear to be easy—the homes of well-dressed merchants, who, on the streets and in their stores, are richly dressed in silks, satins, crapes, and broadcloth—we find it but little better than the picture we have drawn, and in but few places can be found an air of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort. It is true, China has some men of large fortune—fewer now, however, than formerly—and a higher form of life is found among the proud and affluent mandarins. These, especially where they have had intercourse with foreigners, have better homes and richer furniture. Here we may find painted or carpeted floors, ceilings stuccoed and frescoed, and adorned with painted birds and flowers. Here we may find, in some few

* Continued from page 86.

instances, the displays of that trait of character for which they have gained too much credit abroad; namely, their fondness for the picturesque; and we are occasionally permitted to look upon beautiful gardens filled with choice plants of every variety, dwarf shrubs trained in the forms of birds, animals, trees, boats, etc., and decorated with artificial ponds, rocks, caverns, winding passages, ornamental bridges, and summer-houses. But such scenes are few and far between. In these homes of the highest classes may be seen rich divans, carved center-tables, gay and beautiful lanterns, embroidered tapestry, gilded vases, fishes and birds in vases and gaudy cages, large mirrors, bureaus, bedsteads with mattresses, and rich coverings and hangings, all elegantly and tastefully arranged. But even here it is all hollow and empty, and to the daughter of China this rich and magnificent home is but a gilded cage—her world, her sphere of life—in which, in company with others of her own sex in varying youth and beauty, bought for money, and like other articles of furniture used to gild and ornament the house, she must rise and sit, approach and retire, move, act, and live at the bidding of her master, in whose heart beats no emotion of love and but little of regard.

But we must introduce our readers to a more intimate acquaintance with the domestic life of these daughters of the east. We need not delay to consider the subject of betrothal, nor the ceremonies of marriage in China, as these may be found in all the books upon that country. It is well to notice, however, that it is on the nuptial evening, when his bride is brought to his own house, and has been conducted to the bridal chamber, that the groom, for the first time, beholds the features of the partner of his life. How many ill-assorted marriages grow out of this arrangement, and how little the affections of the heart are involved in such alliances, it is easy to conceive. We sometimes hear of polygamy among the Chinese; but, as far as we can learn, this does not in strict truth exist among them. There is but one wife and one wedding; all the other females of the establishment occupy subordinate positions, and are purchased with money and received into the house without any marriage ceremony. The position of the "second wife" does seem to be somewhat different from that of a mere handmaid. She is usually only taken with the consent of the first wife, and very frequently only in cases where there is no male offspring. Male descendants are looked upon by the Chinese as the highest good; they perpetuate the family name, serve, obey, and

cherish their parents during life, and pay idolatrous reverence at their tombs and before their tablets after they are dead. To be deprived of male children is the highest affliction, and to avoid it they will add wife to wife till the cherished object is obtained. These additional wives, however, are still different from the first. When taken thus they are not purchased as are the handmaids, but, as is also the case with the first wife, a marriage fee is paid to the parents, and they are received into their new homes with certain ceremonies, differing considerably, however, from those of the first and only real marriage.

The husband and proprietor of the establishment, for we can scarcely call it home, may gather around him as many handmaids as his income will allow; but even this is far from being looked upon with general approbation, and the man does not, as in some countries of the east, rise in estimation in proportion as he adds numbers and beauty to his harem. It is easy to determine who is the first and principal wife in the establishment. She is more dignified in her appearance, and more easy and free in her manners, taking the lead in every thing, doing the honors of the house and table, issuing orders to servants, and evidently does not consider the "smaller wives," as they are sometimes called, on an equality with her. She claims to be the mother of the household, and looks upon all the children born in the house as her own.

In the higher walks of life, where wealth gathers around these inmates of the rich man's house all the luxuries and elegancies which the country can afford, it might be thought an enviable position to be the first wife of such an establishment. To the daughter of China it is an enviable position, for to her it is the highest and best she can attain; but to a woman possessing intellect and heart it must be unsatisfying in the extreme. The women of China possess intellect, though it wants cultivation, and hearts, though they need softening and refining, and we can only look upon even these highest of Chinese females as occupying a pitiable position. Whatever may be the establishment of which she is the mistress, she herself has a master, and can only feel that she is not the companion, but the instrument of the man to whom her life is linked. At her marriage she becomes part of another family, and is entirely given up by her own, thus severing all the ties of affection which existed between herself and her own family, and condemning her to a secluded life, unloved and uncared for in the "inner apartments" of a man she has never seen, and, therefore, never loved. She is not his asso-

ciate, for they are seldom together; he receives and entertains his own company, and transacts his own business according to his own pleasure, thinking no more of consulting the views and wishes of his wife than of consulting those of his canary that hangs in his store.

Though the first wife is superior to the "smaller wives," or handmaids, whichever we may choose to call them, she herself is inferior to her husband's mother; and as long as this worthy survives she is expected to serve her with faithfulness and devotion. Much is written in Chinese books on the subject of filial devotion and obedience, and in all ranks of society great stress is laid upon it, and the outward appearance is pretty generally secured. Nor is this devotion to parents allowed to cease even at death. The surviving children feel it resting upon them as a religious duty to provide for their deceased parents a becoming burial, to worship regularly before their tablets, to burn incense and sacrificial paper at their graves, and, in accordance with their superstitious opinions, to provide for their wants in the spirit-land, by burning artificial money, furniture, clothing, etc., at their tombs, all of which is supposed to be transformed by the fire into a spiritual form, adapted to the wants of their deceased friends. While apparent obedience and subordination are rendered to parents while living, and these duties are religiously discharged after their death, we have considerable reason to doubt if much of it springs from the genuine feelings of the heart. Be this as it may, the principle extends into the married life, and, always where parents still survive, gives an inferior position to the wife, and, in many cases, produces for her a sad and toilsome life. In not a few instances she is the mere servant of her husband's parents. She can do nothing of importance without consulting her mother-in-law, and is expected, in all cases, to yield in deference to her opinions and wishes. In the higher circles of life, the wife seems to take pride in thus waiting upon the mother of her husband, consulting her upon all occasions, never being seated while her mother-in-law stands, anticipating her wishes, helping her first at table, etc.; but it is very evident that this does not spring from filial respect and affection, but from regard to the position she occupies. Were she the devoted wife of the man whom her heart had chosen, she might conceive a high degree of respect and veneration for her husband's mother, and probably yield a glad and cheerful acquiescence in this custom of her country; but as it is, we can only look upon and pity her as the hireling, whose place and charac-

ter depend upon the faithful discharge of this duty, the violation of which would be a sufficient ground for her dismissal. In the lower walks of life, this subordination of the wife to the mother is the fruitful source of many broils and much unhappiness, the irritated husband often beating his wife for neglecting his mother, and sometimes turning her away from his house by sending her back to her parents, or by selling her as the inferior wife or concubine of another.

The position of the wife in China, in the lower grades of society, is still more pitiable. Here she is the same unloved and neglected creature as is found in the seclusion of the rich man's home; but here she must also serve as the selfish husband's wife and as the mother of his children, and, at the same time, as his creature of toil and labor. He may hire her to service and come daily to receive her wages; she toils in the fields, she fishes upon the river, she carries burdens in the street, she returns weary and worn to her dark and cheerless home, she eats alone her scanty meal, she cares for the wants of the children to whom she has given life, and no gentle word of encouragement falls upon her ear, no look, no expression of love greets her coming, no smile, no gratitude repays her for her toil, for she is a daughter of China—she is a woman—she is a wife in the east—she is a heathen, and a heathen wife and mother. O ye daughters of Christian lands, on whom Heaven has showered its choicest benedictions, how little do you know of the sighs and tears, of the loneliness and desolation of these unloved daughters of the east!

If this be the domestic condition of the wives, what must be the position occupied by the purchased handmaids of the grandees of China? These are found principally in the secluded apartments of men of wealth and official standing; but they are found also in a still more humiliating character, as the purchased handmaids and slaves of humbler men. The daughters of China by hundreds and thousands are in the market, and whoever has the means to purchase, and the ability to keep, or the hardihood to work them, may have them for the buying. In the houses of the high and wealthy these females are freed from low and degrading labor; they are handsomely dressed, and spend their time in as much pleasure as they can find in the retired quarters which are assigned them. They exhibit, in their manner and bearing, a sense of inferiority, and, sometimes, of degradation, painful to behold. Their very manner betrays an empty and unsatisfied heart, and their deportment, in many cases, proves that they realize their humiliating condi-

tion, and shows that they are sensible of the real state in which they live, which is one of servitude, from which they may be discharged at the pleasure or caprice of their masters. They are subordinate in every thing to the first or principal wife, and to her belong the children they bear to her husband. If sent away the inferior wife can not remove her children with her, unless it be the pleasure of her master, who can compel her to take them if he does not wish the trouble or expense of maintaining them, which is often the case if the children be females; and thus, when discharged, she either goes forth in loneliness or desolation worse than widowhood, to enter into new degrading relations, or, burdened with her offspring, to seek as she can a livelihood for herself and them. In the higher circles of life she is the gaudy ornament of the rich man's house, and the instrument of his pleasure; in the lower walks of life she is unquestionably the victim of a form of slavery which finds no parallel in enlightened or Christian lands—purchased and sold at her master's pleasure, and used at once as his instrument and his slave.

The most affecting element in this degradation of China's daughters is, that with them it is involuntary. It is a matter over which they have no control. When young they are the property of their parents, who look upon them—being females—as burdens, of which they are glad to be rid, and poverty, or want of parental feeling, induces them to throw their offspring into the market. When sold they are the property of their purchaser, and he uses them or disposes of them at his pleasure. I remember that during the distress of last year at Fuh-Chau female children might have been purchased by scores for the paltry sum of ten dollars. Nor are these sales confined altogether to the poor, nor to the very young. The daughter is the property of the father in any rank of society, and may be disposed of at his pleasure. We had rented a large piece of property from a respectable Chinaman, for the purposes of our mission, and advanced on it a considerable sum of money. The natives in the vicinity of the ground objected to our occupying it and building upon it, and the subject was brought into dispute and difficulty, which lasted about two years. At the end of the first year the officers wished to settle the matter by tendering to us a return of the money we had advanced. With this view they called upon the landlord to refund the money; but the money had been all expended, and the landlord had no resources from which to realize it again. He called upon us in his extremity and laid his case

before us. He knew of no way by which to secure the money except by the sale of two of his daughters, who had just reached the age of womanhood; and while he seemed willing to sell these, and anxious, in this way, to settle the matter and get clear of the officers, his only plea was, that we should lighten the burden as much as possible and let him off as easily as we could. Under such circumstances we felt unwilling to settle the matter in this way; and having already referred the whole subject to our Government, we refused to receive the money, and were thus saved from participating in the sale of two of China's daughters.

In such circumstances of degradation no wonder that we find suicide existing to a large extent among the females of China. Since the introduction of opium into the country, a drug which secures by its narcotic power an easy death, this dreadful practice is becoming fearfully common, and the oppressed and degraded female feels that she has in her power the means of freeing herself from the dominion of her master, and of putting a perpetual end to all her sorrows; and many a heartless husband now suddenly loses the wife that he degrades, and many a master loses at once the pleasure and the profits of his handmaid or slave.

Nor, when we look at woman's condition in this great empire, and realize it in all its aspects, need we wonder "that before her female offspring have drawn but few inhalations of a heathen atmosphere, with the prospect placed before the child which the mother knows, and feels in all its force, she quenches the fire of maternal love, and closes its existence by suffocation." This dreadful practice of infanticide prevails extensively throughout the empire. Parents destroy their female infants, in many cases, immediately after birth, and perhaps it is most generally done as soon as the child is known to be a female; for we can not suppose that they would choose to wait "for the eye to sparkle, and the smile of the expanding infant to work upon the maternal bosom—this would be too much for a mother's heart, even for a heathen Chinese mother." Yet in cases of poverty and want female children of riper age are often cast off and left to die of starvation. These little abandoned infants, some dead, some dying, scattered along the wayside, or, with a dim hope of eliciting sympathy, placed on the public thoroughfares, are by no means rare sights in China. Indeed, the birth of female children is looked upon, in nearly all families, as an affliction, and in nearly all cases the care required by them is viewed as profitless trouble

and vexation. Three ways are used to get rid of them whenever they become too numerous or burdensome—infanticide, abandonment, and sale. In rich men's houses the most genteel method of saving the family from too large a number of females, is to suffocate them as soon as born. This is also practiced among the poor, but not, I imagine, when there is a prospect of realizing any thing from their sale; and this is preferred for its profits, no matter into what circumstances of degradation and infamy it may bring their offspring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF GREAT MEN.

HAZLITT'S remark, that authors were seldom gifted with conversational powers, seems to be abundantly verified by fact. He says, "Authors ought to be read, and not heard;" and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at a second hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms this opinion; some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; Lafontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society, that a friend said of him, after an interview: "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another.

Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II, the wittyest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never

have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the model, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence.

Goldsmith, as described by his cotemporary writers, appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished: he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself.

There are exceptions to every rule: in the present instance, however, they serve but to confirm it.

Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is reported to have been as skillful as the story-tellers of the east, in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot "all place—all seasons, and their change;" but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success.

Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, that "his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease."

In conversation, Dante was taciturn or satirical. Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others. Dryden has very honestly told us, "My conversation is dull and slow—my humor is saturnine and reserved; in short, I am not one of those who endeavor to break jest in company, or make repartees."

MORAL EDUCATION.*

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

FOURTHLY. The absurdity of the scheme appears from the connection between the different methods by which a teacher influences his pupils. What is the teacher? When he teaches arithmetic, he is not a mere slate; when he teaches penmanship, he is not a mere hand-writing on the wall; when he teaches reading, he is not a mere alphabet moved by a learned pig; he is a *man*, a whole man, and nothing but a man; and though you may hire him for *intellectual* service only, yet he will give you *moral* service or disservice. You can not have one side of him move while the other stands still. Many men seem to be under the delusion of a certain selfish southerner, who had a wife and child, and owned one-half of a negro named "Harry," and who prayed that God would bless him, and his wife, and his son, and his son's wife, and his *half* of Harry. Men generally are in no danger of this sort of delusion; they know that one side of a man can not well go without the other. When they employ a man to work with his hands they do not expect him to leave his eyes and ears at home; when you elect a senator you know that you do not merely send a pair of premises to Congress; and yet in regard to the schoolmaster they seem to adopt the views of certain philosophers, who look upon the brain as the mind, and suppose that while one side of it is asleep the other may be awake, thinking out its fractions of ideas and sentiments. The teacher has a moral nature, and so has the child; and you can no more bring them together without having a mutual action, than you can bring salt and water together without having a saline solution. The most *oppressed* man is still a man. You may hitch a slave to your cart with the ox, or chain him to your door for a watch-dog, but you can not reduce *God's* child to *man's* brute; he will still operate upon your moral nature and that of your family—it may be fearfully and forever.

The teacher may give no didactic instruction in morals or religion, and yet be a powerful moral educator. Voltaire did not systematize or argue, yet he did more to demoralize Europe than all its philosophers. He wisely preferred epigram to argument; for though few can reason, all can laugh; while logic is soon forgotten, wit can be retained, and relished, and retailed; and though ridicule is not the test of truth, yet de-

vision is a *practical* fallacy, as it leads us to reject without examination whatever has been its object. Peter Aretin perhaps subdued more princes with his lampoons than ever did Alexander with his sword. If the teacher be disinclined to wit, he may resort to sophistry; he need not mention any faith while he upsets in the youth's mind all faiths, or he may supply a false premise, and let the mind go forward in correct reasoning to wrong conclusions; he need not state his false premise, but merely allude to it as among curiosities or axioms. He may point out fallacies in the reasonings of others in such a way as to mislead. Every system may be supported by an invalid reasoning which is supposed to be correct merely because it leads to a true conclusion. Let a man select some of these fallacies used in support of truth, and construct similar ones whose inconclusiveness shall be apparent, and he need not point out the parallelism; he may leave the young mind to scent that out, and trust to it to proceed to a fallacy of its own; namely, that of denying the truth of a conclusion because certain premises used to prove it are false. Men may argue without syllogisms, may wrap up a couple of premises in a single word, and bring out a conclusion in an exhortation, as did Pilate's wife in a certain message to her husband. They may reason when they appear to be inquiring, as did the most profound of ancient reasoners—Socrates—habitually. Indirect instruction is all the more vivid and permanent for being indirect; the mind goes with its utmost speed when the guide, having put it upon the track, leaves it to itself. An explosion is none the less sure or less violent because the train is concealed. Men do wrong to sneer at little errors as though they were harmless. A little unarmed boy may slip a bolt at midnight and let armed enemies within the citadel. Hints from a man who dare not speak out may not be powerless. There is a doctrine which teaches that infinitesimal doses are most active. Whether homeopathy be true or not, the soul is apt to feel moral poison even in its decillionth dilution, especially if it be in the shape of forbidden sugar, for the prohibition produces a morbid sensibility.

But let us suppose—what is impossible—that you could reduce the human tongue in the teacher's mouth to a tinkling cymbal. He would still have a face, and this would be something more than a picture. Truth and lies, arguments and sophisms, hints and insinuations, might play around it like lightning on the face of the thunder-cloud. Suppose you cover his face with a

* Concluded from page 14.

cowi, he will still put eloquence in his attitudes and movements. Who has not heard of the pantomime? The pointing of a finger, under certain circumstances, might arouse an army, and make all the difference of defeat and victory. Lovers may court by signs and wonders. If the teacher's person were concealed, you could not conceal his spirit. Ah, how often does this silently breathe its image upon a fellow-spirit! In utter weakness it may win conquests, and call forth the exclamation, "Though your arguments are worthless, your *spirit* has subdued me;" and spirit may reach spirit even though both be deaf and dumb.

Then there is a power—from which no man can divest himself—example—more effective than any other method of instruction, and which no caveat can cancel. Who has not heard of the fable of the frog that exhorted his offspring to walk upright? The influence of a master, however he may be trammelled, will always be great. "*Ipse dixit*," cries every qualified instructor's pupils with something of the same feeling as the pupils of Pythagoras. They are taught to take his statements in some things; they find them reliable so far as they can verify them. What shall prevent them from transferring the credibility with which they receive one class of his dicta to other classes, and, *a fortiori*, what shall prevent them from feeling the influence of his life? You might as well put a child in the fire, and pray that he may not be burnt, as put him under the care of a vicious master and hope that he will not be vicious. The contagion of example, like the malaria of cholera, works silently, insensibly, constantly, widely. Even men can scarce resist it—how then shall children? Think not a few cautions will save them. Behind their little eyes are active brains; and little as you think of it, they are capable of going through the most complicated processes of reasoning without knowing any thing of logic. They read countenances, they trace thoughts, they scent inconsistencies as the war-horse snuffs the battle from afar. What one Roman once said to another we may say to the teacher, "Thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by vigilant guards, that thou canst not stir a foot without their knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper;" and we may add, if thou art evil, thy careless look, or movement, or whisper may telegraph lies in immortal souls or fire trains upon the track of distant magazines. No district would put the small-pox in the school-house, yet vaccination is some protec-

tion against it; but there is no prophylactic against the virus of a bad example. Equally operative is a good example. What though the good man be blindfolded and speechless, still he is a good man. As well suppose that your children can gambol and sing upon the bosom of some flowery mountain without breathing its fragrance, and catching and bearing onward to eternity its forms of beauty, as that they may sit at the feet of a good man, day by day, without receiving the impress of his soul. He is a tree planted by the river's side; his branches shall spread, and his beauty be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon; and what though he dare not speak, they that dwell under his shadow shall return—they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine. And who does not know that the impressions made upon young minds are lasting, like the image which Phidias wished to perpetuate by stamping it so deeply in the buckle of his Minerva that it should be impossible to obliterate it without destroying the statue itself! "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones."

Fifthly. We may show the impracticability of the scheme we are considering by the relation which the hearer sustains to what is uttered. I know that as in the natural world—as a general rule—like produces like, so in the moral the harvest is according to the seed. But as in the former climate, and soil, and prior cultivation have their influence upon the crop, so in the latter constitution, and education, and habits of association affect the germination and growth of that which is sown. In the road over the Andes there is a half-way house where the ascending and descending travelers meet for refreshments. Here, under the same temperature, those who have just come from the chilling breezes of the summit are panting with the heat, while they who have just quitted the sultry valleys of the base are shivering with the cold. Could we make the school-house a half-way house on the Andes of thought, so various are the moral elevations from which the children come, that what might chill the hearts of some might inflame those of others. In any Christian city you may find some families who breathe the air of heaven, and others who are as perfectly Pagan as are the inhabitants of Shanghai, and to whom a just conception of God would be a new revelation. A word, an allusion, a definition, an incident that might make one soul glow like a furnace, might leave the other like ice.

The associating principle has immense influence on minds; it, in a very great measure,

determines the effect which a truth shall have. Mr. Hartley, Sir James Mackintosh, and others have applied it to explain the origin of our moral sentiments. It is that property of our minds by which any object or state of consciousness—whether image, thought, or emotion—has a tendency to recall other states or objects of consciousness with which it has, in some way, been previously connected. Every thought received into the mind by its relations of time, place, cause and effect, resemblance or contrast, awakens a train of thought previously in the mind; its influence, therefore, depends upon the stores of knowledge which the mind possesses and its associating habits, as the result of the chemical test depends upon the affinities of the solution into which it is dropped.

Tell me that I shall say nothing to influence the moral character of those under my care, and you tell me nonsense. As well say that I shall restrain the atmosphere from bearing my breath in any direction except toward the north pole. They who forbid moral instruction generally overlook the fact that it is constantly going on. Though the school might not teach morals, the playground, and the street, and the market, and the tavern, and the promenade, and the auction-block will. Though the teacher do not teach the written decalogue, there are plenty of masters to proclaim an *unwritten* one: lust, and stealing, and blood, and Atheism preach without any license. Let the youth grow up and choose religion and morals for himself, and he may choose himself into the penitentiary long before he is fully grown. Men often *complain* of the ease with which the young mind receives a *religious* bias; but they ought to think of the greater ease with which it receives an *irreligious* one. The early age at which vicious tendencies appear, the prevalence of wickedness all through the world, the proneness of nations to degenerate, the acknowledged difficulties of virtue, and the shocking details of human history are familiar to all, and show that without resistance the soul must be borne downward.

But if any still object to the education of a child's moral nature, let him reflect upon that nature. It is the moral nature that gives us ideas of right, of duty, of obligation—next to that of God, the noblest conceivable ones; it is this which harmonizes the jarring elements of the breast; that alone can gird well for its conflict with passion, arm the soul with strength in every difficulty, patience under every pain, and a might that braves all the powers of hell. The idea of right may be misdirected, the impulse

to right may be misleading, the approbation of conscience may be misapplied, but still that idea is the greatest of all, that impulse of more value than the universe, and that approbation the richest reward that heaven can bestow. The moral nature is necessary in order that we may understand the character of God or receive a revelation of his will. It alone enables us to ascend the scale of being. However undeveloped a human mind may be, it has in it the elements of all intellectual combinations. So if a man have a moral nature he has the elements of virtue, and may ere long ascend the skies. The child at the breast that has but just caught a glimpse of the idea of right is a nobler being than the ancient archangel that has lost it. What though that archangel penetrate all mysteries and obtain all knowledge; what though he take up the isles in his intellectual scales and the hills in his mental balances; what though he measure the heavens with his astronomical rod, and weigh the planets with his mathematical steelyards; what though he combine all beautiful forms, and utter all the languages of earth and the harmonies of heaven; yet without a sense of right to guide him he would be no angel, no man—only an awful reasoning brute. He would need a chain to bind him; and the more glorious his faculties, the stronger must be that chain. True, he might be governed, as a tiger, by fear; but how else than by chain or fear, if the idea of right were absent from his soul? We could admire such a being as we admire the whirlwind or the earthquake, but we could not *love* him any more than we could the steam-engine. To him blasphemy, perjury, murder, would be as worship, and song, and beneficence. Though he might remove mountains, he could not be "just;" though he might sacrifice himself, he could not be benevolent; though he might wallow in lust, he could not feel shame; and though he might spread ruin around him, he could feel no remorse; he could have no aspiration for purity, no drawing toward God. So would a *man* be without a moral nature. Unhappily the world has given some illustrations of this remark. Dr. Rush has given one case, Dr. Crawford another, and Dr. Haslem a third. These are familiar to the readers of philosophy. I have received from a colleague—Dr. Merriek—the following, which fell under his own observation:

"S. G. in early life gave singular indications of a total want of the moral nature. Almost as soon as he could speak his mouth was filled with cursing and deceit. He would steal whatever

he wished, and from his best friends as soon as from any other; but he was careful to guard against detection. He was utterly unmanageable at school. He possessed sound intellect, an acute apprehension, a good judgment on all but moral subjects, and a ready memory; but his passions and propensities were without any regulator except his sense of interest. For amusement he set fire to the house in which his parents dwelt. When six or eight years old he took a dislike to an infant brother, which on one occasion he threw into the hog-pen, on another buried alive in the ground, and on another threw into a well, the child strangely escaping in each case with its life. As he grew in years he grew in wickedness, till, when about eighteen years old, he took a young child belonging to a sister, and, carrying it to the woods, literally pounded it to death. For this he was sent to the state prison at Charlestown, Mass. Here he refused to submit to discipline, and the authorities were unable to subdue him. He had never labored, and declined doing the tasks assigned him. As a last resort, he was placed in a cistern, where he was obliged to work a pump or allow the water to rise above his head; he allowed it to rise, and was taken out only when life was nearly extinct. He was at length pardoned. He had now become an incarnate fiend. Not only women and children fled from his presence, but men. Many breathed easier when he ceased to breathe. I do not know that I ever saw any thing in him which indicated a moral susceptibility, nor did I ever hear of any thing that did. He was insensible to kindness, and incapable of any attachment except that of the beast for his fellows of the pasture."

Parent, would you have your son, for a score of years, or even a year, in such a state? Would you not rather follow him to the grave? Well, remember that, though congenital cases of this kind are rare, artificial ones are not—the conscience, by bad cultivation or neglect of cultivation, may be seared as with a hot iron.

God has given you a son with all the elements of a man; day by day you watch and pray over his unfolding powers, and rejoice especially to mark the ideas of right, and duty, and gratitude—the feeling after God—the aspiration after a better state. How painful would it be to see the light of his fine eye go out, or the power to guide his feet or stretch his arms fail, and then to see the light of reason, and imagination, and memory slowly extinguished, leaving him an idiot in your arms! But still you could carry him with tenderness if only there were left the

idea of right, the power to love the good, to be grateful for your kindness, and to breathe after a higher life. But, O, to see the light of conscience go out, and though the form of man be left, though the intellect blaze forth with celestial brilliancy, yet the power of self-government, and the power of being loved, and the connection with good men and angels, and the sympathy with God, is gone. Let us have "blue laws," puritanical strictness, any thing, rather than uneducated, neglected, put-out consciences.

But the objectors generally say, "Teach morals, if only you do not teach dogmas." But what morals? Of course, you would not allow us to treat of the ground of moral obligation—perhaps you will tell us of the rule of life. Shall I go to the Spartan, who bids the youth to steal, and praises him if he cover the theft; who allows a large margin of licentious indulgence to the husband, and a limited compensation to the wife; who permits the master to kill his slave, and commends him if he commit suicide himself? or shall I go to the Roman, who says, "I will avenge all injuries according as I am provoked by any," and who thinks no lie should be used in contracts? Shall I go to the Mohammedan, who tells me to give alms to the widow and orphan, pray five times a day looking toward Mecca, make the pilgrimage to the Caaba, and eat no meat during the fast of the Ramadan? or shall I go to the modern moralists, who, having burst the shackles of the priesthood, have poured such floods of light upon the subject?

"No, no," I fancy the objector says, "we can agree that the decalogue and our Savior's summary of it in the law of love to God and man shall be taught in common schools till we can find a better rule of life." But then how shall we make the pupils receive it? It will not do to say that it is the law of God; this were a religious dogma. Shall we get the civil law to enforce it? But the civil law can not control the heart, and it is the motive which characterizes the moral action. Indeed, the difficulty always has been more in the absence of the right impulse than the right rule.

"Proba meliora
Deteriora sequor."

The intellect may apprehend the rule as the eyes may see the road, but it can no more obey than the eyes can walk. Well, what motives shall we present? Shall we say, with one philosopher, there is a God, or, with another, there is no God? Shall we say, with Socrates, that God overrules the world, or, with Aristotle, that

he is not concerned with any thing beneath the moon? Shall we suppose, with Cicero, that there is a future state, or, with Pliny, that there is none? Or shall we find our motives in modern philosophers, whose creeds, to say the least, are no less contradictory? Suppose we teach that there is one God, that he governs the world, that man is responsible to him, and that there is a future state of rewards and punishments: these are all dogmas, and the skeptic insists on their exclusion. He plants himself upon the Constitution. The amendment to which he refers was, however, set up as a monument against religious persecution, not as a caveat against religious principle. Had it been proposed in the convention which framed the Constitution to repudiate the Christian religion, or to express indifference to all religions, or to forbid the inculcation of Christian doctrine in the common schools of the republic, who that knows any thing of our fathers does not feel certain that such a proposition would have been promptly rejected? The infidel may, however, go below the Constitution, and insist that society has no right to require him to pay for any thing which is not essential to its existence. But are not religious principles essential to society? Without it, where can you find a sufficient sanction for law, especially in a republic? If we are to have a religion, we are shut up to the Christian religion. We have too much intelligence to adopt any other. And, surely, there is no reason to complain when the public teachers inculcate only those leading truths of the recognized religion of the nation, which breathe in the national spirit, mold the national mind, direct the march of national events, are recognized the world over as the leading principles of the Christian faith, and which all experience shows are the stability of the times.

I grant there is a difficulty in thus limiting our religious instruction. But it may be met by a judicious selection of teachers. Let them be men of true goodness and of enlarged views.

The difficulties spoken of are not peculiar to common schools. The state interferes with morals and religion. It passes laws against profanity, murder, adultery, polygamy, in disregard of the Atheist, the Pagan, the perfectionist, and the Mormon, who respectively may feel *conscientiously* bound to blasphemy, infanticide, the violation of the marriage vow, and a plurality of consorts. The state also recognizes great religious principles. In her judicial oaths, in her public fasts and thanksgivings, in her designation of time, in her observance of the Sabbath,

in all the branches of the government, she recognizes the being and attributes of God, his providence over the earth, and the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ. Should she cease to do so she would practically ordain Atheism. You may say give us neither Atheism nor Deism, Christianity nor Rationalism, in the government, as though you could separate the legislation of a people from its religious and moral ideas. You might as well attempt to separate the Mississippi from its tributaries.

Well, as much religion as we have in the government we may surely have in the school. There is one question to which I would like to devote attention if I had space. May we not safely intrust religion to priests and parents? If so, although we may admit that it is necessary to government, it may not be allowable in schools. Preaching comes too late—after moral character is in a great measure formed; and if any one would trust parental instruction, let him consider the characteristics of this restless, speculative, money-getting, moving, heterogeneous people. The school-house is the great fountain of national character, and sends forth sweet or bitter waters through all the streams of the nation's thought. It must be in the hands of either religious or irreligious men. Let it fall into the latter, and Cataline is at the gate of our Rome.

"TIS A COLD WINTER NIGHT."

BY ELLA KNIFIELD.

It is a dreary night; the storm sweeps past,
Borne along by the chilling, wintry blast;
And the desolate winds are loud and high,
And the clouds grow dark in the dismal sky.

Like the waves of the bounding, raging seas,
When lashed by the winds, are the forest trees,
As before the power of the rudest storms
They bend their lofty and majestic forms.

The ivy still clings to the rugged oak,
Though its beauty's flown and its tendrils broke;
While the withered leaves, as they dance along,
In weird measures beat to their mystic song.

The Old Year had donn'd her richest array,
When Winter's breath swept her beauty away;
And the New Year has scarce stepped on the throne,
When, lo! Winter puts on his rudest frown.

Old Boreas comes from his home to-night,
To rule the storm with his boasted might;
The discordant sounds of his "war-cry" rise
Above the roar of the warring skies.

For the homeless now 'tis a fearful hour,
To brave the storm in its ruthless power;
Let us raise a prayer for the orphaned one,
And for those who know not the bliss of home!

AMENITIES AMONG CHRISTIANS.

IT is sometimes the case, that good and kind-hearted people imbibe, on certain points, a rigidity of opinion, or an undue expectation of conformity, which is both disagreeable and inexpedient. It is a kind of despotism against which enlightened intellect revolts. I am not ignorant that it has been numbered among the tendencies of age, though I have never observed it to be exclusively confined to that period. On the contrary, I have seen and admired in many old persons an increase of candor, a reluctance to condemn, and a mitigation of all austerity, like the mellowing of rich fruit, ripe for the harvest. Those amiable friends seemed to have taken the advice of the clear-minded and benevolent Franklin, not to tarry in the basement rooms of the Christian edifice, but to make haste and get into the upper chamber, which is warm with the sunlight of charity.

While we concede liberty of judgment to others, we should use courtesy in the expression of our own. It is both fitting and wise that dissenting opinions should be wrapped in gentle speech. Were it always so, much of the bitterness of strife would evaporate, and controversies lulled into harmony, make only a stronger music to the ear of humanity.

These amenities mingling with our religious belief should repel bigotry. That we should be attached to the form of faith that has long sustained and solaced us is natural and commendable. But if there has been ever a period in which we were inclined to think that "we alone were the people, and wisdom must die with us," it is time to dismiss the assumption. For among the many good lessons that age has taught us should be toleration and humility. Through much discipline and many sorrows, it instructs us that true religion is not a wall to shut out our fellow-beings, nor a balance in which to weigh grains of doctrine, nor a rack on which to stretch varying opinions, nor a javelin to lanch at different complexions of faith, but "peace, and love, and good-will to men." It should have enabled us to make progress in the last and highest grace, benignant and saintly charity.

Hear the noble suffrage of John Wesley, when advanced years had fully instructed his large mind and heart: "My soul loathes the frothy food of contending opinions. Give me solid, substantial religion. Give me a humble lover of God and of man, full of mercy and good fruits, laying himself out in works of faith, in the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

My soul shall be with such Christians, whosoever they are, and whatsoever doctrines they may hold."

"Men who *think*, will *differ*," writes the learned Dr. Priestly, "but true Christians will ever be candid."

"I do not wish," said Rowland Hill, with his characteristic pleasantry, "the walls of separation between different orders of Christians destroyed, but only a little lowered; that we may shake hands over them."

"The nearer we approximate to universal love," said the large-minded, large-hearted Robert Hall, "the higher we ascend in the scale of Christian excellence."

We blame the folly of the Egyptian queen, yet overlook their greater madness, who dissolve in the sharp acid of contention the priceless pearl of charity, the soul's chief wealth, and venture to stand in their reckless poverty before a Judge who requireth love, and the deeds of love, as a test of loyalty, and a shield from wrath. In his dread presence we must all appear, and appeal only as sinners, having "left undone the things that we ought to have done, and done the things that we ought not to have done." From this parity of condition should spring brotherhood of feeling. Hand in hand let us kneel before the throne of the great Pardoner.

A simple, significant incident was once related in the discourse of a Scottish divine. It was as follows:

Two cottagers, dwelling under the same roof, became alienated. It so happened that both were employed at the same time in thatching their tenement. Each heard the sound of the other's hammer, and saw the progress of his work, yet took no friendly notice.

But at length, as they approached nearer, they looked in each other's face and chanced to smile. That smile was a messenger from heaven. With it came the thought how much better it would be for those who dwell under one roof to be at peace in their hearts.

Then they shook hands. They said, "*Let us be friends*," and a new, great happiness became theirs.

Are we not, all of us, dwellers under God's roof, and as Christians engaged in the same work? Is not the silent lapse of years bringing us nearer and nearer toward each other? Let us then press on in love, till by his grace, our thatching well done, we meet on the top at last, and mingle in with the joy of angels.—

Mrs. Sigourney's Past Meridian.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. BITHIA B. LEAVITT.

CHAPTER I.

"FOR what am I living? what the object of my every-day's existence? I rise in the morning—live through the day—retire at night—sleep—rise again—live—live! but *for what* do I live? Alas! I do not know; paltry nothings consume my time; they are but empty pleasures, which I despise while pursuing. O, I have no object—I have no aim—*miserable existence!*" and the heart of the young girl *ached* while she thus soliloquized. In the excitement of her feelings she spoke aloud; but, startled by the sound of her voice, she looked around to see if any heard. No person was near; the bright, genial sunshine of a spring afternoon beamed sweetly upon her; the light breeze wafted a thousand delicious odors around; all nature seemed rejoicing in love and beauty. Oppressed by the very softness of the sunshine and the stillness which reigned, Clara Spencer quickened her pace, hummed a tune; but the tune died upon her lips, and her steps gradually slackened to their former sauntering pace. The sky was very blue that afternoon; not a cloud of the most fleecy whiteness colored the vast dome above, and there was a softness in the sunshine peculiarly wooing in its influences. The trees were just donning their richest verdure, and the anemones and violets—first flowers of spring—with all their coyness, drooping their little heads with a modest blush, seemed, nevertheless, to court the admiration of the passer-by. All this varied loveliness but deepened the sigh and saddened the heart of Clara, as she slowly moved toward her own home. She had just witnessed the funeral services of a youth of eighteen. He was the eldest son of fond parents, the idol of young sisters, the flattered and caressed favorite of numerous friends. Wealth had lavished her comforts, her luxuries, her flowers, upon his pathway. Intellectual labor was becoming a delight, and he had returned to his studies from his visit to his home all eager for the honors of his class, and burning to win a name worthy to be enrolled among the great ones of earth.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he dashed down his book, "there! I have conquered the last difficulty, I have mastered my studies, and I am to be Valedictorian. Hail, Examination! hail, you ill-tempered critics that pother your own brains that you may torture ours—that study knotty questions but to entangle us! hail! I am prepared. A few short weeks of gay recreation, and

then—and then—*then*"—visions, sparkling, glorious visions, danced before his imagination. He threw himself back in his chair, and reveled amid scenes of future greatness and glory. Examination time came, passed, and the young student won for himself the esteem and applause of the college. The halls were thronged for commencement exercises. Each student in his turn commanded the attention of personal friends; but when Edward Stanton came forward as the last speaker, a common interest was manifested. He reviewed the course of study his class had pursued; showed with what industry they had sought to unvail the obscurities of language—to expose the simple majesty of the Greek and flowing grandeur of the Latin—to appreciate the excellences of both poetic and prose composition. He alluded to the ambition they had in common felt to master the abstrusities of science and dive into the mysteries of metaphysics; to soar to the most distant star, and fathom the lowest deep; to discover and understand the laws of nature. "And now, my friends," continued he, "the moment has arrived in which to speak the sad, sad word 'farewell.' We have together drank of the deep, broad streams of knowledge; but instead of quenching the thirst with which we approached their banks, far intenser desires have been created—desires which shall burn with an ever-increasing ardor, long as the spirit breathed into man by the almighty God shall exist. We separate, my classmates, but let us never forget the beautiful motto we have chosen for our own—'Excelsior.' We separate, each to take our place in life; but may we not, as we think of difficulties already conquered, obstacles already surmounted, energies but developed, not daunted—may we not, in view of what lies before, covered, it is true, with a thin but impenetrable vail—may we not exclaim, 'We are prepared—we will triumph!' Yes, yes, there is a voice—the voice of faith—not whispering in the ear, but speaking methinks in thunder tones, echoing from each recess of the soul, 'You can triumph!' My classmates, *we shall triumph*. Let us, then, on, on to the battle of life." His eye was flashing; his form, slight and graceful, was expanded to its full height; and speaking with an energy that showed the *spirit's* power, he seemed to grasp the shadowy future, and clothe it with the present. Every eye was riveted upon him; every heart caught the spirit of the speaker. Old men were carried back to their youthful days, when they occupied the position of that young student. They forgot the years of toil that had intervened; the struggles, the

discouragements that had thickened along their paths—all, all, was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment. The speaker paused; the flush in a measure passed from his cheek, his eye softened into a milder luster, and, turning to his instructors, thanked them in terms eloquently simple for their fidelity and forbearance, their reproofs and encouragements, and then, in the name of the class, bade them farewell. Diplomas were delivered, gratulations followed, and Edward Stanton retired to his room, too much excited to gain the repose necessary to recruit his wasted strength.

Morning came; but, instead of preparations for returning home, the lightning fled on rapid wing to announce to Mr. and Mrs. Stanton the sudden illness of their beloved son. They hastened to his bedside; but in time to receive the faint pressure of the almost palsied hand, and catch the last sigh escaping the lips so eloquent in life now chilling in death. Those lips had recently exclaimed, while viewing time and its demands, "I am prepared—I will triumph!" What said they when death's grim visage and startling voice demanded his preparations for *eternity*? Said they, "Though I walk through the shadow of the valley of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me?" Asked they of Death, "Where is thy sting?" of the Grave, "Where is thy victory?" Alas! silence sealed them; death sealed them; the grave sealed them. As the flashing meteor darts along the sky, startling the beholder with surprise and admiration, and then in a moment loses itself in ether or dashes into the abyss of ocean, so this youthful spirit had started forth, sparkled for a time, and as suddenly closed his transient career in the dark waters of eternity.

It was beside his cold form, hushed into rigidity, Clara Spencer had been standing. *Could* any other than most solemn thoughts press into the mind of the young girl, gay and light-hearted though she be? *Could* any other question occupy her attention than the great leading question presented to all upon the very threshold of accountable existence—*what is the end for which I live?* Philosophy has uttered her voice in answer to the query. Sects, numerous and diversified as the stars of heaven, all differing as one star differeth from another star in glory, have had their systems and their theories; but let these be simplified, and it will be found that all originate, and all terminate in the single desire filling the universal heart of mankind—"I want to be happy." Clara felt this *want* when she murmured to herself, "No, no, I am not happy—

I am not happy; but I wish to be, I *ought* to be, I *will* be; so away, away, these sober thoughts that *always* leave a sting; there is no reason in the world why I shouldn't be the happiest creature in it. Why is it, with every thing to contribute to my happiness, I am always uneasy and discontented? There is cousin Lucy, with comparatively nothing to render life pleasant and desirable, and yet *she* is always as happy as a bird. What can be the reason of such a vast difference?" As Clara ascended the marble steps and entered the spacious hall, she again repeated to herself, "Yes, I *ought* to be happy, and I am determined at once to make an effort to be so."

CHAPTER II.

"There, dearest mother, you have had your bath, and seem so comfortable, I will leave you to rest awhile; and if you wish the least thing, just tap the bell, and I'll hear you. Here is a kiss, too, to sweeten your slumbers," and the daughter bent over the emaciated form to bestow the promised caress. A tear, a single tear, a little tear, but a *tear* containing its world of meaning, had escaped from its fountain, and just as the lips pressed the cheek it fell upon the brow of the parent.

"Lucy, my child, my loved one, what means this? what sorrow have you, my daughter, unknown to your mother? Come and nestle in my bosom, and tell me what distresses you. You are not wont to conceal from your mother," and the maternal hand was outstretched to draw the daughter to her breast.

"O, mother dear, never mind; it was a moment of weakness; you know how foolish I am sometimes. Do not let it disturb you; it is gone now. Try and sleep as sweetly as possible, and be sure to tap your bell as soon as you awaken. Now mind me, will you?" and Lucy tried to speak playfully as she again pressed a kiss upon her parent's brow.

"Yes, dear, leave me now, and I will endeavor to compose myself, for I need rest. But, my daughter," added she, "my daughter, you know the source of all strength. If any other sorrow is added to those you already have, go to the mercy-seat—go to your Savior. He has promised to bear your griefs and carry your sorrows. Go, my child, and may the angel of the covenant go with you!"

Lucy gently lowered the blind, drew the curtains, and silently withdrew to her own little room. Truant tears that had started to her eyes, and been refused expression, now flowed again,

and throwing herself on the bed, Lucy gave vent to her stifled emotion.

"O, has it come to this! has it come to this!" she murmured. "Must I let my mother suffer rather than apply to my uncle for a support? Suffer! no, my mother; much you have borne for me, it is little I can do for you. But those stern, dark eyes! how can I encounter them? Never, never can I summon the courage." She paused. "I summon the courage!" she repeated slowly; "indeed, never; but, 'through Christ strengthening, I can do all things.'" Lucy fell upon her knees, and in an agony of soul poured out her desires and petitions into the ear of Him who has declared, "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." O, how sublime the faith that flowed into that youthful breast while bowed at the mercy-seat! How pure and holy that light which spread over that sweet face, so lately drenched with tears! and what a strength infused to perform whatever duty Providence might impose! "Yes, yes, mother is right," thought she; "I must fly to the cross—and, O, what love and mercy are there blended!" She seated herself with the consciousness of new strength of soul, both to plan and execute. The past came up before her. The happiness that had spread through their little household but a few short years before, the illness and death of her beloved father, the subsequent struggles of herself and mother, the present debility of that mother, all passed before her. And now what was to be done? Their once comfortable support had been gradually diminishing, and the time had arrived when something *must* be put in operation to yield her the necessities of life—her mother its comforts, and, if possible, some of its luxuries. But what could she do? Plan after plan occurred; plan after plan was rejected. There were insuperable objections to every thing upon which her mind could fasten. There was her piano—she might give music lessons; but her piano had been locked for months—her mother could not bear the sound. Perhaps it could be moved to some other place—how could she leave her mother? A teacher was wanted in the new seminary to instruct in the very branches of study with which she was most familiar. That would be the very thing; but then her *mother*—she would be so lonely; indeed, could not possibly dispense with her. Scarcely an hour of the day but she performed for her some little office of love and comfort. *What could she do?* The future, with the threatening attitude of a hideous monster, arrayed in terror and darkness, started up before her, but

not a fear agitated, not a sigh escaped. That young heart wavered not from the faith it had reposed in the Rock of Ages. With an upward glance of trustful love, Lucy whispered, "'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee'—'tis mine, 'tis mine, and I will cling to it." The little bell tinkled, and Lucy entered her mother's room with a calm step and cheerful countenance.

"Come here, my child," said Mrs. Warner, "come and sit by me while I talk with you a little." Lucy obeyed; but as she drew toward the bed she observed the pale face had become more pallid, and the eye that had been sunken and dimmed by disease now shed forth a brighter luster. Mrs. Warner raised herself upon the pillows; her eyes closed, and Lucy beheld the big tears forcing themselves through the quivering lids. "Mother, dearest mother, what can be the matter? Tell me, tell me quickly, what so distresses you. I hoped you had been sleeping, but you look exhausted; you do not feel worse?" and she fondly stroked the faded cheek, and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"I am somewhat exhausted, my Lucy, but while I have strength I would talk with you. I feel, my child, that disease has almost accomplished its ravages upon my poor body; my feeble strength can not long endure. And, O, to leave you, Lucy, alone to battle with life's trials—alone to—"

"O, speak not thus, dearest mother!" interrupted Lucy, throwing herself upon her parent's bosom; "do not thus agonize me; do not talk of leaving me! O my Father, spare the impending stroke! It can not be; it must not be; it shall not be!"

"Be calm, my child, be calm. Let not rebellious words escape your lips. God is love. He doth not willingly afflict; and though I am conscious that decay is rapidly progressing, my spirit, Lucy, my *spirit* mounts up on wings as eagles. When I think of leaving the world, with all its cares and all its woes, to worship before Him whom my soul adores, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and to meet your beloved father—a glorified spirit—O Lucy, the thought is ecstatic; I feel not my weakness; I feel not my body. No, no, I soar above it all. Tears fall but for you, my poor child. The contemplation of your lonely orphanage falls upon me at times with an almost crushing weight; but faith sustains the shock, and I have a sweet assurance that all shall but tend to the glory of God. From your earliest infancy I have endeavored to instill principles of truth; and I thank God, my child, you have learned that this life is but a

prelude to the one hereafter. We may here strike upon the harp of life a few chords that resound with melody; but there, my daughter, shall one eternal chorus of music burst from the golden strings, thrilling all heaven with its rapturous praise. Think much of heaven, my child, of the richness of redeeming love, of the glories of the cross, and their contemplation will lift you above the cares of the world, while its empty pleasures and vain pursuits will sink to their proper insignificance. And now, Lucy, seek for grace to bear this trial—the loss of the last friend you have on earth who will sympathize with and cherish you. Let it but draw you with a stronger cord to the side of your blessed Savior; and comparing your sufferings with his, keen though they be, your heart will be subdued, your affections purified, and Christ will reign there to sustain and guide. Try, my child, try through grace, to refrain from the least thought that would reflect upon the goodness of your heavenly Father; and, in thus trying, you will realize that supporting faith which alone can enable the soul to triumph in the hour and power of darkness.”

Lucy had sunk upon the bed, overcome by her intense emotions. When her mother ceased speaking, she slowly raised her head, and, with a look that pierced to the very soul of that sympathizing parent, exclaimed, passionately, “O, mother, why does fortune select me as a fitting object on which to wreak its vengeance? why?”

“My child, my child,” interrupted Mrs. Warner, “you amaze me. ‘*Fortune*,’ Lucy?”

“O no, no, dear mother, not fortune—Providence. God forgive me! I know that providence is in every event; but why, O why, must I so young be required to suffer such anguish? My sun scarce risen, and yet shrouded in gloom; my father snatched from our circle ere I could repay his love; want, poverty, threatening every day; but, above all, my mother—*my mother*—fading from my view, leaving me to wander over earth alone—O, is not my heart breaking—breaking, mother?” and, with a look of inexpressible agony, she tightly and convulsively clasped her hands upon her breast.

“My love, my Lucy,” replied Mrs. Warner, putting her arm tenderly around her daughter, “God has, indeed, chosen you hitherto in the furnace of affliction. You have suffered much for one so young; but has it not resulted in bringing you to the cross? What would you now take, Lucy, for these very lessons, painful though they have been? But,” added she, with a graver expression and in a more chiding tone,

“Lucy, you are not wont to speak in this rebellious way of the dealings of Providence.”

“It was wrong, sinful, I know,” replied the young girl, mournfully, burying her face in the bed-clothes; “but, O mother, how weak, how very prone to unbelief is the heart! It was but a little while ago I left you, depressed with a sense of our pecuniary wants, and I went to my own room to implore grace for every trial, and”—

“And you received the grace you sought; you were blessed with a view of your Savior, Lucy; your faith was strengthened, and you felt strong to endure. I saw it in your serene countenance when you came into my room. Ah, my child, what light *will* emanate from those who have been with Jesus!”

“Yes, mother, but it is all gone now,” replied Lucy, with a heavy sigh, while the tears streamed down her cheek. “My grace has just been tried, and fails. O, I shall never, never, be established in the life of faith!”

“Do not despond, my beloved child,” said Mrs. Warner, while her whole heart melted in love toward that struggling spirit; “do not despair; but remember that it is by overcoming each trial as it is presented that the soul becomes grounded and established in faith and holy living. God gave you grace to bear the approach of poverty, and now, my child, seek for grace to sustain you in this heaviest trial. ‘Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find,’ are the words of the immutable God; they must be fulfilled. O my child, I deeply, deeply, feel your distress; but remember ‘whom God loveth, he chasteneth.’ Let not your heart leave the mercy-seat, my dear Lucy, till you can say, with a sweet acquiescence, ‘Thy will be done.’”

That night, when Mrs. Warner was composed to sleep, Lucy trimmed the lamp anew, replenished the oil, and retired to her own room.

The same spirit that sustained the ancient patriarch to wrestle in prevailing prayer till break of day brooded over the young girl, as in the silence of night and solitude she prostrated herself before the throne of grace. Midnight witnessed her struggles; the bright morning star rose to celebrate the victory of her faith. The sun was scarce risen ere Lucy found herself walking with a quick, elastic step toward her uncle’s dwelling. It was a fine, large, old-fashioned mansion, situated upon a high eminence; and the elegant cultivation of the grounds showed the owner to be a person of wealth and refinement. A broad avenue wound in a spiral from the base to the top of the hill, terminating in an extensive area in front of the house. The

well-cut lawn was adorned here and there with clumps of forest-trees, and a rich variety of flowers, jeweled with the sparkling dew, shed forth their delicious fragrance upon the morning air. As Lucy arrived at a certain point of the road she paused. The sun had been obscured by a dense cloud, which reposed in sullen grandeur upon the top of a distant hill; but, as if to smile upon and cheer her onward, it burst at that moment from its screen, robing all objects in its light and glory. Its beams darted to the bosom of a little lake beneath, and, as they kissed its tiny waves, they danced and sparkled as if rejoicing to reciprocate their morning salutations. Lucy had been for a few days more than usually confined to her mother's sick bed, and she now found the coolness doubly refreshing. She threw off her bonnet, eager to drink the exhilarating draughts of pure air, and her spirit gushed forth in loving gratitude to Him the Creator of such loveliness.

"O, how delightful," she exclaimed, "how sweet and beautiful is every thing around me! Can any one be any thing but *happy* in such a spot? One would think so; but, O Sin! Sin! thou didst enter Paradise, and, with thy polluting touch, despoiled its fairest beauty—and where now is the place in which thou intrudest not thy hideous visage?"

Lucy looked toward the house, and sighed as she reflected that not one of its inmates but bore the lineaments of that image—that not one had any perception of the divine plan by which beauty and harmony, virtue and love, could be restored to this sin-disordered universe.

"Is my uncle at home?" inquired Lucy of the servant whom she found engaged polishing the already polished marble steps.

"He is at home, but I do not know whether he is up," replied the man. "But walk in, Miss Warner, and I will inform him."

"I will go to the library," returned Lucy; "and you need not acquaint Miss Clara of my coming, as I am in a hurry this morning."

She passed through the spacious hall, and still more spacious parlors, rich with their elegant furniture, and seated herself in the library to await her uncle's entrance. Now she hears his step; her heart throbs wildly; the color fades from her cheek; even the lips assume an ashy hue; the breathing is oppressed; and rising from the sofa, she seeks the open window. One short, fervent, ejaculatory prayer—"O my Father, give me strength!"—her faith is reassured, and all again is calm.

"Good-morning, uncle," said she, as the tall,

majestic figure of Mr. Spencer moved into the room.

"Good-morning, Lucy."

"I was afraid of disturbing you by coming at so early an hour, uncle; but mother always sleeps well in the morning, and I can better leave her at this time."

"I am in the habit of early rising," replied Mr. Spencer.

A pause ensued—a dreadful pause to poor Lucy. What should she say next? Again her heart ascends, "O my Father, give me strength!"

"You seem to have something to say to me, Lucy," said Mr. Spencer at length, observing her embarrassed look. "What is it—can I do any thing for you?"

The words were well enough, *implied* enough; but, O, what a world of difference as *manner* differs! Lucy was awed, chilled; but from her trusting heart went up momentarily the secret cry, "Give me strength—give me strength!" Making a desperate effort, she said, "Uncle, I should not have intruded upon you but for my mother's sake. I have come this morning to acquaint you with some of my difficulties, if you feel disposed to listen, and"—

"I thought it would come to this," muttered the uncle. "Well, tell me what you have to say," returned he, as he beheld her hesitate.

Poor Lucy! what would she not have given for one encouraging look, one affectionate word! Her heart was full; but the sob was suppressed, the tear dashed from the eye; all her courage summoned.

"I do not wish to apologize, uncle, for what I have to say. As you know, my mother is wasting away, and for the last few months it has taken all the economy of which I am mistress to supply us with those things necessary to our comfort. Our little stock of money is nearly exhausted, and," added she, ingenuously, "I have come to ask *you* for means adequate to my mother's wants"—

"And your own, eh?" interrupted Mr. Spencer, with a sarcastic smile.

"No, uncle," replied Lucy, and despite her efforts the color would mount to her cheek, and her voice assume a more spirited accent, "*no*, I ask for my mother *alone*."

"And you, my little girl, what will become of you? you can not *starve*."

"I do not expect to *starve*," replied Lucy, meekly. "If I seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, I have a right to expect all these things will be added." Mr. Spencer cast a quick, searching look at Lucy. Of all things he

detested this quoting of Scripture, and from the mouth of a young girl it was nothing but absolute cant. However, Lucy's clear blue eye bore the keen scrutiny of those dark orbs with unflinching steadfastness, and she added, in a confident tone, "I can easily obtain some employment that will yield me all that is necessary—beyond this I care not, if my mother only has those comforts that her delicate state imperiously demand, and to which she has always been accustomed."

"Your father left *something*, I thought—is that all gone?" inquired Mr. Spencer, in the same cold tone of voice.

"Your father!" ah, that word was too much for Lucy's burdened heart. She could bear coldness; she could bear suspicion; but an allusion to her beloved father thrilled her with pain. Her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears; in vain, she tried to refuse her emotion; again the fervent prayer arose from her aching heart, "O my Father, *give me strength!*" With some degree of calmness, she replied, "Yes, uncle, he left us a comfortable support; but my mother knew nothing of the real value of money, and through various causes it has dwindled away, instead of producing, and I am forced, painful though it be, in consideration of my mother's comfort, to apply to her nearest relative."

"Yes, yes, I am her nearest relative," said Mr. Spencer, impatiently; "but she married without my approbation."

"I thought my father was much beloved as a man of the most honorable character," exclaimed Lucy, with the utmost astonishment depicted in her countenance.

"Honorable! yes, honorable he was; but his head was stuffed with all the nonsensical mummeries of so-called religion!"

"And a heart refined and purified by religion's graces," interrupted Lucy, rising. A new light shone from that gentle eye—a flush glowed upon the cheek—and, with a voice firm and clear, she added, "I came this morning, uncle, unknown to my mother, to acquaint you with her circumstances. Let not a word militate against him whom I loved and revered as a father. *His memory is sacred from any words of disparagement.*"

Lucy spoke gently and respectfully; but there was a certain air of dignity that could not but be felt. The stately man was awed by the presence of that young creature; and although Mr. Spencer was a haughty man, nevertheless, beneath a stern exterior, there existed, deep down in the heart, some of those kindlier feelings that belong to human nature. He had been displeased with his sister's marriage on account of, as he

expressed it, Mr. Warner's religious vagaries. This prejudice had been in a measure overcome as he had become better acquainted with him; still there always existed a restraint between the two families—a restraint not expressed in words, but felt by all, and influencing all in their occasional seasons of intercourse. Friendship had ever been maintained between Clara and her cousin Lucy; and yet, owing to the totally different manner in which the two girls were educated, this friendship had never ripened into a real affection.

"Well, well, Lucy," said Mr. Spencer, in a kinder tone, "my sister shall never suffer, though she didn't follow my desires altogether. *That* was hardly to be expected, I suppose. How is she getting?"

"Getting?" repeated Lucy, mournfully, "O, uncle, I thought you knew she was becoming weaker and weaker every day. She would like to see you, if—if!"

"If I will visit her humble dwelling, I suppose you mean," exclaimed Mr. Spencer, laughing.

Lucy could not divine why her uncle should laugh when told of his sister's declining health and desire to see him, and looked up inquiringly. The fact was, Mr. Spencer's conscience reproached him for the neglect with which he had treated his sister; for of late years, owing to their dissimilarity of tastes, the estrangement, which was slight in its beginning, had now become a habit. However he might assume this lightness of manner, which, as a general thing, was far *beneath his dignity*, he could not shut from his mind the conviction of his neglect, and he secretly resolved to bestow every care that could possibly relieve his sister's sufferings or add in the slightest degree to her comfort. As Lucy moved toward the door, he remarked, "You did right, child, to come to me—you did right—and I respect you for your plainness and simplicity in presenting your story;" and he shook her hand with an almost kind manner as he said "good-morning."

With a light heart and a bounding step, Lucy was skipping down the front steps, when she heard her cousin's voice in the hall. "And so you told Thomas not to acquaint Miss Clara that you were here? but Miss Clara happened to catch a glimpse of you, and here she is to run down the hill with you."

"I am glad to see you," replied Lucy, smiling, and waiting for her, "and glad to have you walk down the hill with me; but I had a little business with uncle, and thought I would not disturb the rest of the family. My call was early, but uncle was already risen."

"O dear, yes, pa is an early riser; and, what is worse, I have to be up, too. I *hate* early rising," added Clara, pettishly.

"O, how could you lie in bed these lovely mornings—the air is so exhilarating, and the birds are singing so charmingly! If I lived here, I should be perfectly happy."

"I dare say you would be, for you always seem happy, no matter where you are; but, for my part, I get tired of every thing. Life is a dull sort of a thing at any rate;" and Clara yawned as in confirmation of her opinion.

"Perhaps you do not take enough exercise," suggested Lucy.

"Exercise! yes, I roam about continually. I am *always* exercising."

"Perhaps you do not read enough."

"Yes, I read when I am not wandering in the woods. I read till I am disgusted with every thing; sick to death of novels, tired of history, wearied, too, with biography, and as to memoirs, I am quite out of patience with them. I don't believe a word in any of them. All the person's virtues are paraded before the reader; his character landed unsparingly; but you never find a word about his *faults* and *infirmities*. I wonder how large a book *my* biographer would manage to spin out by a recital of *my* virtues and super-excellences of character."

By this time Clara had talked herself into a thoroughly bad humor. Lucy perceived her spirit, and, knowing she was not in a fit frame to receive the real cause of her discontent, which was plain enough to her own mind, made some good-humored reply, and endeavored to turn the subject. The breakfast bell soon recalled Clara to the house, and Lucy hastened home in time to quietly put her bonnet away before her mother awoke.

NOW.

"Now" is the only word ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise man. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. "Now" is the admonition of eternity. Let us keep this little word constantly in our mind. Whenever any thing is to be done, we should do it with our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry and dangerous way to get through the world by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "*Then* I will do it." This will never do. "Now" only is ours. "Then" may never be. "*Now*," in the terse language of Scripture, "is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

WOMAN'S POWER.

"Nor steel nor fire itself hath power,
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair—mankind adore thee!
Smile—and a world is weak before thee!"

THE poet has disclosed the whole secret of woman's conquering power. Fair in her virtue, smiling in her goodness, she wields an influence which mailed warrior never could. Her strength is in her graces, her weapon is love; and her power is resistless when these are combined with modest merit, and dictated by conscious duty.

In influence woman is as much superior to man as affection is superior to intellect. Man represents the understanding of the universe, and woman the will; man the mind, woman the soul; man the reason, woman the heart. The powers of observation and reflection are cold, useless appendages to the human being, unless warmed into exercise and attracted to good objects by the feelings and sentiments of the affectionate mind. How little, in this world, do we think, judge, and know, in comparison with what we feel! Man may do mighty things in the intellectual advancement of the world; but

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite, and can not be exhausted."

GOODNESS.

To be constantly in the presence of a good person—of one whose words and acts tend to purify and elevate—how pleasant and useful it is! We have no disposition to speak an impure word, to perform a wrong act, or even to think of evil. The presence of the good is a guardian angel to keep and preserve us from the sins and temptations by which we are surrounded. Suppose that being who moves about to bless, should be the companion of our bosoms—the one to whom we can make known our joys and sorrows—what a powerful influence for good it would have over our lives! We should rejoice daily in feeling how blessed goodness is, and be so elevated in all our thoughts, that it would become a difficult task for us to sin. Woman! can you not exercise such an influence over your erring husband? If he loves the company of the idle and partakes of the inebriating glass, can not you draw him by love and kindness away from sure destruction? Let the atmosphere around you be that of goodness and truth, and you will surely be ministering angels to save the lost.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT TO WILLIE.

BY M. P. WHITE.

"MOTHER, last night, when the stars were bright,
 And the moon was shedding her silver light,
 And the fleecy clouds, like a silver veil,
 Came now and then o'er her brow so pale,
 I thought that an angel, whose home is where
 There is neither sorrow, nor sin, nor care,
 Came stealing in with the soft moonlight
 To the couch where you laid me down at night,
 And he laid his hands on my clust'ring hair,
 As you lay yours when I say my prayers.
 'And, Willie,' he said, 'is your heart to-night
 Quite pure and true in your Maker's sight?
 Lurks there no spirit that seems to say,
 "I'll remember the wrongs I've borne to-day,
 And on the boy who has spoiled my play
 I'll have my revenge on some future day?"
 Know you not, Willie, our Father above
 Looks on you all with a feeling of love—
 That e'en to the evil and thankless in mind
 Our God is merciful, gracious, and kind?
 You must be like him, if you'd live above,
 And learn unkindness to conquer by love.
 And do you not, Willie, some wrong each day
 For which to ask pardon, at night, when you pray?
 As God then forgives, so, Willie, must you
 Forgive all unkindness and wrong done you;
 Then ever 'round you shall bright angels be,
 And the glory of God be unfolded to thee.'
 And now, dear mother, if Tim comes to-day,
 And plagues and teases when I want to play—
 If he loses my ball or spoils my kite,
 I'll try to be gentle with all my might.
 If I'm kind when he's cross and gives me a shove,
 Say, will not that be conquering with love?"
 The tears were bright on that mother's smile,
 As her lips pressed the brow of her little child,
 And she thank'd her God that the lesson giv'n
 Was fitting his heart for a home in heav'n.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY H. N. POWERS.

THE twilight of the evening lies
 On quiet homes and tender skies.
 The sacred silence seems to bring
 A blessing on its brooding wing,
 And all the hallowed Sabbath air
 Is like the calm of silent prayer.
 O precious calm! O healing rest!
 That broods so warmly on my breast:
 It seems that on my life doth lie
 The peace that soothes the upper sky—
 A large contentment, in whose grace
 Joy wells like light in liberal space—
 A tranquil trust, a hope whose eye
 Is full of immortality,

And love whose sweetness freshens through
 My being like celestial dew.

O, while I wait so near the skies,
 What Sabbath memories fill my eyes—
 The weary rested, new loves born,
 Friends talking of the heavenly morn,
 The good seed sown, the blended prayer,
 Peace in the heart and every-where,
 The Son's return, the eyes that weep
 Those precious tears which angels keep,
 The pardon sealed, sweet counsel given,
 And names we cherish writ in heaven!
 Thanks! Father, that thy Church once more
 On life's vain strife has shut the door,
 And to the feast of love doth win
 Her waiting, wandering children in.
 Thanks! for thy grace has been to-day
 More than we dared to hope or pray;
 Thy cloud of mercy hung above
 Has broken with the weight of love!
 We have no life, dear Christ, but thee,
 No way, no truth. O, may we see
 With larger vision, day by day,
 The beauty of the perfect way;
 Count all things loss, if we may win
 By thy cross triumph over sin!
 So shall these fleeting Sabbaths here
 Glide into heaven's eternal year.

MINNIE BROWN.

BY REV. J. M. VINCENT.

In a quiet little town,
 Nestling in a quiet vale,
 Lives my happy Minnie Brown,
 With her face serene and pale—
 Sweet Minnie Brown!
 Sweet Minnie!
 Pale-faced, happy Minnie Brown!
 Every day she trips along
 Across the pleasant village green,
 On her lips a silvery song—
 In her eye a silvery sheen.
 Sweet Minnie Brown!
 Sweet Minnie!
 None so sweet as Minnie Brown.
 Every one knows Minnie Brown,
 And to know her is to love;
 But a heart so kind and pure
 Soon must dwell in realms above.
 Sweet Minnie Brown!
 Sweet Minnie!
 Thou must leave us, Minnie Brown.
 Yes, sweet Minnie Brown must fade;
 Close her bright, love-beaming eye;
 In the grave her form be laid;
 Darling Minnie soon must die!
 Farewell, Minnie!
 Sweet Minnie!
 Darling Minnie, fare thee well!

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM JAY.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

SECOND PAPER.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Jay was converted under Methodist preaching, and for several years thereafter attended Methodist meetings, he had his principal religious training among the Independents. Had it been a matter of choice, and not of mere circumstances with him, he most probably would have connected himself with the Presbyterian or the Methodist Church.

We have seen that among his first acquaintances, after he began to preach, were Rev. Rowland Hill, Rev. John Ryland, and Rev. John Newton. Mr. Hill was the son of a baronet, and received a first-class university education, and was possessed naturally of a quick and discriminating intellect. He seems, however, to have been but a poor student after leaving the university, never spending much time in his library room, and seldom ever reading a book through. His religious training was Calvinistic; but his Calvinism, we are told, never took a notion to run to seed. He was decidedly and of set purpose opposed to an abuse of Gospel grace, and fought vigorously against Antinomianism, and in favor of affording sinners of every class a chance for saving their souls. Every sermon preached by him touched upon the sole theme of the apostle's ministry, "Jesus Christ and him crucified;" and whatever was the topic discussed, he was always certain, before closing, to "exhale forth something of the savor of the Redeemer's knowledge."

He was peculiarly an odd man, a proof of which he furnishes in one of his dialogues on the kinds of preachers in the world; namely, the *tap-cask*, the *slop-dash*, and the *slap-dash*. "By the first he means preachers distinguished by tame and inert feebleness; without faults, but also destitute of all energy of thought or force of expression—as Shakspeare would say, fit to 'chronicle small beer.' By the second, he means preachers marked by strong things in doctrine, but loose, and hazardous, and extravagant in representation; aiming at great effect by the noise of manner and the conceits of folly. But by the third, the *slap-dashers*, he meant preachers whose addresses were attended by an artificial and often abrupt manner; with sudden and bold allusions and stirring anecdotes; and rough and homely familiarities of expression, and flashes of imagination and passion; preachers who, despising formality, and aiming at impressiveness, if not offending, sometimes alarming, taste, yet keep within the bounds of truth and general propriety. This third species,

as differing from the two former, was the kind of preaching which Mr. Hill intended to recommend, and to practice."

Mr. Hill always desired to be considered the apostle of the common people, and he practiced rigidly the philosophy contained in the common advice which Isocrates gave to his pupils—"study the masses;" or that which Cromwell gave to his soldiers—"fire low." In his style of preaching he was not vulgar, nor was he boisterous. Occasionally he roared, but not *equally* and *always*. He had an assistant who vexed his patience considerably, and he once touched him off in these words: "Friend J——, you yelp like a puppy as soon as you get into the field and before any game is up; but I am an older hound, and do not wish to cry till I have started running."

He seldom adhered to his text, for, once started, he cared but little what it was or how little he discussed it. Sometimes he indulged in wit to a degree not becoming the sacredness of the pulpit; but generally the man and his manner matched pretty well. Once while preaching he took occasion to speak of the value of the Gospel from its *relative* aim and influence. "It makes," said he, "husbands better husbands, and wives better wives; parents better parents, children better children; masters better masters, and servants better servants; in a word, I would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it! Every one," says Mr. Jay, "could not have uttered this, but I received it from no less a person than Mr. Wilberforce, who heard it himself, and who remarked that, while probably every thing else he said that evening was long ago forgotten, no one would ever forget this."

"Reading in my pulpit the words of the woman at the well," continues Mr. Jay, "'the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans'—looking off, as if he saw the parties themselves—he exclaimed, 'But the devil has had dealings enough with both of you!'"

Among other anecdotes illustrative of his power of wit and repartee, Mr. Jay furnishes the following:

"A rather talkative woman one day said to him, 'I have been a good deal of late with some Papists, and they have sadly tempted me to change my religion.' 'Indeed, ma'am,' he replied, 'I was not aware till now you had any religion to change.'"

"I once heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer, and witnessed the great effect produced when he said, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' by making a considerable pause before he added, 'as we forgive

them that trespass against us;' as if he almost feared to utter it, lest he should condemn himself and others."

"I remember what an impression he made when preaching for me, by an interjective parenthesis; for when, in reading the chapter, 1 Thessalonians v, he repeated the verse, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil,' he lifted his eyes, and said in a very solemn voice, 'O, the infinite delicacy of the Gospel!'"

"His brother, Sir Richard, once told me of an early instance of his adroitness, remarking that he was the same from a lad. It occurred while he was at Eton College. Even then he was under deep impression of a religious nature; and as he felt the importance of divine things himself, he was concerned and active to do good to others; and thus he did with an old female servant that frequently waited upon him. She one day rather reproved him for his zeal, saying that persons should not be righteous overmuch, and should be careful to avoid extremes in religion. 'Some,' she said, 'were too cold, and some were too hot.' 'Then,' said young Rowland, 'I suppose you think that we had better be lukewarm?' 'Yes,' she said, 'that was the proper medium.' He then took up his Testament, and read the Savior's address to the Church of Laodicea—'I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth;' at which his tepid admonisher seemed a little surprised and aghast."

"I know that once at Wotton he was preaching in the afternoon—the only time when it seemed possible to be drowsy under him—he saw some sleeping, and paused, saying, 'I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method;' and so sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience."

With his excellences he had his defects. His temper was irascible and resentful. He seemed to live to "treasure up wrath against an enemy;" but, then, we are compelled to remember that

"Defects through nature's best productions run—
Rowland had spots, and spots are in the sun."

The elocution of Whitefield was a thing different from that possessed by Mr. Hill. Whitefield's anecdotes were never like some of Hill's, forced in to fill out a blankness of thought; but they were always exactly adapted to the time and place.

On occasion of a great fair being held at Bristol, he went down there and was called on to preach in the British Tabernacle the evening be-

fore the fair begun. He took for his text the words in the first verse of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." The Tabernacle was crowded, and he launched forth thus: "My dear hearers, I fear many of you have come to attend Bristol fair. So am I. You do not mean to show your goods till to-morrow; but I shall exhibit mine to-night. You are afraid purchasers will not come up to your prices; but I am afraid my buyers will not come down to mine; for mine [striking his hand on the Bible] are 'without money and without price.'"

Could any thing have been more appropriate than this, and could any thing else have struck the auditory as being more fit?

On the death of his wife Whitefield preached her funeral sermon from Romans viii, 28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." In a description of her character, he took occasion to descant on her fortitude, when suddenly stopping and turning he exclaimed, "Do you remember my preaching in those fields, by the old stump of the tree? The multitude was great, and many were disposed to be riotous. At first I addressed them firmly; but when a desperate gang of banditti drew near, with the most ferocious looks and horrid imprecations and menaces, my tongue began to fail. My wife was then standing behind me, as I stood on the table. I think I hear her now. She pulled my gown, [he then put his hand behind him, and touched his gown,] and, looking up, said, 'George, play the man for your God.' My confidence returned. I again spoke to the multitude with boldness and affection; they became still; and many were deeply affected."

Rev. John Newton, the friend of the poet Cowper, was also one of Mr. Jay's special friends, and a most eccentric yet pious man he was. We have room but for a few of the characteristic incidents of the man furnished by Mr. Jay:

"In the family worship, after reading a chapter, he would add a few remarks on some verse or sentence, very brief, but weighty and striking, and affording a sentiment for the day. Whoever was present, he always prayed himself; the prayer was never long, but remarkably suitable and simple."

"'Some people,' said he, 'believe much better than they reason. I once heard a good old woman arguing in favor of eternal election. 'Sir,' said she, 'I am sure if God had not chosen me

before I was born, he would never have chosen me after.' "

"At another time he mentioned facetiously, and with his peculiar smile, the language of a poor good woman when dying, 'I believe his word, and am persuaded, notwithstanding my unworthiness and guilt, that my Lord Jesus will save me from all my sins and sorrows, and bring me home to himself; and if he does, he will never hear the last of it!'"

"He one day told of a countryman who said to his minister, 'You often speak of our forefathers; now I know only of three—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Pray, sir, who is the *fourth*?' "

"He also more than once mentioned that he knew a good man and woman, who read the Scriptures morning and evening in their daily worship, to whom a gentleman gave a folio commentary to aid them. But after they had tried it for some time, the husband said to the wife, 'I think we did better before we had this great book. When we read the Bible itself only it was like a glass of pure wine; but now it is like a glass of wine in a pail of water.' "

"One morning a forward young man said, 'Pray, Mr. Newton, what do you think of the entrance of sin into our world?' 'Sir,' said he, 'I never think of it. I know there is such a thing as moral evil, and I know there is a remedy for it; and there my knowledge begins, and there it ends.' "

"I saw Mr. Newton near the closing scene. He was hardly able to talk; and all I find I had noted down upon leaving him is this: 'My memory is nearly gone; but I remember two things: That I am a great sinner, and that Christ is a great Savior.' And, 'Did you not, when I saw you at your house in Bath, desire me to pray for you? Well, then, now you must pray for me.' "

Another minister, a friend of Jay's, and remarkable for his eccentricity, was Rev. John Ryland, sen., a Baptist preacher of Northampton. Besides being a preacher, he was also a school-teacher.

"The first time I ever met Mr. Ryland," says Jay, "was at the house of a wholesale linen-draper in Cheapside. The owner, Mr. B——h, told him one day, as he called upon him, that I was in the parlor, and desired him to go in, and he would soon follow. At this moment I did not personally know him. He was singular in his appearance; his shoes were square-toed; his wig was five-storied behind; the sleeves of his coat were profusely large and open; and the flaps of his waistcoat encroaching upon his knees. I was struck and awed with his figure; but what

could I think when, walking toward me, he laid hold of me by the collar, and, shaking his fist in my face, he roared out, 'Young man, if you let the people of Surrey Chapel make you proud, I'll smite you to the ground!' But then, instantly dropping his voice, and taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by his side, and said, 'Sir, nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.' He then mentioned two promising young ministers who had come to town had been injured and spoiled by popular caressings; adding other seasonable and useful remarks."

"Once a young minister was spending the evening with him, and when the family were called together for worship, he said, 'Mr. —, you must pray.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I can not.' He urged him again, but in vain. 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I declare, if you will not, I'll call in the watchman.' At this time a watchman on his round was going by, whom he knew to be a very pious man—I knew him, too—he opened the door, and said, 'Duke, Duke, come in; you are wanted here. Here,' said he, 'is a young pastor that can't pray; so you must pray for him.' "

"He took my place one Tuesday evening at Surrey Chapel, and preached a most striking sermon from Daniel's words to Belshazzar—'But the God in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.' After an introduction, giving some account of Belshazzar, he impatiently and abruptly broke off by saying, 'But you can not suppose that I am going to preach a whole sermon on such a — rascal as this'—and then stated, that he should bring home the charge in the text against every individual in the place, in *four* grand instances."

From his peculiarly liberal views and his general candor in theological matters, Robert Hall became a favorite with Mr. Jay. Hall was disposed to believe, as our readers generally know, in free communion and free grace. He especially hated the doctrine that because a man was not a Baptist he had no right to come to the Lord's table. Some of his rebukes cut to the quick, and nothing, in fact, delighted him more than to wilt down those self-admiring preachers, who were strongly disposed to flourish and caper in the mazes of metaphysical hair-splitting, or else eager to soar in the realms of ether and cloud-land. One day he happened to be in company with a lady who wished his opinion in reference to one of these pompous nothing spouters; whereupon he gave it: "Ma'am, I always thought the gentleman predestinated to be a fool, and he has now made his calling and election sure."

Our limits forbid any reference to the numerous other cotemporary preachers with whom for many years Mr. Jay had fellowship. We pass to notice briefly some of Mr. Jay's own peculiarities as a minister.

He was a practical preacher. He had the good of his people, and not his own glory, constantly in view. Written discourses he avoided from principle; for he thought them too much like opiates to his congregation. "Nothing could satisfy him in his preaching but bringing forth the whole story of Matthew Henry's three R's, Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration—Jesus Christ and him crucified, to meet the condition of poor sinners—to try to save souls. He was especially observant of devotion when he had public services in prospect. He always took a *prayerful* review of his subject, and often was a tearful, wrestling season of communion with God in private the prelude to the holiest and happiest seasons in public. His practice uniformly was to go from the closet to the pulpit. Nothing was allowed to intervene. In this, doubtless, may be found one of the elements of his efficiency and success. He came as from the Divine presence with a message from God to men."

He was a plain preacher. Sometimes he selected a text which seemed obscure, but he always managed, by simplicity of language, to render it clear to the understanding of all listening. He never took flights starward, where the understanding could not track him; nor yet did he plunge into a wood, where his hearers lost sight of him, and could not afterward find him; but he kept himself and his subject in sight all the time, and "the hungry sheep" who came to hear "looked up and were fed," so that when they went home they had something to think about, and something to stir them up to diligence and Christian duty.

He was an earnest and a pathetic preacher. Like one of Bunyan's pilgrims, wherever he saw the print of the Lord's shoe there he wished to put his foot. "I want to be an earnest preacher," said he once; "I try to be such, but I do not succeed as I desire." "Our old divines and the Methodist preachers, when they just sprung up, had something to *rend* or *melt*, to *strike* and *stick*—to lead their hearers to think of again and again when alone, and to talk of again and again when in company. But what is the recommendation of many of the moderns? O, they glitter—they do—but, as Foster says, with frost."

Naturally he possessed a good voice, and he knew well how to manage it. His intonations possessed remarkable power, and oftentimes, when

he discovered that his people were in a prepared state of mind, he has melted them into tears by a single word. Every one who describes his manner mentions the emphasis he threw into his reading. The simplicity of language in which a granddaughter of his own describes that perfection of a good reader conveys a clearer idea of it than could be given in an elaborate description. "Walked down at seven to hear dear grandpapa. He preached a most glorious sermon upon 'the manifestation of the sons of God.' I doubt if you can possibly imagine our feelings when the venerably silver head appeared in the pulpit, and then bent in silent prayer. The expression with which he reads is wonderful: his words distill as the dew; so softly, and yet so *effectually* do they fall. His manner of emphasizing some passages gives you an entirely new view of them."

He was an uncontroversial preacher. He seldom took polemics into the sacred desk, and scarcely ever would spend time with skeptics in arguing out abstract and metaphysical points. There was one Dr. Cogan, a Unitarian in his predilections, with whom Mr. Jay had considerable intercourse. The Doctor often visited Mr. Jay's Chapel, and heard him preach, and sought opportunities for discussion.

"Not being inclined or qualified for controversy," remarks Mr. Jay, "I never entered into dispute with him, but I sometimes dropped a few words from experience or observation, to which he listened, and which seemed to strike him, especially when I spoke of persons who had recently died in confidence, peace, and comfort, commanding and recommending those truths which they said were all their salvation and all their desire. And when I mentioned what I had lately met with, namely, a female, young and beautiful, agreeably espoused, with two lovely babes, with every thing that could render life desirable, dying of a consumption—which destroys so many of our roses and lilies—and when reduced by the lingering disease almost to a shadow, she asked an attendant to hand her the looking-glass—after glancing at which she returned it, saying with a smile,

'Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my moments roll!
A mortal paleness in my cheek,
But glory in my soul!'

and soon expired—he could not avoid weeping.

"When also I sometimes mentioned instances—and, blessed be God, I could mention such instances under my own feeble preaching—of persons converted from a sinful course to a life of

morality and holiness; and where the change has not been produced by practice, but the practice has been the effect of the change; and sin has not only been left but loathed; and duty has not only been performed but delighted in; his pause and manner have seemed to say, 'Why, *we* hear and see nothing of this!'

He was eminently a Scriptural preacher. He was much in his closet, and oftentimes in the day upon his knees with God's word outspread before him. His discourses were redolent with the fragrance of flowers culled from the garden of inspiration. He made numerous quotations of Scripture in his sermons, and they were frequently so exquisitely appropriate and beautiful that they seemed made to order for the occasion. Sacred poetry was an auxiliary employed by him with great effect and frequency. "He often surprised his audience," says his biographer, "by the ingenuity he displayed in the appropriation of texts to particular occasions. As specimens of this take the following examples: On the death of George the Fourth—'Another King, one Jesus.' On the reopening of his chapel after a temporary closing—'A door was opened in heaven.' After an enlargement of the chapel—'Be ye also enlarged.' For a communion address—'One of you is a devil.' Who but he would have thought of such a passage as this for the text of a funeral sermon for a great man: 'Howl, fir-tree; for the cedar is fallen?' From this passage he preached first, after the death of Mr. Hall; and then again at the death of Mr. Rowland Hill. How poetic, how striking, how appropriate to express the Church's lament over the grave of one of her illustrious pastors!"

He was well able to reason and be logical, but he seldom preached a sermon without one or more anecdotes or incidents for illustrations. Sometimes these anecdotes had a semblance of oddity about them; but they were never of a character to disgust or offend. On one occasion when he wished to impress on his people the truth of the declaration, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," he told the following tale of two parrots: "Two friendly neighbors bought each a parrot. That of Mrs. A. was a bird of grave deportment, and had been taught to speak a good many *godly* words. That of Mrs. B. was an impious fellow, for his language abounded in *bad* words. Now Mrs. B. felt quite shocked at the irreverent talk of her parrot, and prevailed on her friend to allow the grave parrot to pay a visit to the swearer, in hope of reclaiming the rogue by good example. Well, the two birds staid together for about a month, and a great

reformation was expected in the swearing parrot, from listening to his more decent neighbor; but imagine the consternation of good Mrs. A. on the return of her more grave and decorous bird, to hear him swearing like a trooper! The fact is, that instead of teaching he had been learning; and from that sad day his language was as bad as that of his scapegrace associate: thus, 'evil communications corrupt good manners.'" One may imagine the effect of such a parable on a large congregation. But although the parrots would haunt their memory, we may be sure that the inimitably artless art of the preacher wound up with a lesson that lay deeper, and would doubtless spring up again to memory amid the confusion of worldly intercourse.

The last words, except the benediction, ever delivered by him in Argyle Chapel—his own church—were these, uttered Sunday, July 25, 1852, from the Apocalypse: "'Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'" He made no comment; and how could he? But he pronounced these final words: "If this be heaven, O that I were there!"

He died at home, Bath, Eng., December 27, 1853, aged eighty-four years. We regret that we can not furnish the particulars of his final illness in detail. The following, from the pen of one of his near friends, will show that his death, like his life, was the Christian's:

"One day, while suffering under great bodily distress, he said, 'I fear God has forsaken me. Let me not be impatient; let me repose in his love. I fear I am impatient.' Mrs. Jay replied, 'Think of the feelings of your precious Savior: like you, he said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He has promised never to forsake you. His grace is sufficient for you.' He then replied, 'I mourn, I do not murmur. "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." I desire to lie passive, and know no will but his. "In patience possess ye your souls." Lay no more upon me than thou wilt enable me to bear; and I will glorify thee in my sore affliction.

'Dear Lord! though bitter is the cup

Thy gracious hand deals out to me,

I cheerfully would drink it up;

That can not hurt that comes from thee.'

"'The language of the publican,' he said, 'did, does, and ever will, besit me; and even down to death must be my cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."'

"I do not murmur—allow me to groan. It seems to ease my pain. Objects most dear and attractive now fail to interest. O for a grateful heart! I have made some little stir in life, but now I am nothing. God seems to be saying, "I can do without you." An official character is not to be judged of by his ministerial work. He is compelled often to administer comfort to others when he is perhaps not enjoying it himself. You see the sail, but not the ballast.'

"On Christmas day his sufferings were very severe, and he said to Dr. Bowie, 'O Doctor, what a Christmas day! but I can say, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift;"' and then he quoted 1 Peter i, 3, 4, 5, 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time!' He was particularly partial to the hymn, 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!' often repeated it, and especially the last verse—

'When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.'

"On the morning of Tuesday, December 27th, the day of his death, he said, 'O, none of you know what it is to die.' From this time he spoke little, but sank gradually into the arms of death, becoming so still and calm that the precise period of his departure could not be perceived. Though he uttered but few words on the bed of death, yet there was the silent testimony of a settled peace; while his long life and entire labors had afforded a faithful and consistent witness for God and truth."

His remains were deposited, January 2, 1854, in the cemetery of Snow Hill, belonging to Argyle Chapel, and there will they rest till the morning shall dawn of the resurrection day.

—◆—
"PEDARATUS, when he missed of a place among the chosen three hundred, rejoiced that there were three hundred in Sparta better than himself."

THE SERMON OF WINTER.

IF one did not know the contrary, one would be apt to fancy that death is the very last subject there is any need of preaching about to mankind—the very last subject there is any need for a minister of Christ to talk of. So many sermons about death are preached to us every day of our lives, so many finger-posts pointed toward death meet us at every turn, one might verily fancy, if one did not know the contrary, that it would be a waste of time to preach about death from the pulpit.

But we never hear any of those daily sermons about death, many of you perchance will tell me. We go forth in the morning, and come home in the evening, and never see any of those finger-posts pointed toward death. Long as we have lived, we have never fallen in with one such. What, my friends, can you walk to and fro from year's end to year's end, and see no mark of death on the earth, and hear no sound of death in the air? What is winter, the skirts of which are still lying around us? Is it not the death of the year? Has not death been spreading out its cold hand over the trees of the forest, stripped them of their bloom and their beauty, and turning them into great staring skeletons, that lift up their bare bones in the face of day to admonish us that we, too, before long, shall be even as they are—that our bloom will in like manner have faded away, that our leaf will have fallen off, and that nothing will be left of these bodies, which we so fondle, and pamper, and trick out, and are so vain of, but a parcel of naked bones? Every tree you see shorn of its leaves, may preach you the sermon of death—may stand before you as a great finger-post pointing to death—may warn you that the hour is at hand when you, too, will be shorn of your glory. Ay, the leafless wood, how awful its sermon! Not only may you look upon it as a host of skeletons: it may also cry to you to bethink yourselves, that even as those trees stand naked from head to foot before the eye of heaven, so will your souls ere long stand utterly bare and naked before the eye of God. Every cloak and mask you may have clad them in will be torn off. Every fading leaf and perishing flower—whatever is bred by the sun of this world, or put forth to win the eyes of this world—all the dress and drapery of our minds and hearts—our cleverness, our skill, our learning, our knowledge, our prudence, our industry, our gayety, our good fellowship—all those qualities of fair-seeming which have no higher aim than to look

well in the sight of our neighbors—will be swept away; and nothing will remain but the skeletons of our souls, shivering in the sight of men and of angels, in the day of that last and terrible winter, when the glory of this world will have waned, and death will have spread out his hand over all the generations of mankind. Nothing will remain but the naked trunk and leafless branches of our souls—except those seeds of Christian faith and love, which may have lain secretly wrapped up in the bosom of the flowers. The leaf dies; for the leaf has no life in it. The flower dies; for the flower has no life in it. But the seed, if it be the seed of Christian faith and love, has life in it, and can not die. When it falls to the ground, Christ sends his angels to gather it up, and bids them lay it by in the storehouse of heaven. By the world, indeed, it is unseen. The world perceives no difference between the flower that has seed in it, and the flower that has no seed. To the outward eye they look the same; for the outward eye sees only what is outward. But Christ knows his own: he beholds the seed within the heart of the flower, and he will not suffer it to die or to be lost. In the last day he will bring it forth, and will crown the branches again with the undying flowers of heaven.—*Rev. Julius Charles Hare.*

THE SLANDERER.

THE slanderer is a pest, a disgrace, an incubus to society, that should be subjected to a slow cauterization, and then be lopped off like a disagreeable excrescence. Like the viper, he leaves a shining trail in his wake. Like a tarantula, he weaves a *thread* of candor with a *web* of wiles, or with all the kind mendacity of hints, whispers forth his tale, that, "like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows." The dead—ay, even the dead—over whose pale-sheeted forms sleeps the dark sleep no venomous tongue can wake, and whose pale lips have then no voice to plead, are subjected to the scandalous attack of the slanderer—

"Who wears a mask that Gorgon would disown,
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone."

I think it is Pollok who says the slanderer is the foulest whelp of sin, whose tongue was set on fire in hell, and whose legs were faint with haste to propagate the lie his soul had framed.

"He has a lip of lies, a face formed to conceal,
That, without feeling, mocks at those who feel."

There is no animal I despise more than these

moths and scrays of society, the malicious censurers—

"These ravenous fishes, who follow only in the wake
Of great ships, because, perchance, they're great."

O, who would disarrange all society with their false lap-wing cries! The slanderer makes few direct charges and assertions. His long, envious fingers point to no certain locality. He has an inimitable shrug of the shoulders, can give peculiar glances,

"Or convey a libel by a frown,
Or wink a reputation down."

He seems to glory in the misery he entails. The innocent wear the foulest impress of his smutty palm, and a soul pure as "Arctic snow twice dotted by the northern blast," through his warped and discolored glasses wears a mottled hue.

"A whisper broke the air—
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe!
Nor might only perish there,
Nor farther go!
Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;
Another voice then breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round,
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!"

Vile wretch! ruiner of fair innocence by foul slanders, in thine own dark, raven-plumed soul distilled—

"*Blush*—if of honest blood a drop remains
To steal its way along thy veins!
Blush—if the bronze long hardened on thy cheek,
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak!"

HOW PRAYER IS ANSWERED.

ONE of the pupils in a school in Germany came to his master one day in great trouble, because, as he said, God would not answer his prayer. "And what did you pray for?" "I prayed to God that he would give me a humble heart." "And why do you think that he has not heard you?" The child said, with tears, "Since I prayed for this the other boys have been cross and unkind to me. They tease me and mock me at every turn, so that I can hardly bear it." "My dear boy, you prayed that God would give you a humble heart, and why then should you be vexed, if the other boys are the means of humbling you? Here you see that God does really answer you. It is in this way he sees fit to send you a humble mind." The poor child had not thought of that.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ON TYPICAL AND ALLEGORICAL EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.—It might be expected that, when God had determined to send his Son into the world, there would be a train and concatenation of circumstances preparatory to his coming—that the history, which declared that he was to come, should exhibit many persons and things, which would form a grand preparation for the event, though not so many of them as an absurd fancy might imagine.

There is a certain class of persons who wish to rid themselves of the types. Sikes insists that even the brazen serpent is called in by our Lord by way of illustration only, and not as a designed type. Robinson, of Cambridge, when he began to verge toward Socinianism, began to ridicule the types, and to find matter of sport in the pomegranates and the bells of the high priest's garment. At all events, the subject should not be treated with levity and irreverence: it deserves serious reflection.

With respect to the expediency of employing the types much in the pulpit, that is another question. I seldom employ them. I am jealous for truth and its sanctions. The Old dispensation was a typical dispensation; but the New is a dispensation unrolled. When speaking of the typical dispensation, we must admire a master like St. Paul. But to us modesty becomes a duty in treating such subjects in our ministry. Remember, "*This is none other but the house of God! and this is the gate of heaven!*" How dreadful if I lead thousands with nonsense—if I lose the opportunity of impressing solid truths—if I waste their precious time!

A minister should say to himself: "I would labor to cut off occasions of objecting to the truth. I would labor to grapple with men's consciences. I would show them that there is no strange twist in our view of religion. I must avoid, as much as possible, having my judgment called in question: many watch for this, and will avail themselves of any advantage. Some who hear me are thus continually seeking excuses for not listening to the warnings and invitations of the word; they are endeavoring to get out of our reach; but I would hold them fast by such passages as, '*What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*'"

Many men labor to make the Bible THEIR Bible. This is one way of getting its yoke off their necks. The MEANING, however, of the Bible is the Bible. If I preach then on imputed righteousness, for instance, why should I preach from, "the skies pour down righteousness," and then anathematize men for not believing the doctrine, when it is not declared in the passage, and there are hundreds of places so expressly to the point?

Most of the folly on this subject of allegorical interpretation has arisen from a want of holy awe on the mind. An evil fashion may lead some men into it; and, so far, the case is somewhat extenuated. We should ever remember, however, that it is a very different thing to allegorize the New dispensation from allegorizing

the Old: the New is a dispensation of substance and realities.

When a careless young man, I remember to have felt alarms in my conscience from some preachers; while others, from this method of treating their subjects, let me off easily. I heard the man as a weak allegorizer: I despised him as a foolish preacher: till I met with some plain, simple, solid man, who seized and urged the obvious meaning. I shall, therefore, carry to my grave a deep conviction of the danger of entering far into typical and allegorical interpretations.

Accommodation of Scripture, if sober, will give variety. The apostles do this so far as to show that it may have its use and advantage. It should, however, never be taken as a ground-work, but employed only in the way of allusion. I may use the passage, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," by way of allusion to Christ; but I can not employ it as the ground-work of a discourse on him.—*Cecil.*

AN EXPOSITION OF ISAIAH XVIII, 4; OR, GOD CONSIDERING WHAT HE WILL DO FOR HIS PEOPLE.—"I will consider in my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

Preachers should be very sparing of their animadversions on the translation of the Scriptures in common use; not only because they tend to shake confidence and awaken suspicions in their hearers, but because they are generally needless. It is not illiteracy that commends the present version; the ablest scholars are the most satisfied with it upon the whole. Yet, while the original is divine, the rendering is human; and, therefore, we need not wonder if an occasional alteration is necessary. This is peculiarly the case where the sense is very obscure or even imperceptible without it.

If the words as they now stand in the text remain, his "dwelling-place" is heaven, and the meaning is, that he would there consider how to succor and bless his people, for he *careth* for them: but a word must be supplied to show the import—"I will consider in my dwelling-place" how I can prove "like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." But the margin, and Lowth, and every modern expositor, make his "dwelling-place" not the *place* of his consideration, but the *object*: and read, "*I will regard my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.*" Now what his dwelling-place was we can easily determine. It was Zion—"whose dwelling is in Zion." "This is my rest forever here, will I dwell, for I have desired it." And Watts has well added—

"The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His Church is with his presence blest."

And his concern for the welfare of the one is far surpassed by his regard for the other. And how is this regard exercised? Here are two images.

First, "like a clear heat upon herbs." The margin again says, "Like a clear heat *after rain*;" and I wish, says the excellent translator of Isaiah, who has adopted it, that there was better evidence in support of it. The reason is, that he probably feared, as others in reading it may fear, that "a clear heat upon herbs" would be rather unfavorable, and cause them to droop, if not to die. And this would be the case in some instances; but not in all; and it is enough for a metaphor to have one just and strong resemblance. Read the dying words of David: "And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds: as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Now after rain "the clear shining," or "clear heat upon herbs," would produce immediately fresh vigor and shootings. Even in our own climate the effect upon the grass and plants is soon visible; but in the East the influence is much more sudden and surprising, and the beholders can almost see the herbage thrive and flourish. Thus the Lord can quicken his people in his ways, and strengthen in them the things that remain and are ready to die. And when after the softening comes the sunshine, they grow in grace and in the knowledge of their Lord and Savior. Their faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of them toward each other aboundeth. They bear much fruit. Thus we read of "increasing with all the increase of God." This figure, therefore, expresses growth and fertility.

But the second holds forth refreshment, seasonable refreshment, "like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." How cooling, useful, welcome, delightful such an appearance is, ask the laborer in the field, in the Eastern field, bearing the burden and heat of the day. God, as the God of all comfort, realizes the truth and force of this image in the experience of his tried followers—First, in their spiritual exercises and depressions arising from the assaults of temptation, a sense of their unworthiness and imperfections, and fears concerning their safety and perseverance. And, secondly, in their outward afflictions. These may be many; and if our strength is small, we shall faint in the day of adversity. But when we cry, he answers us, and strengthens us with strength in our souls. He gives us a little reviving in our bondage; and in the multitude of our thoughts within us his comforts delight our souls. He is able and engaged to comfort us in all our tribulation. By the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ; by his word; by his ordinances; by the preaching of a minister; by the conversation of a friend; by a letter, a book, a particular occurrence of providence, a time of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord—and a cloud of dew be furnished in the heat of harvest.

Such is the God of love to his people. His consolations are not small; his grace is abundant; his care unceasing. Well may his children trust in him, knowing that he will send "the clear shining" of the sun after the rain, and also the "cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

THE TEST AND THE EVIDENCE OF THE REALITY OF FAITH.—Does a man seek a proof of his acceptance? The reference is to facts in his own moral condition. He is to look for it in a change which is taking place in his character; a new direction of his desires; a new regulation of his affections; an habitual impression, to which he was a stranger before, of the presence and the perfections of the Deity; and a new light which has

burst upon his view respecting his relations to this life and that which is to come. He is to seek this evidence in a mind which aims at no lower standard than that which will bear the constant inspection of infinite purity; he is to seek it, and to manifest it to others, in a spirit which takes no lower pattern than that model of perfection—the character of the Messiah. These acquirements, indeed, are looked upon, not as a ground of acceptance, but a test of moral condition; not as in any degree usurping the place of the great principle of faith, but as its fruits and evidences. As these, then, are the only proofs of the reality of this principle, so they are the only basis on which a man can rest any sound conviction of his moral aspect in the sight of the Deity; and that system is founded on delusion and falsehood which, in this respect, holds out any other ground of confidence than the purification of the heart and a corresponding harmony of the whole character. Such attainment, indeed, is not made at once, nor is it ever made in a full and perfect manner in the present state of being; but, where the great principle has been fixed within, there is a persevering effort, and a uniform contest and a continual aspiration after conformity to the great model of perfection. Each step that a man gains in this progress serves to extend his view of the high pattern to which his eye is steadily directed; and as his knowledge of it is thus enlarged, he is led by comparison to feel more and more deeply his own deficiency. It thus produces amazing humility, and an increasing sense of his own imperfection, and causes him continually to feel that, in this warfare, he requires a power which is not in man. But he knows also that this is provided as an essential part of the great system on which his hope is established. Amid much weakness, therefore, and many infirmities, his moral improvement goes forward. Faint and feeble at first as the earliest dawn of the morning, it becomes brighter and steadier as it proceeds in its course, and, "as the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*Abercrombie*.

The above article contains some powerfully condensed and strikingly expressive thoughts, to which every Christian would do well to give heed. As a sufficient antidote to any theological heresy that may be found lurking in it, we simply append the following, from a good authority: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—"He drieth the stream that we may seek the full fountain."

How beautiful are the manifestations of Divine providence in the Christian life! Every step along his pilgrim way gives fresh token of the wisdom, goodness, and forbearing mercy of his blessed Master. The dark places in his pilgrimage, which, in their first passage, seemed like so many valleys of Bochim to his soul, have been the very steps which led to the "green pastures," where, with enlarged faith, he may repose by the "still waters" of God's unfailing love.

The lesson may be believed when the young disciple first enters the Church, and with new-born tenderness of soul receives its teachings as the holy truth of God. But its real, significant bearing upon the daily life must come home to the heart in the hour of its great need. Ah, then, indeed, it is all of grace that the light enters; for the laying down of self, calmly to repose on the bosom of infinite Love, is the life-long lesson, scarce learned, even when the distant hills of *home* break upon the closing eye.

To one in feebleness the winter may set in with doubt and dread, and long-waiting at home be the allotted portion. The prayer meeting, the dear Sabbath school, and the precious sermons assume a new importance. How shall life's trials be borne without their refreshing ministry? Amid the cold winds and frequent storms, how shall the Christian brother or sister bring the glad news of Zion's prosperity, how, amid the loneliness of the little circle still narrowing to closer bounds, shall the interests of Christ's Church be kept bright and warm in the soul's depths? But, O ye of little faith, the streams are dried in mercy. Deprived of the ordinances of his house he brings us to his word, and richer, clearer meaning lights up its page; we feel an individual interest in the portion, and daily bread is there for daily need. Prayer is a necessity; it covers broader fields than we have realized; the sparrow's lesson is no longer an illustration of holy writ, but a life-giving assurance that Christ brings present salvation to view. The Missionary Journal, hastily read, because *outward* calls are imperative, opens with unwonted delight, and we feel identified with the self-denying ones that have borne the burden and heat of the day. Not theirs only is the duty to watch and wait; we must see to it that no shadow darkens their way which we may prevent. Do we not count our temporary privations as dust in the balance, compared with their life-consecration to the service of God? Ay, do we not trace with them the drying stream that impels to the fountain?

Among the pleasant incidents of her Christian experience, which a dear mother used to relate, was a little anecdote of Chloe Spear, a colored woman, who for many years was a devoted member of good old Dr. Baldwin's Church, in Boston. It always interested us by its characteristic language and pathos, but now it seems forcibly to illustrate the truth under consideration.

Chloe had been sick some time, and none of her dear Christian friends that she prized so much visited her—but to use her own words—"she think it strange, they talk so kind to her, they so much in her mind, and why they not come? Ah, she think she make *idol* of them; she set them up above the neighbor and the colored friend. Then by and by the Lord show her how he enough in himself for her little soul, and she feel strong in him, and put the *friend* all away, and the Lord give her joy. When she staid on him, she think of the kind neighbor that come in, and do many thing to comfort her poor old body, and she tell them how she hope the Lord give them good hope in his mercy to pay them for their kindness to aunt Chloe. Now she have a text come to her mind, and she never know what that mean till the Lord bring her in a strait place: 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'"

About Chloe's application of this text, I think she meant to imply that the instrumentality of the *world* was sometimes actually connected with our progress in piety, or, rather, was made subservient to it; she always said, "receive you into their *houses*"—but I was afraid to change the text to her repeating.

"She think, perhaps, she not feel enough for kind neighbor before, and she pray more for their poor soul, and there alone on her sick bed the Lord come near, and he make her fill with joy, and when she get there, the friend come *pouring in*, and they say, 'O sister Chloe, we so sorry we did not know you sick; we miss you a great while; we think you gone away.' Then she tell them

she have feel bad, but now she know better how to love; them she love Church, she hope she meet all in her dear Master's house. And by and by, *brother Baldwin* come, and he say, 'Chloe, why you no send your minister to come and see you when you sick? he never hear she sick, he gone away, and he think Chloe gone to the country a little while;' and he so sorry, he afraid she feel hurt.' Then she tell him just how the Lord lead her. He good, his friend good, the kind lady good, but the Lord *better*; and she keep the lesson by her, and the Lord make her strong to go many more ways she never knew before."—*Watchman and Reflector*.

LOVE TO CHRIST AND LOVE OF CHRIST.—When Krishna Pal, the first convert to Christ in Bengal, was on his death-bed, all who visited him were impressed with the deep peace that reigned there. The stillness of the sick chamber, broken only by the low utterance of prayer, or the feeble voice of the dying man, as he spoke of his hopes and prospects, and of the Savior to whom he owed them all, seemed to breathe nothing but tranquillity. He was asked if he loved Jesus Christ. "Where can a sinner go," he replied, "but unto Christ?" Soon after the same question was repeated. "Yes," said he, "*but he loves me more than I love him*."

Is it any wonder that Krishna was ready to die? He had served the Savior twenty-two years. He had braved the hatred of his countrymen when he was baptized in the name of Jesus, and had been an earnest preacher of the Gospel. He had won others to Christ. But he did not hope for heaven on account of these things. It was not because he loved Christ, but because Christ *loved him*.

"O thou, my soul, forgot no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not."

are the words of the beautiful hymn which he wrote, and which thousands of Christians in this and other lands have united with him in singing. But while he desired always to remember his divine Friend, he rejoiced most of all in the certainty that Jesus would never forget him. Krishna has now been more than thirty years in the glorious presence of the Savior he loved, the Savior who so loved him. Who does not wish to follow him there? Who does not desire to lead other heathen souls into the same eternal joy?—*Macedonian*.

WALKING WITH GOD.—To be in the habit of asking the will of God ere we act; to be in the practice of comparing the end we propose to ourselves with the sure and certain standard set down in his holy word; to make the glory of his great name, and not our own profit and pleasure, the rule of our own schemes; to try and find the path of duty, instead of the way that is good in our own eyes; to ask faithfully what is right, rather than what is pleasant; to test things by their influence on others, as well as on ourselves—this is to acknowledge God—this is to commit our way to the Lord.

RAIMENT OF NEEDLEWORK.—The following is a quaint comment on the text, "She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework," Psalm xiv, 14: "The work of sanctification carried on in the believer's heart is a slow and costly one, and can not be completed without many a severe prick in the process."

* It was her habit to go to the adjoining towns for a few days, if she heard of revivals or special gatherings of the Church.

Editorial Sketch and Review.

THE WORLD A WORKSHOP.*

THE physical relationship of man to the earth is a question second in importance only to that of his spiritual relationship. This is the question discussed in the little volume to which we have made reference, and discussed, too, with not a little originality, enthusiasm, and eloquence. The author evidently entered upon his work *con amore*; with unflagging zeal he pursued it to the end, and has truly given to the world "a testimony of respect to the dignity and omnipotence of enlightened labor."

The author's great point is, "that this mundane habitation was designed and literally fitted up for the cultivation and application of chemical and mechanical science as the basis of human development." He argues that "material natures require something to do as well as to reflect on; this is indispensable to their being—the purpose of it. *Employment* is, therefore, an element of existence." Is it objected to such a theory that physical industry and ingenuity are of too low and too ephemeral a nature to enter into the grand and enduring plans of the Author of the universe, but that the cultivation of *mind* must be the object of calling the universe into existence? The author admits this to be the end, but suggests "as matter is the agent on which God has printed his thoughts, may it not be the book from which all minds are to read and to learn? We know that he has made the elevation of human nature to depend on the study and application of principles impressed upon matter, and, therefore, it is consistent with his purposes and with his greatness to educate intelligences by it. We know not that any are or can be trained up without it; and as, wherever intelligences are, they are surrounded by it, and by displays of Divine wisdom shining forth in it, is it not reasonable to infer that it is a universal medium of mental and moral tuition? for which purpose, instead of being collected into one inhabitable body, it has been gathered into an infinite number, every one different, and a theater of different phenomena."

The theory, of which we have here developed an imperfect outline, involves a few striking and grand consequences, which, however, the author does not hesitate to accept. The first of these is, that physical and mental labor entered into the *original* design of man's creation, and are not, therefore, mere incidents of his lapsed condition. If by the term *labor*, the author simply intends *activity*, directed to mental and physical ends, we think the view is accordant with the teachings both of nature and revelation. When created in innocence and purity, man was placed in the garden, not merely to be regaled by its beauty, to enjoy its fruit, and to wear away time in idle pleasures, but "to dress it, and to keep it." Dr. Adam Clarke beautifully remarks upon this passage, that "even in a state of innocence we can not conceive it possible that man could have been happy if *inactive*. God gave him work to do, and his employment contributed to his happiness; for the structure of his body as well as of his mind plainly proves that he was never intended for a

merely contemplative life." What then? Did no physical evil result from "the fall?" So some, overleaping a logical chasm, whose breadth can be spanned by no such legitimate sequence, are ready to conclude. The true solution of the question undoubtedly is, that while sin weakened and perverted our physical as well as intellectual and moral powers, and this made it *labor* to cultivate the earth—the earth itself was also cursed and rendered more difficult of cultivation. We may, therefore, safely conclude, that while *toil* and *labor*—that is, the painful and exhausting drudgery now required of us—is an infliction because of sin, physical activity, for useful and beneficent purposes, and especially for our own development and happiness, was one of the original designs of our creation. We think, therefore, with the author, that there must be something wrong in the dislike to material labor which possesses the minds of so many. We have almost suspected that the grandest conception formed of heaven, in some minds, is a place where unbounded license will be given to laziness. "If 'pride brought on the fall,' its effects are awfully felt in the low esteem in which the elaboration of matter is held, and in the presumption that it is derogatory to spiritual exaltation. Thus, the original law, 'replenish the earth and subdue it,' is regarded by most persons as a coarse, unpleasant, and unintellectual task, because its full meaning, and its bearings on our present and future destiny, are not perceived."

Another sequence of this theory, presumptive rather than demonstrative, relates to other worlds. They are supposed to have the same physical construction as ours; that is, the condition of matter in them is essentially the same as in ours, and also the physical condition of their inhabitants. Our author says: "To those who deny them to be centers of reasoning and active populations it is useless to reply till they can show for what other purposes they are made, and how this little earth, a mere atom among them, became so strange an exception. If we had had no knowledge of the existence of other orbs it would have been unphilosophical to insist there were none beside our own; but now that we know they crowd every region of space, it would be positive folly to contend that all are barren of life and intelligence, of sciences and arts, except the one given to us. It is preposterous to suppose the divine Builder erects tenements for the purpose of keeping them empty. If they are not occupied, it is because they are not prepared to be so. It may be assumed that as soon as an orb is fitted for the reception of tenants, they are put in possession of it." These premises being admitted, and having also seen that activity is an element of existence, we are brought to infer the *industrial activities of the denizens of the universe*, involving infinities of modes and processes, and multiplied infinities of applications and results. "Let those," says Mr. Ewbank, "who do not sympathize with the idea that occupants of worlds around us act on matter as we do in this one—which, it should be remembered, is an integral member and sample of them—look abroad, and see how the same general laws to which it is subject govern others; how some in its vicinity resemble it in volume, density, duration of days and nights, etc.; how the red soil, the green seas, and northern snows and ice of

*The World a Workshop; or, the Physical Relationship of Man to the Earth. By Thomas Ewbank. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865.

Mars approximate to it in these particulars; how larger, more distant, and more resplendent ones, belonging to the same group, are illuminated every night, each with several moons; and how in aerolites we have metals and metallic alloys belonging to celestial regions—and then ask themselves if there is any thing unreasonable or unlikely, or if it is not in the highest degree probable and presumable, that people there add to their enjoyments and multiply their conveniences, by employing the materials and agencies placed at their disposal—in other words, that occupations akin to some of ours are followed in other spheres.”

Another result of this theory, is the recognition of unity of design pervading and manifesting itself in *diversity of parts*. Happily for us, the universe is not a medley of mingled purposes and disconnected things. “The unity of design manifested in it is the theme of every philosopher, and not less observable and admirable is the fine chain of *relationship* that binds all the diverse forms and conditions of matter in one coherent whole. There are no violent transitions from series to series, but by almost imperceptible degrees differences open into species, species into genera, and genera into wider classes. And as with the *contents* of worlds, so with worlds themselves; for they are merely larger divisions, and not the largest, since they merge into groups or systems, and systems, in all probability, into still more and more comprehensive departments. There are no abrupt chasms in their outlines, dimensions, illumination, or movements, and by the strongest of analogies there can be none in their internal administrations. No truth is more patent than the unity of creation. There is nothing *exi generis* in it; nothing that stands solitary or alone; nothing that is not connected with and dependent on something else—not a boulder, a planet, or a sun—not an animal or the habits of one—not an order of intelligence or an occupation of intelligence.” This broad view, when thoroughly analysed—when all its parts are thoroughly studied, only renders the conclusion still more invincible, that material natures every-where, throughout all the vast universe of God, are designed to be active—to labor. To repudiate labor, then, is to repudiate one of the designs of our creation.

Viewed in one light our earth is a mere caravansary—a temporary convenience for passing travelers, and, therefore, worthy of only a passing notice. Taken in another light, it is a theater of momentous action and of grand results, which are to be realized only by the connection of active and intelligent beings with it. Man, then, is necessary to the earth, and the earth is necessary to man. It is the manufactory; he is the manufacturer. And by working up the material before him, he not only demonstrates the unlimited capabilities of the world, but he develops also the wonderful capabilities that lie hidden in his own nature; he develops himself. The design of our mundane system is to be inferred from the materials with which we find it stored, and the attributes or adaptations of those materials. If they are indispensable to man, and yet comparatively useless till manipulated by him, then have we an indication of the original design of its Author that it should be a theater of activity on the part of man. How, then, do we find our earth? Stocked, it is true, with mineral substances of almost endless variety and number—susceptible of almost inconceivably beautiful, various, and useful applications—but alloyed, unshapen, and unwrought. Or if we look at vegetable and animal substances, elaboration is equally indispensable.

It is a sublime idea that man is designed to search out the hidden uses, the latent susceptibilities of the materials with which our earth is stored, as well as to be a practical operator in their subjugation to useful purposes. “The hypothesis,” says our author, “that the chief employment of man was to till the soil and raise cattle, is an unworthy one, since it puts us much on a par with the lower tribes, in making the procuring and consuming of food the principal object of our being. If we were made to live like cattle—merely to eat and sleep—it would be true, and the earth might then be considered a mere victualing institution. But, with us, and all intelligences, food is, like the traveler’s staff, an adjunct of life—a mere aid in accomplishing the purposes of existence.” We must have food, it is true, but we have higher functions also. One of these is the development of the forces, processes, and principles of inorganic matter, and their subjugation to the uses of humanity.

Our author, like all enthusiasts, pushes his theory to an offensive, if not ridiculous extreme. Take an example. After admitting that nearly all matter is inorganic; that the whole bulk of the earth is so, except its skin-like surface, he proceeds to inquire why it is so. “What does this mean? Why all this immature matter, unless it be for man to work up? How otherwise are its quantity and condition to be accounted for?” When we read this passage, we could not help meditating upon the sorrowful plight we poor denizens of the earth would find ourselves placed in were all its inorganic substances worked up into mechanical or chemical implements. To us it appears evident that the design of our great Creator had reference less to the *amount* of inorganic matter to be “worked up” than to the development of our powers and of its uses.

In our earth we find three great storehouses of matter for the elaboration of man. These are minerals, vegetable products, and animal products.

Of minerals, it is remarkable what discrimination is made by the great Constructor of the globe, so that they may be offered to man in such forms and under such conditions as to be manageable by him. In this respect there is a remarkable discrimination noticed by Mr. Ewbank. “Those that are easily dug into are homogenous, and extend over large areas, as fields of clay, coal, sand, and marl. So also with such as can be quarried, as rocks; they are in immense and continuous masses, from which blocks of any required dimensions may be taken—monolithic temples have been dislodged.” Without reflection one would think it would be desirable to have the metals provided in the same way—that is, in large masses and in their pure metallic state, so that we could have the material ready for our use, instead of the ore, which must be smelted and prepared. Suppose we had the metals in this state—laid up in solid mountain piles like granite, or in thick and solid strata—what use could we have made of them? Our author says none at all. “It would have been beyond human power to have extracted a supply from them. Had a mammoth boulder of the finest malleable iron been placed, at the birth of man, in the center of every township for the use of its inhabitants, all would have remained undiminished to this day. Like blocks of copper recently found in ancient diggings on Lake Superior, from which Indians had endeavored to cut portions with flint tools, they would have remained monuments of tautalism.” Hence it is that they seldom occur except as minerals that yield to the pick, while iron, the chief of them, is found only in ore.

Iron, so abundant and so indispensable, is perhaps one of the most difficult metals to reduce to a malleable state. How pregnant with meaning the fact that ore and coal for smelting it are generally found stored together in the bowels of the earth! Is there no design in such an arrangement of Deity?

Another curious provision for the supply of man's want, and for his education as the grand elaborator in nature's workshop, is seen in the provision to supply him with cutting-tools. These are tools indispensable to a manufacturer in the metals. Let us see how our author states and solves the problem here presented: "If the substance be intended to cut all others, how is it to be cut? How formed into tools without the aid of still harder tools? Let it be remembered that before these queries were practically answered, the idea of giving to natural bodies qualities they did not already possess had not entered into the minds of men. Had mines of steel and adamant been provided specially for tools, the same difficulty would have occurred; for tools of still harder materials would have been necessary to shape and harden them." Here was a singular exigence to be provided for. The harder metal necessary for tools would have been useless, because man would have been unable to cut and shape it into tools. Had nature provided it in the shape of tools, that would have contravened one of the highest of its own purposes; namely, the education of man. How simple and beautiful the contrivance to meet this exigence! Iron is made capable of *being hardened*; and thus implements are made of it by which it may be cut, sawed, and shaped to suit the convenience of man. The discovery of the process by which iron could be converted into steel opened up a new continent of knowledge in the arts, and subjected it to the dominion of man.

Fire was essential to the mechanical operations of this great workshop, as well as to the comfort of man. Without it neither earthen nor metallic wares could be manufactured. He might mold the clay into the forms desired; but without fire it would remain clay forever. Without fire, the ore would remain in its native state, and the harder minerals remain unshapen and unemployed. To man as a cosmopolite it is indispensable, and his mastery over it has not a little to do with his pre-eminence over the other inhabitants of the earth. But how was fire first obtained? Did God kindle it and favor man with the blaze? or did he simply adjust the materials, and leave man to discover and apply them? Reasoning from that which is every-where observed in the economy of nature, we should unhesitatingly infer the latter. Also, according to an old tradition, the first hint received by the primeval races upon the production of fire was the ignition of trees by the friction of their trunks or branches rubbing against each other during a high wind. Our author dissents from this suggestion, and regards the primeval mode of its production as "an instinctive suggestion." "The process," says he, "was by friction, and the only instruments employed two small pieces of wood. By twirling the point of a dry stick in a rude indentation made in another, or by rubbing it to and fro in a groove, sparks were evolved and flame obtained; an apparatus so simple that Indian boys and girls have been observed to prepare it by breaking suitable pieces from a branch and gnawing the pointed one into shape. Such, from the beginning, has served the wild man for a tinder box; and thus wherever fuel was he had the means of kindling it." How striking is Ho-

mer's description of Mercury kindling a fire to roast the cattle he had stolen:

"He snatch'd a branch and stripp'd the bark,
Rubbed piece 'gainst piece, till spark by spark
Was kindled, and the flame upflew."

"This description," says Mr. Ewbank, "is literally that of a Camanche or Apache after a buffalo hunt, or a foray into New Mexico."

Some will, perhaps, object to this theory of the origin of fire, that had man been left to make the discovery, he might have suffered immensely, and many of the human race might have perished for want of fire before the discovery was made. Undoubtedly these results might have followed; but they furnish no argument against fact. Were the reader cast away upon an uninhabited island, without the knowledge of this primeval device, he might perish, as many have perished, for want of this information. Just so with the various diseases for which nature has provided ample remedies. Our ignorance of those provisions prevents our cure.

In the matter of fire there are striking adaptations which, small as they seem, our author says, "have a bearing upon the general economy of the world. The conditions necessary to the evolution of a spark by friction, and to nourish it into flame, are such, we all perceive, as serve to prevent any serious results from natural abrasions. Had the necessary amount or intensity of friction been double what it is, man had made little use of fire to the present day. We do not see how, in the first ages, he could have procured it at all, nor yet in subsequent days, unless an advance in the arts supplied him with better means. Yet how the arts could exist, much less advance, without fire, it would be hard to tell. At all events, sparks could not have been drawn out of wood by individual exertion without mechanism, and what mechanism did the pure savage possess, or could he, without fire, possess?" On the other hand, had the amount of friction necessary to produce flame been less, nature would have become an incendiary herself, and flames would have been kindled every-where where there was wood to burn.

Without noticing the progressive steps by which the second great device for obtaining fire was reached—namely, the flint and steel, or tinder-box—we glance at the agency of fire in promoting the civilization of the race. "Once introduced into the hut, fire came under the management of females, and wrought a revolution in previous habits. Food was no longer consumed without cooking; roots, as well as flesh, were roasted; subsequently victuals were boiled, and the phenomena of ebullition, hot water, and steam observed. Culinary utensils were devised; rude seats, tables, and beds made their appearance. Natural vessels were superseded by artificial ones; earthenware caldrons succeeded those formed of skins, of the calabash, and joints of bamboo. Spinning, weaving, and knitting stepped in; and the comforts of a permanent habitation put an end to the miseries of roving the forests without dwellings or dress. Before these things were accomplished, man could have had but faint views of his destiny, none of the glory that awaited his posterity. It may be truly said, that the phoenix of the arts arose from the ashes of the domestic hearth, and that from it the first rays of science shot forth."

Our limits forbid any further discussion at present of the interesting topics embraced in Mr. Ewbank's volume. In our next, however, we hope to resume the subject.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

MIDDLETON & Co.'s LITHOGRAPHING ESTABLISHMENT.—This establishment has grown up to be not only the largest of the kind in the west, but one of the largest in the United States. A few hours spent in the various departments will be profitably employed by any lover of the fine arts. It is exceedingly wonderful to what perfection the ingenuity and skill of man have carried the delicate processes of art. We have rarely ever been more interested than in a visit to the lithographing department of Messrs. Middleton & Co. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that it occupies the third, fourth, and fifth stories of the large buildings of Livingston's Express Company. Their lithographic printing is done on the third story. Eleven presses are here employed, with capacity for printing the largest maps as well as the smallest and finest prints. The great marvel of producing *colored prints* from engravings on stone is here exhibited in its highest perfection. In the fourth story we find the "Artist's Rooms." From seven to ten skillful engravers are constantly employed here. A new and beautiful map of the city of Lafayette, La., has just been completed; also a landscape view of the city of Springfield, O., with some of its elegant villas and private residences. They have also a view of Cincinnati, taken from one of the hills on the Kentucky side of the river. The accuracy and minuteness of detail, not only in the outline, but also in the more prominent buildings, spires, and other points of interest, is really surprising. In the fifth story of this hive of industry we find the rooms for map-mounting and plate printing, in which department they keep some dozen presses.

The above is but a meager description of only one department. Their rooms for copper and steel-plate engravings are also worthy of a visit. But our space will not allow us to take our readers there for the present. Should they take a notion to go "on their own hook," they will find them in the Odd Fellow's Building, corner of Third and Walnut streets.

The great lithographic work executed by this house is the series of large colored plates showing the "anatomy of the brain." Some of the most eminent medical men in the country have spoken in the highest terms of this series, giving them the credit of great faithfulness in delineation. They are said to be fully equal to the steel-plate engravings by the Lazars, of London—one eminent as a physician, the other as an engraver. They have also a large number of well-executed portraits both on steel and on stone. This enterprising house, we are gratified to learn, received from the State Board of Agriculture the medal for the best specimens of lithography, and the diploma for the best specimens of maps.

Enterprise of this kind and in this direction the west should encourage by a substantial patronage. We, however, speak of the matter not by way of advertisement, but as an interest of art, science, and, we will add, religion—for the proper cultivation of the arts has much to do with the moral and religious feelings, as well as with taste and refinement.

A MAGNIFICENT BOOKSTORE.—The enterprising publishers and booksellers, Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.,

have recently opened one of the most magnificent book-stores to be found in the country at No. 25 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati. If any one doubts whether the book-trade flourishes in the west, let them walk through this bibliographical temple. The building is five stories high in front and seven in the rear. It is built of a fine, light-colored sand-stone and beautifully ornamented. In a central niche at the second story stands a statue designed to represent Cincinnati. Within the building is light, airy, and as complete in construction as skill and money could make it. The main store-room is thirty-four feet front by two hundred deep, having a wing of thirty-four feet extending to an alley. In making the tour of the establishment, we found the basement divided into two rooms, each one hundred feet deep. One is devoted to the jobbing department; the other to the accommodation of a number of Adams book presses, in active operation. The second floor is a fine sale-room, attractively set off with tasteful shelving, neat counters, columns, desks, etc., and is by far the most elegant room in the Queen City. The upper stories are devoted to printing, binding, and other purposes connected with their extensive publishing business. The rooms are all heated by steam, gas is introduced into every part of the building, and nothing left wanting to detract from its fitness and convenience. The hoisting machinery has been judiciously placed in the wing, thereby not detracting from the fine view, and besides enabling them to receive and discharge goods in the alley, without blockading the main entrance to Fourth. Success to our enterprising friends!

PAPER-MAKING.—The consumption of paper is enormous in the United States. There are no less than 750 paper-mills, manufacturing about 270,000,000 pounds of paper per annum, valued at \$27,000,000; and yet this will scarcely supply the enormous demand for the article. One effect of this large increase in the manufacture of paper has been to advance the price of *rags*. But a few years since they were thrown out as so much worthless rubbish. Now *rags* constitute no inconsiderable item in the small commercial transactions of the country. Let us see: it takes one and a half pounds of rags to make one pound of paper. The manufacture of 270,000,000 pounds of paper, then, consumes 405,000,000 pounds of rags, which, at the rate of four cents per pound, amounts to \$16,200,000—the annual commerce in *old rags*.

The paper manufacturers have become alarmed at the fact that the source from which they derived the material necessary for the manufacture of paper, and which they had regarded as unfailing, has been comparatively exhausted—to such an extent, at least, as to render them no longer able to keep pace with the demand. The proprietors of the London Times, foreseeing the effect of this state of things upon their large establishment by increasing the cost of paper to them, offered a reward of \$25,000 for the discovery of a cheap and perfect substitute for rags as a material for the manufacture of paper. Many experiments have already been tried; and though, as yet, without entire success, we may still reasonably hope, in view of what has already been accomplished, that ultimately the desired result will be attained. What

well in the sight of our neighbors—will be swept away; and nothing will remain but the skeletons of our souls, shivering in the sight of men and of angels, in the day of that last and terrible winter, when the glory of this world will have waned, and death will have spread out his hand over all the generations of mankind. Nothing will remain but the naked trunk and leafless branches of our souls—except those seeds of Christian faith and love, which may have lain secretly wrapped up in the bosom of the flowers. The leaf dies; for the leaf has no life in it. The flower dies; for the flower has no life in it. But the seed, if it be the seed of Christian faith and love, has life in it, and can not die. When it falls to the ground, Christ sends his angels to gather it up, and bids them lay it by in the storehouse of heaven. By the world, indeed, it is unseen. The world perceives no difference between the flower that has seed in it, and the flower that has no seed. To the outward eye they look the same; for the outward eye sees only what is outward. But Christ knows his own: he beholds the seed within the heart of the flower, and he will not suffer it to die or to be lost. In the last day he will bring it forth, and will crown the branches again with the undying flowers of heaven.—*Rev. Julius Charles Hare.*

THE SLANDERER.

THE slanderer is a pest, a disgrace, an incubus to society, that should be subjected to a slow cauterization, and then be lopped off like a disagreeable excrescence. Like the viper, he leaves a shining trail in his wake. Like a tarantula, he weaves a *thread* of candor with a *web* of wiles, or with all the kind mendacity of hints, whispers forth his tale, that, "like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows." The dead—ay, even the dead—over whose pale-sheeted forms sleeps the dark sleep no venomous tongue can wake, and whose pale lips have then no voice to plead, are subjected to the scandalous attack of the slanderer—

"Who wears a mask that Gorgon would disown,
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone."

I think it is Pollok who says the slanderer is the foulest whelp of sin, whose tongue was set on fire in hell, and whose legs were faint with haste to propagate the lie his soul had framed.

"He has a lip of lies, a face formed to conceal,
That, without feeling, mocks at those who feel."

There is no animal I despise more than these

moths and scrays of society, the malicious censurers—

"These ravenous fishes, who follow only in the wake
Of great ships, because, perchance, they're great."

O, who would disarrange all society with their false lap-wing cries! The slanderer makes few direct charges and assertions. His long, envious fingers point to no certain locality. He has an inimitable shrug of the shoulders, can give peculiar glances,

"Or convey a libel by a frown,
Or wink a reputation down."

He seems to glory in the misery he entails. The innocent wear the foulest impress of his smutty palm, and a soul pure as "Arctic snow twice dotted by the northern blast," through his warped and discolored glasses wears a mottled hue.

"A whisper broke the air—
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe!
Nor might only periah there,
Nor farther go!
Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;
Another voice then breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round,
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!"

Vile wretch! ruiner of fair innocence by foul slanders, in thine own dark, raven-plumed soul distilled—

"*Blush*—if of honest blood a drop remains
To steal its way along thy veins!
Blush—if the bronze long hardened on thy cheek,
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak!"

HOW PRAYER IS ANSWERED.

ONE of the pupils in a school in Germany came to his master one day in great trouble, because, as he said, God would not answer his prayer. "And what did you pray for?" "I prayed to God that he would give me a humble heart." "And why do you think that he has not heard you?" The child said, with tears, "Since I prayed for this the other boys have been cross and unkind to me. They tease me and mock me at every turn, so that I can hardly bear it." "My dear boy, you prayed that God would give you a humble heart, and why then should you be vexed, if the other boys are the means of humbling you? Here you see that God does really answer you. It is in this way he sees fit to send you a humble mind." The poor child had not thought of that.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ON TYPICAL AND ALLEGORICAL EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.—It might be expected that, when God had determined to send his Son into the world, there would be a train and concatenation of circumstances preparatory to his coming—that the history, which declared that he was to come, should exhibit many persons and things, which would form a grand preparation for the event, though not so many of them as an absurd fancy might imagine.

There is a certain class of persons who wish to rid themselves of the types. Sikes insists that even the brazen serpent is called in by our Lord by way of illustration only, and not as a designed type. Robinson, of Cambridge, when he began to verge toward Socinianism, began to ridicule the types, and to find matter of sport in the pomegranates and the bells of the high priest's garment. At all events, the subject should not be treated with levity and irreverence: it deserves serious reflection.

With respect to the expediency of employing the types much in the pulpit, that is another question. I seldom employ them. I am jealous for truth and its sanctions. The Old dispensation was a typical dispensation; but the New is a dispensation unrolled. When speaking of the typical dispensation, we must admire a master like St. Paul. But to us modesty becomes a duty in treating such subjects in our ministry. Remember, "*This is none other but the house of God! and this is the gate of heaven.*" How dreadful if I lead thousands with nonsense—if I lose the opportunity of impressing solid truths—if I waste their precious time!

A minister should say to himself: "I would labor to cut off occasions of objecting to the truth. I would labor to grapple with men's consciences. I would show them that there is no strange twist in our view of religion. I must avoid, as much as possible, having my judgment called in question: many watch for this, and will avail themselves of any advantage. Some who hear me are thus continually seeking excuses for not listening to the warnings and invitations of the word; they are endeavoring to get out of our reach; but I would hold them fast by such passages as, '*What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*'"

Many men labor to make the Bible THEIR Bible. This is one way of getting its yoke off their necks. The MEANING, however, of the Bible is the Bible. If I preach then on imputed righteousness, for instance, why should I preach from, "the skies pour down righteousness," and then anathematize men for not believing the doctrine, when it is not declared in the passage, and there are hundreds of places so expressly to the point?

Most of the folly on this subject of allegorical interpretation has arisen from a want of holy awe on the mind. An evil fashion may lead some men into it; and, so far, the case is somewhat extenuated. We should ever remember, however, that it is a very different thing to allegorize the New dispensation from allegorizing

the Old: the New is a dispensation of substance and realities.

When a careless young man, I remember to have felt alarms in my conscience from some preachers; while others, from this method of treating their subjects, let me off easily. I heard the man as a weak allegorizer: I despised him as a foolish preacher: till I met with some plain, simple, solid man, who seized and urged the obvious meaning. I shall, therefore, carry to my grave a deep conviction of the danger of entering far into typical and allegorical interpretations.

Accommodation of Scripture, if sober, will give variety. The apostles do this so far as to show that it may have its use and advantage. It should, however, never be taken as a ground-work, but employed only in the way of allusion. I may use the passage, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," by way of allusion to Christ; but I can not employ it as the ground-work of a discourse on him.—*Cecil.*

AN EXPOSITION OF ISAIAH XVIII, 4; OR, GOD CONSIDERING WHAT HE WILL DO FOR HIS PEOPLE.—"*I will consider in my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.*"

Preachers should be very sparing of their animadversions on the translation of the Scriptures in common use; not only because they tend to shake confidence and awaken suspicions in their hearers, but because they are generally needless. It is not illiteracy that commends the present version; the ablest scholars are the most satisfied with it upon the whole. Yet, while the original is divine, the rendering is human; and, therefore, we need not wonder if an occasional alteration is necessary. This is peculiarly the case where the sense is very obscure or even imperceptible without it.

If the words as they now stand in the text remain, his "dwelling-place" is heaven, and the meaning is, that he would there consider how to succor and bless his people, for he careth for them: but a word must be supplied to show the import—"I will consider in my dwelling-place" how I can prove "like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." But the margin, and Lowth, and every modern expositor, make his "dwelling-place" not the place of his consideration, but the object: and read, "*I will regard my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.*" Now what his dwelling-place was we can easily determine. It was Zion—"whose dwelling is in Zion." "This is my rest forever here, will I dwell, for I have desired it." And Watts has well added—

"The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His Church is with his presence blest."

And his concern for the welfare of the one is far surpassed by his regard for the other. And how is this regard exercised? Here are two images.

First, "like a clear heat upon herbs." The margin again says, "Like a clear heat *after rain*;" and I wish, says the excellent translator of Isaiah, who has adopted it, that there was better evidence in support of it. The reason is, that he probably feared, as others in reading it may fear, that "a clear heat upon herbs" would be rather unfavorable, and cause them to droop, if not to die. And this would be the case in some instances; but not in all; and it is enough for a metaphor to have one just and strong resemblance. Read the dying words of David: "And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Now after rain "the clear shining," or "clear heat upon herbs," would produce immediately fresh vigor and shootings. Even in our own climate the effect upon the grass and plants is soon visible; but in the East the influence is much more sudden and surprising, and the beholders can almost see the herbage thrive and flourish. Thus the Lord can quicken his people in his ways, and strengthen in them the things that remain and are ready to die. And when after the softening comes the sunshine, they grow in grace and in the knowledge of their Lord and Savior. Their faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of them toward each other aboundeth. They bear much fruit. Thus we read of "increasing with all the increase of God." This figure, therefore, expresses growth and fertility.

But the second holds forth refreshment, seasonable refreshment, "like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." How cooling, useful, welcome, delightful such an appearance is, ask the laborer in the field, in the Eastern field, bearing the burden and heat of the day. God, as the God of all comfort, realizes the truth and force of this image in the experience of his tried followers—First, in their spiritual exercises and depressions arising from the assaults of temptation, a sense of their unworthiness and imperfections, and fears concerning their safety and perseverance. And, secondly, in their outward afflictions. These may be many; and if our strength is small, we shall faint in the day of adversity. But when we cry, he answers us, and strengthens us with strength in our souls. He gives us a little reviving in our bondage; and in the multitude of our thoughts within us his comforts delight our souls. He is able and engaged to comfort us in all our tribulation. By the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ; by his word; by his ordinances; by the preaching of a minister; by the conversation of a friend; by a letter, a book, a particular occurrence of providence, a time of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord—and a cloud of dew be furnished in the heat of harvest.

Such is the God of love to his people. His consolations are not small; his grace is abundant; his care unceasing. Well may his children trust in him, knowing that he will send "the clear shining" of the sun after the rain, and also the "cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

THE TEST AND THE EVIDENCE OF THE REALITY OF FAITH.—Does a man seek a proof of his acceptance? The reference is to facts in his own moral condition. He is to look for it in a change which is taking place in his character; a new direction of his desires; a new regulation of his affections; an habitual impression, to which he was a stranger before, of the presence and the perfections of the Deity; and a new light which has

burst upon his view respecting his relations to this life and that which is to come. He is to seek this evidence in a mind which aims at no lower standard than that which will bear the constant inspection of infinite purity; he is to seek it, and to manifest it to others, in a spirit which takes no lower pattern than that model of perfection—the character of the Messiah. These acquirements, indeed, are looked upon, not as a ground of acceptance, but a test of moral condition; not as in any degree usurping the place of the great principle of faith, but as its fruits and evidences. As these, then, are the only proofs of the reality of this principle, so they are the only basis on which a man can rest any sound conviction of his moral aspect in the sight of the Deity; and that system is founded on delusion and falsehood which, in this respect, holds out any other ground of confidence than the purification of the heart and a corresponding harmony of the whole character. Such attainment, indeed, is not made at once, nor is it ever made in a full and perfect manner in the present state of being; but, where the great principle has been fixed within, there is a persevering effort, and a uniform contest and a continual aspiration after conformity to the great model of perfection. Each step that a man gains in this progress serves to extend his view of the high pattern to which his eye is steadily directed; and as his knowledge of it is thus enlarged, he is led by comparison to feel more and more deeply his own deficiency. It thus produces amazing humility, and an increasing sense of his own imperfection, and causes him continually to feel that, in this warfare, he requires a power which is not in man. But he knows also that this is provided as an essential part of the great system on which his hope is established. Amid much weakness, therefore, and many infirmities, his moral improvement goes forward. Faint and feeble at first as the earliest dawn of the morning, it becomes brighter and steadier as it proceeds in its course, and, "as the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*Abercrombie*.

The above article contains some powerfully condensed and strikingly expressive thoughts, to which every Christian would do well to give heed. As a sufficient antidote to any theological heresy that may be found lurking in it, we simply append the following, from a good authority: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—"He drieth the stream that we may seek the full fountain."

How beautiful are the manifestations of Divine providence in the Christian life! Every step along his pilgrim way gives fresh token of the wisdom, goodness, and forbearing mercy of his blessed Master. The dark places in his pilgrimage, which, in their first passage, seemed like so many valleys of Bochim to his soul, have been the very steps which led to the "green pastures," where, with enlarged faith, he may repose by the "still waters" of God's unfailing love.

The lesson may be believed when the young disciple first enters the Church, and with new-born tenderness of soul receives its teachings as the holy truth of God. But its real, significant bearing upon the daily life must come home to the heart in the hour of its great need. Ah, then, indeed, it is all of grace that the light enters; for the laying down of self, calmly to repose on the bosom of infinite Love, is the life-long lesson, scarce learned, even when the distant hills of home break upon the closing eye.

To one in feebleness the winter may set in with doubt and dread, and long-waiting at home be the allotted portion. The prayer meeting, the dear Sabbath school, and the precious sermons assume a new importance. How shall life's trials be borne without their refreshing ministry? Amid the cold winds and frequent storms, how shall the Christian brother or sister bring the glad news of Zion's prosperity, how, amid the loneliness of the little circle still narrowing to closer bounds, shall the interests of Christ's Church be kept bright and warm in the soul's depths? But, O ye of little faith, the streams are dried in mercy. Deprived of the ordinances of his house he brings us to his word, and richer, clearer meaning lights up its page; we feel an individual interest in the portion, and daily bread is there for daily need. Prayer is a necessity; it covers broader fields than we have realized; the sparrow's lesson is no longer an illustration of holy writ, but a life-giving assurance that Christ brings present salvation to view. The Missionary Journal, hastily read, because *outward* calls are imperative, opens with unwonted delight, and we feel identified with the self-denying ones that have borne the burden and heat of the day. Not theirs only is the duty to watch and wait; we must see to it that no shadow darkens their way which we may prevent. Do we not count our temporary privations as dust in the balance, compared with their life-consecration to the service of God? Ay, do we not trace with them the drying stream that impels to the fountain?

Among the pleasant incidents of her Christian experience, which a dear mother used to relate, was a little anecdote of Chloe Spear, a colored woman, who for many years was a devoted member of good old Dr. Baldwin's Church, in Boston. It always interested us by its characteristic language and pathos, but now it seems forcibly to illustrate the truth under consideration.

Chloe had been sick some time, and none of her dear Christian friends that she prized so much visited her—but to use her own words—"she think it strange, they talk so kind to her, they so much in her mind, and why they not come? Ah, she think she make *idol* of them; she set them up above the neighbor and the colored friend. Then by and by the Lord show her how he enough in himself for her little soul, and she feel strong in him, and put the *friend* all away, and the Lord give her joy. When she staid on him, she think of the kind neighbor that come in, and do many thing to comfort her poor old body, and she tell them how she hope the Lord give them good hope in his mercy to pay them for their kindness to aunt Chloe. Now she have a text come to her mind, and she never know what that mean till the Lord bring her in a strait place: 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'"

About Chloe's application of this text, I think she meant to imply that the instrumentality of the world was sometimes actually connected with our progress in piety, or, rather, was made subservient to it; she always said, "receive you into their *houses*"—but I was afraid to change the text to her repeating.

"She think, perhaps, she not feel enough for kind neighbor before, and she pray more for their poor soul, and there alone on her sick bed the Lord come near, and he make her fill with joy, and when she get there, the friend come *pouring in*, and they say, 'O sister Chloe, we so sorry we did not know you sick; we miss you a great while; we think you gone away.' Then she tell them

she have feel bad, but now she know better how to love; them she love Church, she hope she meet all in her dear Master's house. And by and by, *brother Baldwin* come, and he say, 'Chloe, why you no send your mininster to come and see you when you sick? he never hear she sick, he gone away, and he think Chloe gone to the country a little while;' and he so sorry, he afraid she feel hurt.' Then she tell him just how the Lord lead her. He good, his friend good, the kind lady good, but the Lord *better*; and she keep the lesson by her, and the Lord make her strong to go many more ways she never knew before."—*Watchman and Reflector*.

LOVE TO CHRIST AND LOVE OF CHRIST.—When Krishna Pal, the first convert to Christ in Bengal, was on his death-bed, all who visited him were impressed with the deep peace that reigned there. The stillness of the sick chamber, broken only by the low utterance of prayer, or the feeble voice of the dying man, as he spoke of his hopes and prospects, and of the Savior to whom he owed them all, seemed to breathe nothing but tranquillity. He was asked if he loved Jesus Christ. "Where can a sinner go," he replied, "but unto Christ?" Soon after the same question was repeated. "Yes," said he, "*but he loves me more than I love him.*"

Is it any wonder that Krishna was ready to die? He had served the Savior twenty-two years. He had braved the hatred of his countrymen when he was baptized in the name of Jesus, and had been an earnest preacher of the Gospel. He had won others to Christ. But he did not hope for heaven on account of these things. It was not because he loved Christ, but because Christ *loved him*.

"O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every *Idol* be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not."

are the words of the beautiful hymn which he wrote, and which thousands of Christians in this and other lands have united with him in singing. But while he desired always to remember his divine Friend, he rejoiced most of all in the certainty that Jesus would never forget him. Krishna has now been more than thirty years in the glorious presence of the Savior he loved, the Savior who so loved him. Who does not wish to follow him there? Who does not desire to lead other heathen souls into the same eternal joy?—*Macdonian*.

WALKING WITH GOD.—To be in the habit of asking the will of God ere we act; to be in the practice of comparing the end we propose to ourselves with the sure and certain standard set down in his holy word; to make the glory of his great name, and not our own profit and pleasure, the rule of our own schemes; to try and find the path of duty, instead of the way that is good in our own eyes; to ask faithfully what is right, rather than what is pleasant; to test things by their influence on others, as well as on ourselves—this is to acknowledge God—this is to commit our way to the Lord.

RAIMENT OF NEEDLEWORK.—The following is a quaint comment on the text, "She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework," Psalm xiv, 14: "The work of sanctification carried on in the believer's heart is a slow and costly one, and can not be completed without many a severe prick in the process."

* It was her habit to go to the adjoining towns for a few days, if she heard of revivals or special gatherings of the Church.

Editorial Sketch and Review.

THE WORLD A WORKSHOP.*

THE physical relationship of man to the earth is a question second in importance only to that of his spiritual relationship. This is the question discussed in the little volume to which we have made reference, and discussed, too, with not a little originality, enthusiasm, and eloquence. The author evidently entered upon his work *con amore*; with unflagging zeal he pursued it to the end, and has truly given to the world "a testimony of respect to the dignity and omnipotence of enlightened labor."

The author's great point is, "that this mundane habitation was designed and literally fitted up for the cultivation and application of chemical and mechanical science as the basis of human development." He argues that "material natures require something to do as well as to reflect on; this is indispensable to their being—the purpose of it. *Employment* is, therefore, an element of existence." Is it objected to such a theory that physical industry and ingenuity are of too low and too ephemeral a nature to enter into the grand and enduring plans of the Author of the universe, but that the cultivation of mind must be the object of calling the universe into existence? The author admits this to be the end, but suggests "as matter is the agent on which God has printed his thoughts, may it not be the book from which all minds are to read and to learn? We know that he has made the elevation of human nature to depend on the study and application of principles impressed upon matter, and, therefore, it is consistent with his purposes and with his greatness to educate intelligences by it. We know not that any are or can be trained up without it; and as, wherever intelligences are, they are surrounded by it, and by displays of Divine wisdom shining forth in it, is it not reasonable to infer that it is a universal medium of mental and moral tuition? for which purpose, instead of being collected into one inhabitable body, it has been gathered into an infinite number, every one different, and a theater of different phenomena."

The theory, of which we have here developed an imperfect outline, involves a few striking and grand consequences, which, however, the author does not hesitate to accept. The first of these is, that physical and mental labor entered into the original design of man's creation, and are not, therefore, mere incidents of his lapsed condition. If by the term *labor*, the author simply intends activity, directed to mental and physical ends, we think the view is accordant with the teachings both of nature and revelation. When created in innocence and purity, man was placed in the garden, not merely to be regaled by its beauty, to enjoy its fruit, and to wear away time in idle pleasures, but "to dress it, and to keep it." Dr. Adam Clarke beautifully remarks upon this passage, that "even in a state of innocence we can not conceive it possible that man could have been happy if inactive. God gave him work to do, and his employment contributed to his happiness; for the structure of his body as well as of his mind plainly proves that he was never intended for a

merely contemplative life." What then? Did no physical evil result from "the fall?" So some, overleaping a logical chasm, whose breadth can be spanned by no such legitimate sequence, are ready to conclude. The true solution of the question undoubtedly is, that while sin weakened and perverted our physical as well as intellectual and moral powers, and this made it *labor* to cultivate the earth—the earth itself was also cursed and rendered more difficult of cultivation. We may, therefore, safely conclude, that while *toil* and *labor*—that is, the painful and exhausting drudgery now required of us—is an infliction because of sin, physical activity, for useful and beneficent purposes, and especially for our own development and happiness, was one of the original designs of our creation. We think, therefore, with the author, that there must be something wrong in the dislike to material labor which possesses the minds of so many. We have almost suspected that the grandest conception formed of heaven, in some minds, is a place where unbounded license will be given to laziness. "If 'pride brought on the fall,' its effects are awfully felt in the low esteem in which the elaboration of matter is held, and in the presumption that it is derogatory to spiritual exaltation. Thus, the original law, 'replenish the earth and subdue it,' is regarded by most persons as a coarse, unpleasant, and unintellectual task, because its full meaning, and its bearings on our present and future destiny, are not perceived."

Another sequence of this theory, presumptive rather than demonstrative, relates to other worlds. They are supposed to have the same physical construction as ours; that is, the condition of matter in them is essentially the same as in ours, and also the physical condition of their inhabitants. Our author says: "To those who deny them to be centers of reasoning and active populations it is useless to reply till they can show for what other purposes they are made, and how this little earth, a mere atom among them, became so strange an exception. If we had had no knowledge of the existence of other orbs it would have been unphilosophical to insist there were none beside our own; but now that we know they crowd every region of space, it would be positive folly to contend that all are barren of life and intelligence, of sciences and arts, except the one given to us. It is preposterous to suppose the divine Builder erects tenements for the purpose of keeping them empty. If they are not occupied, it is because they are not prepared to be so. It may be assumed that as soon as an orb is fitted for the reception of tenants, they are put in possession of it." These premises being admitted, and having also seen that activity is an element of existence, we are brought to infer the *industrial activities of the denizens of the universe*, involving infinities of modes and processes, and multiplied infinities of applications and results. "Let those," says Mr. Ewbank, "who do not sympathize with the idea that occupants of worlds around us act on matter as we do in this one—which, it should be remembered, is an integral member and sample of them—look abroad, and see how the same general laws to which it is subject govern others; how some in its vicinity resemble it in volume, density, duration of days and nights, etc.; how the red soil, the green seas, and northern snows and ice of

*The World a Workshop; or, the Physical Relationship of Man to the Earth. By Thomas Ewbank. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

Mars approximate to it in these particulars; how larger, more distant, and more resplendent ones, belonging to the same group, are illuminated every night, each with several moons; and how in aerolites we have metals and metallic alloys belonging to celestial regions—and then ask themselves if there is any thing unreasonable or unlikely, or if it is not in the highest degree probable and presumable, that people there add to their enjoyments and multiply their conveniences, by employing the materials and agencies placed at their disposal—in other words, that occupations akin to some of ours are followed in other spheres."

Another result of this theory, is the recognition of unity of design pervading and manifesting itself in *diversity of parts*. Happily for us, the universe is not a medley of mingled purposes and disconnected things. "The unity of design manifested in it is the theme of every philosopher, and not less observable and admirable is the fine chain of *relationship* that binds all the diverse forms and conditions of matter in one coherent whole. There are no violent transitions from series to series, but by almost imperceptible degrees differences open into species, species into genera, and genera into wider classes. And as with the contents of worlds, so with worlds themselves: for they are merely larger divisions, and not the largest, since they merge into groups or systems, and systems, in all probability, into still more and more comprehensive departments. There are no abrupt chasms in their outlines, dimensions, illumination, or movements, and by the strongest of analogies there can be none in their internal administrations. No truth is more patent than the unity of creation. There is nothing *exi generis* in it; nothing that stands solitary or alone; nothing that is not connected with and dependent on something else—not a bowlder, a planet, or a sun—not an animal or the habits of one—not an order of intelligence or an occupation of intelligence." This broad view, when thoroughly analyzed—when all its parts are thoroughly studied, only renders the conclusion still more invincible, that material natures every-where, throughout all the vast universe of God, are designed to be active—to labor. To repudiate labor, then, is to repudiate one of the designs of our creation.

Viewed in one light our earth is a mere caravansery—a temporary convenience for passing travelers, and, therefore, worthy of only a passing notice. Taken in another light, it is a theater of momentous action and of grand results, which are to be realized only by the connection of active and intelligent beings with it. Man, then, is necessary to the earth, and the earth is necessary to man. It is the manufactory; he is the manufacturer. And by working up the material before him, he not only demonstrates the unlimited capabilities of the world, but he develops also the wonderful capabilities that lie hidden in his own nature; he develops himself. The design of our mundane system is to be inferred from the materials with which we find it stored, and the attributes or adaptations of those materials. If they are indispensable to man, and yet comparatively useless till manipulated by him, then have we an indication of the original design of its Author that it should be a theater of activity on the part of man. How, then, do we find our earth? Stocked, it is true, with mineral substances of almost endless variety and number—susceptible of almost inconceivably beautiful, various, and useful applications—but alloyed, unshapen, and unwrought. Or if we look at vegetable and animal substances, elaboration is equally indispensable.

It is a sublime idea that man is designed to search out the hidden uses, the latent susceptibilities of the materials with which our earth is stored, as well as to be a practical operator in their subjugation to useful purposes. "The hypothesis," says our author, "that the chief employment of man was to till the soil and raise cattle, is an unworthy one, since it puts us much on a par with the lower tribes, in making the procuring and consuming of food the principal object of our being. If we were made to live like cattle—merely to eat and sleep—it would be true, and the earth might then be considered a mere victualing institution. But, with us, and all intelligences, food is, like the traveler's staff, an adjunct of life—a mere aid in accomplishing the purposes of existence." We must have food, it is true, but we have higher functions also. One of these is the development of the forces, processes, and principles of inorganic matter, and their subjugation to the uses of humanity.

Our author, like all enthusiasts, pushes his theory to an offensive, if not ridiculous extreme. Take an example. After admitting that nearly all matter is inorganic; that the whole bulk of the earth is so, except its skin-like surface, he proceeds to inquire why it is so. "What does this mean? Why all this immature matter, unless it be for man to work up? How otherwise are its quantity and condition to be accounted for?" When we read this passage, we could not help meditating upon the sorrowful plight we poor denizens of the earth would find ourselves placed in were all its inorganic substances worked up into mechanical or chemical implements. To us it appears evident that the design of our great Creator had reference less to the amount of inorganic matter to be "worked up" than to the development of our powers and of its uses.

In our earth we find three great storehouses of matter for the elaboration of man. These are minerals, vegetable products, and animal products.

Of minerals, it is remarkable what discrimination is made by the great Constructor of the globe, so that they may be offered to man in such forms and under such conditions as to be manageable by him. In this respect there is a remarkable discrimination noticed by Mr. Ewbank. "Those that are easily dug into are homogenous, and extend over large areas, as fields of clay, coal, sand, and marl. So also with such as can be quarried, as rocks; they are in immense and continuous masses, from which blocks of any required dimensions may be taken—monolithic temples have been dislodged." Without reflection one would think it would be desirable to have the metals provided in the same way—that is, in large masses and in their pure metallic state, so that we could have the material ready for our use, instead of the ore, which must be smelted and prepared. Suppose we had the metals in this state—laid up in solid mountain piles like granite, or in thick and solid strata—what use could we have made of them? Our author says none at all. "It would have been beyond human power to have extracted a supply from them. Had a mammoth bowlder of the finest malleable iron been placed, at the birth of man, in the center of every township for the use of its inhabitants, all would have remained undiminished to this day. Like blocks of copper recently found in ancient diggings on Lake Superior, from which Indians had endeavored to cut portions with flint tools, they would have remained monuments of tantalism." Hence it is that they seldom occur except as minerals that yield to the pick, while iron, the chief of them, is found only in ore.

Iron, so abundant and so indispensable, is perhaps one of the most difficult metals to reduce to a malleable state. How pregnant with meaning the fact that ore and coal for smelting it are generally found stored together in the bowels of the earth! Is there no design in such an arrangement of Deity?

Another curious provision for the supply of man's want, and for his education as the grand laborer in nature's workshop, is seen in the provision to supply him with cutting-tools. These are tools indispensable to a manufacturer in the metals. Let us see how our author states and solves the problem here presented: "If the substance be intended to cut all others, how is it to be cut? How formed into tools without the aid of still harder tools? Let it be remembered that before these queries were practically answered, the idea of giving to natural bodies qualities they did not already possess had not entered into the minds of men. Had mines of steel and adamant been provided specially for tools, the same difficulty would have occurred; for tools of still harder materials would have been necessary to shape and harden them." Here was a singular exigence to be provided for. The harder metal necessary for tools would have been useless, because man would have been unable to cut and shape it into tools. Had nature provided it in the shape of tools, that would have contravened one of the highest of its own purposes; namely, the education of man. How simple and beautiful the contrivance to meet this exigence! Iron is made capable of *being hardened*; and thus implements are made of it by which it may be cut, sawed, and shaped to suit the convenience of man. The discovery of the process by which iron could be converted into steel opened up a new continent of knowledge in the arts, and subjected it to the dominion of man.

Fire was essential to the mechanical operations of this great workshop, as well as to the comfort of man. Without it neither earthen nor metallic wares could be manufactured. He might mold the clay into the forms desired; but without fire it would remain clay forever. Without fire, the ore would remain in its native state, and the harder minerals remain unshapen and unemployed. To man as a cosmopolite it is indispensable, and his mastery over it has not a little to do with his pre-eminence over the other inhabitants of the earth. But how was fire first obtained? Did God kindle it and favor man with the blaze? or did he simply adjust the materials, and leave man to discover and apply them? Reasoning from that which is every-where observed in the economy of nature, we should unhesitatingly infer the latter. Also, according to an old tradition, the first hint received by the primeval races upon the production of fire was the ignition of trees by the friction of their trunks or branches rubbing against each other during a high wind. Our author dissents from this suggestion, and regards the primeval mode of its production as "an instinctive suggestion." "The process," says he, "was by friction, and the only instruments employed two small pieces of wood. By twirling the point of a dry stick in a rude indentation made in another, or by rubbing it to and fro in a groove, sparks were evolved and flame obtained; an apparatus so simple that Indian boys and girls have been observed to prepare it by breaking suitable pieces from a branch and gnawing the pointed one into shape. Such, from the beginning, has served the wild man for a tinder box; and thus wherever fuel was he had the means of kindling it." How striking is Ho-

mer's description of Mercury kindling a fire to roast the cattle he had stolen:

"He snatch'd a branch and stripp'd the bark,
Rubbed piece 'gainst piece, till spark by spark
Was kindled, and the flame upswew."

"This description," says Mr. Ewbank, "is literally that of a Comanche or Apache after a buffalo hunt, or a foray into New Mexico."

Some will, perhaps, object to this theory of the origin of fire, that had man been left to make the discovery, he might have suffered immensely, and many of the human race might have perished for want of fire before the discovery was made. Undoubtedly these results might have followed; but they furnish no argument against fact. Were the reader cast away upon an uninhabited island, without the knowledge of this primeval device, he might perish, as many have perished, for want of this information. Just so with the various diseases for which nature has provided ample remedies. Our ignorance of those provisions prevents our cure.

In the matter of fire there are striking adaptations which, small as they seem, our author says, "have a bearing upon the general economy of the world. The conditions necessary to the evolution of a spark by friction, and to nourish it into flame, are such, we all perceive, as serve to prevent any serious results from natural abrasions. Had the necessary amount or intensity of friction been double what it is, man had made little use of fire to the present day. We do not see how, in the first ages, he could have procured it at all, nor yet in subsequent days, unless an advance in the arts supplied him with better means. Yet how the arts could exist, much less advance, without fire, it would be hard to tell. At all events, sparks could not have been drawn out of wood by individual exertion without mechanism, and what mechanism did the pure savage possess, or could he, without fire, possess?" On the other hand, had the amount of friction necessary to produce flame been less, nature would have become an incendiary herself, and flames would have been kindled every-where where there was wood to burn.

Without noticing the progressive steps by which the second great device for obtaining fire was reached—namely, the flint and steel, or tinder-box—we glance at the agency of fire in promoting the civilization of the race. "Once introduced into the hut, fire came under the management of females, and wrought a revolution in previous habits. Food was no longer consumed without cooking; roots, as well as flesh, were roasted; subsequently victuals were boiled, and the phenomena of ebullition, hot water, and steam observed. Culinary utensils were devised; rude seats, tables, and beds made their appearance. Natural vessels were superseded by artificial ones; earthenware caldrons succeeded those formed of skins, of the calabash, and joints of bamboo. Spinning, weaving, and knitting stepped in; and the comforts of a permanent habitation put an end to the miseries of roving the forests without dwellings or dress. Before these things were accomplished, man could have had but faint views of his destiny, none of the glory that awaited his posterity. It may be truly said, that the phoenix of the arts arose from the ashes of the domestic hearth, and that from it the first rays of science shot forth."

Our limits forbid any further discussion at present of the interesting topics embraced in Mr. Ewbank's volume. In our next, however, we hope to resume the subject.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

MIDDLETON & Co.'s LITHOGRAPHING ESTABLISHMENT.—

This establishment has grown up to be not only the largest of the kind in the west, but one of the largest in the United States. A few hours spent in the various departments will be profitably employed by any lover of the fine arts. It is exceedingly wonderful to what perfection the ingenuity and skill of man have carried the delicate processes of art. We have rarely ever been more interested than in a visit to the lithographing department of Messrs. Middleton & Co. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that it occupies the third, fourth, and fifth stories of the large buildings of Livingston's Express Company. Their lithographic printing is done on the third story. Eleven presses are here employed, with capacity for printing the largest maps as well as the smallest and finest prints. The great marvel of producing *colored prints* from engravings on stone is here exhibited in its highest perfection. In the fourth story we find the "Artist's Rooms." From seven to ten skillful engravers are constantly employed here. A new and beautiful map of the city of Lafayette, Ia., has just been completed; also a landscape view of the city of Springfield, O., with some of its elegant villas and private residences. They have also a view of Cincinnati, taken from one of the hills on the Kentucky side of the river. The accuracy and minuteness of detail, not only in the outline, but also in the more prominent buildings, spires, and other points of interest, is really surprising. In the fifth story of this hive of industry we find the rooms for map-mounting and plate printing, in which department they keep some dozen presses.

The above is but a meager description of only one department. Their rooms for copper and steel-plate engravings are also worthy of a visit. But our space will not allow us to take our readers there for the present. Should they take a notion to go "on their own hook," they will find them in the Odd Fellow's Building, corner of Third and Walnut streets.

The great lithographic work executed by this house is the series of large colored plates showing the "anatomy of the brain." Some of the most eminent medical men in the country have spoken in the highest terms of this series, giving them the credit of great faithfulness in delineation. They are said to be fully equal to the steel-plate engravings by the Lazars, of London—one eminent as a physician, the other as an engraver. They have also a large number of well-executed portraits both on steel and on stone. This enterprising house, we are gratified to learn, received from the State Board of Agriculture the medal for the best specimens of lithography, and the diploma for the best specimens of maps.

Enterprise of this kind and in this direction the west should encourage by a substantial patronage. We, however, speak of the matter not by way of advertisement, but as an interest of art, science, and, we will add, religion—for the proper cultivation of the arts has much to do with the moral and religious feelings, as well as with taste and refinement.

A MAGNIFICENT BOOKSTORE.—The enterprising publishers and booksellers, Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.,

have recently opened one of the most magnificent bookstores to be found in the country at No. 25 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati. If any one doubts whether the book-trade flourishes in the west, let them walk through this bibliographical temple. The building is five stories high in front and seven in the rear. It is built of a fine, light-colored sand-stone and beautifully ornamented. In a central niche at the second story stands a statue designed to represent Cinchunatus. Within the building is light, airy, and as complete in construction as skill and money could make it. The main store-room is thirty-four feet front by two hundred deep, having a wing of thirty-four feet extending to an alley. In making the tour of the establishment, we found the basement divided into two rooms, each one hundred feet deep. One is devoted to the jobbing department; the other to the accommodation of a number of Adams book presses, in active operation. The second floor is a fine sale-room, attractively set off with tasteful shelving, neat counters, columns, desks, etc., and is by far the most elegant room in the Queen City. The upper stories are devoted to printing, binding, and other purposes connected with their extensive publishing business. The rooms are all heated by steam, gas is introduced into every part of the building, and nothing left wanting to detract from its fitness and convenience. The hoisting machinery has been judiciously placed in the wing, thereby not detracting from the fine view, and besides enabling them to receive and discharge goods in the alley, without blockading the main entrance to Fourth. Success to our enterprising friends!

PAPER-MAKING.—The consumption of paper is enormous in the United States. There are no less than 750 paper-mills, manufacturing about 270,000,000 pounds of paper per annum, valued at \$27,000,000; and yet this will scarcely supply the enormous demand for the article. One effect of this large increase in the manufacture of paper has been to advance the price of *rags*. But a few years since they were thrown out as so much worthless rubbish. Now *rags* constitute no inconsiderable item in the small commercial transactions of the country. Let us see: it takes one and a half pounds of rags to make one pound of paper. The manufacture of 270,000,000 pounds of paper, then, consumes 405,000,000 pounds of rags, which, at the rate of four cents per pound, amounts to \$16,200,000—the annual commerce in *old rags*.

The paper manufacturers have become alarmed at the fact that the source from which they derived the material necessary for the manufacture of paper, and which they had regarded as unfailing, has been comparatively exhausted—to such an extent, at least, as to render them no longer able to keep pace with the demand. The proprietors of the London Times, foreseeing the effect of this state of things upon their large establishment by increasing the cost of paper to them, offered a reward of \$25,000 for the discovery of a cheap and perfect substitute for rags as a material for the manufacture of paper. Many experiments have already been tried; and though, as yet, without entire success, we may still reasonably hope, in view of what has already been accomplished, that ultimately the desired result will be attained. What

man has done in the past inspires the belief that his genius is capable of further and greater achievements; that, indeed, whatever his physical and intellectual wants may crave as essential to the grand progressive movement in favor of the true interests of his race, will in time be procured and brought within the achievement of science and art.

INCREASE IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—From the Annual Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1854, we find the progress of the Church in membership during the year past to be as follows:

CONFERENCES.	Members.	Probationers.	Total.	Increases.	Decreases.
California.....	1,438	61	1,509	211	
Baltimore.....	65,964	8,489	74,453	1,362	
Oregon.....	1,182	336	1,518	627	
Philadelphia.....	49,119	6,977	56,096	2,283	
Providence.....	13,430	1,801	15,231	527	
New Jersey.....	32,467	5,552	38,009	1,136	
New England.....	13,880	2,197	16,013	1,495	
New Hampshire.....	9,352	1,772	11,124	368	
New York.....	24,206	4,254	28,559	187	
Troy.....	23,432	3,641	27,073	778	
New York East.....	21,411	2,634	24,045	399	
Maine.....	9,692	1,676	11,268	75	
Black River.....	17,125	3,072	20,197	879	
Vermont.....	6,593	1,181	7,771	368	
Western Virginia.....	15,614	2,738	18,352	3	
East Maine.....	8,127	1,039	10,066	214	
Pittsburg.....	31,649	4,303	34,951	246	
Wyoming.....	11,273	2,619	13,892	635	
Erie.....	21,314	2,800	24,114	241	
Oneida.....	17,004	2,725	19,731	443	
East Genesee.....	16,252	2,642	18,794	63	
Wisconsin.....	10,190	2,164	12,344	919	
Genesee.....	9,732	1,421	11,155	363	
Ohio.....	27,748	2,666	30,411	364	
Indiana.....	19,653	2,734	22,387	1,431	
Michigan.....	16,911	2,234	19,145	1,133	
North Ohio.....	26,504	3,169	29,673	450	
N. W. Indiana.....	13,052	1,976	15,028	817	
Southern Illinois.....	13,708	3,754	17,460	1,243	
Rock River.....	20,650	3,382	24,232	5,773	
North Indiana.....	17,436	3,418	20,851	1,539	
Iowa.....	16,470	3,183	19,653	3,248	
Cincinnati.....	29,595	2,771	32,366	41	
S. E. Indiana.....	18,215	2,200	20,415	295	
Illinois.....	19,106	3,417	22,553	1,882	
Kentucky.....	2,706	627	3,333	955	
Missouri.....	4,400	1,037	5,437	938	
Arkansas.....	1,629	412	2,041	264	
Liberia.....	1,296	103	1,428	119	
Total.....	679,282	104,076	783,358	32,315	1,543

These statistics, it will be seen, show a net increase of 30,732 members during the year. The number of traveling preachers in the several conferences is 5,483, of which 5,814 are effective, the remainder being either supernumerary or supernumerary. There were 43 deaths among the traveling preachers during the year. The number of local preachers is 6,149. The total amount of missionary contributions reported from the conferences is \$229,049. The largest amount is from the Baltimore conference, which raised \$29,234. The German missions of the Church are also prosperous, and report 12,143 members, which is an increase of 1,368 during the past year. The contributions of the Germans for religious purposes likewise show a handsome increase.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS.—The missionary appropriation of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1855 is \$260,000—the same as last year. The Church South are aided largely in their operations among the Indians by Government money, and the sum total of the missionary money expended by them, including the Government appropriations, is \$160,000. Of this sum \$14,000, or nearly one-tenth, is spent on the California missions, and \$10,000 on the work in China.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—The Church South publish six weekly newspapers, as follows: The Nashville Christian Advocate, at Nashville, Tenn., J. B. McFerrin, D. D., editor; the Richmond Advocate, Richmond, Va., L. M. Lee, D. D., editor; the St. Louis Advocate, St. Louis, Mo., D. R. McAnally, editor; the Memphis Advocate, Memphis, Tenn., J. E. Cobb, editor; the New Orleans Advocate, New Orleans, La., H. N. M'Tyeire, editor; and the Texas Advocate, Galveston, Texas, C. C. Gillespie, editor. The Sunday School Visitor is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn., by Stevenson & Owen, Book Agents, and is edited by L. D. Huston. The Home Circle, late Southern Lady's Companion, is also published by the Book Agents monthly, and is edited by Mr. Huston. The Quarterly Review is published likewise, we believe, at Nashville, and is edited by D. S. Doggett, D. D. Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., is general Book Editor.

UNITARIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—"The Unitarian Congregational Register, for the year 1855," has just been issued by the American Unitarian Association of Boston. It appears that there are five hundred and thirty-one ministers in the order, not including Rev. Dr. Lowell and Rev. Messrs. Theodore Parker, Samuel Johnson, Sargent, Higginson, etc. Of this number of preachers, sixty-seven are at present without a settled ministry.

There are 374 organized Unitarian societies in the country, including 2 in Canada—at Montre 1 and Toronto. There are 15 in Maine, 14 in New Hampshire, 3 in Vermont, 164 in Massachusetts, 4 in Rhode Island, 5 in Connecticut, 13 in New York, 2 in New Jersey, 3 in Pennsylvania, 4 in Ohio, 2 in Michigan, 9 in Illinois, 2 in Missouri, 2 in Georgia, and 1 each in the states of Maryland, Virginia, Indiana, Kentucky, South Carolina, District of Columbia, Wisconsin, Iowa, Alabama, Louisiana, and California, and 2 in the Canadas.

There are ten "ministerial associations;" two theological schools—one at Cambridge, Mass., and one at Meadville, Penn. The Unitarians hold "Autumnal Conventions" in each year in various parts of the country, which have been numerous attended; and also anniversary meetings in May, in Boston.

OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANISM.—The Presbyterian states that Old School Presbyterianism is no where taking root more rapidly at the west than in the northern and middle portions of Illinois; that the Schuyler Presbytery alone, at its last meeting, appointed committees to organize six new Churches within its bounds; and that great interest is felt in bringing up the Churches as fast as possible to the self sustaining point.

DR. HAWES'S CHURCH.—Dr. Hawes's Church, Hartford, Conn., is a remarkable one. It has, says an exchange, never dismissed a pastor, though an ancient Church, and never settled one who had a previous settlement. All its pastors have died with the Church. This is a notable history.

ROMISH SUPPORT OF MISSIONS.—The society at Lyons for the propagation of the faith, under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop de Bonald and patronage of the Pope, reports the receipt of nearly \$500,000 the past year for the extension of Romanism; of this amount more than \$200,000 are devoted to the support of missionaries in America! By this, Jesuits, priests, and other agents of the Roman See are enabled to operate with energy for the removal of the thick darkness shading our Protestant minds!

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT SECESSION FROM THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH in the Year 1845, eventuating in the Organization of the New Church, entitled the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South." By Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D. Cincinnati: *Scovmstedt & Poe*.—This great work is at length before the public. It comprises a large octavo volume of six hundred and four double pages. By a vote of the General conference of 1848 Dr. Elliott was requested to write that portion of the history of the Church which related to the separation of the conferences in the slaveholding states from the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their organization into a distinct ecclesiastical connection under the style of the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South." In entering upon his work, the Doctor found himself everywhere confronted with slavery. This led to a preliminary work—"Sinfulness of American Slavery"—which was published in two volumes, in 1850. The present work comprises the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church for four years, or from 1844 to 1848, with such collateral topics as are necessary to the proper elucidation of that history. The index is complete, and covers nineteen pages, giving an excellent outline of the whole work. The general subjects of the sixty chapters are as follows: Wesleyan Methodism and Slavery; Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Slavery; Abolition of the Slave-Trade; West India Emancipation; the American Abolition Movement; Abolition Movements in 1834; Events from January to July, 1835; do. from July to December, 1835; Events of 1836; General Conference of 1836; Events of 1837; Events of 1838; Occurrences of 1839; Occurrences of 1840; General Conference of 1840; Events of 1841; Occurrences of 1842; Events of 1843; Events from January to May, 1844; Harding's Case; Case of Bishop Andrew; Review of Bishop Andrew's Case; Determined Separation on the part of the South—the Plan; the Protest and its Reply; Events succeeding the General Conference of 1844; do., continued; Action of the Northern Conferences; Action of the Southern Conferences; Conclusion of 1844; Bishop Soule; Position of Parties; Events preceding the Convention; the Convention; Review of the Convention; Bishops Soule and Andrew vs. the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Action of the Conferences in 1845 and 1846; Events from May, 1845, to May, 1846; the Petersburg General Conference; Review of do; Secession of Bishop Soule Proved; Southern Bishops; Infractions of the Plan; Property Question; Church Property; Relation to Church Principles; Events previous to May, 1848; General Conference of 1848; do., continued; Events of 1848; Events of 1849; Southern General Conference of 1850; the Slavery Question in 1850; Events of 1850; the New York Suit; do., continued; Review of Judge Nelson's Decision; Outlines of the Cincinnati Law Case; the Chartered Fund; the Appeal Case; Conclusion. Then follows an Appendix, comprising some one hundred and fifty pages of important documents bearing upon the case. The work will be found clear in statement and faithful in narration. It is obviously the result of much painstaking and great labor. The Doctor seems to have fairly

exhausted the subject, and to have embodied here all that will ever be needed to a correct understanding of one of the greatest events in modern times—the disruption of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. We should be glad to say more, but our space forbids it. Let the work go abroad.

PAST MERIDIAN. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. 239 pages.—We are indebted to the author for a copy of this work. The following outline of the chapters will give some indication of its contents: The A. M.'s and the P. M.'s; Old; Reporters; the Custody of Knowledge; the Beauty of Age; Air; Domestic Anniversaries; Patriotic Recollections; Accomplishments; Privileges of Age; Literary Longevity; Westering Sunbeams; About Money; the Amenities; the Pleasures of Winter; and A New Existence. Let the person on whose head gray hairs begin to predominate make this book his companion, and it will shed sunlight upon the whole period of his *past meridian*. Something of the beauty of its style and the interesting and instructive nature of its discourse may be gathered from a selection found in the preceding pages of this number. We have given one specimen; let us add another, which will explain itself:

"'The baby shall not be named after me,' said a young parent of his first-born, 'for it will be *old John* and *young John*, while I am yet in my prime.' 'I wish my son had not taken it into his head to marry so early,' said a lady in a remarkably fine state of preservation; 'for now, I suppose, it must be *old Madam* and *young Madam*.' The unmarried, whose recollections can bisect a century, are prone to be annoyed at the disposition to pry into dates, and are sure that no well-bred person would be guilty of such absurd curiosity.

"Yet to cover the tracks of time, and put family records out of the way, are of little avail. There will be here and there a memory stubbornly tenacious of chronological matters, and whoever labors to conceal his proper date will usually find some Argus to watch over and reveal it."

For sale by the booksellers generally.

PICTORIAL GATHERINGS is a charming volume for the young, recently issued by Carlton & Phillips, of New York. In it we have sketches and stories relating to the condition and customs of mankind, Christian missions, the habits of animals, and a variety of other matters—all accompanied with appropriate illustrations.

THE CHILD'S SABBATH DAY BOOK, and **LITTLE FRANK HARLEY**, are also illustrated books issued by the Sunday School Union, 200 Mulberry-street, New York.

GREATNESS IN LITTLE THINGS; or, Wayside Violets, is the title of a work "copy-righted" by D. Anderson, and published by Dayton & Wentworth, New York, and by H. M. Rulison, Cincinnati. Some one—we don't just now remember who—says that as he advanced in years he found his respect for those who have not succeeded in life increasing. That is, he found greatness in character where success had not emblazoned it forth and made it known to the world. The object of this pleasant and quite readable volume is to show that true greatness

does not consist only in shining deeds of prowess, or in carrying out the schemes of a lofty ambition; but that it may be exhibited just as truly when performing, with modesty, firmness, and self-denial, that round of daily duties—those “little things” which may alike be found in the path of all. Such a work can not but exert a healthy influence.

FANNY GRAY: a History in a Series of Six Beautiful Figures, from New and Esquisite Designs, Printed in Oil-Colors, in the Highest Style of the Art. Accompanied by a Poetical Description. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—We have never seen more beautiful specimens of colored printing than these figures, and we take pleasure in recommending them to parents as a most instructive entertainment for their children.

EVENINGS WITH MY CHILDREN.—This is a fine work for children, got up in quarto form, printed in large type, on fine paper, and illustrated with appropriate engravings. The subjects of the “conversations” are some of the most interesting stories related by the evangelists, principally the parables and miracles of Christ. It is really a magnificent book for children, calculated both to please and profit. Cost with colored plates, \$1.75; with plates not colored, \$1.25. Carter & Brothers, New York; and Moore, Wilstach & Co., No. 25 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

PRECIOUS LESSONS FROM THE LIPS OF JESUS, is an elegant miniature volume, admirably adapted as “a Gift to my Christian Friend.” It does not need a better guarantee of its sterling interest and value than that it is from the pen of Rev. Daniel Wise. For sale at the Western Book Concern, as well as bookstores generally.

THE CHART OF LIFE: indicating the Dangers and Securities connected with a Voyage to Immortality. By Rev. James Porter, A. M. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co., and also J. P. Mayce.—The author of this book is well known as the author of several books which he has heretofore given to the public. This work comprises eleven chapters, on the following general topics: Influence of Correct Principles: Danger from Skepticism; Our Susceptibilities and the Moral Forces of the Gospel; Necessary Precautions; Social Hindrances; the Great Concern; Social Relations; Influence Neutralized; Christian Activity Directed; the Duty of Benevolence; and Obligations of the Few. The number of books now published with special reference to young men, and the fact that they all, if they possess any value, meet with a ready sale, is a sign of the times full of cheering promise for the future. The points presented in this work are very clearly discussed, and illustrated by pertinent and striking anecdotes. It is just such a work as will do good in the hands of a young man. For sale by Swormstedt & Poe, at the Western Methodist Book Concern.

THE GREAT JOURNEY is an allegorical pilgrimage through the valley of tears to Mount Zion, the city of the living God. It is well calculated to catch the attention of children both on account of its illustrations and allegorical character. Published for the Sunday School Department by Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street, New York.

Two books have recently been added to Mr. Abbott's popular Franconia stories; namely, *AGNES* and *CAROLINE*. They are not a whit behind their predecessors, and complete a series which both little and great children have admired over the whole country.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for November, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York, has as its list of contents for November, the Wonders of the Shore, a geological paper; Popular Education in Scotland; Milman's History of Latin Christianity; the Insolvable Problem, treating of the question, Can God be known by Man? or, the Philosophy of the Infinite; Kaye's Life of Lord Metcalf; Sir H. Holland on Mental Physiology; Electro Biology; Annotated Edition of English Poets; William Cooper; and Progress and Prospects of the War. We regret that our limits preclude our analyzing or transferring portions of any of the articles to our columns. Any one of the four foreign Reviews will be supplied to subscribers by L. Scott & Co. at three dollars a year, or any one of the four Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine at \$5 a year, or all of the Reviews and Blackwood for \$10. Address the publishers, 79 Fulton-street, New York.

THE AMERICAN PHONETIC JOURNAL, by R. P. Prosser, presents a beautiful specimen of typography. Had we type “to fit,” we should be half inclined to give a few sentences to illustrate the proposed phonetic reform.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—Besides the ordinary conference statistics, we have here a detailed report of the missionary contributions. The largest individual donation noticed was \$10, and that only in a single instance. Number of members, 17,415; probationers, 3,416; local preachers, 191; churches, 253—valued at \$178,575; parsonages, 43—valued at \$245.85, (is it not \$24,585?) number of deaths, 245; collected for missions, \$3,181.95; do. for Tract Society, \$368.88; do. for American Bible Society, \$178.93; do. for Sunday School Union, \$85.86; number of Sunday schools, 341; number of scholars, 16,917.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH-WESTERN INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE, Third Session.—The number of members is 12,759; probationers, 1,980; local preachers, 117; number of meeting-houses, 197—valued at \$164,900; number of parsonages, 44—valued at \$22,225; number of deaths, 44; collected for missions, \$4,157.86; do. for Sunday School Union, \$48.39; do. for American Bible Society, \$92; do. for Tract Society, \$173.86; number of Sunday schools, 192; number of scholars, 9,749.

CATALOGUE OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, for 1854, has been received. The present number of students is—seniors, 27; juniors, 20; sophomores, 39; freshmen, 37; total, 123. At the time of this writing, a vigorous effort is being made to secure an endowment of \$100,000 for the University. This would place it at once on a firm and independent foundation. We trust it will succeed. From this catalogue we learn that since its commencement, in 1833, the degree of A. B. has been conferred on 499; A. M. on 354; D. D. on 33; LL. D. on 7. We trust that a long and prosperous career is before this, the mother of our colleges.

CATALOGUE OF GENESEE COLLEGE.—We are indebted to our old friend, Dr. Cummings, for a catalogue of this flourishing institution. In the College department there are—seniors, 4; juniors, 8; sophomores, 16; freshmen, 31. In the Seminary department the number of gentlemen is 416; ladies, 414. Grand total, 889. The institution is righting up nobly from the effects of the late gale that swept over it.

Notes and Queries.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MAKING A NOTE.—We don't speak of making a note in music, but of noting down whatever valuable, beautiful, or interesting thought, fact, illustration, or anecdote occurs to us in our reading, or in conversation. Of the saying, "*When found make a note of,*" a writer once said, no less truthfully than quaintly, it is a rule which should shine in gilt letters on the gingerbread of youth and the spectacle-case of age. Every one regrets and suffers who neglects it. There is some trouble in it, to be sure; but in what good thing is there not? Reading and writing men who act upon this rule for any considerable length of time will accumulate a good deal of matter in various forms, shapes, and sizes—some more, some less legible and intelligible—some unposted in old pocket-books—some on whole or half sheets, or mere scraps of paper and backs of letters—some lost sight of and forgotten, stuffing out old portfolios, or getting smoky edges in bundles tied up with faded tape or antiquated twine. No doubt there are countless boxes, and drawers, and pigeon-holes of such things which want looking into, and would well repay the trouble. Nay, we are sure the proprietors would find themselves much benefited by now and then looking over their own collections. How many important facts, how many striking and beautiful thoughts, how many quaint or apposite illustrations—that have occurred to us—have escaped away because we made not "note" of them as an invitation to stay with us? We say to all our literary friends, "**WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF.**"

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."—All our readers will recollect this beautiful monody. But who was the author of it?

A good authority says "the undoubted author of it was Rev. Charles Wolfe, a young Irishman, curate of Donoughmore, who died 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age." In his "*Life and Remains,*" not only is the authorship claimed for him, but the following anecdote related concerning it. Lord Byron, Shelley, and some others were engaged one day in an interesting discussion as to the most perfect ode that had ever been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's ode on Switzerland; others named Campbell's *Hohenlinden* and Lord Byron's *Invocation in Manfred*. But Lord Byron left the dinner-table before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine from which he read this monody, which just then appeared anonymously. After he had read it, he repeated the third stanza and pronounced it perfect, and especially the lines—

"But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

"I should take the whole," said Shelley, "for a rough sketch of Campbell's."

"No," replied Lord Byron, "Campbell would have claimed it had it been his."

Is it not singular that the author of so beautiful a poem should be scarcely known in the literary world as a poet? And yet his claim to the authorship of this monody, it is said, is fully established both by the Archdeacon of Cloghu, who edited his *Life and Remains*, and also by Rev. Dr. Miller, late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin University, and author of *Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History*.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE AND TIMES UPON THE TRUE END OF SPEECH, OR TALLEYRAND'S MOTTO.—Not long since the New York Tribune quoted the maxim, that "the true end of speech is not so much to express our ideas as to conceal them," and attributed it to Talleyrand. The Times, thereupon, joggled the literary recollections of its cotemporary, and the Tribune owned up that the maxim should have been credited to Oliver Goldsmith and not to Talleyrand. That Goldsmith *expressed* the idea is not doubted, and that Talleyrand *acted* upon it is evident from his whole life. But, we are inclined to think, the idea is older than either of them. An English journal quotes these two lines, written by Young, in allusion to courts:

"Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

Voltaire also used the expression as early as 1763. In his satiric dialogue, *La Chapon et la Poularde*, where the former, complaining of the treachery of men, says, "*Ne n'emploient les paroles que pour dignifier leurs pensées*"—they do not use words unless to disguise their thoughts. So that it is probable Goldsmith caught the idea from Young, or, more likely, from Voltaire, as Goldsmith, at this date, was just embarking in his career as an author. We should not wonder if the maxim could be traced to a still earlier date, and, very likely, its origin lies farther back toward the origin of thought than we have means to explore.

MISQUOTATIONS.—Strange blunders and perversions often occur by misquotations, especially of the poets. The following is a very current quotation of a well-known couplet of Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

The reader's memory will, no doubt, instantly substitute *such hideous* for "so frightful," and *that* for "as."

Sad work is also not unfrequently made, even in high literary quarters, with a well-known couplet of Moore, thus:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang by it still."

Scents hanging by a broken vase! Our readers, we are sure, will agree with us that all the harmony and beauty of the sentiment is utterly destroyed by this misquotation, when we give them what Moore really did say, namely:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

Hanging is a harsh, unsuitable term, and smacks of the *halter*; but *clinging round* is at once expressive and in harmony with the sentiment.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "GROG."—A funny subject for our note department, but yet not without its interest. It is an illustration of the mode in which many of our English words came into existence. Turning over the leaves of an old book, not long since, we stumbled upon the following account of the origin of this word. The old English Admiral Vernon was a great favorite with his sailors. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough *groggum* coat; hence he obtained the nickname of *Old Groggum* or *Old Grug* among his jolly

jack tars. While in command of the West India station, and at the height of his popularity, he had the spirits given to men mixed with water instead of leaving them to drink it raw. This beverage became very popular with the men, and, in honor of the Admiral, it was sur-named, by acclamation, "grog." May not the origin of this word account for the fact that it is even to the present time more generally used among sailors to designate that vile beverage than among landmen? We so think and believe.

IMITATIVE WORDS.—The Hottentots, according to Sir Thomas Roe, call their cows Boos, and their sheep Baas. Are not these beautiful instances of imitative words?

Can the English language furnish more striking ex-amples?

COMPARATIVE EFFECTS OF MEDICINE UPON MASTER AND SLAVES.—Thunberg, an old medical practitioner, instances the fact as a curious phenomena in his practice, that his medicines acted uniformly with greater efficacy and cer-tainty upon the slaves than upon their masters. Easily accounted for we should think. The constitutions of the slaves were not so much impaired by improper diet and high living as those of their masters. Then, also, the slaves were not accustomed to medication for slight ail-ments, and their bodies had not become habituated to the contents of the apothecaries shops.

Mirror of Aphorism, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

HEATHEN NOTION OF BAPTISM.—One day a *savage* maiden being dead after she had been baptized, and the mother happening to see one of her slaves at the point of death also, she said, "My daughter is gone alone into the country of the dead among the *Europeans*, without relations and without friends. Lo, now is the spring-time; she must, therefore, sow *Indian* corn and gourds. Baptize my slave," added she, "before she dies, that she may go also into that country whither the souls of the *Europeans*, after their death, go, to the end she may serve my daughter there."

A PATRIARCH LOCATED.—A clergyman, preaching a sermon on a particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and spoke of him as far excelling every saint in the calendar. He took a view of the celestial hierar-chy, but in vain: he could not assign to his saint a place worthy so many virtues as he possessed—every sentence ended thus:

"Where, then, can we place this great patriarch?"

One of the congregation, tired at last of the repetition, exclaimed:

"As I am going away, you may put him in my pew."

HOC INCIPIT.—Many very ancient works have no title-pages, but commence thus, *Hoc incipit*, etc. A gentleman of more ambition than capacity, coming into possession of such a volume, had it very handsomely bound, and caused it to be lettered thus, "Works of *Hoc Incipit*. Rome, 1490."

LETTING OUT A COAT AND VEST.—An Irish tailor, mak-ing a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the tailor told the gentleman that his garments happening to fit a countryman of his, he had *let them out* at a shilling per week.

GENIUS AND TALENT.—The most striking feature in the history of Genius, is its courage. Talent, on the con-trary, is distinguished chiefly by its caution. The one goes forth, totally regardless of its costume, under the impulse of a glorious presage. The other never suffers itself to be seen, till it has made its toilet, under the guidance of a becoming taste.—*Smms*.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed, 'Never to be both angry together.'" And he

adds, that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children when they married:

"Doth one speak *free*, t'other with *water* come;
Is one provoked, be t'other soft and dumb."

A REASON FOR LONG SERMONS.—We apprehend a great many sermons, written as well as extempore, are made *long* because their authors are too lazy to condense their matter and make them *short*. There was once a clergy-man in New Hampshire noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," said a man to his neigh-bor, "that Parson ———, the laziest man living, writes these interminable sermons?" "Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing and is too lazy to stop."

DIED OF WANT.—The following epitaph would be ap-propriate for the monument of every miser:

Here, crumbling, lies beneath the mold,
A man whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand filled his chest.
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more.

CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall. It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first. The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is sta-tioned at the top of it. The turtle, though brought in at the area gate, takes the head of the table. Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family, than a mutton pie at a king's banquet. The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day. True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet till it finds an opening. The top strawberries are eaten the first. He who leaves early gets the best hat. Pride sleeps in a gilded crown: con-tentment in a cotton nightcap.

SHAKESPEARE ON COVETOUSNESS.—*Master*.—I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

Fisherman.—Why as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driv-ing the poor fry before him and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL COURAGE.—Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will

make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for council; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary.—*Colton*.

THE PERFECTION OF CONVERSATION.—The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Eolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.—*Burke*.

CAPACITY OF BEING AGREEABLE.—Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.—*Swift*.

LONGINGS FOR REST.—

When I beheld this fickle, trustless state
Of vain world's glory, sitting to and fro,
And mortal men tor'd by troublous fate,
In restless seas of wretchedness and woe,
I wish I might this weary life forego,
And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
Where my free spirit might not any more
Be vex'd with sights that do her peace molest.

OPINIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS UPON BEAUTY.—Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

THE CRITERION OF TRUE BEAUTY.—The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; of false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAYS OF BEAUTY.—

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost, is said or never found,
As fading glass no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So Beauty blemish'd once, forever's lost,
In spite of physic, palting, pain, and cost.

CURING BASHFULNESS.—As those that pull down private houses adjoining to the temples of the gods, prop up such parts as are contiguous to them; so, in undermining bashfulness, due regard is to be had to adjacent modesty, good-nature, and humanity.—*Plutarch*.

TWO KINDS OF BASHFULNESS.—There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness: this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb: that a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge can not always remove.

A TURKISH PARABLE.—A traveler who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder, and another on his left. When he does any thing good, the angel on his

right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on the left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out, and if not at midnight he seals it, and thereupon the angel on the right shoulder weeps."

DULL OF COMPREHENSION.—A gentleman traveling inside of a coach, was endeavoring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some argument on a fellow passenger, who was seated in the same vehicle, and who appeared rather dull of comprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed, "Why, sir, it's plain as A B C!" "That may be," quietly replied the other, "but I am D E F."

NAPOLEON'S RESPECT FOR THE APOSTLES.—Napoleon having entered one of the cities of Italy, the churchwardens recommended to him the relics of their church. "Sire, will you deign to take our apostles under your protection?" "Your apostles; are they of wood?" "No, sire." "Of what are they, then?" "Of silver, sire—of solid silver." "Solid silver!" replied Napoleon, quickly; "yes, I shall help them to fulfill their mission; it has been ordained that they should go throughout the world, and they shall." Having said so, the Emperor sent the twelve apostles to the mint at Paris.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.—The noblest act ever put on a statute-book in the world is this drawn up by Roger Williams: "All men may walk as their conscience persuades them, every one in the name of God. And let the lambs of the Most High walk in this colony without molestation in the name of Jehovah, their God, forever and ever."

A QUICK REPARTEE.—Governor Morris, of New York, had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition, and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story ran: A dinner was given by some one of Governor Morris's friends when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris observed that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My reverend friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied:

"Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous; you have left to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added:

"My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."

WHAT WE WANT.—The following lines were found at the bottom of a vote for alderman at a late election in Boston:

Experience, that's stood the test;
Conscience, to say what's right;
Intelligence, to know what's best;
Backbone, to stand the fight.

CICERO.—The great Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the first of your line," said the railer. "And you," replied Cicero, "are the last of yours."

Editor's Table.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.—We commence in this number a series of articles which we trust will be both interesting and profitable to our readers. We give no promise to continue the series unbroken, but shall insert them as time and opportunity enable us to get them up. Nor can we promise that each one shall be accompanied by a portrait; but this will be done as frequently as possible—probably in most cases. On the whole, we hope to give our readers a pretty fair introduction to the "literary women of America." Among them will be some whose names are already as household words, but whose history and likeness will be all the more acceptable on that account. Young as our country yet is in literature and science, she already exhibits a noble catalogue of literary women—some of whom have won literary honors in the old as well as in the new world.

THE ENGRAVINGS for this number, we trust, will be more than acceptable.

Charleston is another of our city views. It—not the view, but the city—stands prominent among the cities of the south for its commercial and political importance, as well as for its population. As Paris is the "eye of France," so Charleston is "the eye" of South Carolina. The city is situated on a peninsula, formed by the confluence of Astley and Cooper rivers, which unite immediately below it, and form a spacious and convenient harbor. Seven miles south-east from the city, this harbor communicates with the ocean at Sullivan's Island, on which stands old Fort Moultrie. The city is slightly elevated, being only nine feet above the level of the harbor at high tides. It extends from Battery Point on the south northward some three miles, and is of an average width of one and a quarter miles. The principal street is sixty feet wide, and extends north and south through the city in a straight line. It is called Meeting-street. The cross streets run parallel to each other and at right angles to Meeting-street. They run east and west, and from Astley to Cooper rivers. The houses are generally constructed of wood, are kept well painted, and most of them have piazzas extending to the roof, tastefully arrayed with vines and creepers. Within a few years all the houses built within the city limits are required to be built of brick or stone. In the suburbs the houses are surrounded by gardens, planted with orange, peach, and other ornamental and useful trees, and a profusion of vines and shrubbery. Charleston was first settled in 1680. Its population in 1850 amounted to 42,985. There are thirty-five or forty churches in the city; Charleston College is located here, and also the Medical College of South Carolina. It is a great mart for cotton, rice, and tobacco; and connecting, as it does, with a vast interior region by the railroads which radiate from it, and with the ocean by its spacious harbor and bay, it can hardly fail to rise into still higher commercial importance. In a few years probably it will be connected with Cincinnati by a direct line of railroad, and through Cincinnati with all the vast north-west.

The *Portrait of Mrs. Sigourney* will furnish a study to those familiar with her writings. "The more I work on this head," said our artist while engraving, "the more character I discover in it." So would we say to our readers, here is a likeness to be studied, and studied, too,

in connection with her literary history and works, if you would comprehend it. No one, however, can fail to discover lines of thought—we had almost said, of sadness. It always appeared to us that her literary productions seemed to possess a chastened melancholy, and yet hopeful and trustful spirit, which indicated a soul rising, through a divine faith, above some hidden sorrow. Now, from the likeness we receive the same impression. But, without further criticism, we will leave the likeness with our readers.

P. S. We were just about doing as we promised above, when a severely Puritanical friend inquired of us, "Why did you not have Mrs. Sigourney taken with long sleeves?" We answered, "Simply for the reason that she did not have long sleeves on when she was taken." We sought not a Quaker, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist portrait; but a portrait just such as would give a fair and truthful representation of the original.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We submit to the author of "Lines Addressed to my Mother," that *work* and *earth* do not exactly rhyme; neither do *throne* and *song*; neither do *woy* and *eternity*, unless in the last word we understand the orthography of the last syllable to be as we have heard it pronounced—*toy*; that is, *eternitay*.

"A Fragment" has better rhyme than poetry.

"Mary at the Savior's Tomb" and "The Grave a Place of Rest" have not quite the merit we could wish.

"Autumnal Musings" are placed on file for their appropriate season; in the mean time we would like to hear from their author again.

May the author of "Forever" realize his hope of meeting the departed in "the better land!"

"A Vision of War" will not answer.

"The Mississippi" is evidently from an unpracticed hand; in its four stanzas, the word "roll" and "rolling" occurs no less than ten times.

"A Tale of Real Life" closes rather abruptly; but we have it under consideration.

"The Babe in Heaven to its Mother on Earth" is a beautiful conception, but is not very well sustained.

"Address to the Blind" is neither rhetorical nor grammatical; the orthography is also very bad.

"The World is Not a Dreary Waste" is written rather carelessly. We give the second stanza:

"This world is not a dreary waste,
Filled only with tempestuous strife,
Which darker grows, as on we haste,
Adown the troubled stream of life;
But after every cloud departs,
And naught remains of doubt and fear,
Hope's cheering smile illumines our hearts,
And all around is calm and clear!"

"Soliloquy" is too bombastic in style, and its figures are too far fetched. Let the author prune out the exuberant words of imagination, and still continue to exercise his pen.

"Reflections at the Grave of Edith" will hardly pass.

"Christ is All I Want" we shall also have to lay aside; it needs some pruning.

"Apostrophe to the Sun" and "Graves of the Sleeping"—each possess some excellences, but not enough to warrant their insertion.

"The Birth of Christ" has hardly poetic merit enough, but we would encourage the author to use her pen.

The authors of "Morning," and also "A Western Home," are too inexperienced, and need not a little exercise before they begin to write for the Repository.

Of the poem commencing, "'Tis autumn now," we insert just *one quarter*. Whatever may be said of its logic, it is the best *quarter* so far as poetry is concerned:

"If autumn would stay
Forever away,
And summer eternal abide,
No herbage would fade,
Nor carpet be laid
Of leaves all withered and dried."

EXCERPTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—A kind friend commends us after the following style:

"Mr. Editor,—Your 'slaughter of poems and poets' in the last number of the Repository was, I think, a happy 'lick,' if you will allow one so young and inexperienced to commend your labors and wisdom. Many a poor fellow who can make words jingle addles his mind with the idea that he is a poet, and spends his life 'grinding out' miserable doggerel. Happy, indeed, would it have been for him if his 'poetic genius' had been 'nipped in the bud.'"

Now, who would have thought that our friend who had so little sympathy with slaughtered poets should wind up by commending *himself* to our *auto da fe*?

"A Reader of the Repository" is "down upon" us in the following style:

"Dear Sir,—We have the delightful privilege of reading and receiving instruction from the Ladies' Repository. We think it the best magazine in the country, especially for the ladies. But in the last number—November number—we found one thing that we deem exceptionable, and would not recommend it in any literature, and much less in a work devoted to religion—and we mean the marrying of cousins, *really or fictitiously*. Now, we think the story or article entitled 'Now' one of affecting and thrilling interest. But to have that fine girl Grace Sewall marry her cousin just clips off some of the good of that article. But to have the unsullied pages of the Ladies' Repository disfigured thus, we don't like it; for we deem it corrupt literature, and will have the tendency to make the young fair girls, readers of the Repository, think there is no harm in it. Why, the Marys and Julias, Susans and Ettas—the warm-hearted, impulsive ones—will be marrying their handsome cousins—ay, and their grandfathers and uncles, by and by, too! Now, we know it is a sin—a sin against our moral and physical natures—to *really* marry a cousin, and we can see the direful effects of it in most any community. And when there is not the least reason to employ this *sinful practice* in a fictitious story, I think it better be abandoned as silly, if not sinful. Now, Mr. Editor, just tell your able correspondent not to mar the Repository and offend its readers by mixing up or mingling together consanguineous blood by affinity."

Now, all you who are inclined to marry cousins, take warning and desist—or, at least, pay a *good fee* to the officiating clergyman.

N. B. We directed our printer not to follow the beautiful *orthography* of our correspondent, lest it might seem to be a reflection upon the inaccuracies of Noah Webster.

MISCELLANY.—*Quill Pens*.—The editor of the New York Mirror lately published a most lugubrious "Lament over

the epidemic of steel pens." A few days thereafter he was greeted with a beautiful casket of genuine quill-pens prepared for use, and accompanied by the following sonnet from Mrs. Sigourney:

"Pens to a poet! Give the sage
Lone cell and philosophic page—
Give for the merchant's toil and pain
The weekly balance-sheet of gain—
Give to the warrior, clarion-cry,
And shouting host, and victory—
Give to the miser, in his hold,
The secret sound of ringing gold—
Give to the statesman power and place—
To the lover, give his lady's grace—
But give the poet pens for use
Plucked from the pinions of a goose,
And he shall teach you flights sublime
No wing of bird hath dared to climb."

Incidents of the Money Panic in Cincinnati.—The present winter was ushered in with a great financial panic. All the banks seemed to be "going by the board;" and those who were so unfortunate as to have any money, and especially those who were so doubly unfortunate as to have their money deposited in the banks, were in great excitement. The painfully depressing scene that ensued in "the Wall-street of Cincinnati," when thousands of depositors were literally blocking up the street in front of the banking-houses that were barred against them, was somewhat enlivened by incidents—some ludicrous, others painful, but all of them instructive. We have gleaned a few of them:

A person known for his miserly propensities drew some hundreds out of the Central Bank. Some were persuaded him that the notes he had obtained were not safe, and already rumors were current that the banks which had issued them were about suspending. He was further told that some well-known pickpockets had been watching him, and that he had better look out or he would be knocked down and robbed. As may be supposed, this news harassed him very much, and after sauntering about an hour or two, with the money tightly clutched in both hands, he again deposited it in the bank.

About noon one day a man was seen hurriedly approaching one of the suspended banks. He wore no coat, the sleeves of his "check-shirt" were rolled up to the elbows, his face was covered with iron-dust, and he bore every appearance of being one of those ever-busy, toiling mechanics, whose every cent is earned by the sweat of the brow. Approaching the bank-door he was stopped by a policeman.

"Can I not get in?" he asked.

"No, sir—the bank is closed," was the reply.

"Closed!" he exclaimed, while his heart throbbed with heavy beats. "Gentlemen, this is too bad. For twenty years have I been toiling hard to get a home; but the harder I work, the farther I am from accomplishing my desire. The savings of five years I was swindled out of by a pretended friend, and now the savings of fifteen years are lost in this concern. Can a working man be protected in any way?"

A circular was placed in his hands, setting forth why the bank had suspended, and assuring depositors that they would be paid, principal and interest, in full. He sat down and read it carefully, shook his head as if he thought the statement all sham, and left as hurriedly as he came.

"This is a burning shame!" exclaimed a young man, on Third-street, in the afternoon. "I work honestly for

my living, and I ought to be honestly paid. Saturday night I drew thirty dollars from my employers, and here it is, [showing thirty dollars in Circleville paper,] not worth fifty cents on the dollar to-day. Is not this downright robbery, willful plunder? The working men have no rights now, but, like sheep, must lay down and be shorn at the will of their masters, the capitalists."

"Don't block up my door, gentlemen," said a broker to the crowd listening to the above.

"Block up your door?" continued the young man. "It would be better for the people if all shaving-shops like yours were blocked up, so that no one could enter." Laughter all around.

A young man, during the run on T. B. Goodman & Co.'s bank, drew out of the said bank one hundred and thirty-five dollars. While standing in the crowd listening to what was said in regard to monetary affairs, and boasting of being successful in drawing his money, some member of the light-fingered gentry robbed him of his roll of money, leaving him worse off than he was before.

One day a rag-gatherer made his appearance at the door of one of the closed banks. Finding he could not gain admission, he gave way to the most violent expressions of grief. One would suppose from his appearance that he was not worth a dime in the world; but, displaying his account-book to an individual who attempted to console him, it was discovered that he had several hundred dollars on deposit. Last winter this same individual applied to the poor authorities for relief, and owing to his extreme poverty was supplied with fuel.

Speak not Harshly.—The genial and beautiful sentiment expressed in the following stanzas we commend to all:

"Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows darkly lie
Valled within the sunniest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,
By thy griefs of after years,
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.

Speak not harshly, much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours misspent,
By the gifts to errors lent,
By the wrongs thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy fellow-man."

God of my Mother.—Rev. Charles Morgan, of East Troy, Wisconsin, in giving an account of a religious revival in that place, says: "An infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of truth, bowed upon his knees, and cried in agony, 'God of my mother, have mercy on me!' His mother is a devoted Christian in the state of New York." "God of my mother!" How much is revealed in that simple exclamation! how conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impress on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time and sin!

Intermediate State of the Dead.—Our acknowledgments are due to the editor of the "Bible Examiner" for the several numbers of that work containing a review of our articles upon the "Intermediate State of the Dead," in the May and June numbers of the last volume. The reviewer applies himself lustily to the work of upsetting

what he considers the monstrous doctrines of those articles. He employs criticism, reason, and also a little of what appears to us to be nonsense; sometimes he is grave, and sometimes he is facetious. In the main, however, it is an honest, candid, and earnest review. We have but little comment to make upon it; indeed, we believe we will make no comment on it at all. The articles have gone through the fire so bravely that we will just leave them to their fate. It will, we opine, be a long time before the Christian world, with an open Bible in their hands, will be brought to receive the revolting doctrine, that the soul dies with the body, and is in utter unconsciousness from death till the resurrection.

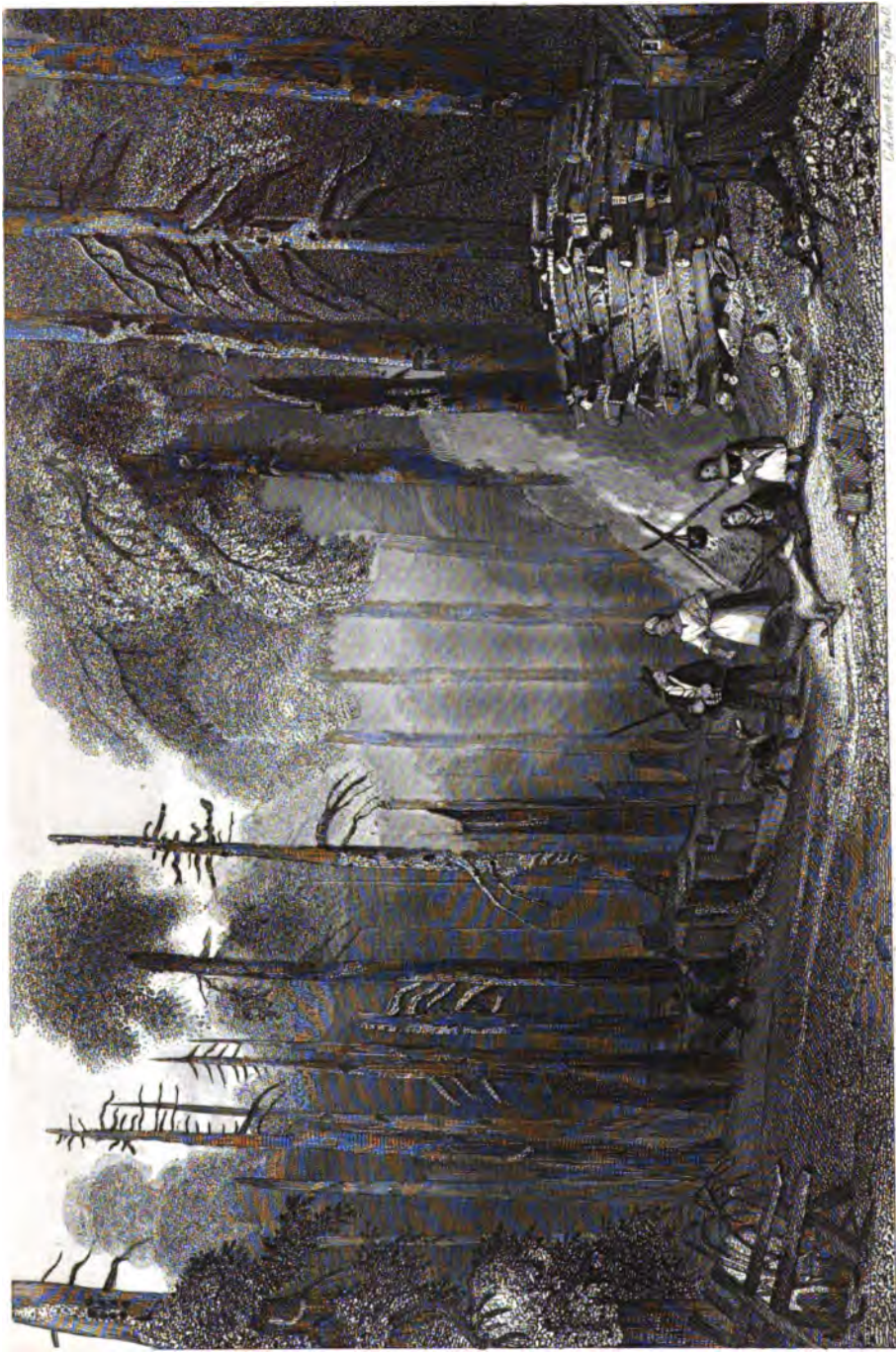
By the way, we are not a little gratified that those articles have been a source of religious comfort, as well as a means of clearer insight and of stronger confirmation to a large number of persons. More than a dozen letters, as well as other indications, have been a pleasing evidence of this.

STAY GENE.—A good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it. . . . Be slow to choose a friend, and slower to change him; be courteous to all. . . . Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.—*Turkish Proverb.* . . . More flies are caught with a drop of honey than by a hoghead of vinegar.—*Id.* . . . Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it. . . . Love of children is always the indication of a genial nature, a pure and unselfish heart. . . . Never make that man your friend who hates bread, music, or the laugh of a child.—*Lawater.* . . . He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself or with others. . . . Many a fool has passed for a clever man, because he has known how to hold his tongue; and many a clever man has passed for a fool, because he has not known how to make use of it. . . . The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life.

OUR PROSPECTS.—Not our personal prospects, dear reader, but the prospects of the Repository were never brighter than at the present moment. The subscriptions are coming in nobly—far in advance of last year even. At the Depository in Chicago no less than three thousand—an increase of four hundred on last year—were ordered before the close of December, with a good prospect of several hundred more. Our brethren in that region really seem determined to rival New York in this respect. Well, it rejoices us to know that the Repository is so firmly entrenched in the hearts of the people that even the "hard times" can not dislodge it. We believe, too, that our brother ministers have never before exerted themselves so efficiently in its behalf. It affords unbounded pleasure to say this, and to express our gratitude for this interest.

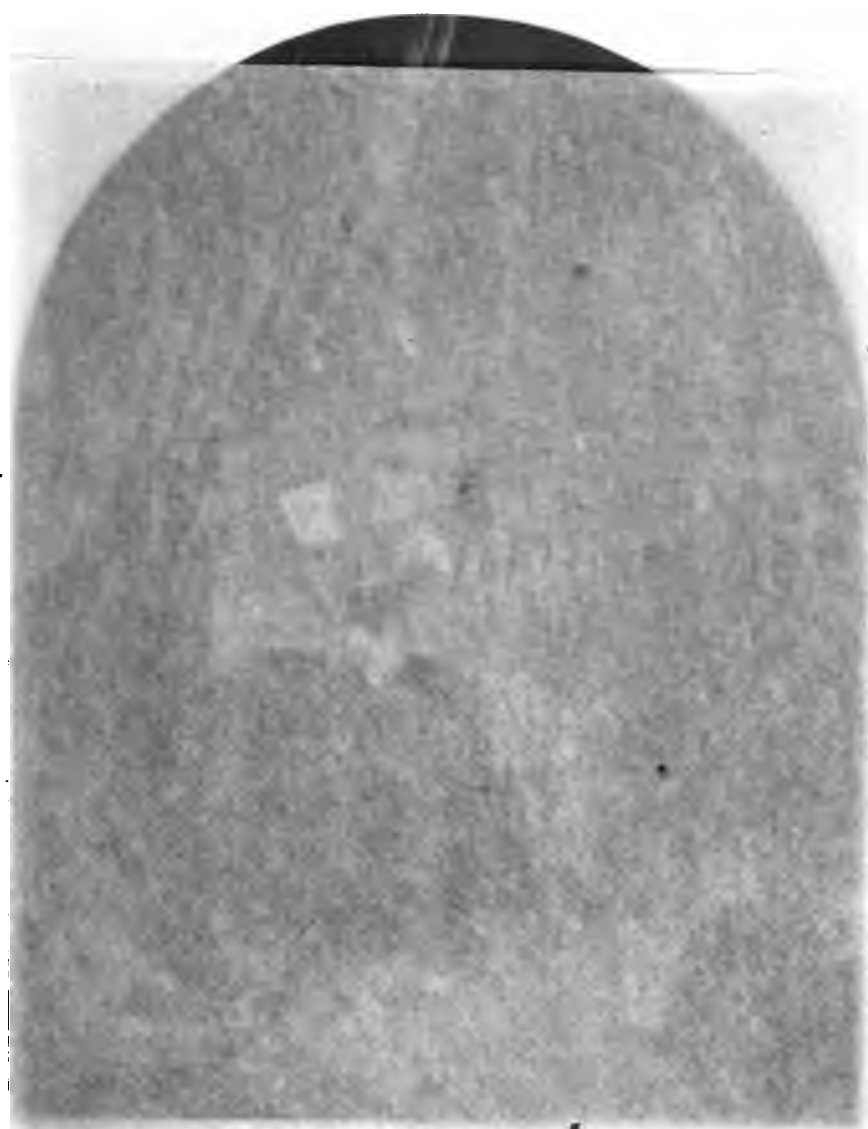
But, brethren, friends every-where, you have been over the field once, and have gathered a noble harvest; but now, will you not glean a little? We want TWENTY THOUSAND—nothing short of twenty thousand subscribers; so that our stout old conservators of financial affairs—Swormstedt & Poe—may have no occasion to grumble at our enlargement and improvements. What say you, friends—shall the TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS be made up?

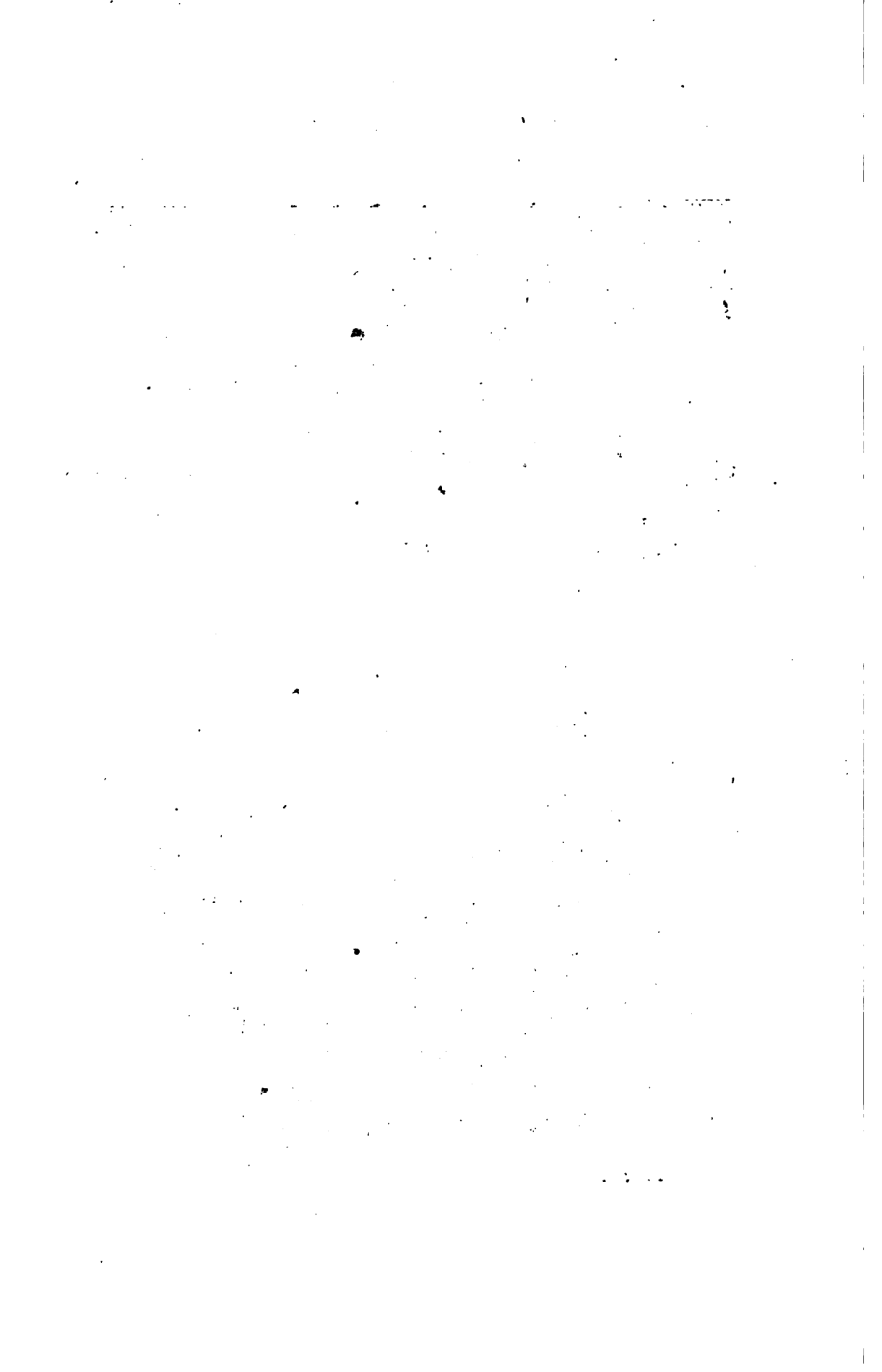




Men cutting logs in the forest.

Illustration by J. B. B. B. B.







EARLY POETRY

"O, 'twould have I hid in mine heart, Southey."

— THE END —

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1855.

STATE OF RELIGION.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THE religious affairs of the country, in their general aspect, though not such as could be desired, are sufficient to encourage effort. While some indications are discouraging, others inspire hope.

Among the systems of avowed opposition to the cause of Christ is open infidelity, in its diversified forms, which recently has assumed a degree of presumption and recklessness in its modes of attack seldom, if ever, known before in these United States. No longer careful to conceal its deformity under the habiliment of "philosophy, falsely so called," it unblushingly intrudes itself through the press, by popular lectures, and even in the witless form of Anti-Bible conventions. Thus its votaries not only reject the counsel of God, and deny the Lord that bought them, but glory in their shame. They are mostly foreigners, who brought their principles with them, and are as far from being loyal citizens as good Christians; for they aim to destroy those Bible principles which lie at the foundation of our civil institutions. By their inglorious warfare upon Christianity and the free institutions founded thereon, they assume an awful responsibility, and soon or late must meet it. But we trust that the Bible and our country will both live long after their names, with the records of their folly, shall have been blotted from the annals of time.

Another system of error, which makes a very formidable resistance to the kingdom of Christ and to the authorized means of its extension, is Popery, the "man of sin" and "son of perdition," which embodies an incredible amount of ignorance, credulity, and superstition. And though, perhaps from mere policy, it evidently assumes its mildest and least objectionable form

in these United States, nothing but the want of power, it is believed, restrains it from all the wonted excesses of violence pertaining to it in Papal countries. In the mean time its crafty propagators even here are vigilantly using all the means they can command to deceive and proselyte the young and the simple-hearted, and to some extent are successful. If they opposed the sinful practices of their adherents, as zealously as they do the Bible and its saving principles, they would deserve to be encouraged; but unfortunately their religion seems to produce no reformation in morals, but rather to confirm its subjects in vicious habits. A tree is known by its fruit, and a man's religion by his conduct. Foreigners sent here from Papal countries often disturb the repose of quiet citizens by uproar and tumult; and though they know not wherefore they are come together, yet they are ready to smite with the fist of wickedness any citizens whom they regard as heretics. But this system, rotten at the core, is tottering to its fall, and will have an end. Its days are well nigh numbered. No doubt the man of sin will die hard, and linger for a time in his death-struggle; but we confidently expect the fulfillment of Paul's prediction: "Then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming," 2 Thessalonians ii, 8.

These two systems of organized opposition to the truth—infidelity and Popery—so congenial to the moral depravity and natural ignorance of man, coming between the unconverted masses of people and the pure Gospel of Christ, drive too many of them into a state of bewildered skepticism, and thus bar them out of the kingdom of God, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. This remark, however, applies more to foreigners among us than to American citizens.

The people generally are plentifully supplied with a fictitious and ungodly literature, calculated to increase and perpetuate their alienation of heart from God, so that the more they read of it the less they know of it, or care to know, of what is most essential to their everlasting welfare. By this means the fountains of spiritual and social life are poisoned, and the young especially have many temptations spread out before them to throw off the restraints of religion, and to participate in such worldly amusements as are found at the circus or theater, the halls of comical exhibition, or the silly dance.

But, after all, perhaps the greatest obstacle to the progress of saving truth among us at present exists in the all-absorbing pursuit of worldly gain. Wealth is the idol of the age, the patron of pride, that pampers the love of ease, luxury, and display; of travel for mere sight-seeing, and resort to places of fashionable vice; all which tend to mental dissipation, and are ruinous to experimental and practical godliness. And the inordinate love of gain is the sin of the age, the sin that besets a larger class of our citizens, and interferes more with their relative duties to God and man than any other. "But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition," 1 Timothy vi, 9. The recent explosion of banking institutions, with the terrible shock experienced in every department of business, is a signal rebuke to the spirit of speculation and general extravagance of the country; respecting which the chief cause of regret is, that the innocent must suffer with the guilty. May this reproof of a wise and merciful Providence influence many to consider their ways, and turn their feet to the testimonies of the Lord!

Such are some of the difficulties with which the American Churches have to contend in evangelizing the nation, and there are others too tedious to name. In our own denominational affairs there are no unusual obstacles of a general nature to the progress of the work, but only such as are common to all Churches. No visible cause of division exists, and no unpleasant controversy agitates our connection or threatens its peace, except the proposed new term of membership, which affects our influence and our prospect of usefulness injuriously, in the conferences embracing slaveholding territory, and in those sympathizing with them. Upon this unpleasant and delicate subject, in this connection, we can only say to all concerned, as Joseph said to his brethren, "See that ye fall not out by the way." One hasty, unadvised step in the premises might lead

to results to be long deplored. The maxim, "United we stand, divided we fall," applies as well to ecclesiastical as to civil bodies. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

On the other hand, there are favorable indications, as to the general state of religion, sufficient to inspire hope and encourage effort. Among them the following may be briefly referred to: The augmented and still accumulating power of the religious press to supply the people with Bibles and wholesome religious publications, in such quantities and on such terms as to bring them within the reach of all classes, is a fact of very great interest among all the friends of Christian benevolence. The increasing liberality of Christians in multiplying houses of worship, in founding and sustaining institutions of learning on Christian principles, and in establishing and supporting Gospel missions, domestic and foreign, is also a fact of similar importance and encouragement to the one last named.

Another favorable circumstance exists in the increasing attention to the religious training of the rising generation, especially by juvenile publications and Sabbath school instruction; to all which should be added, on an extended scale, catechising by parents and ministers. The religious education of children is the most reliable means of drying up the sources of infidelity and error, with their streams of practical vice, and of retaining them in after life to be useful members of their respective Protestant Churches. And another inducement to this work of piety is, the easiest way of access to the hearts of parents, in many cases, is through their beloved children.

All of these modes of operation, however, with their kindred benevolent institutions, are but auxiliaries to the regular ministry of the Gospel, the great system ordained of God to save the souls of men, and which, to some considerable extent, is accomplishing his benevolent purpose. Great and effectual doors are open to preach the Gospel in our own country—to say nothing of other lands—both among foreign emigrants and native citizens. And the progress which the Gospel is making among both classes is highly encouraging.

There are revivals of religion from year to year, sufficient in number, extent, and power to justify the conclusion, that the Holy Spirit still pervades our Protestant Churches, working repentance unto life and salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, changing the hearts and reforming the lives of multitudes of people, and that our Lord is still faithful to his promise, "Lo, I am with you." These revival scenes are indispensable

to strengthen the hands and comfort the hearts of ministers and private Christians, to fill our Churches with spiritual worshipers, to multiply converts to Christ, and to extend his peaceful reign over the hearts of rebellious sinners, and bring them to the obedience of faith and the enjoyment of his salvation.

Genuine revivals of the work of God are best promoted by a proper use of the means of his own appointing—such as a faithful exhibition of the plain, practical truths of the Gospel; a regular attention to the sacraments, baptism, and the Lord's supper; public prayer and praise, with reading the holy Scriptures in the congregations; faithful pastoral visitation; punctual attendance at the social meetings of the Church, for the promotion of Christian experience and the communion of saints; together with family and private devotion; and also, when occasion requires, a faithful but prudent administration of moral discipline upon the incorrigibly delinquent. Relying upon the God of our fathers in the stated use of these means, with the spirit of prayer and faith, and in the use of extraordinary and protracted efforts under corresponding circumstances, and proving ourselves personally faithful to our holy calling, we may confidently expect the rich blessings of his saving grace in a plentiful harvest of souls. In our own Church we have for some years past been favored, not with a very large, but steady increase of members and ministers, a large proportion of whom appear to be well endued with the spirit of the Gospel, and earnestly pressing to the mark of holiness, for the prize of eternal life. Various speculations have gone forth respecting the late increased demand for ministers, most of which are groundless. To us, who have surveyed the work generally, it is evident that our deficiency of laborers arises, not so much from a reduced number of candidates for the ministry, as from the multiplication of ministerial charges and open doors to new and inviting fields of Gospel enterprise; which we regard as a fact highly encouraging. Upon the whole, we do not know any reason why the course of our glorious Methodism should not be onward, and still onward, with a wider range, a deeper influence, and an increased momentum, till it shall have accomplished the object of its mission—the spread of Scriptural holiness over all lands. May the Lord hasten it in his time! Amen.

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SCIENCE may raise us to eminence, but religion alone can guide us to felicity.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

BY FRÉDÉRIC FAINE.

MORNING.

"Do what he will, he can not realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he can not hope to find
The truth, the beauty, pictured in his mind."

"My eyes make pictures when they are shut:
I see a fountain large and fair,
A willow and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow;
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow."

THE mind of man is artistical. It has its poetry, its paintings, its sculpture. It draws its materials from the deep recesses within and the extended universe without. It ascends the loftiest mountains, and walks amid the most distant stars, gathering into its treasure-house their varied beauties. From the marble and granite of earth it rears within its walls temples and palaces of architectural beauty; carves statues with more than Pygmalion skill, breathing into them its spiritual life, shedding over them its inward light, till they move, speak, and live. It unrolls the annals of the past, retouching with its warm pencil scenes grown cold and dim by the lapse of years. It transfers the changing present into its image-chambers, and sketches in bold perspective the shadowy future. Thus it has its own studios, and galleries filled with the pictures and images which imagination forms from its own creations, or memory traces from the scenes of life and nature.

It requires the hand of a Guido and a Shakespeare, a Dante and a Raphael, to embody these living pictures in words, to transfer these breathing images on canvas, or rear these architectural buildings into tangible forms. Yet are they daily developed in the drama of life, rendering it at once poetry and painting. The bold conceptions which the pencil can not portray, the burning thoughts that language can not clothe, are stereotyped in deeds. Some active principle, absorbing passion, or conflicting interest gives an impetus to action, and life presents to us scenes grand in their design, brilliant in their coloring, powerful in their execution; while its still, quiet pictures are frequently more thrilling, touching, beautiful.

"Life is to us a battle-field,
Our hearts a holy land."

It was winter—and winter in New England, the remembrance of which has not melted away beneath a southern residence. Early had this

monarch of the year assumed his regal power, and spread over nature his wintery armor. Mountains and valleys were clothed in helmets of frost and draperies of snow; torrent, lake, and river were hushed in silence beneath his icy seal.

While Nature, robed in the court-dress of her sovereign, lay thus impassive yet beautiful at his feet, his kingly scepter was extended over the mind and heart, and all who touched it lived. It imparted vigor and activity to the mental powers; changed the latent heat of the social virtues and tender charities of life into sensible, whose genial warmth pervaded the moral atmosphere of our world.

The morning was clear and cold in the month of February, 18—. A hot breakfast of coffee, rolls, and numerous other substantialia, which never fail to grace a New England table, had strengthened the outer being, relaxing the nerves of its physical system, which the extreme cold had drawn up to their highest tension. A grate of burning anthracite was diffusing its heat throughout the parlor, giving it an agreeable summer temperature; books, work, friendly words, and more friendly looks, all invited to a fireside lounge instead of exercise in the open air.

I hesitated, when the merry tinkling of sleigh-bells, the quick footsteps crushing the frozen snow, the glad laugh of childhood without, and, above all, the still small voice within, reminding me of duties to be performed beyond my own family circle, decided me. Throwing on my winter wrappings, in a few moments I was breathing the keen, frosty air, and feeling its invigorating influence, in the streets of P.

It was one of Winter's richest gala days, when, it would seem, he had disrobed himself of his gorgeous apparel, and taken every gem and jewel from his kingly diadem to adorn the cold but fair form of Nature. I paused in the broad opening of — street, to take in the scene, which, far as the eye could reach, was spread out before me, closing on one side by a blue line of hills—on the other by the still deeper blue of the ocean, the voice of whose many waters was distinctly heard.

The bright skies poured forth their fullest light around the far-off mountain-tops, over the leafless forest, the open country, and crowded city. Earth in her robes of whiteness, the glittering roofs and spires, the shining atmosphere of silvery net-work, gave back each dazzling glance to the clear heavens. The trees waved their crystallized branches and pendant brilliants in the sunlight; and the islands—emeralds in the greenness of summer—were now pearls in the

crystal bosom of the bay, which lay as unmoved by its own deep heavings as it was impervious to the dashing oar.

The cold would not suffer me to delay. The hum of busy existence fell upon my ear; and as I passed along, I found the dwellers of this crystallized world eager and earnest in the development of life in all its varied forms and pursuits. Here were gay parties in open sleighs, already commencing the pleasures of the day; there the lawyer, with his green bag, was hurrying to the courts; the merchant to his counting-room or the 'Change; children, whose cheeks glowed and fingers tingled with the cold kisses of the morning air, skipping joyfully along to their school-rooms; the markets swarming with buyers and sellers; messengers, cloaked and hooded, passing to and fro, on errands of business and mercy, through the thronged streets.

I threaded my way, giving and receiving many a friendly greeting, till I arrived at a humble dwelling, which, for more than a half century had been the Widow's Home. I entered a small room. Beside the warm fire sat the grandmother, the mother, the daughter, and prattling grandchild. The old lady held her knitting in her hand; before her lay the open Bible, which she was reading aloud to her daughters, who were silently plying their needles, while the little girl played by their side.

Their countenances were expressive of patient endurance, quiet resignation, and cheerful hope. There was even an expression of meek triumph in the eyes of the aged one, as she raised them from the word of life, as if she rejoiced that with her the contest was nearly over, the victory almost won; while the suffering, subdued looks of the youngest showed it had only commenced with her, and time had but partially healed the deep wounds of her heart. They were widows.

"Bless me!" exclaimed each kind voice, "you here, my dear Miss —, this cold winter morning!"

"Yes, I am here this delightful, bright morning. Came to see how you are; come to warm my heart among you—"

"Right glad are we to see you; but here, sit down and warm your feet."

And I found myself in the warmest corner of their perfectly neat and well-arranged apartment.

"It is unnecessary for me to inquire, my dear Mrs. Crosby, how you are getting on this long winter, for I perceive you are comfortable."

"O yes," replied she, "so many kind friends has our heavenly Father blessed us with. To be sure, in the fall it did look dark; Susan's

great affliction, grandmother's increasing weakness, the little one's sickness, all pressed upon us. But I knew even then we should be sustained; that He who had so often taken from us our earthly props would not leave nor forsake us. We have not trusted in vain. How many helps we have had! Our dear pastor has not only poured the wine and the oil of the blessed Gospel into our sorrowing hearts, but he has ministered to our temporal wants. He gave us money. As I placed it in my purse, 'This is good seed,' said I to Susan; 'our purse will not be empty this winter.' Even so. A plenty of work, the kindness of friends, or, rather, the goodness of God, has made it unto us like the meal and oil of the woman in Scripture." The good woman's gratitude made her eloquent; and what eloquence surpasses that which flows from a grateful heart!

One of the most interesting features of life is woman—her position and its relations, her character and its results. Her physical organization and natural instincts place her in dependence, from which flows all those social endearing ties that receive their authority alike from nature and revelation. The weaker vessel, her station on the waters of life is by the side of the stronger, to whom she looks up for support and defense as they buffet together the stormy waves; while her quick perceptions, active energy, power of endurance, and watchful tenderness render her, in the emphatic language of Scripture, a helpmeet. Sometimes, in the providence of God, the stronger one, with sails full set, in all the might and strength of manhood, is suddenly wrecked, and her little bark is left to struggle by itself on the wide waste.

Thus had it been with this humble family. They were associated with my earliest recollections. When quite a child, a friend, in one of her frequent visits, took me to the "Widow's Home." The grandmother, mother, and three children were its inmates. They were invalids; appeared sick and suffering; but I remember the song of praise and thanksgiving was then on their lips. On going out my friend exclaimed, with suppressed emotion, "Never did a door close upon such suffering, good, and happy hearts!" I wondered. I could not then perceive the connection between goodness, happiness, and suffering.

Their history is neither strange nor new in the annals of domestic life. The maturity and old age of the grandmother had passed in the loneliness of widowhood. She struggled with its poverty and its sorrows, but, with a believing, hopeful heart, rested on Him who is the widow's God and the Father to the fatherless; and her

home, like her own bosom, was filled with peace and joy.

In this home a daughter grew up to womanhood, married, and removed from its sheltering roof. A few brief years of happiness succeeded, and she returned stricken, bereaved. The husband of her youth, the father of her children, was cut down by the hand of death, leaving to his offspring no earthly heritage than his prayers and Christian example. With these rich treasures garnered in her heart, and her helpless infants, she sought again the maternal roof, where she found practical use for the beautiful lessons of patience, faith, and hope she had seen exemplified by her mother in her long years of widowhood.

That mother welcomed her with all the love and sympathy of one who felt the measure of her grief, and knew its remedy. They had passed through the same ordeal of affliction, and were sustained by the same faith and hope. United by affection and suffering, their lives mingled into one stream, which flowed silently onward in its humble course, occasionally agitated by the rough winds of earth, but also enlivened by its sunbeams. There yet remained to them objects of tender love and anxious solicitude—their children, one son and two daughters, for whom they toiled, and whose hands they taught to labor, and hearts to love and pray.

The son grew up, strong and manly; his heart full of filial and fraternal affection, and his mind endowed with right purposes and firm principles. He was a sailor; and if his frequent absences cast their shadows on that happy home, his return brought joy and gladness, with many substantial proofs of his thoughtful care.

The daughters were affectionate and industrious. The eldest, finding the labors of the needle injurious, it was proposed she should prepare herself for a teacher. Full of aspirations for improvement and affectionate desires to relieve her mother and grandmother from the heat and burden of the day they had borne so long, she entered school and applied herself to books with the utmost diligence. Her brother gave her pecuniary assistance. His proud heart swelled with gratification, as he marked her rapid progress; and his eyes filled with inexpressible tenderness as they rested upon her young face.

The winter was severe and inclement, but no storms prevented Mary from attending school. The exposure was too much for her delicate frame. Repeated colds terminated in a cough and other symptoms, which indicated the approach of that ruthless destroyer—consumption.

Her mother and grandmother watched each incipient step of the disease with fear and trembling. The young girl herself was full of hope. Spring would bring health, and her brother, with all her bright anticipations of future usefulness. The mother smiled through her tears, and said, gently, "My daughter, you are now in the school of suffering and disappointment, preparatory to a home of rest and peace. Is the thought of your removal thither painful?"

"Not painful to me, mother—only for you. I would still live for you—and I shall. Am I not better to-day? When George returns, his presence will make me well. Rest is not for the young; and peace—surely, in this school of suffering, there is peace—the peace which our blessed Savior left to his followers on earth."

The son and brother was expected home in a few days. Every eye brightened in that little household, and new strength was imparted to the invalid. But, alas! a silent messenger alone—a letter—brought the tidings of his death!

It were vain to speak of the sorrow of those sorrowing hearts. Its dark folds lay heavily upon their crushed spirits, and could only be lifted by the Hand which had suffered it to fall. And that Hand, which never withholds its aid from the suffering children of earth, put forth its strength to support them under present, and prepare them for future trials.

As light broke in upon their darkness, they perceived all they had lost, and all they were to lose. The shock was too great for the enfeebled frame of the sister, and they girded up their minds, by faith and prayer, for the conflict. She sank rapidly. In a few weeks she breathed out her spirit in the arms of her mother, and the widows were left in their home with their only remaining child.

They were bereaved, but not desolate. They looked upward, where God and their treasures were, and around, and found there were duties to be performed and blessings still to be enjoyed on earth. In meek resignation they prepared themselves to suffer and to do the will of their heavenly Father.

Time passed on; their daughter married, but continued to cheer them with her presence. They were happy in her happiness, when death again entered their dwelling. Her husband was the victim, and the tears of the widow and orphan again flowed in their midst.

As I sat by their fireside, and this picture passed before me, with all its lights and shadows, I felt how various the moral discipline of life. On some the chastening rod falls in open

daylight, awakening the sympathy of all minds; while others receive it in the secret chambers of their hearts, and wrestle alone with sorrows that a stranger intermeddles not with. The results of this discipline were before me—the development of Christian life—the formation of Christian character, in its full and fair proportions—and I went out with faith and hope strengthened.

NOON.

"Life is before ye!" and as now ye stand
Eager to spring upon the promised land,
Fair smiles the way where yet your feet have trod
But few light steps upon a flowery sod;
Round ye are youth's green bowers."

Life is a reality. Its features are constantly changing, yet they leave their impress upon its surface—now in light, shadowy lines; then in those darker, heavier ones, which deepen till every lineament is distinct, complete, and you see and feel its truth.

As I returned, I found a winter's noon was not less life-stirring than its morning. My homeward steps were staid by a gentle rap on a window, a bright face gleaming through geraniums and rose-trees, and a hand holding up some orange flowers. The door opened.

"O do come in," said a sweet voice, "do come in, and aid me in arranging these flowers for my hair. Are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful, indeed," I replied, looking at the rich braids of dark hair, which were wound gracefully around her head.

"And they have given me so much trouble to procure them."

"What, your hair?" I asked.

"O, no, not my hair," said she, laughing and blushing, "but these buds and blossoms. Are they not perfect?"

"Perfect! yes."

"But you are not looking at them."

I was not. My eyes rested upon the youthful being before me—the image of young happiness.

"You are just the one," she continued, "I have been wishing for all the morning. 'Give me your severe taste upon this paraphernalia we have here,' ushering me into a room where sat her mother quietly sewing amid dresses, ribbons, and laces.

"Do tell me," exclaimed I, "what all this means! Is Clara to be married?"

"No, no, not married myself, but the next thing to it. My friend Martha is to be married to-night; I am to be bridesmaid, and Edward is—" Her eyes fell beneath mine; she did not finish. I divined why it was the next thing.

"Now, dear friend, I wish you to decide the momentous question, between this, [holding up a rich white satin,] my father's present, and that, [pointing to a simple muslin,] mother's gift. Mother says the satin in compliment to father's taste. You know her old-fashioned notions of deference to the supreme head. I prefer the muslin, thin, light—light as my own free heart, upon which the folds of the satin would press too heavily."

"This once, dear Clara," I replied, "only this once, I must decide against the graver judgment of your grave mother, in favor of the light muslin and your lighter self. Leave satins till the cares of life enable you to support their weight with dignity."

"Thank you, thank you. Long will it be ere I shall be obliged to incase myself in such stiff robes. Do you know I am very unbelieving in the cares of life? Life is bright, beautiful—it is enjoyment."

"Yes, a holiday, no doubt," said I, "just as long as the sunlight of the soul is clear—"

"But when that is darkened by sorrow, my child, what will it be?" interrupted the fond mother, whose whole soul seemed gushing forth in the looks of love, which rested upon the bright personification of life before us.

"Still beautiful, mother," said the young girl, kneeling and resting her head upon her mother's lap, "if it has that faith in God, that love to man, and hope of heaven, you have taught me here to feel and to know."

A mother's love! who can describe its power to will and to do—its capacity to suffer and to enjoy? It welcomes us on the threshold of existence, and continues with us through its whole pilgrimage. Our infancy is cradled beneath the shadow of its wings, our childhood revels in its sunbeams, our youth is guided by its watchful care, and our maturer years are cheered by its unchanging sympathy. Who can measure its depth or estimate its strength when it expands itself over a large circle, much less when it is concentrated on one, who has nestled alone in its bosom, and drank alone of its deep well-springs?

Clara was an only child. In her were centered all the hopes of a proud father and tender mother. She had been to them a new existence—a second life—which, developing itself beneath their paternal care and love, had become the whole of life, uniting the past, the present, and the future. And now, as she stood in their small household, in the first blush of beautiful womanhood, what wonder if with their irrepressible affection were mingled feelings of pride and exultation!

NIGHT.

"Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way."

The short twilight of winter soon passed, and night let fall her curtain over the frozen earth. The city sent forth a blaze of light, from hall, and tower, and lowly fireside. If the pulsations of life were less visible than during the day, they were not less strong or deep, as the thronging worshippers gathered around its numerous altars to offer up their evening incense.

A long train of gay carriages, filled with the young and old, wrapped in warm furs, were at the door of Mrs. Meridan. A young gentleman stepped out of an open sleigh, flew up the steps, and entered the parlor.

"Ready, Clara?"

"All ready, Edward," was the reply.

He turned to interchange the compliments of the evening with the family, but exclaimed, "My dear Mrs. Meridan, how pale you look! Are you ill?"

"No, not ill, only a little weak. This sleigh-riding this cold night makes me nervous. And you are in an open sleigh, with your mother?"

"O yes, mamma, I begged Edward for an open carriage," said Clara; "these moving houses, which scarcely allow one a peep at the blue sky, are dreadful. Nothing so delightful as a ride in an open sleigh on a winter's star-lit night."

"But the air, my child, is so cold at this season! How long, Edward, are these wedding festivities to continue?"

"Only a few days."

"We commit Clara to your care. Return her to us in safety."

"As certainly as I return myself. Be at ease, my dear madam; can she be more precious to you than to me?"

"Yes, Edward, there may be another Clara for you in this wide world; but for us, her father and mother, there is only this one," infolding her in her arms as she wrapped her cloak around her.

"Dear mother, if my heart was not brimful of joy, you would make me sad," said Clara. "But I have felt all day

'Joy in every living thing,
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad, still welcoming,
In her rosy path they go,
Kisses she to us hath given,'"

imprinting a warm one on her mother's cheek, and then another, saying, "This for dear father when he returns to-night." She gave her hand

to her lover, and in a few moments they had passed the lighted streets, and were in the open country.

The night was clear and calm. The stars looked out from their blue home on the white earth in still and quiet beauty. The moon, escaping from the warm glances of the bright-haired sun, hung her pale crescent low in the west; and the light, feathery forms of the aurora borealis streamed up from the cold north.

Beneath this silvery canopy our wedding guests pursued their onward course—the hearts of the elders of the party beating with the hopes and expectations of warm drawing-rooms, easy rocking-chairs, and fortunate escapes from cold and cough; while those of the younger ones could scarcely keep time with all the brilliant imaginings of their own rose-colored thoughts.

"How exhilarating this pure air!" said Clara. "It seems to bear us upward; the feet of our horses hardly touch the snow; we shall soon overtake yonder Charioteer, who is careering so proudly through the sky," pointing to Auriga.

"Stop, brother Edward, and place me on the starry crown of Orion, who stands there with his shining epaulettes and sword studded with diamonds," said little Mary Hartman.

"What is the greatest charm of a starlight night?" asked Mrs. Hartman.

"To me," replied Edward, "it is the idea of interminable existence which it presents, bearing upon its flowing and ebbing tides the great and silent past, the active and earnest present, with the unfathomable future."

"Friends," interrupted Clara, "yon dome of starry light 'is a loving Father's place.' I never look up to it without all the gladdening feelings of home-life. Those glittering orbs are the dwellings of his great household."

At that moment one of the carriages passed them, which gave a new impetus to their fiery steeds. The bridal hall already gleamed brightly in the distance. As they descended the hill which led to its open gates, their sleigh overturned, precipitating them all to the earth. Scarcely a moment elapsed ere they were on their feet again, interchanging kind inquiries, with the exception of Clara, who lay still and motionless as the silent snows around her. Edward raised her from the ground, but received no answer to the words of tenderness that trembled on his lips—he held in his arms the lifeless form of Clara Meridan!

They moved slowly onward, bearing with them to the marriage feast an unbidden and appalling guest—Death—his cold breath extinguishing the

light and joy of the festive scene, blanching the cheeks of the young and old, chilling the warm life-blood of bold, courageous hearts. Beneath his stern glance the youthful pair plighted their mutual vows, amid the tears and sobs of surrounding friends. As the man of God invoked upon them the blessing of Heaven, he prayed yet more fervently for the stricken and bereaved.

In their happy home in — street sat the unconscious parents of Clara. Refinement and elegance spread around their united influence. Rich carpets covered the floors; soft ottomans and easy chairs invited the weary to repose; shaded lamps let fall their subdued light. An open musical instrument, upon which lay the Bride's Farewell, showed that some hand had just touched the keys. Stands of flowers shed their sweet fragrance, reminding us of fragrant youth and beauty; books and paintings all spoke of youthful taste and talent. The father had returned from his counting-house at the usual hour. His slippers were in their accustomed place, warming for his reception; his arm-chair stood in his favorite corner; his papers lay on the table ready for his perusal; but she, the loved one, the life of their home, its spirit of gladness, was not there to welcome him with her sweet smile and evening kiss.

"Clara is gone," said he, as he laid aside his thick coat for his warm dressing-gown. "It is a cold night; I hope she was well prepared to meet its piercing air. But why do I ask, when a mother's eye and a mother's love watches over her?" The mother smiled, and pressed his extended hand.

Tea was brought in; and as Mr. Meridan sipped the refreshing beverage, he turned over the papers, and attempted to read. Nothing could fix his attention—not even the politics of the day; he missed the flute-like voice of his daughter, who read to him at that hour. He threw aside the paper, with a slight degree of impatience in his manner, and as he did so raised his eyes to his wife, and for the first time observed her pale, anxious countenance. Suspecting the cause, every appearance of restlessness vanished, and he engaged her in pleasant conversation. They talked of the happy past, of the beautiful development of young life their Clara daily presented. The mother's heart grew strong, and her eyes lighted up with faith and hope.

It was an hour of sweet communion. Their full, open hearts reflected the peace and happiness of the present, while the future lay mirrored clear and bright in their child; and they thanked God for his manifold blessings. The

father's hand lay upon the family Bible; he opened and read, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place throughout all generations." At that moment the bell rung, and the death-messenger entered. One loud, agonizing cry resounded through the house, succeeded by the silence and desolation of the grave.

* * * *

Another morning dawned. The Sun poured forth his exhaustless rays upon the white-bosomed Earth, who received his homage and reveled in his beams, unmindful of her sorrowing sons and daughters. Again I went forth, and through the full tide of life made my way to the chamber of Death, where lay Clara Meridan in her last sleep—a breathless sleep. As yet Death had placed no other impress upon her than his profound repose. The thin muslin—her "mother's gift"—infolded her full, round form; the orange flowers mingled with her rich dark hair. An expression of more than peace, of joy, rested upon her calm, placid features, which seemed to say that life to her was "still beautiful;" that, untouched by care, unscathed by sorrow, she had early been called upward to minister in its higher, its holier courts. The voice of Faith spoke inwardly, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth on me shall never die."

MY LITTLE SISTER.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

THERE is something mournfully pleasant about her memory. A multitude of sweet thoughts rush upon my mind whenever I speak of her,

"That beautiful one
Who faded so early."

I was twelve years old when that sister died; and though more than as many years have cast their shadows over this heart, they have not effaced the remembrance of that gentle smile—that beaming face shines as clearly in my mind to-day, as when, with buoyant footsteps, I followed her among the flowers, and gazed into her lovely eyes. She had, I have often thought, the most beautiful face I ever beheld. A high white forehead; rosy, dimpled cheeks; clear black eyes; full of intelligence and love; sunny curls over a neck of snow. O, she was lovely; and her many acts of kindness, her words of confidence and trust, her humility, her forgiving spirit, were beautiful as the sweet face she wore; both won the love of many who still retain her remembrance in tender hearts. Yet none loved her so dearly as

the little group at home; there each vied with each other in their affection for the little one. We called her Viola; and she was pure and gentle as the meek flower that bears her name. How well I recollect, when a little brother wept, or a sister experienced some slight sorrow, how quickly the tear of pity would fill her eye, and she would wind her little arms around the weeping one, and in tones of affection evince her sorrow! Dear little one! she was not to dwell long in this sin-polluted world. Five summers had scattered their beauty along her path, when she rested as if weary of her play, languished a few sad days, and died. It was a bright Sabbath morning in summer when we sat thoughtful and tearful around the little sufferer. She lay wasted and pale in her easy cradle, and for the first time in many hours a look of recognition came to her sweet face. Reaching up her little arms, she called our parents. They kneeled close by her side, and she clasped her thin white hands around the neck of each, gave them a farewell kiss, and murmured, "I love you all very dearly." Then our eldest sister came forward for one last token of affection; but, alas! it was too late. Never shall I forget her sobs and tears as she begged of the little one over whose pillow she had spent so many watchful nights for one word or kiss of affection; but all in vain; her little arms fell listless by her side, and she seemed wearied with her last effort. She could do no more, and looked satisfied and happy. Then we wept wildly when we thought that those dear arms would never more encircle our necks, or those sweet lips be pressed again to ours. They trembled faintly, as if to speak; but their music was hushed forever. Her sweet eyes unclosed, as if to look a fond farewell ere they shut in long repose. But she was beautiful in death. Never shall I forget the impressions made upon my young heart by her appearance after the spirit had fled. A smile lingered on her parted lips. They dressed her in a white shroud, and her little dimpled hands were pressed over her quiet bosom. Then they made her a little grave on the green hill-side, and the turf was laid gently on her pillow. There we planted the sweet violet and a damask rose. It is a fit resting-place for one so pure.

"To that lone spot I love to stray,
Where sleeps the dust of that dear one,
Who fled so soon from earth away,
Ere yet her life was scarce begun.
O lovely spot! O sister dear!
I almost envy thee thy bliss.
O gladly would I leave earth's care,
For such a resting-place as this!"

"THE SON OF MAN HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY
HIS HEAD."

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

YE whom the world esteemeth great,
Who, pillowed on a couch of state,
May close, at fall of night, the eye
Beneath a gorgeous canopy,
Remember how the Savior came
To bear our load of sin and shame.
The birds of earth, the fowls of air,
A quiet resting-place might share,
But when the shades of night were spread,
He had not where to lay his head.

And ye who share a humbler lot,
Whose dwelling is a lowly cot,
Where poverty has thrown its ills,
Where cankering care your spirit fills,
Who walk through life unloved and lone,
The Savior all your griefs hath known;
The rich, the mighty, passed him by,
With cold neglect and scornful eye;
He hungered for his daily bread;
He had not where to lay his head.

Ye stars that shine, as then ye shone,
Ye marked the Master's vigils lone!
He trod, with ministry divine,
Thy hills and vales, O Palestine!
He wandered with his faithful few
Beneath thy midnight skies of blue.
Witness thy waves, Genesaret!
Thy three-capped brow, green Olivet,
There lingering when day had fled,
He had not where to lay his head.

When moonlight slept upon the sea,
He sought thy shores, O Galilee!
When loud the wind and billows raved,
Tiberias, thy storms he braved.
The dew-drops gemmed the mountains where
The Savior bowed all night in prayer;
At eve the sufferer's tears flowed free
Amid thy bowers, Gethsemane!
And Calvary marked his life-blood shed:
He had not where to lay his head.

If thus, O suffering Son of God,
In meekness thou this earth hast trod,
In grief, in shame, in sorrow's hour,
When clouds around our path shall lower;
If care, if suffering should be
Our lot, we'll meekly bow like thee.
Content thy lot below to share,
May we as thou our burdens bear,
Rejoicing in thy path to tread,
Who hadst not where to lay thy head!

Without star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud Science fails.

ALTON LOCKE.*

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

A WAY-WORN man before us passes slowly;
He leaves the world of London far behind
For the first time; he leaves his home so lowly—
It long hath lost its only charm to bind.

The bells are pealing blithely, yet the chime
Wakes no regretful feeling in his heart;
He feebly toiling on, recalls the time—
A life of winters! tears refuse to start.

He owes no love to his own native city;
Like some gaunt she-wolf littered on the hill,
She feels not for her young remorse or pity—
Starvation, cold, and death may work their will.

Oft has he stood, e'en in the rain and sleet,
Fierce hunger's pangs uncloyed, at an old stall,
Plucking from dog-eared books the *bitter-sweet*,
That fruit of Eden's tree with core of gall.

We see him now upon the dusty road;
The freighted cars pass swiftly to the town,
With laughing passengers—a merry load—
The jolly squire and happy country clown.

He hears a sparkling brook, which sings along,
Opening to wonders new his darkling eye;
It woos him on with its sweet tinkling song
To groves of rugged oaks and lindens high.

Much had he read, but never had he been
Where he could breathe the soft and genial air,
Which o'er the senses can so sweetly win,
And smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care.

The park-fence climbed, he sees the grassy waves,
Now fanned and rippled by the sighing breeze;
In this new beauty fount his soul he laves;
In blissful murmurs sinks upon his knees.

Each slender blade he kisses o'er and o'er;
The pent-up stores of feeling forth do well;
He feels an ecstasy unknown before,
While down his mellowed cheeks tears thickly fell.

TO NELLY.

QUAINT and wondrous little angeling,
White-armed, floating, airy thing;
Art thou not a flower changeling,
Stolen from the elfin king?

Shut thy waxen lid so tender,
On thy violet, azure eye;
Bend thy form so lithe and slender,
As dew-laden lilies lie.

Sleep, thy Savior watches by thee,
Tender truant from the skies!
Sleep, all evil powers fly thee,
Till the dawn shall bid thee rise.

*The above is suggested by an affecting scene in Alton Locke, the tailor-poet, by Kingsley, who is represented as never having seen the fresh green grass in his life before.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. BITHIA B. LEAVITT.

CHAPTER III.

LUCY WARNER was always up bright and early. The first hour of the morning was invariably devoted to her religious duties; and, however early such occasions might require her to rise, that hour was always provided for in her calculations, and kept inviolably sacred from all intrusion. Till her mother awoke she assisted the only servant they could afford to employ in neatly arranging the house, preparing her mother's breakfast, and performing other little duties of a domestic nature.

One morning, a few days after the interview with her uncle, Lucy passed through the usual routine of duty, and as her mother still slept she sat down by the parlor window to read. In vain she essayed to follow the author; her thoughts would wander into the future. "I wonder when uncle will come," was just fitting through her mind, when a faint sound from her mother's room arrested her attention, and caused her to spring from her chair and hasten to her bedside.

"Air—air—Lucy; I—faint—for—air," whispered the sufferer, gasping for breath. In an instant Lucy had wheeled the lounge on which Mrs. Warner always slept into the adjoining parlor. The doors were opened, the curtains flung back, and, for some minutes, Lucy stood fanning her beloved parent with the most intense solicitude. Her heart sickened with terror as she noticed the face assume a more deathlike hue, and clasping her hands wildly she exclaimed, "O mother, mother, speak to me; speak, speak but one word and say you are not dying! Look at me, my mother; my mother, will you not speak to your child? O who will come? Hannah, run quickly for the doctor, and then for my uncle!"

"Your uncle is here," said a voice; and turning her eyes to the door Lucy beheld Mr. Spencer hurrying toward the couch with a wine-glass in his hand. He and Clara had come into the room just as Lucy was speaking, and in an instant perceiving his sister was only fainting he had opened the first closet he saw and procured the wine. He gently raised the head, and Lucy conveyed a few drops into her mother's mouth. In a few moments Mrs. Warner unclosed her eyes and then shut them again, while an expression of pain and disappointment passed over her features. Again she opened them with a clearer vision, and murmured, "Ah! Lucy, my child, you here, and Henry my brother, and Clara, too! I am glad to see you, but I thought I was going home."

"And you are going home, sister; to the home of your childhood—the home you loved so well. I have come to bring you to your own room; the same you used to occupy in your girlhood, and from which you can see the hills you loved, and the little lake, and catch its refreshing breezes. The carriage is here, but I fear you will not be able to ride now."

"You are very kind, dear brother. My girlhood's home was a happy one, and my husband's home was a happy one; but, brother, I have another home, far more bright, far more beautiful," and the small white finger pointed upward. "There, there's the home to which I thought I was going. Bright angels are there; angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, redeemed spirits, too. Among them is your father, Lucy; yes, redeemed," she repeated, "redeemed—redeemed—from what—for what—by whom? Ah! when we can fathom perdition we shall know from what; when we can scale heaven's glories shall we know for what; when we can estimate the worth of blood divine, shall we comprehend by what we are redeemed. Yes," she continued, "your father is there, near the throne, I doubt not; but, ah! a greater bliss than seeing him awaits me in my home—*God in Christ, my Savior*; and you will come, too, Lucy. Yes, you have chosen the lowly Jesus as your portion here; you will dwell in his glorious presence for evermore. Cling to the cross, dearest; cling, cling, never loosen your grasp, and it will bear you to the skies—to bliss—to your Savior's bosom. O what glory flows from the cross to illumine the death-bed of the Christian! Its beams pierce the grave, and all is light; they stream into heaven, and all is glory. My home! my home! O what transporting views of heaven burst upon me!" she exclaimed in ecstasy. "Transporting! transporting!" She paused, and turned suddenly to her brother and asked:

"Brother, are you prepared for the place in which you find me? *This* time you must meet. In *this* place you must lie. *You* must go to the grave. The judgment will require *your* presence. Heaven or hell must be your home. My brother, are you training for these events? Alas! I fear not. These are awful truths, but they are truths. O my brother," and, in the fervor of her feelings, she half raised herself on her pillows, and bent her clear eye, through which her very soul spoke, "my brother, treat not this great subject with contempt, and regard it as fit only for the 'weaker sex.' You know," she continued solemnly, "that life is a fact; you know that death is a fact; you know that happiness and misery in

this life are facts. Be assured that judgment and eternity, heaven and hell, are just as certainly *facts, living realities*. Study them as such, I beseech you. Clara, my dear child, let me persuade you to seek the Savior. In vain you will attempt to draw happiness from the gayeties of life. The fountain is not pure; the streams must necessarily be impure. Your immortal spirit can never be satisfied with—," she paused and whispered, "O I faint again. No, no. Lucy, dearest, my Lucy, look to the All-sufficient for strength. Lucy, my hour is come—your hour is come. Blessed Savior, thou hast washed me; take me to thyself!" The heart beat quickly, the speaking eye turned toward her beloved daughter in exquisite love and tenderness, the lips murmured gently, "Jesus, support my orphan child and train her for thy glory," a slight quiver passed over the frame, and the purified spirit fled to the bosom of its Savior, God.

CHAPTER IV.

"I wonder where they can be. I never saw such a looking bureau; every thing is topsy-turvy. Who could have been here?" and the young lady pushed in one drawer and pulled out another in such quick succession as to almost shake the elegant mirror from its position and overturn the various knickknacks that ornamented the top. If she had just then glanced into that mirror, she would have seen reflected a face that had been beautiful, and would be so again, but just then a frown sat upon the brow and overshadowed the whole countenance. But she was too intent upon finding "them" to give even a glance, natural as was the position for such a contemplation. "Can not you tell me if you have seen them," she at length exclaimed, shutting up the last drawer and turning impatiently around. The person addressed was about her own age, and, though neither so beautiful in feature nor symmetrical in form as herself, there was a charm in her countenance that would rivet attention from the very difficulty of explaining it. Perhaps it was the deep black in which she was robed that made her countenance more impressive. Perhaps the sentiment of the author with whom she was communing called forth the peculiar softness of expression. The other was also dressed in the deepest mourning, which exhibited her fair complexion in its most perfect beauty, and yet there was a marked contrast between the individuals.

"Can I help you, cousin Clara," replied the lady thus addressed, laying down her book. "For what are you looking—your parasol?"

"No, no, I want my gloves. They were in

this box. I am sure I put them here, but now they are gone. I'm in a hurry, and they are the only pair I have that fit me; there is no such thing as finding two pairs of gloves alike in the same pack," she added pettishly, again opening the drawer and rummaging the box that had undergone the same operation already two or three times. I hate such a hunting. This time she was more successful, for, half concealed by some article, she spied the black gloves, and exclaiming, "O, here they are! I knew I put them there," she hastily drew them on and hurried out of the room.

Lucy—for it was Lucy Warner seated there—was now a resident in her uncle's house. Lucy closed the bureau drawers, and taking up her book resumed her seat. The book remained unopened; she leaned her head against the window; a deep, heavy sigh escaped; desolation seemed to pervade her spirit. Her heart was full of foreboding fears. She knew her proneness to be discouraged in her religious life; and now, that her mother was lost to her, she became conscious how much she had rested upon her prayers and spiritual advice. O how could she survive the blighting influences to which her religion would be subjected! She bent her head upon her hand and wept bitterly. "O my mother! my mother!" she murmured, "why were you taken from me, why—" She started; her mother's words flashed through her mind, "Try, my child, through grace, to refrain from the least thought that would reflect upon the goodness of your heavenly Father." The dying voice still thrilled in her ear—"Cling to the cross, dearest Lucy; cling, cling." She raised her head; her eye fell upon her little Bible—her mother's last gift. "Precious book!" exclaimed she; "yes, thou art my guide, my friend, my counselor." She was searching the sweet words of comfort when Clara appeared and commenced taking off her bonnet.

"What is the matter, are you not going?"

"No. I told Thomas to have the carriage at the door exactly at twelve o'clock. It is nearly one, and is now too late; besides it looks like rain. This is always the way—when I have set my heart upon any thing I am sure to be disappointed. I wish Thomas would obey orders a little more implicitly," she added, throwing her gloves, handkerchief, and fan together into a work-box. Lucy noticed the act, for she thought as likely as not Clara would have a hunt for one or more of them.

"Clara, you are always finding fault with Thomas," said Mrs. Spencer, who at the moment entered the room and heard her daughter's last

remark. "I am certain the carriage has been ready more than half an hour. I think you must have been the delinquent."

"To be sure I was detained a little hunting for my gloves, but that was no excuse for him. I hate to have my orders disregarded," returned Clara in an imperious tone.

"Well, well, dear, don't vex your temper with so trifling a matter; and do pray correct that expression you have a habit of saying, 'I hate.' Really you will look older than your mother in a few years, if you suffer yourself to be fretted by every little thing. See," continued Mrs. Spencer, casting a self-complaisant glance upon her handsome face, reflected from the opposite mirror, "see, I have not one real wrinkle on my face."

"Dear me, mamma, I can never be like you, and take every thing so easily. If a smooth skin depends upon amiability, I am sure to be a wrinkled up old maid. I don't feel amiably."

"That is just your trouble, Clara. If you would try and bear every thing patiently, and not permit yourself to get out of humor at every trifling circumstance that does not occur just when and in the manner you prefer, you would soon acquire an admirable equanimity of temper. This impatience of yours will perfectly ruin your countenance; and besides, Clara, it is so unlady-like to be ruffled or discomposed."

"O, I can not help how it looks, or how I look," returned the young lady in a half-vexed, half-laughing tone. "When I feel impatiently, I must speak so. I am agreeable enough at other times."

"Yes, but you can learn to control yourself."

"I am sure I should like to know how," said Clara with more earnestness of manner. "It is not so pleasant to be always in 'the frets,' as blind Billy says. But, then, I am certain," added she with an incredulous shake of the head, "I am certain it will never be by trying. You, mamma, are naturally amiable, and I am naturally unamiable, I suppose. Lucy, how do you contrive to be always so pleasant? You must belong to the naturally amiable ones."

"No, indeed," replied Lucy, speaking for the first time. "On the contrary I was very impatient and irritable when a child."

"And got over it or grew out of it by dint of trying," interrupted her cousin, laughing.

"Yes, cousin Clara, by dint of trying," replied Lucy; but the tone was serious; tears filled her eyes, and her lips quivered with emotion.

"There, you will believe now, Clara, what I have often told you!" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer, not observing Lucy's serious manner. "You can

bear any thing if you only have the will to try; every thing is in the will."

"But I have tried, mamma, again and again," persisted Clara, "but it is all in vain. If I feel impatience in my heart, it is always sure to burst forth sooner or later. Are you sure that nothing will ever cause you to evince anger, or impatience, or discontent? Come, I am going to watch you and Lucy, and see if I can detect some of my own characteristic petulance."

Mrs. Spencer smiled encouragingly, but Lucy sighed to herself as she thought of the fruitless effort Clara might make, trusting thus to the power of will to accomplish that which she knew, by experience, could only result from the grace of God overcoming the natural corruption of the heart.

It was true that Mrs. Spencer seldom or never exhibited an irritable spirit; but, as Clara had correctly observed, this arose from a naturally amiable disposition, and not from any real strength of mind to conquer difficulties. Indeed, as to difficulties, she had never encountered any. Reared in the midst of wealth, and never having been obliged to deny herself any gratification which wealth could procure, it was not wonderful that Time should have but lightly pressed her brow. But wealth can not lift its possessor above the faults and infirmities of others; neither can it exclude the petty vexations that occur in the life of all, whether the possessor of a palace or inhabitant of a hut. These petty annoyances Mrs. Spencer rather expected would occur, and she, therefore, thought to intrench herself in a kind of passive indifference, which, added to her really sweet disposition, strengthened, too, by a horror of wrinkles, which she considered the inseparable companion of ill-humor, enabled her to glide along through life with a placid brow and contented heart. It has been frequently observed that persons of very great amiability of disposition seldom possess much energy of character or warmth of affection. But Mrs. Spencer could not be thus judged. Her servants were trained with the utmost precision and punctilious regard to the requirements of refined life, and all the arrangements of her household betokened a just appreciation of the neat and elegant. She was sincerely attached to her husband, and her children knew full well a mother's heart flowed out to them in kind and tender sympathies. It was not, however, that highest kind of love, that will prompt the parent to watch with unremitting solicitude the development of mental and moral character, reprove, and even chasten with undeviating firmness, whenever, from a well-formed

judgment, self-controlled temper, and sanctified heart, such discipline is deemed necessary. On the contrary, Mrs. Spencer thought that if her children were well dressed, afforded the best advantages of education and society, always accompanied with an effort to keep them amused and preserved from all ill-temper, she had fully performed her duty and answered the responsibility of a parent. But her husband's views of family government, though as far removed as her own from any really noble conceptions of the destiny of the immortal spirit, were considerably more enlarged. He often censured the extreme indulgence which characterized the mother's treatment, and, indeed, prohibited some special things which he foresaw would result in indolent selfishness.

CHAPTER V.

"Jesus, support my orphan child and train her for thy glory." Two years had passed since this prayer escaped the lips of the departing mother, and thrilled the hearts of the little group that circled the dying couch. Two years! the heart still ached, the eye still gathered its moisture, the tones of that voice still betrayed a deep sorrow living in that young spirit, but the prayer, welling up from the depths of a pious heart, reached his ear and was answered. Lucy had learned to trust in the love and goodness of her God; to see his hand in every event; to believe with the heart and exemplify in her every-day life the promise, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Severe as was the trial of her faith in this bereavement, the same sweet resignation was always visible; and her deportment in her uncle's family was so uniformly kind and gentle as to win the esteem and affection of all, and they united in declaring that Lucy had become quite necessary to their happiness. Mr. Spencer often lauded the "wonderful fortitude" she possessed for one so young, but little dreamed he of the source from which she derived strength thus to bear up under her deep sorrow. Plans were occasionally formed in her mind for her own maintenance; but whenever she spoke of them to her uncle, or in his presence, they were not only discouraged, but actually vetoed.

"Lucy, child," said her uncle one day, after such an allusion had been made, "what nonsense does come into your young head sometimes! You do not act at all with your usual good sense. Would you deprive me of the pleasure of having my own sister's child under my roof as one of

my family? and tell me, what would your aunt do without you? You know she consults you about every thing. I tell you, Lucy," and the tone was not the cold, haughty tone of former years, but that of kindness and subdued feeling, "I tell you, you are master and mistress, too, here. When I propose any measure to Mrs. Spencer, I always get for an answer, 'Well, we will ask Lucy—see what Lucy thinks,' and it is Lucy here and Lucy there, and, indeed, Lucy, the unconscious Lucy, rules the whole of us. Here, Mary," continued Mr. Spencer, as his wife and daughter entered the room, "here, Lucy is at the old story, asking if we are not tired of her, and all such nonsense. Can not you say something to stop her from thus annoying us every little while?"

"Nonsense, indeed," replied Mrs. Spencer, smiling; "you know, Lucy, we can not live without you; so why do you talk so foolishly? But there is one thing, Mr. Spencer, that, in our good opinion of ourselves, we have altogether overlooked. Again and again have we assured Lucy that we could not possibly dispense with her—for, indeed, how could we?—but we have never thought of asking her, or even thinking, perhaps, that she could live without us. Are you tired of us, Lucy?"

"O no, no, dear aunt," replied the affectionate girl, while the tears filled her eyes, "I am happy—happy as I could be," and she glanced upon the deep mourning in which she was robed; "but I fear I am doing no good in the world, and to live—"

"No good!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and Clara, simultaneously. "No good!" continued Mr. Spencer, "think of all the little ragged children you have picked up and clothed, and actually so overcome my prejudices, you would call them, I suppose, as to bring them *en masse* to my own library on Sundays to teach them—well, at least some of the decencies of life, if you do not accomplish all [and the lip was without its former curl] your ardent imagination desires and expects. And there—to say nothing of the good you do in various ways to your aunt, and Clara, and me, too—look, there is little Frank, who is climbing on your lap; why, you are to him nurse, and teacher, and friend, and playmate. Come," said he, assuming an ironical tone, "come, Franky, let us send Lucy away—naughty Lucy!"

"No, no, not naughty Lucy; dood tousin Lucy. I love tousin Luly," and the little fellow, in his zeal to evince his affection, almost smothered his cousin with his caresses. "Luly won't do way?" continued the child inquiringly, looking with a

distressed glance, first at his cousin and then to his parents. "Luly do way and leave Fanky? Fanky die."

"No, indeed, Franky," said Clara, "we'll not let 'tousin Luly' go away; so, Lucy, if you are not, as mamma says, really tired of us, don't distress us by forming any more of your wise plans. You know how hard I have been trying to be amiable, and I must have you here to encourage me. Papa, have you not observed how pleasant I am all—I mean a great deal—at any rate, some of the time?"

Clara blushed, as she felt that candor required her thus to modify her expression. Mr. Spencer laughed outright as he noticed the gradation of terms Clara employed. Mrs. Spencer smiled encouragingly; but Lucy, observing the mortified look spreading over Clara's countenance, put little Frank gently down, and throwing her arm around her cousin said, as if she had not heard her last remark, "Dear Clara, I feel your love and kindness, and my heart repays it in gratitude at least," and then turning round exclaimed in a fervent tone:

"My dear uncle and aunt, you forget not the orphan: O that you would remember the orphan's God! You lavish your affections upon one who is unworthy of that affection; one who does nothing for you: O that you would love Him who does all things! Happy, happy, happy would I be, could I be the humble instrument of drawing your attention, and if attention, your hearts' best tribute would be given to Him who hath purchased for you riches, and glory, and eternal life. Uncle, the religion of the cross guided my father through life, the religion of the cross sustained my mother, and, imperfectly as I have shown forth its power, the religion of the cross has enabled me to endure my orphanage, and even rejoice amid my sorrows. O, the cross! the cross! What power there to alleviate the sufferings of the human family, to lift them above circumstances, to open up communion even with the God of heaven and earth! The cross! the cross! Glory be to that Savior who died upon the cross to lift me—to lift you, my uncle—you, my aunt—you, my cousins—the world, from death to life, from poverty to riches, from ignominy to glory." Lucy paused; she had never before spoken so freely; she glanced timidly toward her aunt, but instead of reading indifference or displeasure, she beheld her gently wipe away the falling tear; but Mr. Spencer, without speaking, arose hastily and left the room. "He is offended," thought Lucy to herself; but quietly committing what she had said into the hands of God, whom she knew

would take care of his own cause, she silently and fervently offered up a petition in his behalf. Little Frank stood gazing into her face with childish wonder, but when she ceased speaking with one bound he sprang to her side; and as she returned his sweet endearments, he whispered in her ear, "Tousin Luly hug Fanky, but Luly don't love Fanky, if Luly do way; will tousin Luly do away?" he persisted with such a distressed countenance as to make Lucy and Clara exclaim simultaneously, "No, no, Franky dear, tousin Luly will stay as long as you want her." The child drew a long breath, as if relieved from some great weight, and again putting his plump little arms around his cousin's neck said, in a soft, gentle tone, "Now Fanky learn to be dood, and Fanky do to heaven."

From that day Lucy was more than ever a favorite. Well that the lessons of early discipline were hers; well that the prayers of a pious mother had ever been ascending in her behalf; well that that last prayer of faith was that she might be trained for God's glory, not her own; well that the Bible had been her most cherished and confidential friend; well that the mercy-seat was daily, ay, hourly, visited; well that the Holy Spirit reigned in that heart to purify and guide; well! else the day of prosperity had proved the day of dark adversity; else, when the destroying angel hovered over that dwelling, seeking its fairest treasure, coveting its brightest jewel, the heart had been weak in itself, the spirit had been unable to render consolation and wield the influence indispensable to undisciplined hearts and rebellious wills. It was but one week from that day little Frank lay tossing upon his couch, rolling his head from side to side, exclaiming in piteous accents, "O Luly, tousin Luly, my head so sick, my head so sick. Won't Luly make Fanky well? Fanky be dood if Luly make sick do way." Ah! those heart-rending words, that exquisitely imploring look! The parents stood by in speechless agony; the sister wept the affectionate but unavailing tears; but Lucy it was—*Lucy, the Christian*—who soothed the pain, watched the pulse, administered to his every want, and anticipated his every desire. Ah! Lucy, Lucy, thy faith now shines resplendent as when thy mother died. Now, in this season of thy recurring trial, when the nerves are taxed, the heart's sincere submission required, holy resignation demanded, thy faith, more bright and clear, seeks, obtains, lives upon the declaration of God's holy word. Four days passed, and still the little fellow moaned in pain. In his more easy moments, Lucy succeeded in diverting his mind by simple

stories of the Savior's love, and he would frequently exclaim, with childish delight beaming from his sweet countenance, "Fanky love Jesus, cause Jesus died to make Fanky dood. When Fanky die, Fanky do live with Jesus."

The shadows of evening were gradually veiling the room. Lucy was seated at the bedside. The door opened and some one advanced. "Hush; be very quiet; move gently," whispered she, "he has just fallen into a sweet sleep, from which we may hope every thing." It was Mrs. Spencer who approached, with swollen eyes and dejected look; for from the first hour of her boy's illness, her usual calmness had fled, leaving nothing upon which her soul could be staid. There was even at times a fretfulness betrayed, as she wandered around the house, uneasy and unhappy, and presenting a striking contrast to the suffering but chastened Lucy. Upon Mrs. Spencer's solicitation Lucy, who had not left her charge even for the refreshment of food or sleep, yielded her place; but, as if conscious of something wanting, the little fellow opened his eyes, and seeing her receding figure, spoke in a low tone, "Luly do way, Fanky die." The whisper reached her ear, and returning to his couch Lucy gently assured him of her presence. As he recognized her voice, he feebly placed his little hand within hers, and looking up into her face said, as plainly as words could have done, "Don't leave your little Fanky." The hand was cold, and as Lucy gazed into that upturned eye, O what a change had been wrought! It was sparkling with unwonted brilliancy. The little form lay perfectly quiet, freed, apparently, from all suffering; and as Lucy, with a thrill of anguish darting through her very soul, bent over to scrutinize him more closely, the truth flashed upon her, it was the ease preceding death. Suppressing, with a strenuous effort, the exclamation that rose to her lips, she whispered to her aunt to watch him closely, and then quickly rung the bell. As the father and sister hurried to the bed the little fellow gently unclosed his eyes, and, pointing to the ceiling, exclaimed, "Up there, up there, I want to do up there! Dood by," and kissed his little hand in token of separation. They looked—they looked again—he had gone "up there."

"Jesus, support my orphan child and train her for thy glory!" Two years had passed, in which this prayer had been signally answered through the silent influence Lucy's Christian character had exerted in her uncle's family. Four years sped into eternity, and the pious petition still lived in its fruits. The family mansion, with its elegances, was no longer in the possession of Mr. Spen-

cer. Through various losses by derangements in the commercial world, his property was first mortgaged, then sold to relieve his pecuniary embarrassments, till, at length, his own loved home passed into the possession of strangers. Within view of its lawns and its trees, its fruits and its flowers; within view, too, of the lake, whose tiny waves still danced and sparkled to the morning sun; ay, within sight of the cherished spot where slept their little boy, a small but comfortable house became the home of the reduced family. But while the elements were in action that wrought out this great change in the temporal circumstances of the Spencer family, other agencies, more secret but none the less certain, were producing a moral revolution in the character of its members, connected not with time only, but whose results reached into the far future, ay, even into the great *forever*. Whither now was the restless mind of Clara roaming? The amiable and gentle aunt—was the brow still placid and the heart unruffled? Ah! as the strings of an instrument, when stretched beyond the power of their tension, quiver and snap asunder, so Mrs. Spencer's nerves, weakened by the loss of her favorite child, and the subsequent reverses that crowded upon her family, became exhausted by their own intense action. For months she lay upon her couch in almost an unconscious existence; but before the silver chord was finally loosened, her voice, in feeble accents, proclaimed a Savior's love, the superiority of grace over nature, and acknowledged there was in Lucy's modest and unaffected piety, an element to which she had always been a stranger. And that haughty uncle, before whose "stern, dark eyes" the young and timid Christian had once shrunk abashed—did the brow contract and the lip curl in scorn as he passed her room one evening and heard her voice in prayer? The tone was fervent—the spirit was evidently struggling to grasp the Immutability. Faith was gaining the victory, and in a voice thrillingly distinct she ended, "Holy Spirit, for the sake of Jesus, who died for his salvation, convince my dear uncle of the truth of thy holy religion. O thou wilt! thou wilt!" she repeated again and again, her faith still strengthening with each repetition. The words caught his ear; he paused; a change passed over his features. Like a gleam of sunshine darting to the bosom of a dark cloud flying over its surface the radiance of light and beauty, even such was the change. The door was opened, and the skeptic bowed at Lucy's side; he bowed before Lucy's God and acknowledged himself a sinner.

And Clara—the impulsive, wayward Clara—

has she still no object, no aim in life? At the family altar, morning and evening, a trio unite in supplications. The Bible-class, that has been dispersed for the want of a teacher, is reassembled. The poor have found a new friend—the sick a gracious comforter; and as the father and daughter sit together and contrast their present life with their former experience, they speak with notes of praise and thanksgiving of the joys of salvation, brought into their hearts by Lucy Warner's Christian influence.

Need I make any moral from my narrative? Need I say that religion in the heart is the great soother and tranquilizer of this life's troubled scenes? The matter is with the reader, and he must decide whether he has an influence, as a Christian, to do good in the world.

PASSING AWAY.

BY W. OSCAR FIERCE.

As onward ages roll

To endless day,

'Tis graven on the soul—

"Passing away."

As swells the dew-drop bright,

From night's cold ray;

So in the sunbeam's light—

"Passing away."

Down in the ocean's deep,

Where treasures lay;

Waves o'er its bosom creep—

"Passing away."

Around morn's star-lit brow

Soft breezes play,

With kisses blush its glow—

"Passing away."

Or sweep from nature's lyre

Her own wild lay—

Each fainter strain expire—

"Passing away."

Death calls the fairer flowers,

Blown in life's day—

Fast fly the fleeting hours—

"Passing away."

All, from the skies that glow

Each glimmering ray,

To earth with beauty's blow—

"Passing away."

Man's joy and happiness given,

Touched with decay—

All, all, this side of heaven—

"Passing away."

In hope, then, spread the sod

O'er mortal clay,

And rest thy soul on God—

"Passing away."

REASON AND INSTINCT.

LORD MONBODDO maintained that man is only an improvement on the monkey, occurring as a result from the general tendency to advancement claimed to exist in nature. He seemed to think that man bore a relation to the monkey somewhat like that which the frog bears to the tadpole, and that as the tadpole becomes the frog, so the race of man was produced by a change at some remote period of the creation, of the monkey into a man. This ridiculous notion of the erudite but fanciful Scotch philosopher is really but another phase of the more recent theory of gradation, or development, as it is sometimes called, which in different forms is now advocated by so many European philosophers. And, although few, comparatively, adopt this theory definitely and fully, there is quite a disposition among many to obliterate the distinctions by which the Creator has in so marked a manner separated man from the inferior animals. It is well, therefore, that we should have a clear idea of these distinctions.

It is often very loosely said that while man is governed by reason, instinct rules in the animal. If it be meant by this that, as a general rule, reason predominates in man, while instinct does so in animals, the statement is a correct one. But if it be meant that animals are wholly governed by instinct, and that man is distinguished from them as a reasoning animal, it is not correct. For some animals do reason; that is, if making inferences be considered as reasoning. In tracing out the differences between man and animals, I shall not attempt to show what the nature of instinct is. This is a great mystery, and all attempts to solve it have utterly failed. I shall content myself, therefore, with pointing out some of the differences between instinct and reason. In doing this it is not always easy to say just where the one begins and the other ends, so intimately are their phenomena often mingled together.

The actions of instinct are more unaccountable than those of reason. In the operations of reason we see something of the processes by which results are reached. But it is not so with instinct. For example, as a man travels over an unexplored country, we can understand by what means he obtains a knowledge of the country, in order to guide him on his journey. The processes of his reasoning in regard to this we can comprehend. But when an insect travels with unerring certainty to its place of destination without any guide marks that we can see, or when a swarm of bees or a flock of birds wing their flight to distant

places, or when bees construct their honey-comb with the exactness of mathematics in obedience to the best principles for such a structure, we can not understand the processes which lead to the result. It seems to be produced by an impulse from a cause extraneous to the animal, guiding it as if it were a mere machine. The little intelligence of the animal seems to have only an incidental connection with this impulse. It, therefore, merely controls somewhat the circumstances under which the instinct acts.

I will introduce here an illustration, a little incident recorded in my note-book many years ago. The account of it runs thus: I was much entertained to-day in watching the movements of a very small winged insect—about one-third of the size of a common fly. He was dragging a dead spider across the road. Every now and then he would drop his load, and run forward a little, springing about here and there, and then would go back and take up his load again. His movements in this way were so quick and apparently so irregular, that they seemed to be without an object. But I observed, that although he thus ran about here and there, his course in its general bearing was a very straight one. Soon a wagon passed along directly over where the insect was, separating him from his load, and disturbing the whole surface of the ground. He, however, soon found his load, and then with a good deal of apparent reconnoitering he went on again in the same general course. In the latter part of his journey he traveled over and amidst a heap of stones. Here he would occasionally leave the spider and disappear, and then return again to take his load. Again a little farther on I would see him emerge from his concealed pathway, and so on to the end of his journey. His place of destination was a hole in the sand beneath a flat stone. Now, how did this insect in his journey to his home—which to him was a long one, though only three rods—manage to keep so straight a course? Was it in the same way that men manage in their journeys, guided by way-marks, and by information obtained from others? Following out this idea, suppose then a man to be at the same distance from his home *in proportion to his size* that the insect was from his home. According to this supposition he must be over three thousand miles from home. Suppose the direct line to his home lay across an uninhabited country, so that he can get no information from others. This makes his case parallel with the insect's, for we saw him meet no other insects on the road. Now, if he knew the exact direction in which his home lay, he could not, without his

compass, move with any precision toward it. And if he had wandered away from it without a compass, as the insect did from his home, how would he know in what direction it lay? And yet the insect traveled toward his home as if he preserved exactly amid all his wanderings the points of the compass. The surface over which he went was very irregular. He had to cross or wind around eminences, which were to him as large as hills and mountains are to man, and yet he was not embarrassed; and when he went among the stones he had more and greater difficulties to encounter than man meets with in passing through the wildest countries. Again: suppose that the traveling man should meet with some whirlwind or some convulsion of nature, which should separate him from his burden, and disarrange, in some measure, the face of the country about him, just as the traveling insect was served by the commotion of the horse's feet and the wheels of the wagon. Would he find his load as easily as the insect did, and go on his way with as little hesitation?

So little has the intelligence to do with the instinct, and so nearly mechanical therefore are the actions of the latter, that they are governed by an invariable rule. It is as invariable almost as are the movements of a machine. For this reason there are no improvements or alterations in the acts of instinct. The bird and the bee, for instance, have no change of fashion in their architecture from age to age. The honey that fed John the Baptist, or that which was found by Samson in the carcass of the lion, was deposited in the same hexagonal cells which are constructed by the bees of the present day. And each bird builds its nest precisely in the same way that its ancestral birds have ever done.

Instinct moves straight on to its result, and it does so blindly. It exercises no intelligence in regard to the purpose for which the result is intended, or the circumstances which tend to defeat this purpose. It evidently, in some cases, never knows any thing of the purpose aimed at by its acts, as, for example, when an animal makes provisions for a progeny which it is never to see. "It is scarcely possible," says Carpenter, "to point to any actions better fitted to give an idea of the nature of instinct, than those which are performed by various insects, when they deposit their eggs. These animals will never behold their progeny; and can not acquire any notion from experience, therefore, of that which their eggs will produce; nevertheless they have the remarkable habit of placing, in the neighborhood of each of these bodies, a supply of aliment fitted for the nourish-

ment of the larva that is to proceed from it; and this they do, even when they are themselves living on food of an entirely different nature, such as would not be adapted for the larva. They can not be guided in such actions by any thing like *reason*; for the data on which alone they could reason correctly, are wanting to them; so that they would be led to conclusions altogether erroneous if they were not prompted, by an unerring *instinct*, to adopt the means best adapted for the attainment of the required end."

Instinct is a strict routinist, while reason readily accommodates itself to endlessly varying circumstances. In illustration of the above characteristic of instinct, I will cite a few examples. The hen will sit on pieces of chalk shaped like eggs, as readily as she will on the eggs themselves. Her instinct is so blind as to be deceived by this general resemblance. The flesh-fly often lays its eggs in the carrion-flower, the odor of which is so much like that of tainted meat as to deceive the insect.

The care which animals exercise in relation to their progeny seems to be governed to a great extent, perhaps wholly, by a blind instinct. All care is given up when care is no longer needed, and with it what appears to be affection is given up also. In animals there is no such lasting affection of the parent for the progeny as there is in man; for in them it is merely instinctive, and not rational and moral in its character, and it, therefore, lasts only so long as it is needed to carry out the purposes for which this particular instinct is designed. Indeed, in some cases there can be no affection in all the care which is instinctively exercised by the parent, for it is put forth for progeny which the animal is destined never to see. And in those cases among animals in which the family state exists, it is a mere temporary affair, and as soon as the offspring is able to take care of itself it is no more to the parent than any other animal of the same tribe is.

But some animals have intelligence as well as instinct. When this intelligence is shown in the mere power of imitation it is of a low order. The parrot that learns to imitate man in speech is nothing like as intelligent as some animals that have no such power. Some animals have really a *reasoning* intelligence—that is, they make rational inferences. Their reasoning is sometimes, as before remarked, so mingled with the operations of instinct, that it is difficult to distinguish them accurately. In the case of the beaver who labored so faithfully in obedience to a blind instinct, there was some exercise of reason, as, for example, when he "judged" his work. But it

is difficult to point out definitely the line between instinct and reason in such a case. There are some animals, however, in whom the workings of a reasoning intelligence are to be seen with perfect distinctness. But their reasoning differs from that of man. The inferences which the reasoning animal makes are individual; while man goes beyond this, and makes general inferences, and, therefore, discovers general truths. Newton's dog, Diamond, saw apples fall to the ground, as well as his master. And he was capable of making some inferences in regard to them; but they were individual inferences. For example, if an apple-tree were shaken, and the dog were hit by a falling apple, whenever he saw other apples falling he would infer that he might be hit again, and would infer also that it was best for him to get out of harm's way. This would be the extent of his reasoning. But his master inquired into the cause of the fall of the apple, and by considering this and other similar phenomena, he deduced general principles, which govern the movements both of the atoms, and the worlds of the universe.

The inferences which are formed by animals are mere results of the association of ideas, and the process, therefore, really hardly merits the appellation of reasoning. Thus, in the case of Newton's dog, supposed above, the idea of the falling apples was associated in his mind with the hurt experienced when he was hit, and prompted the getting out of harm's way. When such associations are extended and complicated, it appears at first thought as if the animal acted in view of general truths, arrived at by the same process of reasoning that man employs. But it is a mere extension of mental associations. Thus, Newton's dog probably associated the idea of being hit and hurt with other falling bodies beside apples. And so, too, various circumstances might come to be associated with the falling of bodies, and thus complicate the mental process which occurred when he saw any object falling near him.

To show somewhat the extent to which this mental association operates in the brute mind, I will allude to some examples. A wren built its nest in a slate quarry, where it was liable to great disturbance from the blastings. It soon, however, learned to quit its nest, and fly off to a little distance, whenever the bell rang to warn the workmen previous to a blast. As this was noticed, the bell was sometimes rung when there was to be no blast, for the sake of the amusement in seeing the poor bird fly away when there was no need of alarm. At length, however, it ceased

to be deceived in this way, and when it heard the bell ring it looked out to see if the workmen started, and if they did then it would leave its nest. In this case the bird merely learned to connect in its mental associations two circumstances with the blasting, instead of the one from which it at first took the warning. The operation of this mental association is shown in a little different manner in the following case. Some horses in a field were supplied with water in a trough which was occasionally filled from a pump. As the supply was not always sufficient, one of the horses, more sagacious than the rest, whenever he, on going to drink, found the trough empty, pumped the water into it by taking hold of the pump-handle with his teeth, and moving his head up and down. The other horses seeing this, would, whenever they came to the trough and found it empty, tease the one that knew how to pump, by biting and kicking him, till he would fill the trough for them. In this case the horse that did the pumping *associated* in his mind the motion of the pump-handle, as he had seen it done by his master, with the supply of water. And while they *associated* this supply with his pumping, he knew what their teasing him meant, because he *associated* it with their motions about the trough, indicating so plainly that what they wanted was water. But I will give a still stronger case. A dog belonging to a Frenchman was observed to go every Saturday, precisely at two o'clock, from his residence at Locoyarne to Hennebon, a distance of about three-quarters of a league. It was found that he went to a butcher's, and for the purpose of getting a feast of tripe which he could always have at that hour on Saturday, their day of killing. It is also related of this dog, that at family prayers he was always very quiet, till the last *pater-noster* was commenced, and then he would uniformly get up and take his station near the door, in order to make his exit immediately on its being opened. The narrator of these facts thinks that the first fact shows, that the dog could measure time and count the days of the week. But this can not be so. The dog undoubtedly associated in his mind the time at which he could get the tripe, with something that occurred on Saturday at that hour at his master's house, just as he associated the concluding of family prayers with something that occurred as the last *pater-noster* was read, perhaps with some peculiarity in the manner of his master when he came to that part of the service.

Animals learn the relation between cause and effect by this mental association, and act upon the experience thus gained. This is manifest in

the examples I have cited. And it may be observed in many acts that we witness occasionally in the higher animals. Thus, for example, as my horse was cropping some grass, he took hold of some that was so stout, and yet so loosely set in the ground, that he pulled it up by the roots, and, as the dirt which was on it troubled him, he very deliberately knocked it across the bar of a fence till he got all the dirt out, and then went on to eat it. Here was a knowledge of cause and effect which was derived from previous experience through mental association. You see the same thing when you see a cat jump up and open the latch of a door, or a horse unbolt the stable door to get out to his pasture. But in all such cases the knowledge of cause and effect differs from the same knowledge in man in one important particular. In the animal it is always an individual knowledge; that is, a knowledge of individual facts; while in man it is often a knowledge which has relation to general truths or principles.

From the facts stated in the last few paragraphs it is clear, that Carpenter is not correct in saying, that "the mind of man differs from that of the lower animals, rather as to the *degree* in which the reasoning faculties are developed in him, than by any thing peculiar in their *kind*." While there is much in common between them in their modes of mental action, especially if man be compared with other animals in the period of his infancy and childhood, there is, as you have seen, one attribute of the human mind which is wholly peculiar to it, and never exists in any degree in any other animal. And this attribute, the power of abstract reasoning, or, in other words, the power of deducing general truths or laws from collections of individual facts, constitutes the great superiority of the human mind, in distinction from the mind of the brute.

It is this attribute which is the source of language in man. This can be readily seen by observing what is the nature of language. It is a collection of corresponding vocal and written signs of an arbitrary character, arranged according to certain general rules or principles. Other animals do have a kind of language of a very limited character. It is the language of natural signs. It is composed of cries and motions, which vary in different tribes of animals, so that each tribe may be said to have its own natural language. But animals never invent and agree upon any arbitrary signs, as is done continually by mankind in the construction and extension of language. This they can not do, because abstract reasoning is required for such an invention.

General principles are observed in the construction and arrangement of arbitrary signs, and, as I have shown, brutes know nothing of principles.

This attribute also is the source of man's belief in a Creator. If he had not the power of deducing general truths from individual facts, he could neither discover the truth that there is a first great Cause, nor appreciate or even receive it, if it were communicated to him. Not the faintest shade of such an idea can be communicated to any of the inferior animals, however high their mental manifestations may be, and simply because the structure of their mind is such that they know nothing of general principles.

Man differs from other animals also in having a conscience, or a knowledge between right and wrong, and a sense of obligation in relation to it. This moral sense is supposed by some to be a mere result of the exercise of the power of abstract reasoning. But others suppose that the sense is implanted as a distinct quality or power, and that the office of the reasoning power in relation to it is to bring the evidence before it for its decision. I shall not discuss this point, but will merely remark in regard to this subject, that there is no doubt as to the existence of such a sense in man. Some attempt to throw doubt over it by pointing to its perversions, maintaining that it is a mere creature of circumstances, varying almost endlessly in different parts of the world. But it would be just as rational to attempt to show, that there is no such thing as a sense of the beautiful in man, by appealing to the evidences of perversions of taste, which ignorance, bad education, and foolish and novelty-loving fashion have induced.

In those cases in animals in which this moral sense has been supposed to exist, it is nothing but slavish fear. It has been said by some one that man is the god of the dog; but it is sacred trifling to compare the attachment of an animal to its master and its fear of his displeasure, with the intelligent regard of man for his Creator as a holy and benevolent being. We ordinarily recognize the distinction between man and animals, as to the existence of a conscience, in the language we use. We never attach the idea of moral character to the acts of an animal except by the force of association, and then only slightly and loosely. We are not apt to speak of *punishing* a dog, for this word implies a moral fault as the occasion of the infliction. We *whip* him, sometimes, simply to associate in his mind the smart with the act done, so as to prevent him from doing it again, and sometimes to vent our ill feeling for the harm done us on the poor dog that has so innocently

done it. It is related of Sir Isaac Newton that he had a favorite little dog called Diamond, who, being left in his study, overset a candle among his papers, and thus burnt up the almost finished labors of many years, and yet the philosopher only said, "O Diamond! Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." Newton was both a wise and a good man, and while he saw that whipping the dog would do no good in preventing any similar accident in future, he had no ill feeling to vent on poor Diamond, who certainly had a better and more rational master than most dogs have.

The mental distinction between man and animals may be thus summed up. The animal is governed by instinct, and in the higher orders by a kind of reasoning which is based upon mental association. Man has, in addition to instinct and this lower order of reasoning, the power of abstract reasoning. In the lower orders of animals probably instinct rules alone.

Instinct, you have seen, can not be improved by education. It always acts in the same way throughout the life of an animal, and through the succeeding generations of the tribe. It has no accumulated experience, either individual or traditional. But it is otherwise with the two kinds of reasoning power. These can be educated, and they have an experience. But here there is a marked difference between the two kinds of reasoning. The lower kind of reasoning, that of mere association, which is the only kind possessed by animals, is altogether individual, and is not at all traditional. However wise an animal may become, there is no transmission of his wisdom to his posterity. No animal can start from a point of knowledge gained by his ancestor, as a vantage-ground, and thus make greater advances than his predecessors. Each animal, in acquiring experience as to the relations of cause and effect, has to begin at the beginning, and learn every thing for himself. The higher form of reasoning, that which man alone possesses, is absolutely essential to the transmission of experience from one generation to another. It is necessary to the transmission even of that experience which is gathered by the other power of reasoning, as well as that which is gathered by itself. The amount of improvement which can be effected where there is only the lower kind of reasoning to act upon, is very wonderful in the case of some of the docile animals. The dog, the elephant, the monkey, etc., are familiar examples. By the skillful and persevering use of mental association in the training of animals, results can be obtained, that resemble very closely

those which come from man's power of abstract reasoning. And in some cases the animal accumulates quite a large individual experience. But his race is none the wiser for it. It is none of it transmitted to another generation.

We see then the basis of improvement in man. It is not his power of making inferences merely. The brutes do this. It is his power of making general inferences, or, in other words, deducing general laws or principles from individual facts. And as this power distinguishes man from the inferior animals, so a superior degree of it ordinarily constitutes the intellectual superiority of one man to another. This is seen very readily in inventions and discoveries.

When this characteristic power of the mind of man is fully developed, its achievements are often so wonderful, that they give us some realization of the great truth, that man is created in the image of God. As we witness the demonstration of such facts as Newton discovered, or the unerring calculations of an eclipse, or listen to a perfect argument as it develops grand truths, and leads us with a majesty of thought almost divine, straight on to mighty conclusions, we take in the full meaning of the assertion, that "the soul is that side of our nature which is in relation with the Infinite," and we see the folly of those dreamers in science, that look upon man as making merely the highest order in the animal kingdom. We see that the chasm between him and other animals is truly "impassable." We see that we are in a mental region of which the most intelligent of them know nothing—that though they live like us, having the same senses, seeing the same beautiful things, and hearing the same voices of nature, and like us have thoughts, and emotions, and desires, they are shut out from an upper region of thought and feeling in which we freely roam, and from which we look with aspirations unknown to them to another world beyond.

CROWNS OF REJOICING.

SWEET and wholesome thoughts are suggested by the affectionate and endearing appellations which the apostle Paul applies to Christians: "My brethren, dearly beloved and longed for; my joy and crown; my dearly beloved." "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming? for ye are our glory and joy." What tenderness, what love, what confidence, what deference, too, are breathed from his very heart in these expressions!

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.*

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

WEARILY the mother's eyelids
For a moment closed,
While the little one beside her
Peacefully reposed.
And, as from her heart was lifted
All its weight of care,
Came there to her soul a vision
Beautifully fair.

Noiselessly a form descended
Clothed in snowy white,
From whose pinions seem suspended
Beams of golden light.
And a glorious, shining pathway
Marked the way it came,
Till it hovered o'er her darling,
Whispering its name.

Then it sang a sweet, low anthem,
Learned in realms of day,
Till it charmed the guileless spirit
From its house of clay.
And it clasped the part immortal
Fondly to its breast,
Leaving nothing, save the casket,
On its couch to rest.

Wildly throbbed the dreamer's bosom,
As her cheek was fanned
By light pinions, gliding upward
To the spirit-land.
Then the yearning love within her
Oped her tear-dewed eyes,
And she found the jewel lent her
Gathered to the skies.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY H. N. POWERS.

I SAW a blue-eyed, artless child,
Beneath a snow-wreath trace his name.
The sun was on his cheek—he smiled,
And thought 'twould gild his words the same;
But though the beamy kiss was dear,
Each letter faded with a tear.

I saw a sage, all worn and gray,
Scanning the starry scroll of fame;
And as his life-pulse ebbed away,
He read in living light his name;
But Hate's dark froth dashed out the glow—
He perished with no name below.

I saw Affection's gentle hand
Upon a heart engrave its name;
Sweet Memory's dew the words embalmed,
And Hope beamed on it with its flame.
Two angels watched it as their prize;
Time sped—they bore it to the skies.

* See engraving in December number of the Ladies' Repository.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"WON'T John be surprised, though! and to think I earned it all myself, too! I'll strike his eye the first moment he comes in, for I shall have it stand right there under the looking-glass," and little Mrs. Strong rested the handle of her tin dipper on the edge of a large earthen bowl, half filled with rich pumpkin liquid, and glanced toward an opposite door which led into a small front parlor. You would have known at once that the thoughts of the little woman were very pleasant ones by the happy twinkling of her blue eyes, and the smiles that every now and then revealed the two dimples hidden just above the curving of her fair, smooth cheek.

It was a bright morning on the hither side of November, and the sunshine looked with a real *June* smile into the pleasant little kitchen, and wrote golden ballads on the striped carpeting, and laid its bright stereotyping upon the newly white-washed walls; but after all, the little woman by the table, with her checked apron and happy, beaming face, was the sweetest picture there. "I 'spose all the neighbors will stare dreadfully when they see it," continued Mrs. Strong, as she deposited the contents of her ladle in the heart of a rich pie-crust, "but I'm sure they can't say that I'm extravagant, as I earned the whole sofy with my own hands, taking in those plain shirts from Williams. I always thought the parlor looked dreadfully bare, too, with nothing but the table and the chairs, and those pictures over the mantle. I must hurry along with this baking to ride over to town with farmer Williams, and engage them to send it over to-morrow. How cheap it was—with that carving on top, too! It was as much as I could do to keep from telling John what I'd set about doing when he was here in September; but I'm so glad now I contrived to hold my tongue. Bless me, there's baby waking up in just the wrong time, too!" The low cry of the half-awakened child put all Mrs. Strong's dreams to flight, as she hurried into the bedroom.

They were poor people—the Strong's. You must have guessed that already, reader; but the sunshine looked into many a gorgeous parlor, and lay in rosy flakes about the crimson drapery of many a palace home, and found less of real happiness and heart-light than dwelt behind the chints curtains of John Strong's cottage, in the suburbs of the little village in L——.

He was a journeyman carpenter, it is true; and his wages were low, and his employment often called him, for months, from his young wife, and the sweet child that of late had come to gladden his home; but their memories always lay like dew and sunshine about his strong, honest heart, and nerving it for its daily toil, and gathering round his pillow sweet home dreams, which many a rich man might have envied.

John had been absent from home since the late summer, and the days were now hanging on the skirts of winter. No wonder the wife's heart quickened at the thought of his return.

"There, I've got just tart enough left for another pie," said Mrs. Strong—it was a strange habit she had of talking to herself—as she scoloped with her thumb and forefinger the rim of her last pie. "I'm sure I don't know what to do with it. We've got enough to last a whole week after thanksgiving, and—dear me, why didn't I think of it before?" continued the amiable little woman, as she achieved the first crust circle, "I'll fix it as nice as I know how, and give it to that little boy across the street. Poor little fellow! I don't b'lieve he or his mother have had any thanksgiving, for I've a notion they're terrible poor. She looks like a real lady when I've seen her in the garden, and her large eyes and pale, mournful features always make my heart ache, though somehow I never yet could find courage to speak to her. The boy shall have the pie though, that's certain. I'll call him across the street and give it to him, may be 'twill open the way to make acquaintance."

"Little boy, little boy, just come across the road here, I've got something for you."

The child was standing in the front door of the old brown building, and the November wind was sifting through the long golden curls that dropped like a bright cloud about his fair child-face, as he looked wistfully up and down the road, when Mrs. Strong's voice arrested him.

She was leaning over the little white gate, and there was something in her face that would have brought almost any child to her side. The boy did not wait for a second invitation.

"Come in, just a minute," said Mrs. Strong, in her kind, motherly way, as she took his hand and led him into the kitchen, "here's a nice thanksgiving tart pie I've been making for you to-day. Don't you love pie, little man?"

A sudden light gathered into the brown eyes of the child. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "I love it, and so does mother, too."

"Does she? Well, I think it's quite too bad we haven't been more neighborly since you came

here. My name's Mrs. Strong; now, what's yours?"

"My name's Willie Gregory, ma'am," replied the child, with his eyes fastened on the pie.

"And your mother and you live all alone across the road, don't you?" queried Mrs. Strong, as she parted away the golden curls from the fair, broad forehead.

"Yes, ma'am, we've lived alone since papa died; it was a long time ago, and mother hasn't hardly smiled since." The little fellow's lip quivered, his eyes grew moist, and the tears hung like twin dew-drops on his long brown lashes.

"Dear me, haven't you any father? Poor child!" Mrs. Strong spoke with a choking in her throat and a quick glance toward the cradle in the corner.

"I like you," said the child, drawing up closer to the little woman, and resting his hand in hers. "I shall tell mother so, and when she gets well I'll ask her to come over and see you. You see she's sick now, and we didn't have any dinner to-day. I don't know what we shall do, for mamma says she hasn't any money, and can't get to grandpa. He lives a long ways off, you see."

Mrs. Strong did not speak another word; she rose up quickly and went into the pantry—a moment later she returned, carrying in one hand a large bowl of bread and milk, in the other a plate of cake.

"Now, Willie, sit right down here," she said, placing a chair by the table, "and eat till you can't eat another mouthful. Haven't had any dinner—poor child! poor child!"

It was a pleasant scene that the dying day-beams looked in to see that beautiful boy, as he turned from the table to Mrs. Strong's face and said, while the large spoon was poised awkwardly in his little red fingers, "O, ma'am, it tastes good, so good, and I was so hungry."

"Well, then, Willie, don't stop to talk about it, only eat—eat just as long as you can," Mrs. Strong answered, with tears of genuine womanly sympathy glistening and sparkling in their travel down her cheeks.

"Mamma will be so frightened if I stay any longer," said Willie at last, laying down the spoon, for he had obeyed to the letter Mrs. Strong's repeated injunctions. "Please, ma'am, can't I go now, and take the pie, too?"

"Yes; and, Willie, I want you to tell your mother that I'm coming over to see her this evening."

A low, soft voice answered to Mrs. Strong's knock. She opened the door and went in. No

wonder she started at the story of utter destitution the opening of that door revealed.

A tallow candle was burning on the table, and the light flowed over the pale brow of the woman who lay on the bed in one corner.

"Your boy said you were ill, Mrs. Gregory," said Mrs. Strong, advancing to the bedside, "and I thought I would just run over and see if there was any thing I could do for you."

"You are very kind, ma'am, and—" the words were broken by a quick sob, the woman placed her hand over her eyes, and the tears trickled fast as April drops through her small slender fingers. "It is very foolish in me to give way in this manner," at last murmured the invalid, recovering herself, and giving her hand to Mrs. Strong, but it is so long since I have heard any words of sympathy that your kindness makes quite a child of me."

Her lady-like manner was so strangely in contrast with her meager surroundings, that the quick, tender little heart of Mrs. Strong was more touched than ever. "If you were only able to walk over to my house," she said, "I could fix you very comfortably; but as you can't do that, I must make up a fire here and bring you over a cup of tea; we can talk afterward, you know," she added, anticipating the thanks of the invalid; for Mrs. Strong's benevolence always partook more largely of a practical than a theoretical character.

A little later, when a bright wood fire was lifting its columns of ruddy flame up the black mouth of the chimney, and dropping its crimson glow on the bare walls of the uncarpeted floor, Mrs. Gregory sat up on her low couch, and, with her hand fastened in Mrs. Strong's, she told briefly the story which never before had crossed her lips.

Her father was a wealthy widower, and she had been the very "light of his eyes." Her feet came up through life's brightest sunshine to her nineteenth summer, and then a very dark shadow dropped over the sunshine. Mrs. Gregory's father was desirous she should wed a friend of his—a millionaire—and a man thirty years her senior. The young, fresh heart of the girl of nineteen shrank with terror from a union so wholly antagonistic to her tastes and feelings. For the first time her father spoke harshly to her: "Ellen, it is useless to rebel against my authority. I have sworn that you shall be his wife."

And that night Ellen went out from her father's home and returned to it the wife of her distant cousin, William Gregory, and the doors were closed against her.

The newly-made husband took his young wife to a southern city. He was poor, and she had brought him none of her father's vast wealth; but he obtained a lucrative situation in a large mercantile house, and Ellen Gregory forgot her early home in the quiet bliss of the six years of her wedded life. Then all its light went out very suddenly. In less than a week her husband sickened and died of fever, and his young, tenderly reared wife was left with her child without pecuniary resources in a land of strangers.

After the burial of her husband Mrs. Gregory resolved to return to her father, of whom she had heard nothing for several years.

A violent fever, induced by mental agony, brought her to the brink of the grave before she had completed her journey. She partially recovered, to find that her small stock of money would hardly defray the expense of her long illness. In the excitement of the moment she resolved to achieve the remainder of the journey on foot, and had accomplished about twenty miles. Her course had lain through L——. Physically and mentally exhausted, she learned, at the tavern where she stopped, that there was an old brown house in the suburbs to rent. She had secured two rooms of this, and for the last six weeks had managed to procure herself and her boy a precarious subsistence by the sale of her clothing.

"I have written my father several letters," was the conclusion of the sad history, "but they have been returned to me unopened, and yet I know," and the invalid lifted her head from the pillow, while the light kindled like a flame in her dark eyes, and the hectic burned in the hollow of either cheek, bright as a Damascus rose, "I know if I could see him—if I could go in suddenly, pale and dying, with my child by my side—if I should put out my arms and cry, 'Father, it is your Ellen—the Ellen that sat every night by your side, and was held every morning to your heart, and she has come back to you with her child; do not send her away, for she has come back only to die,' I know that he would open his arms and say, with all his old tenderness, 'Ellen, my darling,' and when I rushed into them his tears would drop as fast as his kisses used to on the forehead of his child. His heart is proud and self-willed, but I know it well; there is a fountain there very far down, whose waters will never dry up—it is his love for his child."

"And how much would it cost for you to reach him?" asked Mrs. Strong, with a fresh shower of tears, as the beautiful invalid sank exhausted on the pillow.

"Just thirty dollars, and I can not raise one of it. O, it is not for myself that I care, but for him! In a little while he will be motherless." She pointed to the golden head that lay close to her heart, and Mrs. Strong felt that her prophecy was a true one, as she looked on those glassy eyes, on the sharp features, and the hectic hollow in either cheek; for she knew it was the mournful chirography of consumption.

* * * * *

"Thirty dollars! how I wish I had it! how gladly I would give it to her!" soliloquized little Mrs. Strong the next morning, as she drew the white coverlet over her slumbering babe and printed a light kiss on the sweet cheek, fair as a half-ripened peach blossom, as it broke over the snowy pillow.

Suddenly the mother started, and caught her breath at the thought that had flashed into her mind. In one corner of the little cupboard over the mantle-piece was a broken tea-urn, and in that broken tea-urn, carefully wrapped up in brown paper, were the thirty dollars she had been so long and diligently earning—the thirty dollars she had consecrated to her new sofa. The little woman rose up and walked the room in a hurried, perplexed manner; her cheek was flushed, and her brow was plaited, and the blue eyes of the angels looked down into her heart as she walked round the kitchen. "I've thought so much about that sofa," she murmured to herself; "I've dreamed about it at night, till it really seemed as if I'd got it, set up snugly in the parlor, and now it will be so hard to give it up," and the tears sparkled in her bright eyes. "I'd so set my heart upon it. But, then, there's that poor, dying woman and her little helpless boy—supposing it was my Mary, now?" and the young mother turned to the cradle and gazed, with overflowing eyes, a moment on the sweet sleeper there.

She did not hesitate any longer. She went to the cupboard and took down the broken tea-urn, and the blue eyes of the angels grew full of light.

An hour later Mrs. Strong entered the chamber where Mrs. Gregory was lying. She carried a small tray in one hand, and the smoke was rolling like a cloud of incense about the mouth of the tea-pot, and the toast looked very tempting, as it lay floating in its ocean of fresh milk. There was a saucer of mince-meat for Willie, too. No wonder his eyes grew brightly when he looked on it.

"Now let me fix your pillows nicely, so you can eat it at your ease," said Mrs. Strong, in her kind, bustling way. "There's the fire, too, I

must brighten that up a little. I knew 'twouldn't go out; trust me for keeping a fire all night. Slept better, did you, after I left?"

"Willie, when you get through with your breakfast, if your mother's willing, won't you run over and sit by the cradle? Mary'll be awake before long, and you can play with her, you know, till I come back."

* * * *

"Mrs. Gregory"—Mrs. Strong had come close to the bedside and was playing with her apron-string in a kind of awkward manner—"you said, last night, that thirty dollars would take you to your father. Well, I happened to think this morning I had just that sum on hand, and as I've no special, that is, no necessary use for it, why, you'll be welcome to it, so here it is," and she laid the roll of bills on the bed.

The bright eyes of the lady wandered from the money to the glowing face of the little woman, as though she did not at first comprehend her.

At last the blessed truth broke into her mind. She could not speak her gratitude; but the look of those eyes was lithographed forever in Mrs. Strong's memory, as the lady grasped her hand and sobbed, "God will reward you for this, and I—O, if he will but spare my life!"

* * * *

"O, my dear madam, you mustn't think of it! Starting to-day in your state of health! I'll have you removed over to our house, and in a few days—"

"I may have taken my last journey. Mrs. Strong, I beg you will not frustrate me in this. What I do must be done quickly. My days are numbered; and if I do not go to him now I shall never go. Will you add a little more to the great debt which I already owe you, by securing me and Willie passages in the next stage?"

And Mrs. Strong looked on that pale, pleading face and yielded.

* * * *

"John, did you not hear my orders? I will see no one this morning."

The old man looked up from his writing-desk with a dark frown, and the sunlight, that came in rosy smiles through the heavy damask curtains, looked very mournful as it tangled itself with his gray hairs.

"But the lady, sir; she will not be refused, and she looks so white and strange."

"Father!" What a cry that was! It wailed along the lofty walls, and the servant grew pale, and the old man sprang from his seat. She rushed wildly in—his daughter—he knew her at

the first glance, though the cold, white features were all so unlike that beautiful being whom he had last seen in the flush of her ripened girlhood.

"Father," she cried, stretching out her arms, "I have come back to die. O will you not take me to your heart once more before I go home to mother in heaven!"

He looked on his daughter and her child, and the pride of many years gave way, and the stern heart at last yielded.

He opened his arms, and with a low, glad cry she sank into them.

"Yes, Nelly, darling, you shall come back here—right here to my heart, as in the old time," he said, while his tears and his kisses dropped a blessed baptismal of affection on her forehead. "You have been gone a long time, daughter—so long that your cheek has lost its bloom and your eyes the old laughter; but we will bring it back again, my pet, my treasure. Do you know how this old heart has ached for you? Look up, Nellie, and say you forgive me!" But, alas! alas! she did not look up, for she had gone, as she said, to her mother in heaven.

* * * *

White winters and rosy summers—a score of them—had cast anchor upon the shores of the past, when, one afternoon, a young and noble-looking man stepped into a fashionable clothing saloon on Broadway and inquired why some work had not been sent home the evening previous, as had been promised.

"I am very sorry, sir," said the obsequious foreman, "but the young woman who promised to finish the wristbands has been quite ill. Tom," turning to one of the clerks, "when did Mary Strong say she would send that work in?"

"Mary Strong," repeated the young man with a sudden start, his fine dark eyes kindling with eagerness. "Who is she? Where does she reside?"

The address was furnished, and without another word he left the store.

* * * *

"How I wish I was sleeping there, close by mamma, among the cool clover-blossoms, and the wind stirring the long grass all about me! O, I should sleep there so sweetly, and I am so very weary!" and the work dropped from the young girl's fingers, and the tears fell fast over her pale, fair cheeks, as she sat there in that old chamber, where the May sunshine only came in faint and broken. It would have made your heart ache to see her, so young, so fair, so wretched.

"How hot my head is! and it aches so, I can not see the stitches. O, if those sharp pains

would not run over all my limbs—" There was a knock at the door, and the young seamstress started up, and exerting her remaining strength walked toward it.

"Good afternoon, ma'am." The young stranger lifted his hat to the seamstress in that miserable chamber with courtly grace, and his eyes were fastened with eagerness on the face whose exceeding loveliness shone out in strange contrast with the poverty about it. "May I inquire if I address Miss Mary Strong?"

"That is my name, sir." The girl's blue eyes were filled with wonder and alarm.

"And did your parents ever reside in L——?"

"Yes, sir, and my mother is buried there;" she said it with quivering lips.

"Ah! it must be the same, then. Surely God's own hand must have directed my steps this afternoon. Will you allow me to walk in? I have something to tell you which intimately concerns us both."

And sitting there in that miserable chamber, he told her a story of the past; how her mother had saved his own and himself from starvation; and how, in that last journey, when she went home to die, she had made him promise that at some future day he would repay tenfold the great debt that he owed her family.

"I remember all," he said; "child as I was, I remember, too, the blue eyes of the baby girl that opened upon me, like an angel's, as I kept watch by her cradle that morning."

"And I remember mamma's often speaking of the beautiful lady and her boy, and wondering what became of them," answered the young girl. But the surprise proved too great a one; her head dropped, and with a low moan she would have fallen to the floor had not William Gregory caught her in his arms.

"Goodness alive! mister William, what on earth have you got there?"

No wonder the old woman's eyes seemed starting from their sockets as she met the young master of the mansion in his hall, with that fair, unconscious girl, which he and a domestic were bearing toward the parlor.

"No matter now, nurse. In a little while you shall know all, only send Tom for a doctor, quick."

* * * * *

Two years more had joined the past. In one of the parlors of his elegant home sat William Gregory and Mary Strong. It was evening, and the light from the two large astrals fell in soft billows on her golden hair and May-blue eyes.

The shadows of the past had all gone off from

her sweet face, and the purity of her fresh, happy heart was written on every feature, and yet there was a little shade of earnest purpose there, as she turned to the young man, saying, in reply to some remark of his, "Yes, Mr. Gregory, our term closed yesterday, and now I have been so long a pensioner upon your bounty it is surely quite time I was doing something for myself. If I could only procure a situation as assistant in some sem—"

"Mary, have you grown weary of your home, that you thus wish to try another?"

"O no, no!" Her lips grew tremulous and her eyes filled with tears. "You know I have been happy—so happy since I came here. It all seems like a long, bright dream; but then—"

"But, then, you want to teach. Well, Mary, you shall have a pupil," and he walked across the room and laid his hand gently on her shining hair.

"Will you take him?" he said, in tones whose thrilling tenderness the orphan could not misinterpret. "Will you share with him the wealth that his grandfather left him—the wealth that, but for your mother, he might never have received; and will you teach him by your gentle life and unswerving faith the way to that far-off land, upon whose shining heights both our mothers sit waiting—*waiting for us!*"

The head beneath his hand dropped slowly, and he saw the tears dripping on her lap, and he knew he was answered.

And, far above them, she who had "cast her bread upon the waters" looked down and found it "after many days."

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I *FARELY* confess to you, that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young! no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, tell her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly canopaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

SMALL TALK OF LADIES.

BY MARY E. FRY.

Small talk of ladies! To tell the truth, that is not a very inviting caption to meet the eye of certain strong-minded women in these United States, who are to be found on the list of modern females, if any where at all. That some of them, at least, had *stronger* minds, is a thing "to be devoutly wished for;" for who knows how much good they might do if they only knew how, and having found the path were willing to walk therein!

Well, then, it does seem to us in these days of "woman's rights conventions," and of reforms, whose name is legion, that one thing is entirely overlooked or forgotten, and that is, a thorough reformation in the general conversation of the fair sex. Ladies—women is getting to be an obsolete term nowadays—does it never occur to your minds what a little common sense, and what a deal of nonsense enters into your conversation when a number of you get together of an afternoon or evening? Do you not sometimes feel heartily ashamed when you reflect what a little has been said that was really worth the saying? Certainly you do. Why not, then, immediately set on foot a world-wide reformation, by each one in particular reforming her own dear self? You are all more or less ambitious; now here is a field in which you may safely venture as a reformer.

If nothing better offers, why not, as a last—perhaps we should have said a first—resort, organize purely intellectual conversational societies, somewhat on the model of those established in Hannah More's time? If, in those days of fashionable dissipation, social gatherings could be sustained where cards and plays were excluded, may we not hope the same, and even a better thing could be accomplished by the females of our own times?

The general diffusion of education, intellectual and religious, among females of our own day, is far in advance of the times of Hannah More and Doctor Johnson; why, then, is there not a corresponding advancement in their conversation and literary attainments? How is it that the educated females of those days were so brilliant in conversation with men of learning? Turn, for a moment, to the large numbers leaving our female colleges and seminaries annually, whose parchments proclaim them classical scholars. Do you find one in three hundred who is a Latinist with Sir Thomas More's daughter Margaret? Or one in twice that number reading Greek with a Lady Jane Gray? And how many will you find pur-

suing any particular branch of learning or science with the industry and success of Mrs. Sumner-ville?

As just stated, the *general* diffusion is far greater than formerly, but the *individual* devotion really seems to be lacking among modern females.

In this short article we can not even touch the real cause, much less would our limits permit us to prescribe a remedy; there is but room to ask the question, Whence comes this universal attempting of every thing and the accomplishment of comparatively nothing? Right glad, we are sure, would the community of sensible people be, to see something like a reformation take place among the ladies on the subject of literary attainments, of conversation in general, and conferring of "degrees" promiscuously.

SPRING.

BY REV. GEORGE LOVESKE.

WINTER's fairly over!

Hear the gusty wind
Breathing out its fury—
Telling all its mind.

Little birds and crickets
Chirrup now, nor sing;
But they'll greet, with music,
Later days of spring.

Farmers, are ye ready?
Spring is here indeed;
Up, be up and doing,
Sowing precious seed.

Warmer days of summer,
Drops of fruitful rain,
Wooing, bless and brighten
Blushing fields of grain.

Spring and summer over,
Autumn, from his crest,
Shall shake off a harvest
Of the very best.

These are but the symbol
Of a better day;
Then, to fill our garner,
Let us watch and pray.

Moments measure ages—
Ages yet to be—
Just as DROPS OF WATER
Fill the SWELLING SEA!

Character neglected;
Virtue overrun;
Every hope is blasted;
Mortals are undone.

Look beyond the present,
Mourn our time mispent;
And may deeds of mercy
Build our monument!

PENCILINGS AND PORTRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

PIETY UNDER A CORONET—LADY SELINA HUNTINGDON.*

BY REV. DANIEL WISE.

MUNGO PARK, so celebrated for his extensive travels in Africa, and so lamented for his untimely end, once lost his way in a dreary desert. Wearied with long travel, half famished through long abstinence, dispirited because ignorant of the path leading to human habitations, he sat down and longed for death. As he gazed upon the vast wilderness which surrounded him, and thought of the five hundred weary miles which lay between him and the abodes of civilized man, of the savage beasts and more savage men inhabiting the deserts, and of his own utter helplessness, despair rolled in dark and oppressive clouds over his subdued soul. But in that dark moment his eye rested on some moss of extraordinary beauty, displaying all the vigor of healthy growth. Having a highly cultivated love of the beautiful in his nature, this modest plant arrested his attention, and, for the moment, threw a spell over his sad thoughts, diverting them from the sources of his despair to itself. He admired its strange beauty; he wondered at the Divine care which had nourished it to such perfection in that wild solitude, till he heard a voice in his inmost soul, saying, "Can He whose wisdom cherished this moss be unconcerned for thee, a creature bearing his own image?" His heart answered its own question. He felt rebuked for his despondency. His confidence in God revived. New strength animated his exhausted frame, and, starting up, he resumed his journey, and happily escaped the perils of the wilderness.

Is not this picture of the poor, solitary Mungo Park catching the inspiration of hope from a tuft of delicate moss growing in the midst of a vast desert very beautiful? Has it not a moral, too? If he could derive impulses to fresh exertion from a tuft of moss, should not timid, desponding Christians learn lessons of hope and faith from the examples of such as have maintained a lofty piety under circumstances eminently fitted to put their graces to the strongest test? We think so. Hence, we wish to exhibit the life and character of the **LADY SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON**, to our readers. They will find in her a lady who maintained the most exalted

piety, through a long life, in that most difficult of spheres, the society of a proud, worldly, almost infidel, aristocracy.

Nearly one hundred and thirty years since, two ladies were seated, gravely conversing together, in an apartment of an old English mansion, situated in Donnington Park, Leicestershire. Both of them were in the full glory of early womanhood. Their air, bearing, manner, and dress indicated that they were no common personages, but that they belonged to the upper circles of society. Their conversation was earnest and serious. The countenance of one was radiant with the light of infelt joy, while a cloud saddened the intelligent features of the other. At last the former, as if summing up her previous statements to her friend, said, with emphasis, "Since I have known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, I have been as happy as an angel!"

This remark, confirmed as it was by the heavenly aspect of the fair speaker, only caused the other lady to wear a still sadder brow. Retiring shortly after to her chamber, she suffered intense mental distress. The testimony of her friend had inflicted a deep wound in her spirit. True, her life had not a vicious stain upon its surface. She had lived in almost pharisaic devotion to the forms of religion, since a well-remembered hour in her girlhood, in which, while gazing on the solemn pageantry, the pomp of funeral plumes and badges wreathed in crape, which attended the burial of a lamented playmate, she saw, with fearful distinctness, the emptiness of worldly things, and exclaimed, as the earth rattled on her dear friend's coffin, "O God, be *my* God, when my hour shall come!" But notwithstanding all this, she now felt that the true life had not been begotten in her spirit. To the faith which had wrought such divine joy in the soul of her friend she was an utter stranger, and her unsatisfied heart groaned in agony after that union with its Creator, which is the sole condition of its bliss. She felt her spirit to be a harp which could not yield its sweetest sounds unless its chords were swept by the breath of the Holy Spirit.

Cherishing this conviction, despite the pain it caused, and the departure of her happy friend having left her without a spiritual guide, the unrest of her mind became intolerable. She fell sick. While suffering pain of mind and body, a whisper in her heart bade her try to seek peace by means of that faith in Christ which had yielded such delightful fruitage of peace to her friend. Obeying this divine impulse, she cast herself upon Jesus, and found her heart sweetly at rest.

*A very entertaining memoir of this lady may be found among the recent publications of the American Tract Society. It is, I believe, the only biography of her ladyship published in America.

The hand of almighty love touched the chords of her affections, and they yielded music so sweet that she, too, became "happy as an angel."

The lady thus converted was SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON. The friend, whose testimony was the lancet which wounded her spirit, was Lady Margaret Hastings, her husband's sister, who, moved by curiosity to hear Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors, had been led to embrace the cross of Christ. Both were ladies of illustrious birth; but they both learned to prize their relation to Christ infinitely more than their connections with the proudest families of the proudest aristocracy in the world.

Lady Huntingdon's maiden name was SELINA SHIRLEY. Her father was Earl Ferrass. She was born on the 24th of August, 1707, and married to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, at the age of twenty-one. Her earlier years were spent in the quietude of Chartley Castle, the seat of her ancestors. After her marriage, she moved, as was her right, in the most stately circles of the British nobility, and formed intimate acquaintanceship with the most literary of the nobles, with the wits, authors, and poets who graced the reigns of George the First and George the Second. The elegance and dignity of her person, the natural and graceful affability of her manners, the strength and clearness of her intellect, fitted her to shine at court, and to wield a queenly power over cultivated wits. But though compelled by the duties of her exalted station to mingle with gay and wicked nobles, she never yielded to the fascinations of those splendid follies, in the pursuit of which they were accustomed to pass their lives. The impression made upon her mind at her playmate's grave, her serious and reflective turn of mind, with her early developed aspirations after a higher life, shielded her spirit against the seductive influences of worldly amusements. Hence, up to the time of her conversion, we behold her sustaining the character of a zealous legalist, seeking salvation by deeds of charity, by acts of self-denial, and by a diligent observance of the forms of religion. But after she found that righteousness which is by faith, her life was filled up with labors for her Lord. During her youth and early womanhood she was an amiable Pharisee. In her maturity she was a noble and elect lady, doing the work of a disciple in the loftiest spirit of self-denying evangelism.

Lady Huntingdon's conversion was thorough and decided. It gave birth to a holy love for Christ, which became at once the ruling affection of her nature. Yielding herself fully to its

claims, it gave character to her life, and became a perennial spring of bliss to her spirit. Hence her Christian experience, from first to last, was deep, rich, and delightful. "How solid," she writes to Charles Wesley, shortly after her conversion, "is the peace, and how divine the joy, that springs from an assurance that we are united to the Savior by a living faith! Blessed be his name!" Writing to the amiable Philip Doddridge, shortly after the death of her husband, in 1746, she says, "I am satisfied with every misery Christ does not redeem me from, that, in all things, I may feel without him I can do nothing." "My hopes are full of immortality."

Thus cherishing faith, love, and submission to the Divine will, this excellent lady continued to enter more and more deeply into the things of God to the end of her long life. Though her personal afflictions were many and severe, her duties, cares, and responsibilities numerous and weighty, and fiery trials at times powerfully tried her faith, yet we find no abatement in her spirituality, no falling off in her religious labors, no period of spiritual decay in any portion of her history. At the command of her chosen Lord, her inner life beamed into beautiful being like the morning sun; and, like the sun, that life rose with an ever-unfolding glory, till it reached the zenith of its loveliness, and was removed to shine with still greater luster in a nobler sphere. As a spiritual disciple, Lady Huntingdon must be ranked with Fletcher and his pious consort, with Lady Maxwell, with Wesley, and other devoted spirits who shone, stars of mighty magnitude, during the epoch of England's great awakening.

But it was not in spirituality alone that Lady Huntingdon excelled ordinary believers. For her unquenchable zeal for souls, her self-denying benevolence, her holy courage, her incessant activity in the cause of Christ, her various modes of aiding the spread of truth, she deserves to be ranked with the very first of the champions of Jesus. At the time of her conversion, Britain was thrilling with the first agitations of the great Wesleyan revival. Multitudes were embracing the faith of Christ; but greater multitudes were persecuting its advocates and heaping scorn upon its converts. Great men in Church and state, with the most powerful minds in the walks of literature, were particularly hostile to it; and whoever embraced it in the upper walks of life was sure to be counted an enthusiast, and despised as a fanatic. Fully aware of all this, Lady Huntingdon, from the moment of her conversion, braved the world's scorn. Her first act almost was to send for Mr. Wesley, and to openly identify

herself with the great revival movement of the day. Peeress though she was, her presence graced the meetings of Wesley and his fellow-laborers. Soon she flung herself into the thickest of the battle. After her husband's death, which occurred when she was only thirty-nine years of age, she drew the most spiritual of the English clergy around her; appointed them her chaplains; held religious services in her saloons for the benefit of the highest members of the aristocracy, whom she took special pains to invite. She made journeys over large portions of England, accompanied by the eloquent Whitefield, the devoted Venn, the laborious Shirley, the blunt-spoken Berridge, the sweet-spirited Romaine, the saintly Fletcher, and their kindred spirits. These mighty men of God preached to vast multitudes, wherever her ladyship stopped to rest while on her journey, with wonderful effect. When the Established churches were closed against these holy ministers, she built chapels for their use—in great part at her own expense. When bishops refused ordination to pious youth, and college professors procured their expulsion from England's ancient halls of learning, because they were overmuch righteous, she founded colleges for their instruction. Thus, in every possible way, shrinking from no obloquy, shunning no difficulty, did this admirable woman throw the axis of her influence over the evangelical movement, and promote the growth of Christ's kingdom on earth. So unbounded were her benevolent sacrifices for her Master's work, that she spent all her munificent fortune in promoting it. She even denied herself the luxuries of her social position. At one time she sold her jewels for some thirty-five hundred dollars, and expended the money in erecting a chapel. Toward the close of her life, she reduced her domestic establishment far below what was deemed suitable to the dignity of a peeress, and even restricted herself in the matter of apparel to one new dress a year! All this was done that she might have money to spend for God!

We do not pretend that her ladyship was faultless, however, for she was human. But considering her high birth, the aristocratic and anti-evangelical influences which surrounded her, the multitude and magnitude of her enterprises, and the peculiarity of the times, the occasional manifestations of an imperial will, the unbending, almost harsh, determination with which she carried out her plans, regardless of individual opinion, which her life exhibited, must be considered venial faults—slight specks, scarcely discernible in the moral splendor which envelops her entire

character. Perhaps it may not be extravagant to say, that a better and more useful woman than Lady Huntingdon has never lived.

Her death was worthy of her life. It was a gorgeous sunset at the close of a long, brilliant day. "I am well; all is well—well forever. I see wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory." "I am as in the element of heaven itself," was her language when the death-angel brought her the summons to depart. And when her last moment came, she smiled, said, "*My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father,*" and died! It was a lovely spectacle to witness this elect matron of eighty-four years of age, in full possession of all her faculties, gazing with such calmness in the face of death. It was fitting that she should depart from the field of her many labors with such a song of triumph pouring from her withered lips. Happy Countess! Her toils and sacrifices were richly rewarded by such a death, and the luster of her immortal crown far transcends the glory of the coronet she despised on earth.

THE CONVERSION OF A MUTE.

BY REV. JAMES L. CLARK.

ALTHOUGH the age of miracles has ceased, and wonders of healing are seldom wrought on the bodies of mankind, yet we sometimes witness miracles of grace so astonishing as to extort even from the lips of infidelity the honest confession, "This is the finger of God." One of these wonderful displays of grace which passed under my own notice was the conversion of a mute, at a time and under circumstances which were calculated to silence skepticism and glorify God.

In a settlement about three miles from P., a small town in Western Virginia, among others, there was a family of four or five young men and boys, from sixteen up to about twenty-five years of age, who were studying the works of Paine and other infidel writers. They were young men of more than ordinary reading and intelligence for that community, and were exerting a pernicious influence over the minds of the young people in the neighborhood. Joined with amiability, and, in other respects, irreproachable moral character, there was a perseverance about them in spreading their opinions which was worthy of a better cause. The leaven of infidelity had its influence through the neighborhood till the pious and God-fearing portion of the community became seriously alarmed. In

their anxiety they fled to God for help, and in the fervency of their souls entreated him to stay this tide of destruction, and save their children from being swallowed up in this whirlpool of Satan. Nor was prayer the only means they used. Efforts were made; a meeting was appointed for united and public effort. A crisis had come. It was now to be determined whether Christianity should bless or infidelity curse their families.

The time for holding the meeting arrived. The children of God were there, and the followers of Paine were there also. Both parties seemed to feel that on the result of that meeting depended the success of their cause. Fervent were the prayers of God's people; vigorous were the efforts made by them to sustain the cause of their Savior. And as zealous and as persevering were the infidel party to oppose and blast the work of grace. But strong was the hand of God, and valiant was his right hand, and it triumphed gloriously. At first but little seemed accomplished, beyond an increasing seriousness among the people. After a while a few approached the altar, with streaming eyes, and hearts and lips of prayer, pleading for pardon through the merits of Jesus. Faith prevailed. The witness of the Spirit was given. And while some gave vent to their feelings of joy in shouts of praise, others, with glory beaming from their countenances, went and told their friends what God had done for their souls. This, according to infidelity, was fanaticism, enthusiasm, animal excitement, or something worse: the preachers gave them their lessons and told them what to do; they learned them to shout, and it was all hypocrisy. Thus as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, and Barjesus opposed Paul, so these men endeavored to oppose the truth and power of God. But the hour of their overthrow was at hand; a change was yet to come.

In this same neighborhood there resided a deaf and dumb young lady named Margaret B——n, who was regular in her attendance on the services of the meeting. At the institute at Stanton she had been taught to read and write. From reading her Bible she had obtained some knowledge of her condition as a sinner and some knowledge of the plan by faith in Jesus Christ. During the progress of the meeting her mind became deeply exercised upon the subject of her personal salvation. Although the exercises of the meeting were to some extent a blank to her, and though the Gospel's joyful sound and the voice of prayer and praise could not fall upon her ear, the power of God did reach her heart. And

although her lips were sealed in silence, and could pour forth no confession of guilt, and in human language could not implore pardon, yet from the depths of her sin-sick soul, through her streaming eyes, flowed tears of penitence that fell in mercy's sight. At the mercy-seat, with groanings that could not be uttered, she presented the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart, which God did not despise. In that hour we felt the insufficiency of man. We could sympathize with her, but could not point her to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. We could pray for her, but could not pour into her mind the precious promises of eternal truth. Hers was a solitary struggle. A struggle at which infidelity looked with surprise, if not with alarm.

In the hour of extremity, there was One who could not only sympathize with her, but who could relieve. That one was the Friend of sinners. He came to her rescue, and the hour of her release had arrived. One evening during the exercises at the altar a strange sound fell upon my ear. Turning round to see from whence it came, I saw Margaret upon her feet. The gloom that had overspread her countenance was gone. Every feature was lighted with an unearthly radiance, and seemed to beam forth with the effulgence of heaven. When I approached her she placed her hand upon her heart, and then, looking upward, pointed toward heaven, and clapped her hands in an ecstasy of joy, while in her efforts to speak her lips gave utterance to those strange sounds which had arrested my attention. If the tongue of the dumb did not then sing, the glad heart did dance for joy.

At this point of time I observed that our infidel friends were all in commotion. They had caught a sight of the converted mute, and, with feelings of the most intense curiosity, were pressing forward to get a nearer view. We promptly opened the way for them, so that they might get near her, and satisfy their curiosity. Foremost in the group stood Andrew G., in whose mind, if you might judge from appearance, a most intense struggle was going on. In the mean time the mute was passing among her female friends, pressing to her bosom those who were now as ready to rejoice with her while rejoicing as they had been to weep with her when weeping. While these things were passing, I took my position where I could watch the influence they might exert on the minds of the infidel party. The change in Margaret, with whom they were all well acquainted, was too manifest to be denied. How should they account for it? Would infidel

philosophy explain the phenomenon? or would they, like the Jews, attribute the miracles of God to Satan? We shall see.

There they stood, gazing as if it were the last sight of earth. You could almost hear their hearts beat, while their faces grew white and red alternately. For a while their lips seemed as dumb as those of the converted girl. At length the leader of the party turned round to his comrades, and said, "Boys, this is not animal excitement. There is no deception in this. Margaret B. is no hypocrite. The preacher could not learn her to shout. There must be a divine reality in religion. I never saw any thing like this." Tears gushed from many of their eyes, and their hearts were subdued. Infidelity had received its death-blow, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

The next night they were found at the altar of prayer, seeking salvation, while the work of the Lord went on gloriously. During the balance of the meeting the form of the mute might be seen passing along among the seekers of religion, looking earnestly upon their features, to catch the first smile of joy that illuminates the countenance when conversion takes place. And here was generally the first hand extended to welcome them into the family of God. The entire G. family were converted. One of them has since died a most happy and triumphant death. At our last conference another one took me by the hand, and, after referring to the past, remarked that he was making his arrangements to withdraw from worldly business, and at the next conference he expected to enter the itinerancy, and to spend his life in preaching the faith he once tried to destroy. Surely,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

SIN.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world; use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave as it did your head, it shall not be able to keep you there. If the thoughts of death, and the grave, and rottenness be not pleasant to you, hearken to every temptation to sin, as you would hearken to a temptation to self-murder, and as you would do if the devil brought you a knife, and tempted you to cut your throat with it: so do when he offereth you the bait of sin.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA.*

BY REV. J. W. WILEY, M. D.

NOTWITHSTANDING the degrading position occupied by these females, and the low estimate placed upon them by their countrymen, we have yet hope in the daughters of China. There is but little in their social circumstances on which we can rest our hopes; but there is much in their character which inspires our confidence. The degradation and debasement in which they live can not altogether crush out of them the gentler feelings of woman's nature, and we find them still susceptible to the influence of virtuous example, and the offices of kindness and sympathy. When we think of them in their neglected seclusion, unloved and uncared for by man, unworthy of the expense and labor of even an elementary education, and left in the deepest ignorance, the prey to unmeaning superstitions, the victims of degrading national and religious institutions, and the mere instruments and creatures of man, there is little on which to build our hopes of reformation and improvement. But when we discover that in the midst of this degradation they preserve an interesting and promising character, and exhibit a nature superior to their position, and capable of development and refinement, we have confidence in the power of the Gospel to meet and alleviate their condition. Our confidence rests alone in the refining and ennobling power of the Gospel, and with any feeble instrumentality we would stand paralyzed before the gigantic evils which must be removed ere the daughters of China can be disenthralled and enlightened.

We say, that, in spite of the debasing influences which constantly operate upon them, the females of China still preserve an interesting and promising character. We have often looked upon them with admiration, and been struck with the contrast between their character and their position. In all cases we can not but discover and pity the ignorance in which they are kept. This is painfully visible in the empty and vacant expression of their countenances, in their light and trivial deportment, in their wonder and astonishment at new things and new facts, and, perhaps more than all, in the silly and unmeaning questions which they are perpetually asking. It is always easy, too, to detect in their movements the consciousness of their degradation and the sense of their inferiority. This appears most prominently in the presence of foreign females,

* Concluded from page 91.

whose freedom, accomplishments, and elegance they contemplate with admiration and astonishment. Their deportment is often such in the presence of other females, and in the quiet and happy circles of foreign domestic life, that one almost expects to hear mingling with their expressions of wonder sighs of regret that they are so low while others are so high. We have here an evidence of their painful realization of their own position, and of their appreciation and admiration of a higher and better one—a good *point d'appui*, as the Frenchman would say, for reformation.

Remarkable inquisitiveness and an intense desire to know are characteristics of the Chinese female. There are but few of them that would not come off with eclat in a contest of interrogations with a perfect specimen of a "down easter." In their visits to the families of foreigners their volubility keeps up perpetual conversation, and their curiosity can only be gratified by a tour of exploration through the whole establishment, and their battery of interrogations discharges itself upon every thing from the kitchen to the bed-chamber. Whatever else this proves, it proves that they still are women. It is true these questions are often of the most silly and unmeaning character; but what else could we expect from empty and untutored minds—from females whose world has been the secluded apartments of a grandee, or whose lives have been spent in degrading service and bondage? They are curious and inquiring; and their curiosity embraces all things, and their inquiries reach fully to the extent of the suggestions of their empty minds. They are apt in learning and anxious to be taught; and the females in the houses of the missionaries enter with spirit and relish into any efforts to teach them to read, or to impart to them a knowledge of useful acquirements. They listen with interest to the truths of the Gospel, readily perceive their excellence and importance, appreciate the character and the worth of its noble institutions, and, in the families of foreigners, conform with evident satisfaction to its external requirements. They seem capable of perceiving and admiring the purer morals of Christianity; and though many objections are urged by the men against the Christian Sabbath, I have never heard it spoken of but with admiration by the women.

Though surrounded by influences calculated to debase and corrupt, yet virtue and modesty are in high estimation among the females of China. The dress is always modest and becoming, and the deportment and language, except among the very lowest classes, are unexception-

able. Quietness, retirement, and diffidence in the presence of men are natural fruits of the subjection and seclusion in which they live; but in addition to these, we believe there prevails extensively among the better classes a genuine modesty springing from the finer feelings of the heart. The appearance of this modesty in the deportment of Chinese females has been remarked by all travelers among them, and is noticed in most books speaking of their character. Many, however, are disposed to call in question its genuineness, and look upon it as a deceptions timidity produced by the subjection in which they are held. We do not think so. We have looked upon it so frequently with admiration, wondering that it could exist among the demoralizing influences of heathenism; we have seen its manifestations under so many different circumstances, and have witnessed it in individual cases for so great a length of time, that we have become satisfied that it is the genuine offspring of good hearts—of female hearts—the better feelings of which the most trying circumstances have not been able entirely to destroy. We have already observed that the debasing circumstances in which they live are not voluntary with them, nor do they meet with their approbation; they feel their degradation, and in many instances their better feelings revolt against it; and we can not justly charge upon them what is not in their power to change. In many instances, too, we have found among them the gentleness and kindness of woman's nature, and seen the manifestations of hearts capable of a high degree of feeling, and giving birth to touching acts of mercy and kindness. We have seen, and in painfully trying circumstances have experienced their attention and kindness, and gladly bear testimony to the fact, that at least some female hearts in China remain warm and kind. Some of the attachments which they form with the female missionaries among them, and to their children, are deep and sincere, and in some instances are cherished with grateful remembrance by those who have lived and labored among them.

It may be thought we are disposed to give a high character to the daughters of China. We are; but it is only a high character in contrast with the debasing circumstances in which they live, and the humble position they are made to occupy. They are good, very good, in view of the circumstances in which they live; and the fact that they have preserved so many good qualities of heart and life in the midst of the moral deterioration about them, gives encouragement to hope that good fruit will follow efforts

made for their improvement. But they are heathens, and these good and promising traits of character are obscured by the institutions of Paganism. They give evidence of possessing good and active minds; but those minds are ignorant and empty, or occupied by silly and worthless superstitions. They have hearts capable of deep feeling, and susceptible of kindness and sympathy; but those hearts want developing and refining under the genial influences of the Gospel. They are better than might be expected under the circumstances in which they are compelled to live; but they want the reforming light of the Gospel to shine upon those degrading circumstances, and to disenthral them from the bondage and debasement in which they are held.

But we would not be understood as conveying the idea that all the females of China present to the observer these interesting and promising traits of character. Thousands of them fall before the debasing circumstances which surround them, and exhibit the degradation which is consistent with their humbled position. In the lower walks of life they are rude, boisterous, and masculine, presenting but little modesty or gentility in their deportment, and but few of the finer feelings of female hearts. In the higher circles of life, too, when the wife has become advanced in years, and is removed from the bondage in which she may have been held to her husband's parents, and becomes herself the mother and the mother-in-law, in not a few instances she turns the tyrant herself, and uses her new authority and privileges to the utmost of her ability. It is in her household that the daughter of China appears to the least advantage. Always tasteful in the arrangements of the dress and ornaments of her person, and generally modest and gentle in her deportment without, she displays, in most instances, but little cleanliness or taste in the arrangements of her home, which is nearly always in disorder and confusion, and not unfrequently the scene of jargon and discord. Indeed, there are no homes in China—no place to be loved and cherished—no spot for the development of affection or the production of the endearing ties of love and relationship; and it is a misapplication of our high-meaning word—the family—to apply it to the domestic customs and relations of China.

But what can be done for the daughters of China? Nothing without the Gospel; and this can only operate upon them by being borne to them by the living teacher. This divine remedy for human ills and evils is all-sufficient to meet and reform the wrongs of these millions of females,

and this alone can reach and improve their condition. It is the genius of Christianity alone which can exalt and refine human nature, and which in Christian lands gives to woman her high and proper position as the helpmate and companion of ennobled manhood, herself and her compeer both fitted for this high form of life by the refining and exalting influence of the Gospel. It is in the power of the Gospel to produce the same results in Pagan China—first, by ennobling man, and preparing him for a higher and purer form of life; and, secondly, by exalting and refining his weaker helpmate into a being worthy of his love, his protection, and his companionship, and thus give to the domestic life of China the sanctity and the felicity which belong to it only in Christian lands.

But how can the Gospel be brought to bear upon the females of China? It must be taught to the men, and they must learn the purer morality and enter upon the higher life of Christianity. This is a work for the male missionary; but this is not sufficient; the females themselves must be reached and taught the better form of life presented to them in the Gospel. But we have already seen that they are inaccessible to the teachings of the male missionary; evidently, then, here is a work devolving upon the daughters of Christian lands—a great and mighty work which can be accomplished by them alone. It is true, that even to these intercourse with ladies in the higher circles of life is yet limited; but in the middle and lower walks of society the intercourse of the female missionary with the daughters of China may be as extensive as she chooses to make it; and among all classes the way is open, and is still opening. There are many ways in which the devoted female missionary may be incalculably useful and accomplish much good, thus securing to herself a noble share in the honor and in the rewards of giving the Gospel to a mighty Pagan nation; and in addition to these, there are many other ways in which, as the companion and helpmate of the missionary, she is indispensable in the successful prosecution of this beneficent enterprise. Her very presence in China as a Christian female, as the wife of the Christian missionary, and the head of the missionary family, or as the unmarried female, exhibiting, in her labors and deportment, the ennobling influences of the Gospel, exerts an influence for good, the extent and might of which can not be calculated. The Christian family living in the midst of heathenism is as a city set upon a hill, which can not be hid; a center from which go forth light and life over an area which can not

be measured; an illustration of the Gospel speaking louder than words; a realization, in the midst of Pagan darkness, of a form of life new and striking to the benighted nation.

The wife of the missionary also becomes his passport into Chinese society, and thus opens up to his labors new and important fields. The females frequently visit the missionary family; and there is now but little difficulty in the female missionary gathering into her house a number of native females, to whom she may tell the story of redemption and point out the way of life, and who, in these circumstances, will gladly listen to the teachings of her male companion. The missionary's house may thus be made the house of prayer, and the lady's parlor be converted into a chapel for the preaching of the Gospel. It is already thus in the houses of many missionaries in China.

But it is upon the future wives and mothers of China that the Christian female can now most successfully operate. She can reach the children, and gather them into Christian schools, where may be imparted to them during the impressionable years of childhood the truths and principles of the Gospel, and where she may train and prepare them for a higher and better form of life in the future. Schools for the young have always been recognized as very important adjuncts in the great and good work of evangelizing a heathen nation. Schools for boys have always been employed by the missionaries in China; but till recently it was impossible to open female schools. The idea of educating females was thought by the Chinese to be so novel and absurd, that it was long before parents could be induced to allow their daughters to enter the schools of the missionaries. The first attempts met only with ridicule, and in many instances proved a failure; but not despising the day of small things, and persevering under discouragements and against opposition and ridicule, the female missionaries in China have greatly broken in upon this old prejudice, and in many instances have succeeded in establishing large and successful female schools. They have shown to the parents that their daughters may be educated, and the way is now fairly opened, so that there is but little more difficulty in opening and sustaining large and successful schools for girls than attends the efforts to establish schools for boys. But at the head of these schools there must be foreign females, and this is an important department of labor which must be committed to them. The immediate teacher in the school, as is also the case in the schools for boys, must be a native

scholar; but the head of the school—its presiding spirit—must be the female missionary. She must give it her name, her presence, her attention; and acquiring at least the spoken language, she must impart to these youthful idolaters the purer lessons and the sublimer truths of the Gospel.

We feel, then, that in the great Pagan empire of China a vast and promising field for usefulness is thrown open to the daughters of Christendom—a field which can be occupied by them alone, and which now calls loudly upon them to enter in and possess it. While we acknowledge that there are many difficulties to be encountered, and many serious obstacles to be overcome, we still can only look upon it as an inviting field, promising to the devoted female missionary not only a useful, but also a happy life. It is true it is a dark land, which has long been enveloped in the folds of Pagan superstitions; it is very far away; the dangers and discomforts of a long voyage must be met and endured; the society, the luxuries, the elegances of home must be forsaken; and the missionary must become habituated to a new climate, must become accustomed to a people of strange manners and customs, and must enter into intercourse with a people of unrefined habits and a difficult language. But all these things can be endured and overcome. It wants only a heart deeply imbued with the love of Christ and earnest for the salvation of souls, a cheerful temperament, and a mind well disciplined either by education or intercourse with the world, possessing a knowledge of common things, as well as of the higher branches of education; and the female missionary may enter upon this noble enterprise confident of securing to herself the best of all forms of happiness—the blissful consciousness of God's approbation and blessing—and promising to herself a life of eminent usefulness in laboring for the temporal and spiritual good of the millions of her oppressed sisters in China.

But then there are thousands anxious to glorify God and do good who can not personally consecrate themselves to this noble work, and yet the field lies open before them, asking for their sympathies, their prayers, their labors, and their contributions. They may give their counsels, their influence, and their sympathies to this work; they may bear it upon their prayers to the throne of the heavenly grace, imploring upon it the blessing of God; they may labor in training other minds to enter into the field; they may contribute, as God has given them means, to sustain those who have gone forth to this work, and to open opportunities of preparation to others who

would gladly engage in this noble enterprise, if they possessed the means of becoming qualified for the work. The field lies open, then, to all, and to the sympathies and the efforts of all do we commend the *daughters of China*.

MISSION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE annexed beautiful and touching extract purports to have come from a "Discourse on the Mission of Little Children:"

"No one feels the death of a child as the mother feels it. The father can not realize it thus. True, there is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection over them all.

"But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every graduation of feature developed before her eyes—she detected every new gleam of infant intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every stammering word; she was the refuge of its fears, the supplier of its wants; and every task of affection wove a new link, and made dearer to her its object. And when her child dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies with it. How can she give her darling up, with all these loving memories, these fond associations? Timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love—how can she fold them on its sinless breast, and surrender them to the cold grasp of Death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly—how can she bear to see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in peaceful slumber, and in burning, heart-saddening sickness, a hair of which she could not see harmed—O, how can she consign it to the darkness of the grave? It was a gleam of sunshine, and a voice of perpetual gladness in her home; she had learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, and faith; it had unsealed within her a gushing, a never-ebbing tide of affection; when suddenly it was taken away, and the home is left dark and silent; and to the vain and heart-rending aspiration, shall that dear child never return? There breaks in response the cold grave silence—never more! O never more! The heart is like a forsaken mansion, and those words go echoing through its silent chambers."

While speaking of the death of children, these quaint and touching lines by Lydgate, an early English poet, come familiar to the minds of all:

"Ah, welladay! most angel-like of face,
A child, young in its pure innocence,
Tender of limbs, God wrote full guiltless,
The goodly faire that lieth here speechless,
A mouth he has, but words hath he none;
Can not complain, alas! for none outrage,
He grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lamb, most meek of his visage;
What heart of steel could do him damage,
Or suffer him to die, beholding the manere,
And look benign of his twin eyen clere?"

SLEEP-WALKING.

NO phenomenon in the human economy is calculated to excite so much surprise as that called somnambulism, or sleep-walking. If sleep be the intermediate state betwixt wakeful life and death, somnambulism is a condition intermediate betwixt sleep and wakefulness. In perfect sleep, all the organs or faculties composing the mind, together with the external senses and the powers of voluntary motion, are in a state of rest or torpor. Dreaming is a slight approach to wakefulness, seeing that some of the cerebral organs are then in a state of activity, while others are quiescent. In dreaming, the external senses may or may not be in a state of activity. Some people, for example, can be led to dream of particular subjects by the talk of others placed near them when sleeping; while other dreamers are totally insensible to all sounds emitted within the range of their organs of hearing. In ordinary dreaming, too, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bed-fellow a smart belaboring. Often, also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud.

All these partial demonstrations of activity in the external senses, and in the powers of voluntary motion, form an approach to that remarkable state termed somnambulism, in which all or nearly all of the senses, and of the muscles of the body, are frequently in perfect activity, the torpor of a part of the cerebral organs being the only feature rendering the condition different from that of waking life. The degrees in which the preceding characteristics are observable in somnambulism

vary, as is natural, in different cases; and the causes of this, as well as of the condition itself, are well and forcibly explained by Mr. Macnish in his *Anatomy of Sleep*. "If we dream that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or, more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognizance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases, the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing." In other cases, for the reasons given, we both walk and see; and in a third variety, we at once walk, see, and hear. In the same way, the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see, and hear.

These brief explanations may aid in preventing the reader from being puzzled by the philosophy of this curious condition of the bodily system, or from being disposed to discredit the cases related. The simplest and perhaps least surprising cases are those in which the locomotive powers alone of the body are set in action by the vividness of a dreaming impulse. The person rises, strikes his head or body against something, and awakes. A leap from bed is also a comparatively common and slight species of somnambulism. In the belief of being compelled to cross a ditch by the pursuit of a bull, a gentleman bounded some time since from bed, and at one spring found himself placed upon a dressing-table which stood a short way from the foot of the bed. A few inches farther, and he would have passed through, or at least struck, a window. But such cases have little interest in comparison with those in which the somnambulism is not momentary, but of continued duration. The following case is related by Smellie in his *Philosophy of Natural History*: "Near thirty years ago, I had an opportunity of examining a striking example of somnambulism. Within a mile of Edinburgh, I happened to reside for some time in a farmer's house. Mr. Baird, my landlord, had a servant-maid, whose name was Sarah. I was not long there, when I learned from the family that Sarah, particularly after receiving an affront, or being angered, was accustomed to rise in her sleep, to go out, and to walk about the fields. My curiosity was excited, and I begged to be informed the first time that Sarah should rise

in her sleep. A few nights afterward one of Mr. Baird's sons awakened me, and told me that Sarah had got out of bed. I immediately hastened to the apartment where she slept. When I arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, one of their sons, and a servant-maid, Sarah's companion, were present. Sarah was in the midst of them. I took my seat by her. We began immediately to converse. She answered any questions that were put to her pretty distinctly; but she always mistook the person who spoke, which gave us an opportunity of assuming any character within the circle of her acquaintance.

"I knew that one of the farmer's servants, whose name was John Porteous, was a lover of hers; and, therefore, I addressed her in the style which I supposed John might have sometimes done. From that moment she began to scold me, and in the most peremptory manner forbade me ever to speak to her again on that topic. The conversation was accordingly changed. I talked of her mistress, who was in the room, because I knew that they had occasional quarrels. Till now, I suspected that the whole was a trick, but for what purpose I could not discover. Sarah, however, abused Mrs. Baird in the harshest terms; she said but the other day she had been accused of stealing and drinking some bottles of ale; that her mistress was suspicious, cruel, and narrow-minded. As the mistress of the house was present when these and other opprobrious terms were used, I began to be shaken in my preconceived notion of imposture, and, therefore, changed the object of my experiments and inquiries. I examined her countenance, and found that her eyes, though open, wild, and staring, were not absolutely fixed. I took a pin, and repeatedly pricked her arm; but not a muscle moved, not a symptom of pain was discoverable. At last she became impatient to leave the room, and made several attempts to get out by the door; but that was prevented by the domestics. Perceiving her inability to force the door, she made a sudden spring at the window, and endeavored to throw herself over, which would have been fatal to her. To remove every suspicion of imposture, I desired the people, with proper precautions to prevent harm, to try if she would really precipitate herself from the window. A seemingly free access was left for her escape, which she perceived, and instantly darted with such force and agility, that more than one half of her body was projected before her friends were aware. They, however, laid hold of her, and prevented the dreadful catastrophe. She was again prevailed

upon, though with much reluctance, to sit down. She soon resumed her former calmness, and freely answered such questions as were put to her. This scene continued for more than an hour. I was perfectly convinced, notwithstanding my original suspicions, that the woman was actuated by strong and natural impulses, and not by any design to deceive. I asked if any of the attendants knew how to awaken her. A female servant replied that she did. She immediately, to my astonishment, laid hold of Sarah's wrist, forcibly squeezed and rubbed the projecting bones, calling out at the same time, 'Sarah! Sarah!' By this operation Sarah awoke. She started with amazement, looked around, and asked how so many people came to be in her apartment at so unseasonable an hour. After she was completely awake, I asked her what was the cause of her restless and violent agitation. She replied, that she had been dreaming that she was pursued by a furious bull, which was every moment on the point of goring her."

In the preceding case there is one point worthy of especial note, and this is the insensibility of the girl to pain when her arm was repeatedly pricked. As will be shown afterward, this is a phenomenon which has recently thrown quite a novel interest over somnambulism, and made it a subject of greater importance.

The somnambulist in Smellie's case had not apparently the perfect power of vision. She did not or could not recognize the persons about her, yet she saw a window, and would have leaped through it, knowing that a passage was practicable. The true condition of the vision in somnambulism is, indeed, the point most difficult to comprehend. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination. The following case, mentioned by Mr. Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast: "About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the revenue

boat's crew, they pushed off and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult, and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up." The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

The story of the sleeping swimmer is borne out by a statement from an indisputable authority—Dr. Benjamin Franklin. The Doctor relates that on one occasion, while bathing in a hot salt-water bath, he fell asleep, and floated on his back in that state for nearly an hour, as his watch testified to him.

Sometimes, in the case of a person liable to somnambulism, it is possible to direct the thoughts of the dreamer to any given subject, by acting on the external senses. Smellie, the writer already quoted, gives the subjoined instance:

"Mr. Thomas Parkinson, then a student of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, was accustomed to talk and answer questions in his sleep. The fact was known to his companions. To amuse ourselves, two of us went gently into his chamber while he was asleep. We knew that he was in love with a young lady in Yorkshire, the place of his nativity. We whispered her name repeatedly in his ear. He soon began to toss about his hands, and to speak incoherently. He gradually became more calm and collected. His imagination took the direction we intended. He thought he was stationed under the lady's window, and repeatedly upbraided her for not appearing and speaking to him, as she had so often done on former occasions. At last, he became impatient, started up, laid hold of his books, shoes, and every thing he could easily grasp. Thinking his mistress was asleep, he threw those articles against the opposite wall of his chamber. By what he said, we learned

that his imaginary scene lay in a street, and that he was darting the books and shoes at the lady's window, in order to awake her. She, however, did not appear; and after tiring himself with frequent exertions, he went quietly into bed without awakening. His eyes were nearly shut; and although he freely conversed with us, he did not seem to perceive that any person was present with him. Next day we told him what had happened; but he said that he had only a faint recollection of dreaming about his mistress."

It is consistent with our own knowledge, that many country surgeons, who ride much by night, and pursue a most laborious life generally, sleep perfectly well on horseback. This, however, although a position in which the bodily motion is not entirely passive, is not properly somnambulism. Perhaps the most perfect sleep-walkers were Sir John Moore's soldiers, many of whom, in the disastrous and fatiguing retreat to Corunna, were observed to fall asleep on the march, and yet go on, step by step, with their waking companions. Many tradesmen have been known to get up by night and work for a time at their usual employments, without being at all aware in the morning of what they had done. Gall mentions a miller who did this. One of the most extraordinary cases of this order, however, is that of a student of divinity at Bordeaux, who was accustomed to rise in the nighttime, and to read and write *without the use of his eyes*. This case is stated in the French *Encyclopedie*, under the word *Noctambule*, and is attested by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. This prelate, in order to test the young man, interposed an obstacle between his eyes and the paper on which he was reading or writing, but he read and wrote with equal facility and equal accuracy as before. Macnish, who repeats this story, does not mention the fact of the eyes not being used, though this is the most marvelous feature in the case. The reading may not have been aloud, and may only have been apparent. But as for writing accurately without the use of the eyes, this was certainly a feat which few waking persons could have accomplished. In addition to these cases, many others might be gathered, and particularly from Mr. Macnish's *Anatomy of Sleep*; but that book is so accessible, that it is enough to refer to it for further information. We shall only mention one other case which is there given. It is that of Dr. Blacklock, who "on one occasion rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterward entertained them with a pleasant

song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done." Being blind, his family would have the more and greater difficulty in discovering his unusual condition.

Somnambulism, it was stated at the close of the farm-servant's case, had of late years assumed a new and more interesting aspect. This has arisen from the discovery—if it be allowable to call it a discovery—that animal magnetism is capable of inducing a peculiar state of somnambulism, and that, during the continuance of that state, sensation or sensibility is destroyed. It has been seen that Smellie found the farm maid-servant to have lost sensibility in her arms. This is a statement corroborative of the account given of magnetic somnambulism. Taking advantage of this absence of sensibility, surgeons, it is said, have performed upon magnetic somnambulists the most severe and painful curative operations, without inflicting on the parties a moment's suffering of the slightest kind. The patient's mind, meanwhile, seems in a perfectly sound and active state, but without the power of remembering any thing that passed in the unmagnetized state. A Parisian lady, aged sixty-four, who had a cancerous breast, was magnetized, and it was found that somnambulism could be induced. In her waking state she was deeply averse to the operation; but in her magnetized state it was proposed to her, and she consented at once. The breast was operated upon, and cut off without the slightest seeming pain to her. On waking, she was, it may be believed, much surprised. This case, it has been alleged, is but one of several, where the like has been done; and some of the most respectable medical men of Paris have borne witness to the truth, or at least apparent truth, of these allegations. On this score alone, animal magnetism seems worthy of a full and fair inquiry. It would be a wonderful thing, indeed, if we could arrive at means by which all the painful operations to which the human body is rendered liable by disease or accident, could be performed without suffering to those who undergo them.

Somnambulism, or a tendency to it, most commonly arises from causes not apparent or discoverable. Where it occurs in persons not accustomed to exhibit any such propensity, some disorder of the digestive functions may generally be suspected, and the restoration of these functions to a healthy state may put a stop to the practice. But in confirmed cases, nothing can be done but to lock the doors, bar the

windows, and keep dangerous objects or instruments out of the way; or a cord may be affixed to the bedpost and the arm of the sleep-walker. As a general rule, the somnambulist should be taken to bed before being waked.—*Chambers's Home-Book.*

A CHILD'S FANCIES ABOUT HEAVEN.

BY MISS SERENNA BALDWIN.

SOMETIMES I think of dying, but I don't know how 'twill seem,

Only I think I'll shut my eyes, and go like in a dream;

Then the angels they will meet me, all dressed in shining white,

And take me up to heaven, like a little cloud of light.

Then we'll sail, and keep on sailing, all over lovely bowers,

And I shall smell the sweetness of all the heavenly flowers;

And then we'll hear the music they make on harps of gold,

And see the ancient prophets who lived in days of old;

But we'll go, and keep on going, till we come to God's dear Son;

Then he'll smile, and take me by the hand, and say, "I'm glad you've come;"

Then my mother she will kiss me, and say, "My dear, dear boy,"

And the angels will be very glad to see us have such joy.

Then I'll be like an angel, with a beautiful bright wing,

And a golden harp to play on whenever I shall sing,

And I'll see the sapphire pavement, and the walls of dazzling stone,

And the streets of gold like crystal, and the rainbow round the throne;

And when I'm there in heaven, I'll tell you what I'll do:

In the sky I'll break a little hole, so I can look down and see you.

May be I'll be an angel, and when you come to die,

I'll come with them, and fetch you to our place in the sky.

O won't we be so happy, when we all get there together!

Then all the trouble will be passed, and all the stormy weather.

I never shall get hurt then, nor have an ache or pain,

Nor hear a cross word spoken, nor suffer any blame.

THE DISENCHANTED.

BY MRS. E. C. GARDNER.

You ask me why no more I love
To listen while she softly sings,
Or how, at last, I bear unmoved
The witchery that her presence brings.

I see the dark, exquisite eye,
The jetty bands of shining hair,
The cheek where rose and lily vie,
The faultless form, and regal air.

Most beautiful! and yet in vain
You bid me worship at her shrine;
Not all the treasures of the main
Could tempt me now to call her mine!

There is a charm, half undefined,
That makes the plainest features fair;
The peerless beauty of the mind,
The disposition sweet and rare.

Not such the charm that Meta wears!
Go, ask the aged mother why
She trembles when the step she hears
That speaks her beautiful daughter nigh.

See the fair cheek with passion glow,
The angry bosom swelling high,
The frown that clouds her brow of snow,
The lightning in her dark proud eye!

She sings the same delicious air,
In tones as thrilling as of yore;
The olden magic is not there—
The sweet delusion blinds no more.

The hollow heart I know too well;
The selfish breast unmasked I see;
The worshiped star, the queenly belle,
Hath not a single charm for me.

KEEP THE NARROW WAY.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

CHRISTIAN, keep the narrow way
Toward the glorious realms of day!
Let not Satan fright thee back;
Still pursue the shining track.

Let thy course be onward ever;
Let thy courage fail thee never;
Toil thou in the Savior's cause,
Ever clinging to his cross.

What if earth attempt to move thee?
Know thy great Redeemer loves thee!
He has proved himself thy friend;
He will love thee to the end.

And when from thy fainting heart
All the hopes of life depart—
When thy heart beats not again,
Jesus will be with thee then.

BARNUM.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

"I have been a farmer's boy and a merchant, a clerk and a manager, a showman and a bank president. I have been in jails and in palaces; have known poverty and abundance; have traveled over a large portion of two continents; have encountered all varieties of men; have seen every phase of human character; and I have been, on several occasions, in imminent peril."—*Preface to Barnum's Autobiography.*

THE *materials* of this sketch is from the book put forth, with such a flourish of trumpets, by Redfield. The reverse side of the title-page is an advertisement of the American Museum, in the shape of a dedication "To the Universal Yankee Nation," stating that the pages are dated "from the American Museum, where the public first smiled upon me, and *where, henceforth, my personal exertion will be devoted to its entertainment.*" There spoke the showman, and thus he constantly speaks. The book is throughout an advertisement, and the preciousness of the humbug is manifested in this—the public greedily buy it at the exorbitant price of the publisher. If the publishers of this magazine were to issue such a sized and such a "got-up" book at one dollar and twenty-five cents, the public and preachers would never be done grumbling.

Whoever reads the autobiography will imagine that the author had contracted to furnish a book of given size, and found the matter hard to obtain. The first one hundred and five pages contain but little of the author's history. They are almost entirely a rehearsal of "practical jokes" and smart sayings, most of which are ascribed to the wits of Bethel. This may be all right, but subsequent developments teach us that Mr. Barnum thinks nothing of changing the birthplace of subjects to secure a popular hit. And, furthermore, we have glimmering recollections of certain profusely illuminated comic almanacs in which more veracious relations, strangely similar to those gravely located at Bethel and Danbury. The trial of the eccentric minister before the consociation is too much like the case of Rev. Zeb. Twitchell, related by the Knickerbocker, a year or two ago, for us to avoid thinking that either Barnum or Old Knick has "uttered" a literary forgery.

But even this part of the book is useful as a key to the showman's character. It proves that he did not consider deception, when for the sake of gain, fun, or cuteness, as any wrong. This idea, implanted and cultivated in youth, he never lost. His life and history ignore the essential importance of truth. He has acted as though he

believed, with Maximus Tyrius, "there is nothing decorous in truth, save when profitable;" or with Plato, "He may lie who knows how to do so in fit season." These apparently harsh statements will be sustained before this article is finished. We shall see in him examples of untiring energy, indomitable perseverance, with unequalled craft and deception.

Phineas Taylor Barnum was born in the parish of Bethel, town* of Danbury, Connecticut, on the 5th of July, A. D. 1810, and was named after his maternal grandfather, who was so delighted that he immediately executed, in behalf of his namesake, a deed of gift for Ivy Island—a tract of five acres lying in the parish and town aforesaid. The old gentleman was an inveterate wag and practical joker, and being slightly older than his grandson, there seems some probability in Barnum's conclusion, that he "was a chip from the old block." His paternal grandfather was a captain of the Revolutionary militia, and much noted for wagery. Hence he claims to have "come honestly" by his love of fun and "practical jokes."

Early in life began the development of his future character—"the boy was father to the man." He never liked "hard work," but was addicted to "head work," as manifested in *shirking*. The organ of acquisitiveness was large and active. He saved the pennies received from his grandsire, and soon began to "dicker." On "training days" he sat up peddler and sold molasses-candy, called "Cookania," ginger-bread, candies, and cherry rum. Thus he amassed, what then seemed, a princely fortune.

About twelve years of age he made his first trip to New York, in the capacity of assistant to a cattle-drover. The ways and sights of Gotham interested him greatly, especially a toy-shop in the neighborhood of his hotel. Having a whole dollar to spend, he bought a variety of attractive articles. On a second visit he saw others which pleased him better, and he proposed "a swop" to the lady merchant. To this she consented "for a consideration," and received back his first purchases, and he became the happy possessor of a knife, a gun, which would "go off" and propel an arrow, a watch, and a number of torpedoes. Thus equipped, he thought himself an object of envy to the whole city. Making one more visit, he saw a white molasses-candy, far superior to Bethel "Cookania," and he paid out his last eleven cents. Then he proposed another swop, and for candy went, one by one, the gun, the

* Township.

watch, the torpedoes, and the wonderful knife, with gimlet and cork-screw attachment; but still he was unsatisfied. He believed he could make his *nose do* till he reached home, and two handkerchiefs went swiftly down his throat. He finally *footed up* his candy operations by exchanging an extra pair of socks. Returning home his brothers and sisters eagerly demanded a sight of his dollar's worth, but he had only silence to give. His mother searched his pockets and wallet, and found them minus handkerchiefs and socks, and demanded an explanation. The young traveler made a *candi[c]*d statement, and was soundly whipped and sent to bed. Nevertheless, he was long the hero of the village green and school-house; for *had he not been to York?*

He next figured in the capacity of clerk in the Bethel store, where he soon became quite expert in performing the curious dental operation known as "cutting eye-teeth." The bargains he drove must have demanded a spirit not peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of the moral sense. Barnum himself, complacently as he speaks of the tricks of trade, admits the "process was calculated to cut up conscience, morals, and integrity all by the roots."

During this time he engaged in lottery speculations, and gives some useful information as to the "way the thing is done." Those who may intend to invest loose change in patronizing the "wheel of fortune," may profitably study his revelations with some care.

In 1826 Mr. Taylor, of Danbury, removed to Brooklyn, opened a grocery, and tendered Barnum a clerkship. He was now in the transition state from boyhood to manhood—the time when advice is most needed and most despised. He soon became familiar with all the details of the business, but was restless and discontented. He was never happy when under a superior, or receiving a fixed salary—the disposition to personal speculation could not be repressed. In 1827 he caught the small-pox and returned home, uncertain how he would stand in the affections of a pretty Miss Charity Hallett, a Bethel tailoress, who had pleased his fancy in the days of his first clerkship. He saw her, was more deeply smitten than ever, but says, "I did 'not tell my love, but let the worm i' the bud' feed on my pock-marked cheek." Four weeks saw him again in Brooklyn, the proprietor of a porter-house. In a few months he sold out and was clerk in a similar "institution." After a brief service he returned to Bethel and opened, in a building provided by his grandfather, a miscellaneous store, including dry goods, groceries, a barrel of ale, an oyster

depot, and a lottery agency. Here he sold goods *and greenhorns*, and consummated various commercial transactions, which only his convenient notions of honesty could have justified. He also wrote letters for love-lorn swains, who knew not the hieroglyphics, and in some of them showed clearly that he had poetic powers of rare order. Take the following specimen:

"Lucretia, dear, do write to Jack,
And say with Beers you are not smitten;
And then to me, in love, come back,
And give all other boys the mitten.

Do this, Lucretia, and till death
I'll love you with intense distraction;
I'll spend for you my every breath,
And we will live in satisfaction."

Can posterity believe that, touching, pathetic, and Tennysonian as are these lines, the stubborn maid remained incorrigible?

November 8, 1829, he was married to the "pretty tailoress," the public verdict being that she was "too good for Taylor Barnum." The union was a happy one. She was a good wife, and still shares his fortune.

He enlarged his business with good success, and we now see

BARNUM A MARTYR!

In 1831 religious excitement in New England ran very high. Some injudicious professors of religion urged the formation of a "Christian party" in politics, and that none but Christian men should be allowed to hold office. The loud cry, "No Church and state," so often potent with demagogues, was raised. Barnum became frightened! The country was in danger and must be saved, and *he must save it*. He purchased a press and types, and on the 19th of October, 1831, he issued the "HERALD OF FREEDOM." It had the requisite number of exclamation points, and, to the editor, many of them were "notes of admiration." The press must speak out. He felt with the Illinois orator, "The crisis which were to have arove, have ariven." He was faithful to the occasion. He fulminated his thunders, careless of who was scathed. But there comes an end to all things. He denounced a burly butcher, who commenced a prosecution for defamation in several suits. In one, a verdict of guilty was returned, and the belligerent editor was fined one hundred dollars and sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in the county jail. The room was papered and carpeted, and the prisoner took possession. He found himself a martyr for a great principle; friends flocked in crowds to see him; he edited his paper, and, of course, sympathy made it popular. At the close of his term he

came forth, and his liberation was celebrated by a procession, bands of music, horsemen and footmen, banners, speeches, and buncomb toasts, and thus the martyr was borne to his home. Had he not deserted politics, he was in a fair way to be an *available* candidate for the Presidency. But in 1834 he ceased editorial life, and having previously sold his mercantile establishment, he was once more afloat.

In the winter of 1834-5 he moved to New York to seek his fortune. He had sustained heavy losses, and to economy he was yet a stranger. His adventures in seeking employment were really amusing in spite of his disappointments. Failing to obtain a feasible mercantile situation, he looked about, hoping, like Micawber and Mr. Titus Trumps, that "something would turn up." To prevent absolute want, he served as drummer to several stores. He eagerly examined the long columns of advertised "wants." According to these disinterested and trustworthy statements, fortunes were to be made in a day or two, or those already made were to be had in plenty. 'Twas laughable to see the future humbugger making his way up three or four dismal stairways and knocking at No. 80, and there ascertaining the fortune could be made by peddling some infallible life pills "on shares;" becoming agent for a self-acting mouse-trap or the extraordinary great hydro-oxygen microscope. This dancing attendance on advertised wants, with drumming variations, continued all winter, when, receiving several hundred dollars from his agent in Bethel, he opened a private boarding-house. This yielded a support.

We now reach the commencement of his grand showman-life. A gentleman mentioned the name of Joice Heth, and gave him some of the particulars of her history. She was a negress, who professed to be one hundred and sixty-one years of age, and to have been the nurse of General Washington. The proof of these statements was the testimony of the Bowling family, with whom she had lived, and a *bona-fide* autograph bill of sale by Augustus Washington. The latent showman was roused; he visited the old creature. He found a miserable-looking object, whose limbs were drawn, and who was withered and dried till she scarcely weighed forty pounds. So far as looks were concerned, she might have passed for twin-sister to Gliddon's mummy. He examined the testimony in favor of her advanced age, and it seemed to make a "strong case." He conversed with her. She professed to be a Baptist, and sang or repeated many hymns, only to be found in the Baptist Psalmody of the preceding

century. She narrated many incidents of the Washington family, and as for "dear little George," she *dressed him the first time he ever had clothes on him*, and, in fact, she "raised him." Barnum was convinced, or professed to be, that she really was "George Washington's mammy;" at all events he knew he could make the people think so, and make money by the operation. So he bought her and commenced exhibition at Niblo's, assisted by one Lyman, a shrewd fellow, whose legal training, instead of making him a judge, made him deputy showman. Pamphlet lives of Joice were written; "printer's ink" was used *ad libitum*; patriotism was invoked, physiology appealed to, editors sanctioned the show, and the receipts were \$1,500 per week. He made a tour of the principal cities, and when the rush began to abate he caused a card to be published, denouncing the whole affair as an imposture, stating that Joice was only an ingenious automaton. This absurd rumor caused thousands to visit her, and induced many to pay a second visit, that they might see whether they had been humbugged.

At last the old creature died, and a post-mortem examination, made by a physician who had been personally interested in the moon-hoax, exhibited none of the ossification essential to such advanced age. Immediately rang the cry of humbug! Lyman played off one or two ludicrous hoaxes upon Bennett of the New York Herald, and he has never forgiven Barnum therefor. The showman insists that he purchased Joice in good faith, believing in her antiquity. Perhaps so.

His next show was a foreigner named Antonio, a sort of Signor Blitz. To give him a more transatlantic prestige, the plain Antonio gave way to the more patrician Signor Vivalla; and he also gave out that he had specially imported him. When the fellow was *encored* Barnum would appear and regret that the Signor's inability to speak English made it necessary for him to express his gratitude, etc. And yet he admits that the fellow spoke the language very well, having spent several years in England. He also arranged that Vivalla should be challenged by another expert to a public trial of skill. Bets ran high, the public crowded to the performance and alternately cheered the rivals, who, in the pay of the arch-deceiver, "worked together" in fleecing their dupes. These are Barnum's morals!

The Vivalla humbug was finally merged in a traveling circus, Barnum and old Turner managers. Turner was as inveterate a joker as Barnum. At Annapolis Barnum was promenading in a new suit of black. Turner told the citizens

that he was "E. K. Avery, the murderer of Miss Cornell." The indignation immediately boiled over. They seized him, tore his new coat off, and commanded him to stride a rail, promising him some tar and feathers. He insisted upon explanation; they were too furious; but accidentally some one called him "Avery," and he saw the hoax. He persuaded them to return in company with him to the hotel to see Turner, who met them laughing, and succeeded in persuading the mob to take the joke good-naturedly, and consoled Barnum by telling him he only sought to give notoriety to the circus. According to Barnum's code there was surely no wrong in this. "What measure ye mete shall be measured to you again." The circus was a losing business. He became involved in serious legal difficulty on account of his associates, and after rambling over the south-west, conveying his *troupe* now by wagon and now by steamer, at last he reached Opelousas, where the steamer was exchanged for sugar and molasses, the company disbanded, and, on the 4th of June, 1838, Barnum reached home, disgusted with the life of an itinerant showman.

He advertised for a partner in some safe business, stating that he had \$2,500 to invest. He received ninety-three answers, containing a variety of propositions from patent-medicine men, pawn-brokers, lottery men, etc. After all he was humbugged. An alderman introduced to him as an honest, enterprising man, a German named Proler, a manufacturer of Cologne-water, bear's-oil, paste and water-proof blacking. Proler manufactured and Barnum sold and kept the books. They sold on *long time*, and soon the \$2,500 were absorbed, and then the result of credit began to appear "deeply, darkly, and beautifully blue." Proler ultimately bought the entire establishment, giving his note for \$2,600. Before paying it, however, he was seized with an irresistible longing to visit his "fader-land," and to seeing "home again" amid the scenes of his childhood. So he sailed for Rotterdam, leaving his business with his quondam partner, as follows:

Liabilities.—Note of hand for \$2,600

Assets.—1. One very good recipe for making Cologne-water.

2. One recipe for making genuine bear's grease—without the bear. No common article, but the *real genuine*, that will cover a head in the situation of Uncle Ned's, with rich, glossy, curly hair, as quickly as any other composition.

3. One recipe for paste premium blacking.

4. One recipe for water-proof paste blacking.

Balance in Barnum's favor being a considerable

amount of experience, or "bought wit." Price not known.

To overcome these disasters he opened a saloon at the Vauxhall Gardens, but it did not pay. He turned showman again, traveling with a company of singers and theatrical performers. This had some success and adventures, among which was being sent to jail at Pittsburg in default of \$500 bail, in a suit for a pipe of brandy, which—the suit, not the brandy—he says was malicious.

Home again. He attempted to make a fortune with Sears's Pictorial Bible. Advertised largely, made great sales, and sunk all his profits by trusting irresponsible agents. Finding the Bible did not suit his trading tactics, he again tried the Vauxhall saloon, and again failed. He now eked out a scanty support for his family by writing advertisements and puffs for Bowery theater, at four dollars a week. This pittance was increased by his contributions to the Sunday press. He was at the bottom of the ladder. He had tried to live by his wits and was on the verge of hopeless bankruptcy.

Just at this time the American Museum was advertised for sale by the administrator. "Our hero" told a friend he meant to buy it. "You buy the American!" was the astonished reply, "what with?" "With brass; for silver and gold have I none," said Barnum. He had several interviews with Mr. Olmstead, a wealthy, retired merchant; and by pledging, among other securities, his valuable domain of Ivy Island, which was simply an unmitigated swamp, he secured a promise that Mr. Olmstead would purchase it for him and give him time to make payment. He called on the administrator, and the agreement was made for \$12,000. To his surprise he was informed, shortly after this, that the Directors of Peal's Museum, an incorporated company, had purchased it for \$15,000, and had paid \$1,000, to be forfeited unless the balance was paid by the 26th of December. Here was the wreck of his hopes. For a little while he felt as if paralyzed by the blow. But he gathered his energy, ascertained the terms of the contract, and made a secret bargain with the administrator, by which the Museum was to be secured to him on the terms agreed upon through Mr. Olmstead, in case the company failed to redeem their paper on the day it fell due. He then made diligent inquiry, and ascertained where were the weak points of the company which was about to consolidate the two museums. He then deliberately went to work to squib the thing to death. Several sympathizing editors gave him the use of their columns, and never did the London Punch more mercilessly

"show up" Lord Aberdeen than did Barnum the Museum company. The stock was rendered worthless. The company sent for him a few days before Christmas and offered him \$3,000 per year to manage the united museums—salary and service to commence January first. He agreed to their terms and retired; *they* rejoicing that they had bought him off; *he* chuckling silently to think he had *sold them*. The 26th came on; the Directors felt no uneasiness, and did not even wait upon the administrator. The next morning early Barnum *did*, in company with Olmstead and an attorney, and secured the American. The Directors knew nothing of the transaction, and did not dream that their \$1,000 were forfeited, till they received the following note; then it was too late:

"AMERICAN MUSEUM, DEC. 27, 1841.

"To the President and Directors of the N. Y. Museum:

"GENTLEMEN,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that you are placed upon the free list of this establishment till further notice.

"P. T. BARNUM, Proprietor."

They now realized their defeat and the loss of one thousand dollars.

Now began the development of the showman's powers of economy, perseverance, and humbug. His payments were to be made by a certain time or all forfeited, and he had shown how that thing could be managed. He lived on the cheapest food, denied himself of luxuries, worked incessantly, and in one year had paid all claims out of the profits alone, and *owned* the Museum. He enlarged the lecture-room and converted it into a regular theater, which character it still sustains. He has largely increased the number and variety of objects on exhibition, and varied with performances by "industrious fleas, [mirabile!] educated dogs, jugglers, automatons, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gipsies, Albinos, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers, live Yankees, Ethiopians, panoramas, dioramas, dissolving views, 'model of Niagara with real water,' bearded women," etc. "Printer's ink," cuts and advertisements, puffs, abuse, and certificates have all been employed without stint. If a rival was troublesome he was privately bought out, and the two establishments placed apparently in furious opposition, and Barnum pocketed the proceeds of both. To this mode of financiering we can not give the *quasi* approval, so common with the press. It is wrong; it is obtaining money on false pretenses, and a deliberate, protracted employment of falsehood.

Take his woolly-horse humbug. He found in Cincinnati an "Indian nag," which was a veritable curiosity. He bought and sent it home, un-

certain how he would use it. Colonel Fremont and his party had been reported as lost, but the mails announced them as safe. Here Barnum saw an opening. In a few days the papers were announcing that the Colonel had succeeded in capturing a nondescript horse, which would soon be sent home. A few weeks later and there was advertised Colonel Fremont's nondescript, or woolly horse, for exhibition; that he was made up of elephant, deer, horse, buffalo, and camel, and was the richest specimen of curiosity *ever received from California*. This deception was willful and deliberate. It was no "practical joke;" it was sustained and continued imposture.

Akin was the cheat of the Fejee Mermaid. This was an ingeniously contrived and executed affair—half fish, half woman. A systematic succession of newspaper notices and discussions set Gotham all agog. In the midst of the stir arrived Barnum's old confederate, Lyman, *now* Dr. Griffin, late of Pernambuco, agent of the English Lyceum of Natural History. This gentleman, after "repeated solicitations," kindly consented to remain a few days and exhibit this wonder of the deep! Can any special pleading conceal the infamy of so deliberate and complicated a falsity? Yet Barnum seems to this day to glory in it. No wonder, for the first four weeks it was on exhibition in the museum, the receipts were \$3,341.93. *That* covers a multitude of—.

Next he speculated with Tom Thumb. This was a dwarf of five years of age, whose parents were named Stratton, and resided in Bridgeport. Barnum saw there was money in him, and made an immediate engagement with his parents. The boy was no longer to be a child, but a show. He must become pert and be a stunted man. Barnum trained him personally. Then came an announcement that he would exhibit "General Tom Thumb, a dwarf of eleven years, and just arrived from England." This was multiplying his age by two, "with one to carry," and transferring his birthplace across the Atlantic. What was this? Was it merely "sharp?" or was it a *keen* humbug only? or shall we take God's law and enlightened conscience? If so, then we denominated it deliberate falsehood for money.

Tom was taken to England; by successful intriguing was admitted, with his keeper, to the royal palace more than once, and both loaded with gifts. But the main object was to make a sight of Tom Thumb an aristocratic and fashionable necessity, and in this he succeeded. Crowds flocked to his levees. The carriages of the gifted and titled stood at his door. He was also carried through Ireland and into France, where he also

was admitted to the royal household and ran a successful "engagement." This was a bold and successful venture. After the return to the States, a remunerative tour was made. Tom Thumb made Barnum a fortune.

We now come to his great scheme—the most signal for its success and the boldness of the means employed. In Europe he heard the fame of Jenny Lind, but had never heard her sing. Yet he conceived the idea of bringing her to America, and giving a series of concerts in the United States and Havanna. Maturing his plan, he dispatched a Mr. Walton to England to engage the Nightingale, giving him a schedule of instructions. The contract was finally closed, and on these conditions: Jenny was to come over and give one hundred and fifty concerts. She was to be attended by a servant as waiting-maid, a male servant of herself and party, a friend as traveling companion, a secretary, who was to manage her financial business, and these were to be furnished by Barnum; he was to pay all traveling expenses, hotel bills, provide a carriage, all traveling facilities to be first-class, and Miss Jenny was to be paid one thousand dollars, in good money, for each concert. In addition, he was to pay Mr. Julius Benedict £5,000 sterling as pianist and musical director, and assistant at her concerts, and £2,500 to Mr. Giovanni Belletti, baritone vocalist. Jenny was to have the privilege of giving concerts for charitable purposes, which were to pay their own expenses; otherwise Barnum was to pay all the expenses of the concerts and to make all arrangements.

The men of Wall-street said that this speculation would ruin him. But heavy as were these expenses—and he calculated them all—he was always confident. He knew it would succeed. In his calculations he reckoned largely on the fame Jenny's love of the poor and deeds of charity would inspire in the American mind. Amid the cluster of her brilliant attractions "the greatest of all was charity." It was to relieve the poor, comfort the sick, "educate the orphan," and fill Barnum's pocket.

The enthusiasm of the populace at Jenny's landing has been told too often to need repetition. The first concert came on, and the sale of tickets convinced Barnum that the profits would be greater than was at first imagined, and he proposed to Jenny an increase in her "allowance." This, he admits, was simply a stroke of policy, to impress her with an idea of his magnanimity and generosity. The new contract also provided that she might terminate the engagement at the one hundredth instead of the one hundred and

fiftieth concert, by paying him a forfeit of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The proceeds of the first concert were \$17,864.05. The sale of the first ticket to the latter, Genin, for \$225, caused much remark. Between him and the showman there was, no doubt, an understanding. Barnum says, "Our relations are merely those of *business and friendship*." It accomplished two things; it made it fashionable to bid "high" for the first choice of seat, and made Genin notorious, and thus made his fortune.

The company passed through the principal cities of the Union, and met unparalleled success, till they had given ninety-three concerts, when the contract was dissolved—Jenny paying him seven thousand dollars in addition to the \$25,000 forfeited.

The total receipts of the concert tour were \$712,161.84. Jenny's share was \$176,675; Barnum's, \$535,486.25.

Barnum's labors, during this time, were almost incredible. He had the press to manage; public opinion to manufacture; currency and exchange to see after; buildings and lodgings to provide; a heavy correspondence to conduct; hence we can believe him when he says that he received with much delight the notice closing the contract.

His subsequent history has been quite varied. He has not always succeeded. The fire-annihilator was a sad failure. His efforts to galvanize life into the New York Crystal Palace Association were fruitless. It was dead before he touched it, and he simply failed to make it "arise and walk." The public had, long before his time, included it with Dickens's "Grand United Metropolitan, Hot-Muffin and Crumpet-Baking, and Punctual Delivery Company," and neither his "printer's ink," nor his grand inauguration, nor Independence-day celebration could save it.

Thus we have rapidly traced the outline of a career which is one of the marvels of the times. We have spoken plainly because we wish to be truthful; because we believe that the influence of his character, baptized, as it is, with pecuniary success and newspaper commendation, is baleful and yet fascinating; because, while we remember, with due honor, industry, economy, perseverance, and earnestness, we can not sanction duplicity, nor praise persistent deception. The most we can say is, that Phineas Taylor Barnum has been an unscrupulous and successful manipulator of public gullibility; but he has some redeeming traits of character. If he had not, he would be a monster. If he would now be a reformer, let him go and make restitution of his ill-gotten gains.

THE LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is something in the personal character and history of Mrs. Sigourney—something in the general tone and spirit of her writings that would almost disarm criticism, even if occasion might here and there be found for its exercise. There is nothing in her spirit to provoke it; while on the other hand, the elevated moral tone, the deep and all-pervading religious sentiment, and the chastened, sympathizing, and subdued feeling that characterizes it, enshrine her genius as with so many sacred defenses, and defenses, too, so sacred that the attempt to break through them would seem almost sacrilegious. Coupled, as these elements are, with intrinsic worth, they not only disarm criticism, but excite a strong interest in her productions.

One trait in her literary productions can not fail to strike the attention and call forth the commendation of every reader, and that is the constant preservation of her womanly identity. She never loses the woman in the writer. Sometimes contact with the public, through the press, tends to obliterate the shrinking delicacy of woman's nature, or it becomes overtopped by the subtle spirit of ambitious aspiring. Contact with the public for nearly forty years has wrought nothing of this in Mrs. Sigourney; nor has the applause murmured by myriad tongues in both hemispheres. Her womanly delicacy gilds every page traced by her pen, and sheds a beautiful halo around her genius. For this we commend her; and in this she is a more happy example of what a female writer ought to be than almost any other that the age has produced.

One great cause of the preservation of this character, is to be found in the fact that she uniformly employs her pen with one great and paramount object; namely, that of doing good. "It is always to commend what is beautiful, to honor religion, to inculcate morality, to elevate the character of her sex, to administer comfort to bleeding hearts, to discourage false views of life, to promote social harmony, to honor the affections, to express gratitude, to excite veneration for things, present or past, that deserve veneration, to paint natural sorrows or pure joys, to fill the atmosphere around her with hopes that 'make not ashamed' and desires that need no chastening—that Mrs. Sigourney writes." She seems ever true to this principle. Mere freaks of imagination she never essays. She always has a lesson to teach, a moral to inculcate, or a religious senti-

ment to nurture—the object is apparent throughout, and she never once deviates from it. The solidity of her reputation, the affectionate regard in which she is held by the wise and good everywhere, result, in a great measure, from her almost instinctive adherence to this great principle. This is the reason why her name has become a household word in all lands where Christian virtues are cherished; and we may say of her as she has sung of Mrs. Hemans:

"Every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities;
The hoary sire shall bow his deafened ear,
And greet thy sweet words with his benison;
The mother shrine thee as a vestal flame
In the lone temple of her sanctity;
And the young child who takes thee by the hand,
Shall travel with a surer step to heaven."

In her poem—*The Muse*—she has the conception of the spirit of poetry as a welcome friend accompanying her from childhood up to later years. Thus it came in childhood:

"When first it would steal o'er my infantine hour,
With a buzz or a song, like a bee in a flower,
With its ringing rhythm, and its measured line,
What it was I could scarce divine;
Calling so oft from my sports and plays,
To some nook in the garden, away, away,
To a mound of turf which the daisies crown,
Or a vine-wreathed summer-house, old and brown,
On the lilac's green leaf, with a pin, to grave
The tinkling chime of the words it gave."

Like a faithful friend, her muse bears her company as years multiply, and, conscious of its purity, she already anticipates it as a companion in heaven:

"And now though my life from its mouth doth wane,
And the wreaths of its morning grow scentless and vain,
And many a friend who its pilgrimage blest,
Have fallen from my heart and gone down to their rest;
Yet still by my side, unforgetful and true,
Is the being that walked with me all the way through.
She doth cling to the High Rock wherein is my trust;
Let her chant to my soul when I go to the dust;
Hand in hand with the faith that my Savior hath given,
Let her kneel at his feet mid the anthems of heaven."

The late A. H. Everett, one of the finest scholars and best critics this country has produced, says of Mrs. Sigourney's writings: "They express, with great purity and evident sincerity, the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art as well as in nature." He also adds: "If her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar. But though she does not inherit

"The force and ample pinion that the Theban eagles bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion through the liquid vaults
of air,"

she nevertheless manages language with ease and eloquence, and often with much of the *curiosa felicitas*, that 'refined felicity' of expression which is, after all, the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

It has sometimes been objected that Mrs. Sigourney rarely ever looks at nature or human life from any other than one position. To us this objection has no force so long as it is conceded that that position is the true stand-point from which all just views of nature and human life are to be obtained. That the grave, the elegiac predominate in her writings, she herself admits; but silences the objector by that true saying of Lord Bacon: "We shall find as many hearse-like harmonies as carols if we listen to the harp of David." But her elegiac strains are not those of gloom or despair, but rather of hopeful, trusting sympathy.

It has been well said that "her muse has been a comforter to the mourner. No poet has written such a number of these songs, nor are these of necessity melancholy. Many of hers sound the notes of holy triumph and awaken the highest anticipations of felicity; ay,

'Teach us of the melody of heaven.'

She leaves not the trophy of death at the tomb, but shows us 'the resurrection and the life.' Thus she elevates the hopes of the Christian and chastens the thought of the worldly-minded. This is her mission, the true purpose of her heaven-endowed mind; for the inspirations of genius are from heaven, and, when not perverted by a corrupt will, rise upward as naturally as the morning dew on the flower is exhaled to the skies."

We have a fine illustration of the almost enlivening tones of her muse when treating of such dread subjects as death and the grave in the stanzas, "A Butterfly on a Child's Grave:"

"A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
'Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the church-yard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
'I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

There is a translucent purity of thought and

feeling displayed in all her delineations of the domestic and religious affections. Her sympathies are here poured forth with all the intensity of her womanly nature. Her constructive power, her creative genius, though not of the highest order—not of that order that stands aloof from the ordinary modes of human thought, and refuses the practical lessons of experience, is by no means deficient. In her prose writings she displays a distinctness and breadth of perception, a force of argument, an aptness of illustration, and a ready command of choice and expressive words which indicate no ordinary powers of mind. She describes nature, too, and deciphers its great lessons with a delicate and truthful appreciation. These traits make her prose productions popular and useful. Poetry is her true element. Here she is at home, and her genius brightens in the smile of the muses. We can not wonder, as she was seized by the spell or borne away by the inspirations of the muse, that she should say:

"Methought 'twas no folly such garlands to twine,
As could brighten life's cares, and its pleasures refine."

Her prose writings will live long and do much good; her letters to mothers, to young ladies, to her pupils, and that genial, delightful production—*Past Meridian*—are works that will not soon die. But her fame will rest on her poetical and not on her prose writings. In the world of literature, in coming ages, she will be known as a poet; nor will it be by that name almost invidiously attached to her—though kindly intended—"the Mrs. Hemans of America;" for Mrs. Sigourney has as true an identity in the world of literature as Mrs. Hemans; and we doubt not that her recognition, by future ages, as a truly inspired poet will be as hearty and as enduring.

Does any one doubt whether true pathos—deep and holy pathos—is to be found in the lines of Mrs. Sigourney? let him read the poem entitled "To-Morrow," or "The Emigrant Mother," or "Unspoken Language," or "The Mohawk Warrior," or others of a similar character. We doubt whether Wordsworth ever produced any thing that speaks more tenderly or stronger to the heart than "The Emigrant Mother" and "To-Morrow." Let us take a single scene from "Unspoken Language:"

"I had a friend
Beloved in halcyon days, whom stern disease
Smote ere her prime.

In curtain'd room she dwelt,
A lingerer, while each lingering moon convey'd
Some treasured leaflet of our hope away.
The power that with the tissued lungs doth dwell,
Sweetly to wake the modulating lip,

Was broken; but the violet-tinctured eye
Acquired new pathos.

When the life-tide crept
Cold through its channels, o'er her couch I bent.
There was no sound. But in the upraised glance
Her loving heart held converse, as with forms
Not of this outer world. Uncertainly smiles
Gave earnest beauty to the pallid brow;
While ever and anon the emaciate hand
Spread its white fingers, as it fain would clasp
Some object hovering near.

The last faint tone
Was a fond sister's name, one o'er whose grave
The turf of years had gathered. Was she there—
That disembodied dear one? Did she give
The lips of welcome to the occupant
Of her own infant cradle?

So 'twould seem.
But that fix'd eye no further answer deigned,
Its earthly mission o'er. Henceforth it spake
The spirit-lore of immortality."

Strength of expression as well as striking imagery are by no means wanting in Mrs. Sigourney's poems. Take the following description of the woodman. We can hardly conceive how any thing can be more compact or expressive.

"He lifts his puny arm,
And every echo of the ax doth hew
The iron heart of centuries away."

Take another specimen from the poem on "Friendship with Nature:"

"Regard not time's brief tyranny, O man!
Made in God's image; but uplift thy brow,
And by the glory of the inward light
Which falls on Nature's dial night and day,
Mark out thy journey to the realms of love."

Take also the following passage from the "Unrifed Cabinet:"

"In the mind's storehouse, gold we had, and gems
Gather'd from many a tome. The key we gave
To Memory, and she hath betrayed her trust.
For when we ask her, she saith that years
And sleepless cares disturbed her, till she lost
Our stewardship of thought."

Surely it was no feeble power of thought that gave birth to conceptions so noble, and wrought them into a combination of such beauty and strength. They would not sully the page of Milton; and found among the gems of Wordsworth or Mrs. Hemans, the friends of either would be proud to own them.

Standing upon the bank of that mighty cataract, in the agony of her admiration, Mrs. Butler exclaimed, "O God! who can describe Niagara?" Let the reader drink in the inspiration and grandeur of the following lines from Mrs. Sigourney's poem entitled "Niagara," and then answer:

"Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yes, flow on
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud

Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift

The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep,
Sometimes, like a spent laborer, calling home
His bolsterous billows, from their vexing play,
To a long, dreary calm; but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with falling heart forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
The morning stars that hailed creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll.

Thou dost speak

Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop
From his right hand—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in him."

We hesitate not to say that for grandeur and beauty of imagery, for strength and felicity of expression, this poem has rarely been surpassed. It thrills the soul like the voice of the cataract itself.

The genial and sympathetic nature of the poet is well expressed in the following paragraph from a poem addressed to "The Teacher." She is seconding the plea made by the young and joyous ones for a holiday:

"It is well

To mingle sunbeams with the seed that sows
The immortal mind. Damp sorrow's moody mist
Doth quell the aspiring thought, and steal away
Childhood's young wealth of happiness, that God
Gave as its birthright. Strive to blend the glow
Of gladness with thy discipline, and urge
Duty by love. Remember how the blood
Coursed through their own quick veins, when life was new,
Nor make the isthmus 'twixt the boy and man
A bridge of sighs."

We had made additional selections illustrative of other traits of Mrs. Sigourney's genius as a poet, but have not space for them here. We will only add, that the healthy moral energy which is diffused throughout her poems as well as prose writings, is constantly stealing into the reader's mind; it comes like a spirit influence—soft, gentle, but powerful. It indicates the presence of the real poet; it possesses the power of imparting greater strength and a holier tone to the better sentiments and sympathies of the heart; its drawings are ever upward and heavenward.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

SYMMETRICAL STRUCTURE OF THE SCRIPTURES, OR SCRIPTURE PARALLELISM.—Since the days of Bishop Lowth the parallelisms of the Bible have formed a favorite theme of inquiry with Biblical students. That eminent scholar thought he traced in the poetical parts of Scripture a correspondence between the different clauses of the same sentence, phrase answering to phrase, and thought to thought. This correspondence of different clauses he found to be sometimes identical, sometimes gradational—that is, the same thought carried further—and sometimes antithetic; and he applied the rules thus suggested to the explanation of the Psalms and Proverbs. Bishop Jebb extended these inquiries, and found that the principle was applicable to much of the prose of Scripture, and especially of the New Testament. More recent inquirers have gone further still. Mr. Boys, in his *Theosis Sacra* and *Key to the Book of Psalms*, shows that parallelism is found not only in sentences, but in entire paragraphs of Scripture, and even in epistles.

Dr. Forbes^o goes still further. He thinks that the whole Bible is written under the influence of the law of parallelism; and that this law is like one of the grand generalizations of modern science—a discovery of the last importance to the student. It explains the meaning; it determines the text; it solves difficulties of history and chronology to an extent beyond what its most sanguine friends had previously dreamed.

We can illustrate this principle of Scripture parallelism no better than by making an application of it, according to the parallelists, to the decalogue. The law consists, as all know, of ten commands, and is divided into two tables. It is not agreed, however, what the ten are, or how they are to be divided. The Masorets, Augustine, the Roman and Lutheran Churches, unite the first and second command—sometimes deleting the second—and divide the tenth into two, reckoning three commands in the first table and seven in the second. The division of Origen, adopted by most Protestants, places four in the first and six in the second. Nor do any of those authorities trace any close connection between the commands themselves.

On the other hand, the parallelists profess to discover striking connections not only between the commands, but also important significance in the numbers of the commands. But to illustrate these points. Dr. Forbes thinks that the division of the decalogue is twofold, threefold, sevenfold, and tenfold, and that the different portions are intimately connected. His conclusions will be more readily comprehended if we give them in a tabular form.

FIRST. FIRST TABLE.

1. God is to be honored and loved in himself.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| Thought. | I. I am the Lord thy God,
Which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.
Thou shalt have no other God before me. |
| | II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.
Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them:
For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments. |

Word.	III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. For the Lord will not hold him guiltless, That taketh his name in vain.
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- | | |
|-------|--|
| Deed. | IV. 1. a. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
2. b. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work,
3. c. But the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.
4. { In it thou shalt not do any work—Thou (1)
Nor thy son (2) nor thy daughter (3)
Nor thy man-servant (4) nor thy maid-servant (5)
Nor thy cattle (6)
Nor the stranger that is within thy gates (7)
5. b. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.
6. c. And rested the seventh day:
7. a. Wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. |
|-------|--|

2. God is to be honored in those to whom he gives honor.

- | |
|---|
| V. Honor thy father and thy mother,
That thy days may be long in the land
Which the Lord thy God giveth thee. |
|---|

BROTHERLY LOVE. SECOND TABLE.

3. God is to be loved in those who are made in his image.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| Deed. | VII. Thou shalt not kill.
VIII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
IX. Thou shalt not steal. |
| | X. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. |
- | | |
|----------|--|
| Thought. | X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house (1)
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife (2)
Nor his man-servant (3) nor his maid-servant (4)
Nor his ox (5) nor his ass (6)
Nor any thing that is thy neighbor's. (7.) |
|----------|--|

This twofold division—first and second tables—implies, as always, antithetic relation—God and man, piety and morality; and the connection between the two. The few commands of each table imply—as five always does—the imperfection of each apart from the other. The threefold division—1, 2, 3—indicates, as always, the completeness of the whole, God and man, the two extremes, and our earthly parents—to whom filial piety is due—connecting us with both. The sevenfold enumeration of particulars in commands IV and X is instructive, seven being a perfect number, and moreover the number of the covenant. Other divisions again may be noticed:

*THE SYMMETRICAL STRUCTURE OF SCRIPTURE; or, the Principles of Scripture Parallelism, Exemplified in an Analysis of the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, and other Passages of the Sacred Writings. By the Rev. John Forbes, LL. D., Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark 1854. 8vo. Pp. 364.

thoughts, words, deeds, are enjoined and prohibited under both tables. The whole is made up of seventeen triplets. The series of commands to which the decalogue itself belongs—Exodus xxi, xxiii—make seven groups of ten commands each, and some have even arranged the whole of the precepts of the Jewish dispensation under seventy times seven, or four hundred and ninety in all.

It will be noticed in the fourth command that parallelism shows the reason for each precept: 1, 2; 3, (a, b, c,) answering to 5, 6, 7, (b, c, a.)

We give our readers this glimpse of the system of Scripture parallelism, but without any design of indorsing it in the extent to which it has been carried. We can not believe that any such mechanical or mathematical combination of sentences ever entered into the designs of the sacred writers. Combination, harmony, and dependence of parts there undoubtedly are in the sacred writings; but we must confess that such a studied mechanical combination as is here suggested would add nothing to the value of the sacred Scriptures in our estimation. Nay, we must confess ourself so far "behind the age" of "progressive Biblical interpretation," that we can regard it only as a fanciful chimera—affording a pleasing exercise for the imagination, and, in fine, rather innocent and useful unless pushed to an extreme.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.—Every body has read the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which, if Burns had written nothing else, would have made his name immortal. The poem opens with a description of "the toil-worn cotter" returning to his home on a shortening winter's day. The weekly toil being at an end, the cattle, mired and weary, are retreating from the plow, and the "blackening trains o' crows" are speeding away to the distant woodlands. The spade, the mattock, and the hoe are laid aside, and the rest of the Scottish Sabbath is looked for hopefully.

And now, rising in the distance over the moor, the lowly cot appears, sheltered by an aged tree. The children, "expectant wee things," are seen "wi' flitcherins' noise an' glee," "todlin stachet through, to meet their dad." He reaches the house; and there the cheerful fire, "blinkin bonnillie," and the clean hearthstone, his thrifty wife's smile, and the lisping infant prattling on his knee,

"Do a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' mak him quite forget his labor and his toil."

Then, by and by, the elder "bairns" come dropping in, one after another, from the neighboring farmers, in whose service they are engaged. The brothers and sisters meet with joy unfeigned, and kindly inquire for each other's welfare, and severally relate what they have heard and seen. The mother, "wi' her needle an' her sheers," is making old clothes look almost as well as new. The father mixes admonition. The young folks are warned to obey the command of their master and mistress, to mind their labors with a diligent hand, "to fear the Lord alway," to mind their duty in the morning and evening, to implore his counsel and assistance; and they are encouraged to hope that they shall not seek his face in vain.

The cheerful supper is next introduced, crowning the simple board; "the halesome parritch," and "the sowp their only hawkie does afford," the pure and simple meal of the Scottish peasantry, and worthy the notice of pampered stomachs burning with indigestion.

But the following scene crowns the whole, in its matchless simplicity and beauty:

"The cheefu' supper done," a wide circle is formed

around the ingle, and seriousness instinctively spreads over every face. "The sire," laying aside his bonnet, carefully turns over "the big ha' Bible," once the property and the pride of his father. He next selects a portion—Psalm—with judicious care, and solemnly commences the evening service with, "Let us worship God;" when all unite to chant their artless notes to the wild warbling measures of "Dundee," or "Plaintive Martyrs," or "Noble Elgin," the sweetest lays of Scotia.

"Compared with these, Italian trills are tame,"

and have no union with the praise of our great Creator.

The sacred page is next read by "the priest-like father;" and the portion is of "Abraham the friend of God," or Moses warring with Amalek's ungracious progeny, or "Job's pathetic plaint," or "rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire."

"Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he, who bore in heaven the sacred name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head."

The Scriptures having been read, they kneel to "heaven's eternal King," while

"The saint, the father, and the husband prays;"

and hope exultingly springs up in each member of that lovely circle, that they shall all meet again in future days:

"No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear."

What a delightful picture is here presented for our eye to gaze upon! And who, we ask, can look steadily upon it, and not discern its charms, and feel its earnest appeal to his judgment and his heart?

"Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art;
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!"

Do we wonder that the great chief of Israel's armies should resolve that "his house should serve the Lord," or that a king should "return to bless his household?" The tenderest associations are identified with the family altar. It is there the Christian father deepens the reproof or counsel he has given to his child. It is there he seeks to check the progress of corruption, and foster the early developments of grace. The family crosses and rods, as well as its triumphs and its joys, are all carried to that hallowed spot, and there "sanctified by the word of God and prayer." No new duty is entered upon, no old one is prosecuted, without a daily baptism at the family altar. It is there the father commends the child to God, when he is leaving the parental roof to tread the untried paths of the world, and remembers him ever after, however distant. And the family altar becomes the solace and the stay of the absent one, amid the bruises of the thorny path of life. And then when death stealthily approaches, and puts out one of the lights of their habitation, the family altar becomes the fountain whence wounded hearts can draw heavenly consolation; and "the valley of Achor," where the echo of the loved one's voice is heard.

The altar in the family is like the compass in the ship—its guide; like the sun in the heavens—its light; like a stream in the desert—its solace; like the lightning-rod to the building—warding off all evil. It checks vice in the family, heals breaches in the house, cherishes domestic affections, sanctifies domestic bereavements, and when all else fails, and every comfort is withdrawn, and

every endeared one is passed into eternity, it is the spot where the only surviving member may repose, and revel in the most interesting reminiscences, and luxuriate in the most brilliant prospects.

So simple, so beautiful, so endeared by a thousand interesting associations, shall we venture to put this among our "neglected things?" We fear we must—not, indeed, for the sake of making a chapter, or filling a page, but simply because it is in real life frequently slighted and neglected.

We rejoice to be able to certify, as the result of careful observation in the walks of Christian life, that there are hundreds and thousands of godly families who conscientiously attend to this duty; but in others it is criminally set aside. Perhaps it is observed in the morning, and omitted in the evening; or neglected in the morning, and attended to in the evening.

It has been said, that "those families who pray, do well; those who read and pray, do better; and those who sing, and read, and pray, do best of all." In many cases the reading of the Scriptures is omitted altogether. In other cases some members of the family are overlooked in this duty. "Some mornings since," says a writer in the Presbyterian Advocate, "I was at the house of a very worthy man, whose wife was behind him in no proposal to do good. The family were called in; husband, wife, children, and stranger; but no *scriptura*. I had read a portion of Scripture, and was leading in prayer, when I heard a rattling of knives and forks. As I knew all that belonged to the house, I could very easily tell why, and also by whom. The absence was not from any false pride, or shame to have the servants appear in the dress in which the duties of the kitchen or house were performed, or any objection; but simply sheer thoughtlessness. They did not think; which was supposed to be a sufficient excuse for neglecting it."

Reader, hast thou an altar in thy house? Perhaps thy father had; and often didst thou bend the knee there. Perhaps thou hadst an altar thyself, reared with thine own hands in brighter, better days; but those same hands have aided to break it down, and God has written Ichabod upon the ruin. Make haste to repair it; and "blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep. Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out." If, however, thou bend not the knee, nor lift the eye, nor sing the hymn, nor read the chapter, nor offer the prayer, tremble. The "curse" pronounced on those nations and those families which call not upon God's name hangeth over thee.

A HINT TO MOTHERS ON PRAYING WITH THEIR CHILDREN.—Lately I was much struck with a little piece of history related to me by a Christian lady; and hoping that, by God's blessing, it may be useful to mothers and those who have the care of children, I give it, as nearly as I can recollect, in the words of my friend:

"How careful mothers should be to inquire into the state of their children's minds! I shall never forget what I suffered when I was a child, through my own shyness, and through my poor dear mother never questioning me as to what I felt and desired, etc. Mother never knew, but I used to be so anxious at times about my soul. I would have given any thing for her to have talked to me; and I used to wonder how ever it could be that she did not. One thing I especially remember,

because it occasioned me most grief. Mother used to retire for prayer and reading once or twice in the day: I knew her times, and what she went up-stairs for; and many a time have I left my play and followed her. I used to go and listen at the door, to hear if she prayed for me; and, O! I should have been *delighted* to have gone with her. Sometimes I used to play with the handle of the door, hoping she would come and ask me what I wanted; but instead of that, she would come out and tell me not to interrupt her, but to go to play. O! my heart was ready to break. I never went to play; no, I used to go and shut myself in another room, and cry and sob dreadfully, and think to myself, 'I have a soul as well as mother; and I as much want praying for. I wish mother would call me in, or ask me what I have been crying for.'

"Now, my mother was one of the best and holiest of women: I never knew a fault in her, unless it was this. Had she but known my feelings, she would have taken me by the hand with delight, and have prayed with me; but she never questioned me, and I was too shy to speak. I have often been grieved to think of it."

MOTHERS! this simple narrative speaks volumes. Have your children ever suffered in the same manner?

JOY OVER REPENTING SINNERS.—"There is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," said the Lord Jesus: he who knew what transpired far above yon azure ceiling, as well as on the green sward beneath his feet.

Who can tell the intensity of the flame thus burning within those "ministers of fire?" Who discover the depth of love that finds utterance in their exulting joy?

"Who can tell the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?"

Great was the joy of the woman on recovering her lost piece of silver, and that of the man on recovering his lost sheep; but what is angelic joy at the return of the penitent soul? We are unable to fathom its depth; but a faint conception may, however, be awakened on a perusal of the following, related in the writer's hearing:

A pious ship captain had long prayed to a prayer-hearing and answering God for the conversion of his godless wife and daughter. The heavens were as brass: the prayers long seemed ineffectual. Years rolled by, and no spiritual change had taken place in either of the subjects of his intercession. One morning, however, he perceived tears, and heard broken accents, and gathered the words as they escaped from the lips of wife and daughter, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" His joy knew no bounds. They obtained a sense of God's favor; and with a speed to which he had for years been unaccustomed, he flew to his vessel, hauled the flags on deck in great haste, knotted them on to the flag-ropes, and ran them up to the mast-head. With one hand he pressed upon his fluttering heart; the tears of "joy and not of grief" chased each other down his weather-beaten cheeks; his other hand pointed upward; and as, with an eagle gaze, his eye penetrated the very clouds, far beyond the mast-head, "There," said he, "there they wave, and silent about, 'Victory through the blood of the Lamb!'"

But, dear reader, far above the ken of his vision, discernible only by the eye of faith, even in "the heaven of heavens," there was joy among the angels of God over these repenting sinners. Happy he who thus raises the joys of heaven.

Editorial Sketch and Review.

THE WORLD A WORKSHOP.

We concluded our previous article with some remarks and a quotation or two on fire. We resume our remarks by glancing at the necessity of having fuel with which to keep up a fire, as well as being possessed of the ability to start it. The bowels of the earth are stored with inexhaustible supplies of coal, and every thing which has been discovered about it shows what it was intended for, and of the importance attached to it by the Creator. "Its formation began with the earliest land vegetation, that no time might be lost in its preparation, and the advent of man not be unnecessarily delayed.

"The first vegetation grew rank, and, as it ripened, much of it appears to have sunk, as in peat bogs, for trunks are found in perpendicular positions. Then a new geological period brought over the whole a platen of rock, and thus closed up the products of the first carboniferous epoch, preparatory to their undergoing the requisite pressure to fossilize them.

"The annual yield of the English mines has risen to 34,600,000 tons. This enormous drain has led to inquiries respecting the future: some writers predict exhaustion within a few centuries, others contend that nothing of the kind is inferable, even with a continually increased demand. In South Wales are stores not opened. They have been examined and found to extend over an area of about 12,000 square miles, and they alone could meet the demand after all the present English coal mines are worked out. In the United States over 150,000 square miles of coal beds have been ascertained already—of these upward of 40,000 are in Illinois.

"In nothing are the manufacturing purposes of the Creator more obvious than in the article of fuel. Of what value indeed could metallic ores and soft earths have been without it? To meet the constant demand, wood, peat, turf, and other inflammable materials, are spread over the earth's surface, while its interior is surcharged with coal. It is a magazine of fuel and of materials to be heated. As long as it remains a factory, coal must be provided, and will be. There is reason to believe that the formation of this substance is now going on in the depths of our oceans—preparing a supply for workmen under new configurations of the surface."

The supplying of food does not belong to the mineral kingdom; but it furnishes that which gives food its best relish—salt. And how do you suppose, reader, salt is obtained? In most countries it is quarried as men would quarry minerals. "The mines of England have long been worked, and some are among the richest yet discovered. The consumption of salt in Great Britain is estimated at 616,000,000 pounds. Counting twenty-two pounds for each individual, and assuming this as a fair allowance for the world's consumption—and we should suppose it under rather than over the truth, since there are immense quantities consumed by cattle, and more still in various manufactures and arts not included—then the thousand millions of human beings require an annual supply of twenty-two thousand millions of pounds.

"In warm climates, the sea is a magazine of salt, the water being evaporated in wide basins, formed in the soil. That little Atlantic patch, known as Turk's Island, furnishes about fifty thousand bushels of sea salt weekly.

Salt springs are also more or less common in all countries. Were it required to quote particulars respecting the sources of rock salt, we might refer to one bed of it in Galicia, which is four hundred and sixty miles long, ninety miles wide, and twelve hundred feet thick."

Let us turn our attention now to the vegetable products of the earth. Why did not God make trees to grow lengthwise or horizontally on the ground instead of growing up perpendicularly or straight? Can any tell? Had trees grown horizontally, nearly or quite every inch of the earth's surface would have been occupied with closely interlaced timber, and the earth itself would have looked like a spherical raft, floating and plunging through space, asking some other planet or world to buy the stock of cord wood on hand. Why were not the sections of the boles of trees in some other form than that of circles? Simply because, had they grown up in wide slabs, in square or angular masses, the same quantity of material would have taken up a vast deal more of space, and the trees themselves would have been less able to resist storms of wind, and would seriously have interrupted the passage of animals through forests.

As in the case of metals, vegetables are presented to man in manageable masses. "Had they generally approached in dimensions the great California cedar—three hundred and twenty-five feet high and ninety-two feet in circumference at the ground; eighty-eight feet at four feet, and sixty-six feet at ten feet above the ground—what could have been done with them—with logs, one of which, laid along the pavement of some streets, would fill them to the roofs of three-story houses?" Like human kind trees have their infancy and their age. The one grows up, attains its complement of years, and dies; so with the other. Any experienced wood-chopper or lumberman can tell when a tree is ripe or ready to be cut down, or, rather, when they acquire no more sound wood! After this period they may swell, like a man with the dropsy, but it will only be a swelling and a puffing up. "Gigantic trees are almost always hollow. Emigrants' wagons are often backed into the interior of ancient buttonwoods. The great dragon-tree of the Canaries, sixteen feet in diameter, was as thick and hollow in A. D. 1403 as it is now. The largest European oak—in France—is twenty-three feet diameter, but within the trunk is a natural chamber, over ten feet one way and twelve another. Besides the mammoth tree of California, already mentioned, there are others in Oregon and California of the same kind; some even larger, but not sound. One offers a more commodious room than many miners' lodges. Of some blown down, a gentleman rode his horse through one, from end to end; another is mentioned one hundred and ten feet in circumference and four hundred and ten feet in length. This, too, is hollow; and if the hollow was a little enlarged it would make a very good rope-walk."

"The widest planks," continues our author, "to be met with in the Atlantic cities are in boxes in which sugar comes in from the interior; namely, from two and a half to three feet. The tree that furnishes them is the jequitaba, one of the largest of Brazilian trees. The wood is white, soft, and light, something like our white-wood. I heard of the most extraordinary one on the upper waters

of the Macacu river, which runs into the bay of Rio Janeiro. It was said to surpass in magnitude all others in the province. It was a straight, slightly tapering shaft, clear of branches and foliage for one hundred feet up. Near the ground it was thirty-two feet in circumference, and three feet above the ground twenty-seven feet. Its roots at one part presented the appearance of a range of vertical wall or rock, and fifty paces from the trunk they appeared half out of the ground, in long masses, two and a half and even three feet in diameter. A few feet above the ground there was a handsomely formed round hole in the trunk, naturally formed, and through it I pushed a stick in a horizontal position seven feet, so that the stately trunk was hollow—a mere tube, whose walls were so thin as to cause surprise at their stability. A few years more, and it will be prostrated by age and decay.”

The hickory-tree never grows to the size of the poplar in its bole or circumference, or the black walnut; neither is the oak half as heavy as the fir-tree. Hence, the largest trees are light in their texture, and are easily worked by man. The baobab, or monkey-bread-tree, of Senegambia, grows frequently to a size of twenty and even thirty feet in diameter. One is still standing which is thirty-two feet in diameter, and is supposed to be between five and six thousand years old; but these trees, like the chestnuts of Mount Atlas, are very limited in their height, and their trunks could not be worked up by man into any very useful purpose. Their work is to furnish food for animals, not lumber for man.

“A new world of thought and of art is opened in wood simply: so different from minerals, in its being developed before our eyes, in the system of perpetuating its varieties, in the diverse magnitudes of trees and their variegated crowns of foliage; in the mechanical properties of the ligneous fiber; in its diverse degrees of hardness, softness, flexibility, elasticity, and texture; every feature offering a class of advantages in the arts; in its ornamental attributes, too, as exhibited in colors—jet in ebony, black and dark brown in walnuts and oaks, purple and light greens in the munjaddy and mylo-ellah of India, red in mahogany and cedar, yellow in box, satin-wood, and the maples; then there is the red ebony of Australia, the cream-tinted and snow-white tulip-tree, and every shade and tint in others. Moreover, how still more attractive are these colors made by straight, curved, waving, and involved graining! In addition to which, there is always more or less shading; and in cocoa and other rich woods are cloud-like dashes of India ink—some after the manner of tortoise-shell, and others resembling jaguars’ and leopards’ skins—invariably producing such pleasing effects that decorative artists incessantly labor to imitate them.

“Then woods, besides furnishing examples of painting in colors, provide us with material for giving to other substances colors which they do not always themselves possess. Each pigment, too, besides imparting its every tint, contributes to develop other and very different colors. Logwood yields blacks and purples; fustic, olive-browns and yellows; barwood, camwood, Brazil, and sappan woods impart reds, blacks, and browns; woad and indigo, blues and greens; madder, the brilliant scarlet or turkey red; turmeric, bright yellows; orchil, purples, reds, and blues; annatto, orange; safflower, crimson, scarlet, rose-color, and pink. There is the green ebony, and a thousand more dyewoods, known and unknown.”

Clearly wood was specially designed for man; for no other occupant of this globe is so well able to appreciate

its worth; at any rate none but man can use it, or the lacs and dyes which it furnishes, as does he. Look at the vegetable materials for ropes, for wicker and basket-ware, cotton, hemp, flax, and other fibrous plants, and specially at the profusion of vegetable aliments. The amount of thread produced each year is all but inconceivable. During the year 1852 one billion, four hundred and eighty-one millions of pounds of cotton were worked up into it. “At the London Exhibition one manufacturer furnished samples of one pound of cotton spun into nine hundred hanks of eight hundred and forty yards each, making nearly four hundred and thirty miles. Another firm exhibited four thousand, two hundred hanks of the same number of yards each, making two thousand miles from a single pound of cotton! If we, therefore, multiply the above amount only by four hundred and thirty, the length of thread that a single crop of cotton could make, would be over six hundred billions of miles, or sufficient for a web of stout calico, a yard wide, and containing eighty-five threads to the inch, that would be more than enough to reach from us to the sun.

“We inclose our bodies in artificial cocoons: in winter a lady is incased in a hundred miles of thread; she throws over her shoulders from thirty to fifty in a shawl. A gentleman winds between three and four miles round his neck and uses four more in a pocket-handkerchief. At night he throws off his clothing and buries himself, like a larva, in four or five hundred miles of convolved filaments.”

No proof exists that either the flax or the cotton plant existed on the earth before the creation of man; but, on the other hand, the strong presumption is, that they were created after man and for man. To know to what extent food may be raised for our sustenance and well-being, take the following: “There were raised in 1850 in the United States upward of five hundred and ninety-two million bushels of maize or Indian corn. Counting the bushel at one and a quarter cubic feet, the grain would have filled a store-room twenty feet wide, ten feet deep, and seven hundred miles in length. The yield of wheat in 1851—125,607,000 bushels—would require an additional twenty miles to the structure; rye thirteen, buckwheat nine, barley four, between eight and nine for peas and beans, three or four for rice, and not less than five hundred for potatoes, beets, and other tubers. Partitions, miles apart, would also be required for apples, peaches, grapes, plums, cherries, and orchard produce; for sugar—over 200,000,000 pounds—nuts, strawberries, gooseberries, currants; for peppers, mustard, spices, and condiments, and all the produce of market gardens, over a thousand miles more would be taken up.

“Of tea, England imported in 1853, 66,360,555 pounds. Of coffee, the world’s product is between three and four hundred thousand tons. The world’s crop of sugar from cane, beet-root, and maples, can not be less than 900,000 tons, since the amount recognized in commerce is 840,365 tons. The demand is rapidly swelling, but however much it may increase, there are no limits to the means of supply.”

Let us turn our attention, now, to the third storehouse of matter, animal products. Man is supplied by animals, to an unlimited extent, with materials for his fabrics, and such as he could not obtain elsewhere, as wool, hair, feathers, down, silk, leather, glue, horn, ivory, wax, oils, bone, pearl, tortoise, sperm, whalebone, isinglass, coloring-matters, etc. It is not pretended at all that man can create birds or animals, or any thing with life; but while

this is true, he can essentially control, or, rather, modify the products which they yield.

It is quite impossible to furnish any thing but a few specimens of the products furnished by domestic animals. Glance at the article of leather. In England, in 1851, 2,330,901 hides were tanned, and yearly she uses up 80,000,000 pounds of leather, and the value of the manufactured article can not be less than \$70,000,000. A single state in this country—Massachusetts—manufactures not less than twelve millions of dollars worth of shoes annually. There is the article of wool, the clip of which, in the United States, for 1850, was 59,516,959 pounds. In 1854 there were estimated to be 32,006,000 sheep in Great Britain, the clip of which amounted, last season, to 120,000,000 pounds. Beside this 70,000,000 pounds were received the same year into England from Australia. In the article of tallow, in the year 1848, Russia, after supplying all her own wants, sent to other parts of the world 137,000,000 pounds.

Man can work in the waters of the ocean and enrich himself to an extent which the pen can not describe; for the fecundity of the ocean surpasses even that of the land, and the streams which man can turn into his garners never cease to flow. Birds and insects do not elaborate as much matter for manufactures as quadrupeds; but the value of their labors is nevertheless incalculable. Our limits, however, forbid a further discussion of this part of our author's treatise, and we pass to another.

In section second we have man discussed, his nature, his instincts, and his achievements, all of which indicate the nature and purposes of his being. "Observe the perfect freedom of his upper limbs to operate on matter, in consequence of their being released from the labor of sustaining the body and aiding in its locomotion; a feature peculiar to his species, and the one which specially proclaims him an artisan. Mark the termination of those limbs in the hands; the adaptation of these to work in all substances, their duality, the double jointed-levers they are attached to, their lithe and diverse movements, their power to grasp objects of every shape, their durability under incessant wear and tear; the articulations of the wrist and fingers to avoid the necessity of always moving the arm with them, and of a consequent waste of power: the sense of touch in the fingers, so exquisite and so active in a thousand acts. In the large development of the thumb man's superiority as a manipulator largely consists; it has been named a second hand. Still, it was in the unoccupied levers at whose extremities the fingers are that his instincts as an artisan resided, and through which they have been manifested. Had those levers been employed as in their nearest analogues, man had been at best but an improved orang-outang, but in disengaging them from other service, and placing them as it were like laborers in the market-place waiting to be employed, the Creator gave us in them the prime instruments of our elevation."

Mr. Ewbank contends with great strenuousness that man, at his creation, was made a worker—an artisan—that on the first opening of his eyes he beheld "nothing but a vast factory crowded with work." The raw materials, not finished goods, were at hand, and he had to go to work. He had wheat, but no bread; wood, but no furnace; clay, but no brick; sand, but no glass; iron, but none in bars, and so he had to use his hands or die. Speaking of the climates of all colored men as rich in materials for the arts, our author digresses somewhat from the main topic on hand to deliver himself of the

opinion that "colored people are inferior" to white men. Who or what could have prompted such a thing we shall not pretend to determine.

In discussing the question of several centers of population, Mr. Ewbank takes occasion to state that in spinning, the art of pottery, the use of the hand-mill, and a knowledge of the lamp, the early inhabitants of the American continent were quite as fully civilized as any other portion of the earth. Hence the inference that civilization is "an independent development."

As to natural mechanisms, these are constantly giving hints to man. "Whenever a stone ax is plowed up we do not want an ancient Indian to rise out of a mound to tell us what use it was put to. A knife, a pen, or any other manufactured article is a tangible thought, or a congeries of thoughts, in which the mind and workings of the mind of the designer is perceived; and so it is, that the ideas and reasonings, if the terms be allowable, of the Creator stand out in all his works. To those who study his mechanisms, his intentions are as perceptible in forms, motions, and proportions; in levers, joints, valves, tubes, mechanical equivalents, and results; as those of a human engineer in any one of his works."

In the beauty every-where perceptible in the natural world, man is taught a lesson of most pertinent and valuable instruction. But beauty must not be confounded with elegant outlines simply or wholly; for a thing to be beautiful must have its outlines accord with the uses for which it was made. No tea-cup formed like a pipe-stem, ever so beautifully worked, and no railroad track running in a circle could be called beautiful, as the ends for which each was designed are frustrated. "Such," contends our author, "is the sense of beauty pervading the mind of the divine Proprietor, that he has introduced an adjunct to it in colors. With these he has embellished every thing on earth, in air, and in water. We tread on a carpet of tapestry the richness of which we do not appreciate, while the canopy over us is an ever-changing series of paintings. What pleasures, physical, moral, and intellectual, we had never known if the earth and sky, and all objects between them, had been of a uniform hue! But colors serve more purposes than to please the eye. There shines not a tint on the breast of a thrush, nor a gleam of iridescence on a humming-bird's throat, nor a golden spot on a common trout's body, nor a feather of flame in the flamingo's wing, but has its uses, although naturalists have not yet divined what they are. The summer dresses of arctic animals and birds are regularly thrown off, and winter ones put on; but as yet little progress has been made in the investigation of such matters, and of the laws by which colors are developed and defined, notwithstanding the pleasures and profit the knowledge must bring."

Like all enthusiasts, Mr. Ewbank runs his theme of labor to the very extreme. He deems it man's highest and only mission on earth to labor; and while he acknowledges the existence of an immortal principle in man, he goes to work to show that the spiritual needs not a tithe of the attention that the physical does. But we forbear any remarks here. With a quotation on mind, as the main operator on matter, we must conclude our already too long dissertation. We have to regret that Mr. Ewbank could not have been more explicit in his allusions to the soul as the immaterial and immortal part in man.

"It is marvelous that any created being should be able to study its own organization, and reason on the causes

and modes of its existence; that man, a piece of animated matter, should pry into his own structure, and, by dissecting the bodies of his fellows, find out the reasons that determined the forms and proportions of his own organs; and that he should then turn from himself and inquire into the nature and attributes of the Author of his being! The wonder is not greater than if balls of clay in the hands of a potter should ask, "What doest thou?" or if spinning-jennies and power-looms were to pause in their movements to inquire why they were made. Man is a tissue of marvels; his little seething brain, as if a part of the Godhead were located in it, spurns at boundaries to his thoughts. He neither confines them to the world he occupies nor to the visible heavens, but urges them through the invisible depths of space to learn, if possible, what is doing there. Nor is this all: not content with employing them on things of the present, he sends them into the future, and exercises them on the

past. He is told, that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; but he longs to know how they were produced—by what principles and processes they were developed and are sustained.

"That this amazing faculty is given for the great purposes of his education, it were a truism to assert; more than any thing else it shows how illimitable are the soul's aspirations. As for imaginings of what was before the sidereal heavens appeared, they can hardly be carried farther than a supposed condition of things, which may be illustrated by a discovery made some years ago of a subterranean structure, of unknown origin and antiquity. The proprietor entered with a light; his voice reverberated along the arches, and the dark and silent chambers were instantly charged with clouds of dancing atoms awakened into motion by his presence. So, perhaps, was the cold and boundless abyss first charged by the voice of God with the dust of which stars are made."

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

METHODIST MONEY MATTERS IN 1854.—In the several annual conferences connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, the total deficiency in reference to the *quarterage* of preachers for the year 1854 was \$132,189; and in reference to the table and fuel expenses there was about the same deficiencies, making, as the grand total owing to the Methodist ministry for services rendered last year, at least \$260,000. The average number of cents contributed per member, for missions, in the New England conference, was fifty-eight cents; in the Cincinnati conference, forty-three; in the New York East, forty-two; in the Providence, forty-two; in the Baltimore, New York, Ohio, and North Ohio, thirty-nine, each; in the South-Eastern Indiana, thirty-one; North-Western Indiana, twenty-seven; Indiana, eighteen; North Indiana, seventeen; Iowa, seven, and Missouri, four cents.

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY.—Lord John Russell, in a recent speech at Bedford, England, alluding to the causes that had occasioned the decline of nations, said, "There have been despotic institutions, where men have been forbidden to investigate subjects of science, or discuss any improvement in art; where they have been forbidden, under penalty of fire, from holding any religious opinion different from that of the state. Where that despotism has existed, where that persecution has prevailed, the nation has withered under the influence."

WASHINGTON'S SEALS.—Washington was accustomed to wear a gold and a silver seal with his watch, on which the letters G. W. were cut. On the day of Braddock's defeat, in 1754, he lost the silver seal, and about seventeen years ago, his nephew, to whom the gold seal had been given after his death, dropped it while riding over his farm. Both of these seals were recently plowed up, about the same time, and they will again be united.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY DEGREES.—Heretofore Americans attending Oxford and Cambridge, England, had, before taking their degrees, to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, and to take the oath of allegiance to her Majesty the Queen.

Henceforward a student from the United States may matriculate in the University of Oxford without taking any oath whatever, or signing any religious articles. He

may also take the degree of Bachelor of Arts, without oaths, subscription, or declaration of any kind, but not the degree of Master of Arts, nor any higher degree.

Degrees conferred by American colleges are not recognized at Oxford, the only universities which are recognized at present being Cambridge, England, and Dublin. A Bachelor of Arts from the United States can not, therefore, be admitted in Oxford, *ad eundem*.

DEPILATORY POWDERS.—These powders, which are used in removing the hair from one's face or neck, are usually composed of quicklime, soda, and a combination of sulphur and arsenic. On their application they are very apt to excite inflammation; and they never kill the roots of the hairs, but have to be used from time to time where one desires to keep the surface clean.

ANCIENT ANTIQUITIES.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, and 40 round, with walls 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots. Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 425 feet high. It was 900 hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 763 feet on the sides; its base covers thirteen acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 206: 100,000 men were employed in its erection. About the fifteen hundred and ninetieth part of the great pyramid of Egypt is occupied by chambers and passages; all the rest is solid masonry. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 3,000 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round. It has 100 gates. Carthage was 25 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 25,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was once plundered of £10,000 sterling; and Nero carried from it 500 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles in extent.

CURIOS COPYING ART.—Homography is the name of an art just discovered in France, by which, it is said, any typographical work, lithograph, or engraving may be reproduced instantaneously, cheaply, without damaging the original, so exactly that the most practiced eye can not tell the difference, and the copies may be multiplied indefinitely.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—On the 8th of December, at Rome, Pope Pius IX announced as an article of faith in the "holy Apostolic Church" the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. The meeting consisted of over two hundred full-robed ecclesiastical dignitaries, including sixty cardinals and one hundred and forty archbishops, representing every part of the world, besides some four hundred lesser luminaries of the Church. The discussion on the question lasted twenty-four hours; and when the decree was promulgated, it is said that Rome was intoxicated with joy. Hereafter he who does not set down the Virgin in his creed as free from all stain of sin from her birth till her death, is to be deemed a heretic, and treated accordingly. She must be worshiped as superior to even Jesus Christ; and the world in the middle of the nineteenth century is to gulp down and digest, if possible, this terrible monstrosity.

DEATH OF KITTO.—Rev. Dr. Kitto, well known to the Christian public for his contributions to Biblical literature, died at Canstadt, near Stuttgart, Germany, November 25, 1854. His works on the Holy Land and those illustrative of the antiquities and history of Scripture are of special value. The following is a list of his works: Bible History of the Holy Land; Court and People of Persia; Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature; also an "Abridged" and a "People's edition" of this Cyclopaedia; Daily Bible Illustrations, eight volumes; Essays and Letters, with a Memoir; Geography of the Holy Land, with an Atlas; History of Palestine; Pictorial History of Palestine, two volumes; Lost Senses, Deafness and Blindness, two volumes; Physical Geography of the Holy Land, two volumes; Pictorial Life of our Savior; Scripture Lands and Bible Atlas; The Tabernacle and its Furniture. He also established and conducted, till within two years, "The Journal of Sacred Literature." The family of Dr. Kitto, consisting of the widow and seven or eight children, have been in very cramped and narrow circumstances since his death; but the pension granted in December last of two hundred and fifty dollars per year by Queen Victoria, will greatly relieve them in their poverty.

CONVENTIONS OF TEACHERS.—The late holidays between Christmas and New-Year's were occupied, as our readers may know, by sessions of the State Teachers' Conventions of Ohio and Indiana—the former meeting in Cincinnati and the latter in Indianapolis. The necessity of having the Bible introduced into all our common schools was ably argued before both conventions by leading members. The sessions of the Ohio Convention were held in the Ninth-Street Baptist Church, and the last day was spent partly in hearing an address from President Andrews, on the importance of at once introducing the Bible into our schools.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN IRELAND.—Presbyterians are diminishing in Ireland. The number of chapels has increased somewhat; but on comparing the numbers benefited by the *Regium Donum* in 1847 and 1853, it appears that the families had decreased to the number of 7,615—nearly 1,300 families a year.

"SPIRITUAL FATHERS."—Of the Roman Catholic priests of Panama, "J. R.," the Protestant missionary, says: "There is hardly any limit to their vice." He is told, by natives of the place, "that there is not one among them who is not a gambler, a drunkard, or a licentious man;" nor is there any reason to doubt this; "most of them bear the marks of vice upon their faces;" it injures not their standing to live in concubinage, nor to train

up a family of children just like other people; but if they marry according to the ordinance of God, they are instantly hurled from their office, without even the formality of a trial. Such is Romanism, in a land where no other religion has been known since the day when Pagan rites gave way to the ritual of the Catholic Church; and such it is in every land where it meets not the antagonism of a more Scriptural faith.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—From the Catholic Almanac, for 1855, we gather that there are 31 theological seminaries in the United States, with 393 students. Besides these, there are about 118 in institutions abroad and in establishments of the regular clergy at home. According to this account, there are 511 theological students altogether.

In the summary we find the following:

Churches.....	1,824
Other stations.....	678
Clergymen in the ministry.....	1,556
Clergymen otherwise employed.....	172
Ecclesiastical institutions.....	37
Clerical students.....	690
Male religious institutions.....	54
Literary institutions for young men.....	48
Female religious institutions.....	88
Female academies.....	117
Charitable institutions.....	144
Catholic population, (as we have calculated it).....	2,303,000
Increase last year, about.....	100,000

In England and Scotland there are 812 Churches; 1,056 priests; 17 religious houses for men; 84 religious houses for women. The grand total of clergy, 1,126. In England there are 11 colleges; in Scotland 1.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—From the report of the Trustees of the Public Library of the city of Boston we learn, that the income of the invested funds of the Library furnished the means of buying 3,500 new volumes for last year, and that such is the prospect for the future that about 6,000 volumes can be added yearly to the Library—a rate of increase which in fourteen years will give a list of 100,000 volumes, a larger collection than any at present existing in the United States. The present number of volumes in the library, besides 2,989 tracts, amount to 16,221.

BOOKS IN THIS COUNTRY.—The following facts are taken from the United States census: "There are 15,615 public libraries in the United States, and 4,686,411 volumes, of which 1,760,820 are in the state of New York. Comparing the free with the slave states, the former have by far the most libraries. For instance, Virginia has 54, and New York 11,018; Alabama 56, and Massachusetts 1,462; South Carolina 26, and Connecticut 164; Georgia 7, and Rhode Island 96. Of the slave states, in proportion to population, Mississippi has the most public libraries, and Virginia the fewest, although those of the latter contain a greater number of volumes than those of any slave state, excepting Louisiana and South Carolina."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to Professor Jewett, of the Smithsonian Institution, the following is a table of the public libraries in the United States:

	No.	Volumes.
State Libraries.....	39.....	288,937
Social Libraries.....	126.....	611,384
College Libraries.....	126.....	586,912
Students' Libraries.....	142.....	254,689
Seminaries and Professional Libraries.....	227.....	320,909
Scientific and Historical Societies, do.....	34.....	138,901

NOVELS AND PLAYS.—The Mechanics' Library, Sheffield, England, by a rule of its members, wholly excludes plays and novels from its shelves.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

ALICE CARY'S POEMS. Boston: Ticknor & Field. 1855. 12mo. 399 pp.—Alice Cary has already obtained an honorable position among the female writers of America. That position has not been obtained by a sudden and fortuitous leap, but by a gradual, steady, and strong ascent. We therefore augur for her not only the permanent maintenance of her present position, but a still higher ascent. The readers of the Repository are well acquainted with the productions of her pen; and we have cause to believe that she is highly valued by them. This volume contains the best poems from her pen—one or two of them of considerable length. We assure our readers they will find it an agreeable and useful companion. We give the following beautiful specimen, selected almost at random from among the shorter poems:

"Talk to my heart, O winds—
Talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight,
Finds always new delight,
In your silver talk at night.
Give me your soft embrace
As you used to long ago,
In your shadowy trysting-place,
When you seemed to love me so—
When you sweetly kissed me so,
On the green hills long ago.
Come up from your cool bed,
In the still twilight sea,
For the dearest hope lies dead,
That was ever dear to me;
Come up from your cool bed,
And we'll talk about the dead.
Tell me, for oft you go,
Winds, lovely winds of night,
About the chambers low,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night,
In the beds so chill and white?
Talk to me, winds, and say,
If in the grave be rest;
For, O, life's little day
Is a weary one at best;
Talk to my heart and say
If death will give me rest."

Our acknowledgments are due to Carlton & Phillips for a copy of the following series of Sunday School books, issued at 200 Mulberry-street, New York. They form a fine addition to their splendid list of Sunday school publications. The series of "Short Stories from History," originally published by the English "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge," are admirably adapted to the Sunday School Catalogue. They ought to be in the library of every Sunday school. Dr. Kidder, with rare industry and skill, continues to increase the resources of the Sunday school department. But to our list:

1. STORIES OF ENGLAND—two volumes.
2. STORIES OF ANCIENT ROME—two volumes.
3. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.
4. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF ITALY.
5. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SPAIN.

6. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN.

7. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF MEXICO.

8. STORIES OF THE NORSEMEN.

To the above list we must also append the following miscellaneous publications:

1. SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.—The author was a lay missionary among the Indians in Oregon nearly nine years, and here he gives us glimpses of the incidents, trials, and perils of missionary life.

2. THE PRODIGAL is from the pen of Rev. J. T. Barr, and contains the Highland Prodigal, the Reclaimed Prodigal, the Woe-Stricken Prodigal, and the Spendthrift. The narrations are striking, and will be useful.

3. PARIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

4. RAMBLES AT THE SOUTH.

5. THE TEMPEST.—This work discourses upon the nature, properties, and uses of wind in various parts of the world.

6. THE TWO FORTUNES; or, *Profession and Practice*.

7. THREE DAYS ON THE OHIO RIVER.

8. HERE AND THERE; or, *Heaven and Earth Contrasted*.

HUMANITY IN THE CITY. By Rev. E. H. Chapin. New York: De Witt & Davenport. For sale by Moore, Wilstach & Co. 1855. 12mo. Pp. 252.—The above is the somewhat quaint title of a series of eight discourses from the pen of one of the most eloquent lecturers of the day. The following topics are discussed; namely, The Lessons of the Streets; Man and Machinery; The Strife for Precedence; The Symbols of the Republic; The Springs of Social Life; The Allies of the Tempter; The Children of the Poor; The Help of Religion. The author has evidently aimed to make these discourses acceptable to men of all creeds in religion. That they are eloquently written, we need hardly say to those at all acquainted with the fervid style of Mr. Chapin. Take the following specimen from the discourse upon the "Allies of the Tempter:"

"As I look upon this mass of social evil, these steaming wells of passion, these solid fortifications of habit where the tempter is intrenched, I ask how is all this to pass away? And the answer is—only by the spirit of Christian love, sweeping these impediments of selfishness from the heart, and animating us to effort. With Christ the work certainly can be done. In this Gospel-beating amidst the guilt and sorrow of the world like the pulsations of a Divine heart—in the few leaves of this Testament—there is an illimitable power, before whose inspiration in the purposes and deeds of men no evil thing shall stand. And the spirit and exercise of this love is religion. It is the upshot of all that is preached—it is the open and tangible test of every mystic experience that drifts through the soul—it is so deep, so broad, and runs so far, that it comprehends all requirements; and they who cherish it, and practice it in the low, and dark, and desolate places of the world, are the true saints. Nothing else will do in its place. Not Churches, nor creeds, nor rituals, nor respectabilities. Without it we are not friends of Christ, nor co-workers with God. Without it we deepen the channels of human woe, and prop the strongholds of wickedness. Without it, whatever we may not be, we are allies of the tempter. The Savior

says to each of us to-day, placed amidst these antagonistic forces of life, 'He that is not with me is against me.'"

PETER PARLEY'S POPULAR BIOGRAPHY. *New York: Leavitt & Allen.*—This manual of biography embraces the most eminent characters of every age, nation, and profession; including painters, poets, philosophers, politicians, heroes, warriors, etc. It constitutes a closely printed octavo volume with five hundred and twenty-seven double pages. It is one of the best hand-books of biography we have. For sale by Moore, Wiltstach & Co., Cincinnati.

THE PICTORIAL CATECHISM, recently published by Carlton & Phillips, is a decidedly rich and beautiful work. The catechetical questions and answers have been prepared with great care, and embody a great amount of Biblical and religious knowledge, adapted to children and youth, whether in the family or in the Sabbath school. It ought to be a text-book in all our Sabbath schools; it ought to come into family use. Sabbath school teachers could do nothing better for their scholars, nor could parents for their children, than to instruct them thoroughly in the Catechism. The illustrations are numerous, and executed in the finest style of the art. The work is a square 16mo. of one hundred and fifty-six pages.

CORNELL'S PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY. *Forming Part First of a Systematic Series of School Geographies. By S. N. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Small Quarto. 96 pp.*—For the most part geography has been taught in our schools simply as a collection of facts—and that, too, almost without any scientific arrangement. Here is an attempt by an experienced teacher to mend that matter. The work has a kindly look, and we must own ourselves greatly pleased with its general outline and appearance. It claims the following distinctive features:

First. Only those branches of geographical science that admit of being brought fully within the comprehension of the youthful beginner have been introduced into the present number of the series.

Second. At the same time that the memory is called into exercise, the understanding is enlightened by copious and appropriate illustrations.

Third. The youthful student is put in possession of a simple and easy method of memorizing the contents of a map by means of a carefully systematised set of questions.

Fourth. The work is so arranged, and the science so imparted, that teachers, parents, trustees, and others may satisfactorily ascertain, at any stage of the pupil's advancement, what he knows of the science.

Fifth. The mechanical execution of the work is equal or superior to that of any other school-book extant, and will commend itself.

Sixth. The system pursued throughout the entire series is calculated to save at least one-half the time heretofore required for the purpose, and at the same time secure to the student greater and permanent results.

These are high claims. The book is well worthy of examination on the part of teachers. For sale by E. W. Derby.

FIRST THOUGHTS; or, Beginning to Think, is from the press of the same publishers. It is a capital work with which to exercise the thought, to stir the reason, and to store the intelligence of young children—especially those of inquiring minds. For sale by Derby.

THE HISTORY AND POETRY OF FINGER RINGS is a wonderful book—*parvum in multo*—a 12mo. of two hundred and thirty-nine pages. Verily, what a waste of brains—if brains had any thing to do with it—was there! It is published by Redfield, New York. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE METHODIST NEWSPAPER PRESS.—We have just glanced over the files of the "Advocate Family," and rejoice to note the evidences of a healthy and strong development.

The Christian Advocate and Journal, which stands at the head of the list, appears in new type, and holds on the even tenor of its way. The old veteran holds firm the helm.

The Western Christian Advocate appears finely in its new dress. The popular estimation in which it is held as a family religious newspaper needs no further evidence than the fact, that while two popular and thriving Advocates come in to share its territory, its subscription list is constantly augmenting. Last year it had an increase of over four thousand; and this year it is now over one thousand in advance of last.

The Northern Christian Advocate, published at Auburn, N. Y., also looks finely in its new type. Its patrons have also given substantial evidence of the appreciation of it by a large addition to its circulation. Brother Homer wields a strong pen.

The North-Western Christian Advocate has been greatly enlarged and beautified. It is a marvel how suddenly this paper has passed into a hale and vigorous manhood. Its editor—Rev. J. V. Watson—seems to have intellectual vitality diffused through his whole system, and he radiates it with rare energy.

The Zion's Herald has for years been a choice family journal. It has lost nothing of its old energy and excellence. The Rev. D. Wise wields both the pen and the scissors with great skill and taste.

The Buffalo Christian Advocate is also enlarged, and is in every respect a fine paper.

The Pittsburg Christian Advocate is also moving onward in its regular course, supplying the wants of an important section of the Church.

The Central Christian Advocate, at St. Louis, has encountered some heavy gales, but bids fair to weather them nobly. Now that it is determined it shall live, we trust all its friends will rally to its support. By doing so, we are certain they will subserve the interests of Methodism in that section.

The California Christian Advocate has ceased to be a General conference paper; nevertheless, it still lives and flourishes. It is edited with decided ability, and is an excellent paper.

We should be glad to say more of these papers, but our space will not allow us.

A LECTURE ON ROMAN CATHOLICISM, by Rev. W. R. Litzinger, of the Ohio Conference.—Pamphlet, twenty-seven pages, 8vo.

THE GOSPEL MINISTRY—its Difficulties, Responsibilities, and Rewards, by Sinez.—Pamphlet, sixteen pages, 8vo.

ONEIDA CONFERENCE SEMINARY—Twenty-Ninth Annual Catalogue—located at Chambova, N. Y.—Principal, Rev. H. Bannister, D. D., assisted by 7 professors. Students—gentlemen, 283; ladies, 218; total, 501.

Notes and Queries.

ISE VERSUS IZE—LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GIVEN.—
"Dear Doctor,—I have just observed among the 'Notes and Queries' of the Repository for January a 'Query' as follows: 'Why do certain words terminate with *ise*, as Christianize, civilize, brutalize, while others terminate with *ize*, as compromise, advertise, enterprise? and by what rule shall we determine whether the termination shall be *ise* or *ize* in any given word?'

"Now, I do not profess any great skill in etymology, but to me both the rule and the reason called for above are sufficiently obvious. The rule may be as follows: The termination *ise* is used whenever the word is formed from a Latin past participle, as demise, advise, surmise, etc. There seem to be two classes of words—generally verbs—which end in *ize*. 1. Those which are but the English form of Greek verbs ending in *-ίζω*—as dogmatize, syllogize, etc. 2. Those which have adopted this form, though not of Greek origin. The root of these words is commonly a Latin adjective, as civil-ize, real-ize, brutal-ize, etc. The English language, when giving activity to the idea of these Latin adjectives, makes verbs out of them by the suffix *ize* after the Greek style. This explains the reason why, according to your Rule I, when a complete word would be left, the termination should be *ize*, and also explains your exception to the rule. The application of the above rule presupposes a knowledge of the Latin and Greek; there seems to be no rule for the mere English scholar."

OPENING UP—This expression is becoming more and more current in American literature. It is a Scotticism, and a correspondent of a Philadelphia religious paper wants information about the thing. We give a few of his remarks:

"Will not some one, who favors its adoption, inform the ignorant what is the force of the suffix *up*? Are we restricted to the one specification? May we not open *down* a subject, or open *through* it, or *over* it, or *about* it, or *into* it? I wish to be in the fashion, having long ago learned to talk about the 'stand-point,' the 'objective and subjective,' and made some progress in pronouncing 'aesthetics.'"

TITLE OF LL. D.—The question is often asked, "Why are two L's used to designate the title of Doctor of Laws?" In answer to this question, a critic writes:

"Some have accounted for it by supposing that the mystic letters mean 'Doctor of Law and Logic!' Others think they mean '*Literarius Legum Doctor*!' Now, the simple explanation is that the letters mean *Legum Doctor*, 'Doctor of Laws,' and the first letter is doubled according to the well-known practice of the Romans in abbreviating words of expressing a plural noun by a double letter. Some persons, not aware of this, write L. L. D. as if each letter stood for a word, instead of LL. D. As to the meaning and value of the title itself, I leave it to the 'Doctors' themselves to decide."

CURIOUS NOTES FROM AN OLD PARISH REGISTER IN NEW ENGLAND—The following notes have been recently taken from the records of the old Church in Andover, Mass.:

"January 17, 1712. Voted—under protest—yt those persons who have pews sit with their wives."

"November 10, 1713. Granted to Richard Barker foure

shillings, for his extraordinary trouble in swiping our Meeting-House ye past year."

"March 17, 1786. Voted, that all the English women in the parish, who marry or associate with negro, or mulatto men, be seated in the Meeting-House with the negro women."

"In 1799 it was voted, amid much opposition, to procure a bass viol."

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM FOR MEN TO SIT NEAREST THE PEW-DOOR IN CHURCHES—The English Querist says: "It is the custom in America for the head and male members of a family to have the sittings in a pew nearest the door, and it is supposed to have originated in the following manner: In former times it was customary for the Indians to attack a village on a Sunday, when they thought the men would be in church, and unprepared to receive them. The savages having been successful on several occasions, it became a necessary precaution for all the males to go armed, and having sittings near the door of a pew, to be enabled, on the first alarm, to leave the place where they were congregated, and repel the attack of their enemies."

CAMPBELL'S "ANGELS' VISITS"—Nothing can be more absurd or ungenerous than that hypercriticism which is constantly hunting up some antecedent to a felicitous expression, in order to rob its author of the credit he receives for it. Take, for example, Campbell's celebrated verse:

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

A surly English critic labors hard to show that it was "all but copied from Blair," and quotes the following from "The Grave" as evidence:

"Like an ill-used ghost
 Not to return; or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between."

He also shows that a similar phrase occurs in a poem of Norris, of Bemerton, who died in 1711:

"But those who soonest take their flight
 Are the most exquisite and strong,
 Like angels' visits, short and bright,
 Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

Very likely the same idea may be found elsewhere; but where is the evidence that either of these authors obtained it in any other way than that in which we obtain most of our ideas? We see not why it does not as much belong to Campbell as to Blair, and certainly he has expressed it with far more beauty and force.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK"—The notable expression "by hook or by crook," is said to have its origin in the following circumstance in England: Persons entitled to fuel wood in the king's forests were only authorized to take it of the dead wood or branches of trees in the forest. They were not permitted to use an ax in obtaining it, but only "a cart, a hook, and a crook."

SEMLER'S REPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OF A BAD BOOK—A publisher of erroneous and dangerous books assured Semler that he only gave them to the world in order to excite inquiry. "That," replied Semler, "is to set a town on fire in order to make a trial of the engines."

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

SHORT SERMONS.—The late Dr. Bogue is reported to have one day said to some of his students, "Do you suppose that people have nothing to do but to listen to your emptiness by the hour?"—a rebuke too pettishly given, and too severe. But there is propriety in Lamont's remark, "There is no excuse for a long sermon: if it be good, it need not be long; and if it be bad, it ought not to be long." Queen Anne, after hearing Dr. South, said, "You have given us an excellent sermon, Dr. South: I wish you had had time to make it longer." "Nay, please your Majesty," said he, "I wish I had had time to make it shorter." Whitefield and Wesley, and most of the early Methodists, were short. Why do not many of their successors follow their example?

TURNING FROM NOTHING TO NOTHING.—A female, who had more of the form of godliness than of the power, one day said to Mr. Cecil, "Sir, have you heard that I am going to turn from the Dissenters to the Church?" "Madam," he replied, "you are turning from nothing to nothing."

THE HORSE-FAIR SERMON.—One evening, in a rather crowded place, a minister was preaching very *finely* and *flourishingly* to little purpose, from the "white horse," and the "red horse," and the "black horse," and the "pale horse," in the Revelations. Robert Hall, who was present, sat very impatiently, and when the sermon closed he pushed out toward the door, saying, "Let me out of this horse-fair."

THE THREE HARDEST WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—A very learned man has said, "The three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, '*vous mistaken*;' " and when Frederick the Great wrote his letter to the Senate—"I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault."—Goldsmith says, "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."

ANECDOTE OF ROWLAND HILL, OR FAMILY PRAYER AT A TAVERN.—Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm of rain into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late, the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer." "Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir: we never have such things here." "Indeed! then tell your master, I can not go to bed till we have had family prayer." The waiter informed his master, who, in great consternation, bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said, "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I can not go till I have seen all the lights out. I am so afraid of fire." "So am I," was the reply: "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer." "All very good, sir; but it can not be done at an inn." "Indeed! then pray get me my horse. I can not sleep in a house where there is no family prayer." The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice, rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have prayer; but I don't know how." "Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life. I don't know how." "Ask God to teach you,"

was the gentle reply. The landlord said, folding his hands, "God, teach us how to pray." "That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully; "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." "Yes, you do: God has taught you how to pray. Now thank him for it." "Thank you, God almighty, for letting us pray to you!" "Amen! Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and prayed himself. Two years afterward, Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as the result of the first effort of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

THE PROUD LADY AND THE POOR GIRL.—The following lines are from one of James Russell Lowell's poems:

"Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness;
Here comes one whose cheek would blush,
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary 'brodery in,
And in midnights, chill and murky,
Stitch'd her life into her work;
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her bitter thought,
Heart's-Ease and Forget-me-not;
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there!"

ELEVEN HAPPY DAYS IN A LIFETIME.—"Were I offered the choice," said Byron, "either to live my life over again, or to live as many years more onward, I should certainly prefer the first; yet my young days have been vastly more unhappy than I believe those of other men commonly are. I once attempted to enumerate the days I had lived which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy; I could never make them amount to more than eleven; and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether, between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen."

ON ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.—Don't attempt too much. Knives that contain ninety blades, four cork-screws, and a boot-jack, are very seldom brought into action; and for this reason, in attempting too much, they become so clumsy and ponderous that men of small patience can't "get the hang" of them.

SLANDER.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:

"The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements, too:
On every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew."

THE TRIBUNE ON OUR MILITIA SYSTEM.—The Tribune has a good remark on the subject of our militia system. "Think," says that paper, "how disastrous it would prove, if all the conceit and lust of command that are blown off harmlessly through that channel, should be pent up to swell and fester till they found relief when met to organize combinations for carrying on the serious business of life!"

THE PAST.—To the good and wise

"The freshness of the past shall still
Sacred to Memory's holiest musings be."

Editor's Table.

ARTICLE ON MRS. SIGOURNEY.—Not having watched the progress of filling up this number as carefully as we might have done, we found, when it was too late to remedy the thing, that we had not reserved all the space we desired for our review of Mrs. Sigourney's writings. We are, therefore, tempted to throw in one or two items here touching upon other traits than those considered in our article. Critics agree in opinion that of all her longer poems "Pocahontas" is the best sustained.

"Oriaka" is a fine specimen of descriptive and narrative poetry. The closing scene, where the wretched Indian woman, with her little son, steers her canoe over the Falls of Niagara, is described with singular graphic power:

"And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,
She raised him in her arms, and clasp'd him close.
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftness drove
Down toward the unfathom'd gulf, while chilling spray
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,
With a low, stifled sob.

And thus they took
Their awful pathway to eternity.
One ripple on the mighty river's brink,
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge,
And at the foot of that most dire abyss
One gleam of flitting robe, and raven tress,
And feathery coronet—and all was o'er,
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge
Sounding their epitaph."

Our article, in its fragmentary state, may also create the impression that genial wit and humor never sparkle in her writings. To correct such an impression, we will append "An Old Story," done up into verse. It is alike amusing and instructive. Some of our readers may have seen it before, but they will bid it welcome again:

"Says Tom to Jem, as forth they went
To walk one evening fine,
'I wish the sky a great green field,
And all that pasture mine.'

'And I,' says Jem, 'wish yonder stars,
That there so idly shine,
Were every one a good fat ox,
And all those oxen mine!'

'Where would your herd of cattle graze?'
'Why, in your pasture fair.'
'They should not, that's a fact,' said Tom;
'They shall not, I declare!'

With that they frowned, and struck, and fought,
And fiercely stood at bay,
And for a foolish fancy cast
Their old regard away.

And many a war, on broader scale,
Hath stained the earth with gore,
For castles in the air, that fell
Before the strife was o'er."

Mrs. Sigourney has recently been called to experience anew the sorrows of bereavement, in the sudden death of her husband. We believe that a daughter is now all of her family that remains to her on earth. She has our sympathy in her sorrows; but she has a higher solace than human sympathy. Her muse may be chas-

tened by these sorrows, but not silenced. Rather may it be tuned to higher and holier melodies!

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*The Western Clearing*.—In the very places where many of our readers now live were once witnessed scenes like that exhibited in this plate. The wild scene in the wilderness, the rude log-cabin home, the fire kindled beneath the branches of the forest-trees, are not mere fancy dreams, but real memories. The hunter in the picture has been successful in the chase, and his faithful dog shares in his pride of success. His "helpmeet" has kindled the fire and hung on the pot. We have no doubt the family will enjoy a royal feast; not all the luxuries that could be crowded upon the tables of wealth could make them more happy. We catch a glimpse of the children of this pioneer couple. The oldest son, a sturdy lad, is bringing a huge fagot for the fire; the second—we have our suspicions about him—seems to be holding up that old tree, or it may be that he is cutting it down, or, what is equally possible, frightening away some "varmint" of the Indian or wild-cat race; the third—a brave "eight year old"—is not afraid of the dead stag—not he! but the loveliest of all—the pet of all—dares not come quite so near. We hope our gentle readers, accustomed to the comforts and conveniences—nay, the superfluities—of old and established homes, will not look upon this as a scene of sorrow, privation, and suffering, rendered tolerable only by a faint glimpse of hope dimly seen. There is often more real happiness in a backwoods hovel than in a city palace.

Early Piety, we think, can not but commend itself to the hearts of our pious readers. The custom of reading the Bible daily upon the knees—secluded from the world and alone with God—is beautiful beyond expression. It can not fail to leave impressions divine and lasting on the soul of childhood and youth. The picture reminds us of the following beautiful stanza from a poem found in the *Englishwoman's Magazine*:

"And low within a quiet room
There knelt a fair young child;
The bright tears glisten'd in her eye,
But while she pray'd, she smil'd.
For beautiful and holy thoughts,
Gleams from the light above,
Had tuned her infant lips to praise,
And fill'd her heart with love."

We can scarcely wonder that her eye as well as her heart should be drawn heavenward.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The author of "Liberty's Lament" says, in a note to the editor, "I suspect you will think there is more *truth* than *poetry* in these lines." The result justifies the suspicion of the author; for though the lines contain much truth—and expressed, too, with considerable force—they lack the smoothness of poetry.

A poem on "Spring," commencing,

"Sweet Spring has returned with her soft balmy air,
And banished bleak winter away,"

has been read several times; but we could never quite make up our mind to insert it. In several instances there is rather too much constraint or effort in order to get the right measure and rhyme.

The editor can not agree with the author of "The Weeping Parent's Life-Dream" in his opinion that it is "worthy" of a place in the Repository.

"The Dying Blind Man to his Wife" has been "viewed and reviewed," and once or twice been almost on the point of receiving an insertion. Now we lay it aside; but not till we have culled the four following stanzas, which contain a beautiful conception:

"I oft have wished these darkened eyes
Might here behold thy face,
That when I meet thee in the skies
I could the semblance trace.
For, O, methinks that even there
I shall thy presence miss;
And only wish with thee to share
That world of untold bliss.
But, Mary, surely thou wilt know
Thy William's face in heaven?
Thou who didst love him here below,
Till earth's frail ties were riven?
And, Mary, surely thine will seek
My spirit in that sphere:
O rapturous thought! we there shall meet,
Nor death nor parting fear."

We would encourage the author of "The Spirit of the Passing Year" to use her pen; but the present production has hardly enough merit to warrant its insertion.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.—*Living when Every Body is Dead.*—A little girl was discovered lying on the bed in her own room, passionately weeping. To the inquiry what caused her grief, she answered:

"O dear! I am so afraid I shall live till every body is dead that I love, and not a creature will be left to cry at my funeral."

Good Lampe that have Gone to Heaven.—Two little children were admiring the stars, as they came forth on the summer sky.

"What do you suppose they are?" said one.

"I think," said the other, "they are nice lampe, that have been good and gone to heaven."

You Great Ugly Rooster.—A little girl, who had great kindness of heart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather her chickens under her sheltering wings, and shouted earnestly:

"O! don't sit down on those beautiful little birds, you great, ugly, old rooster."

Saying Good-Night to God.—The hour had come for retiring, and a sweet little girl was bidding good-night to the family, while her kind nurse stood waiting for her at the parlor-door. She climbed her father's knee to tell him how much she loved him, and gave many kisses to the baby. Her mother, as she embraced her, whispered: "You will not forget your prayers."

"O no, mamma dear, I love to say good-night to God, too."

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—The commendatory notes of kind friends, if they do not appear here, are duly appreciated. The following speaks of our artist, and will speak to the hearts of many of our readers:

"I doubt not your numerous letters try your patience; but permit me to write a few lines to you from my wild retreat in the 'Egypt of Illinois.' Three days since I received the December number of the Ladies' Repository, and I wish to thank you again and again for that beautiful engraving—'The Mother's Dream.' O, how my heart was wrung with sorrow, when I first opened the Repository, and saw that exquisite creation of artistic genius! and at the same moment I could but thank the

kind Disposer of all events for a *reassurance* that I have an angel in heaven. Others may *appreciate* the beauty of the engraving, but none but a bereaved mother can *feel* it. Two short months have not passed since I was the happy mother of a darling babe; but death came, and snatched from my bosom my pride, my pet, my Willie. He was seven months old. I fancy I see him now as he lay, an angel of sweetness, in his little coffin. Black hair waved over the most beautiful of foreheads, and his eyes, once so black and brilliant, were closed as in a quiet slumber. I dressed him in a alip he had been accustomed to wear, and placed some natural flowers around his little dimpled hands. Thus his body rests beneath the sod, while the cold December blast chants his requiem. Pardon me, a stranger, for thus addressing you, but I felt as though it would do me good. I have not forgotten your buried ones, and I know you can sympathize."

To the above, out of all our collection, we have room to add only the following lines from Mrs. R. S. Nichols, received too late for insertion in the body of the work, and too good to be delayed:

SUNSET.

The ice-matted winter beards the tender Spring,
And nips her children with unimely frost;
Discrowned and shoreless, doth the warrior-king
Return to battle for his empire lost!
He blurs the edges of her robes of green,
And with his frozen armies, snow and hail,
Encamps upon the hills and gorge between,
And bids the north wind ride the whistling gale!
The waves dash howling on the flinty coast,
Or climb with giant strides the level sands;
While o'er the billows, like a tortured ghost,
The noble ship drifts wildly, ere it strands.
The Earth is dumb, and Spring imploring waits
The Sun's advancement through the vernal gates!

A NOTE TO THE PATRONS AND FRIENDS OF THE REPOSITORY.—Our plea in the February number for twenty thousand subscribers reminds us of an incident that came under our observation some years since. A Sunday school enterprise was on hand, and a considerable amount of money was to be raised. The boys and girls were all at work. We met one of the keenest of our little allies one day, just after he had made his application to one of our liberal members. The little fellow seemed so chagrined and downcast, that for the moment we supposed he had, for some cause, been repulsed. "What's the matter?" we inquired, calling him by name. Absorbed in his own thoughts and hardly half conscious of our presence, he exclaimed, in a tone of self-vexation, "*My! he gave the one dollar so easy, I wish I had asked him for two!*" We must confess to something of the same feeling, when we found our list running up to twenty-two thousand before our plea for twenty thousand had time to get out. We felt rather vexed that we had not said twenty-five thousand. It will hardly be generous for us now to ask for more; but our friends will all understand that *they are not bound to stop sending in subscriptions.*

We have received many letters, both from the east and west, complaining of the late reception of the January number. This delay is easily explained. 1. Many of the subscriptions came in late. 2. The agents had not anticipated so large an increase of subscribers in these hard times, and it was necessary to print several thousand more to meet the increased demand. This required time. We trust, now that we are fairly afloat, there will be no further cause for complaint.



THE REARING HORSE



Sarah Josepha Hale

ESQ. AND REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE LATE MR. HALE

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1855.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE propose, in the series contemplated under the above general head, to take some initial steps toward introducing the readers of the Repository to a better acquaintance with the most eminent literary women of our country. Few, except those who have paid particular attention to the subject, are aware of the number of women devoted to literary pursuits in our country, and the substantial contributions they have made and are now making to our literature. If the habits and tastes of the women are the best criterion by which to form a judgment of the social and intellectual character of a people, as it has been asserted, then the American people may be proud to be judged by that standard; for they not only stand pre-eminent in their devoted attention to the substantial interests of female education, but also for the large number of women who have entered the walks of literature, crowning themselves and their country with honor.

Among those women who have labored assiduously and long to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of her sex, few are deserving of more honorable record than Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale.

The maiden name of Mrs. Hale was Buell; and the late lamented Judge Buell, of the state of New York, was her brother. Her parents at first resided in Saybrook, Conn., but removed from that place soon after the Revolutionary war, and settled in Newport, a pleasant village nestled among the hills of New Hampshire. Here she was born, in 1795. Her mother was a woman of more than ordinary powers of mind, and, in the absence of suitable schools, took the principal charge of the education of her daughter. To this work she devoted herself assiduously

and successfully; and now in the height of her fame, the daughter delights in making acknowledgment of that gentle influence which first inspired within her the desire of knowledge and the love of literature. In 1809 a brother, older than herself by some years, graduated at Dartmouth College; and by him she was still further guided and assisted in her studies. Under his tuition she studied Latin, mental philosophy, and the higher branches of mathematics. Of her early education and reading she says, "I was mainly educated by my mother, and strictly taught to make the Bible the guide of my life. The books to which I had access were few, very few, in comparison with the number given to children nowadays; but they were such as required to be studied—and I did study them. Next to the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress, my earliest reading was Milton, Addison, Pope, Johnson, Cowper, Burns, and a portion of Shakspeare. I did not obtain all his works till I was nearly fifteen." This will sufficiently indicate the mental training to which she was subject, and also her predominant literary taste even in childhood.

At the early age of nineteen she was married to David Hale, a young lawyer of distinguished abilities and great excellence of character. He had formed a high estimate of the abilities of his young wife, and was anxious for their full development. "We commenced," says she, "soon after our marriage, a system of study and reading which we pursued while he lived. The hours allowed were from eight o'clock in the evening till ten; two hours in the twenty-four. How I enjoyed these hours! In all our mental pursuits it seemed the aim of my husband to enlighten my reason, strengthen my judgment, and give me confidence in my own powers of mind, which he estimated much higher than I. But this approbation which he bestowed on my talents has been of great encouragement to me in attempting

the duties that have since become my portion. And if there is any just praise due to the works I have prepared, the sweetest thought is—that *his name* bears the celebrity." In this way they studied French, botany, mineralogy, geology, etc., besides pursuing a long and instructive course of miscellaneous reading. The delicate allusion to the name—"his name"—of her departed husband above, so strongly reminds us of that beautiful poem—"I Sing to Him"—that we can not forbear quoting it at this point. It is conceived with great delicacy, and manifests true and deep sensibility:

"I sing to him! I dream he hears
The song he used to love,
And oft that blessed fancy cheers
And bears my thoughts above.
Ye say 'tis idle thus to dream—
But why believe it so?
It is the spirit's meteor gleam
To soothe the pang of woe.

Love gives to nature's voice a tone
That true hearts understand—
The sky, the earth, the forest lone,
Are peopled by his wand;
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill
While gazing on a flower,
And from the gently whispering rill
Is heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherished name,
And long-lost scenes arise;
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same,
The same Hope's kindling skies;
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree,
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,
My buried love, with thee—

O, these are all before me, when
In fancy's realms I rove;
Why urge me to the world again?
Why say the ties of love,
That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,
Unite no more below?
I'll sing to him—for though in heaven,
He surely heeds my woe."

Mr. Hale died suddenly in 1822, about eight years after their marriage. His entrance upon professional life had been of a most honorable and successful character; but his time had been too brief to accumulate much beyond what was necessary to meet the present wants of a young family. By his death, five children, the eldest of whom was only seven years old, became dependent upon her, not merely for their education and training, but for their support. Nobly did she nerve herself to a task that would have overwhelmed a woman of only ordinary firmness of purpose with despair. The pursuits of literature had heretofore been prosecuted as a means of improvement, and for the love of it; she now

engaged in it as a means of supporting and educating her children. It was a chilling prospect, but a mother's love and a woman's faith nerved her for the work.

In 1823 a small volume—"The Genius of Oblivion, and other Original Poems"—was published for her benefit by the Freemasons, of which order her husband had been a distinguished member during his life. "Northwood; a Tale of New England," followed in 1827. This was in two volumes, and was published in Boston. It was republished in London under the title of "A New England Tale," and was highly commended by the English journals. In this country it at once established the reputation of the author, and has continued to hold an enviable place among the choice literary productions of this country for nearly thirty years. The object of the work is to illustrate common life among the descendants of the Puritans. This she has done with singular fidelity and great effect. The prominent characters of a New England village—such as the squire, the doctor, the deacon, etc.—are delineated with striking naturalness and force.

The literary career of Mrs. Hale had now fairly commenced. She was soon invited to the editorial charge of "The Ladies' Magazine," the first periodical exclusively devoted to ladies which appeared in America. Accordingly she removed to Boston in 1828, and continued the principal editor of the Ladies' Magazine till 1837, when it was merged in the Ladies' Book, published in Philadelphia, and of which Mrs. Hale then became and has continued to the present time to be the principal editor. She continued, however, to reside in Boston till 1841, in order that she might superintend the education of her sons, then students in Harvard University.

Her untiring industry in the use of the pen is fully evidenced in the amount of literary matter she has given to the public. During the past twenty-six years she has been the principal editor of a monthly magazine, requiring a vast amount of labor to secure, cull, and prune suitable material for its columns. Those columns have also been constantly enriched with the productions of her own pen. In addition to this, however, she has published the following works; namely, "Traits of American Life;" "Sketches of American Character;" "Flora's Interpreter"—a charming work, which was speedily republished in England; "The Ladies' Wreath, a Selection from the Female Poets of England and America;" "The Way to Live Well, and to be Well while we Live;" "Grosvenor, a Tragedy;" "Alice Ray, a Romance in Rhyme;" "Harry

Guy, the Widow's Son, a Story of the Sea;" "Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and other Poems;" "A Complete Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, containing Selections from the writings of the Poets of England and America," and making a volume of nearly six hundred double-column, large octavo pages; "Liberia, or Mr. Peyton's Experiments;" "Woman's Record;" and "The Bible Reading-Book." She has also edited "The Opal," a popular annual, "The Crocus," and several other works. Besides these works, there are a large number of tales, essays, and poems—the productions of her pen—which lie scattered among the periodicals of the day. These are sufficient to fill several volumes, and she intends, after completing her editorial career, to collect and publish them in book form.

"While living in Boston," says Professor Hart, "Mrs. Hale originated the noble idea of the 'Seaman's Aid Society,' over which she was called to preside, and of which she continued to be the president till her removal to Philadelphia. This institution, or, rather, Mrs. Hale as its animating spirit, first suggested a plan of a 'Home for Sailors,' and showed its practicability by establishing one in Boston, which became completely successful. The many establishments of this kind now existing in various ports all took their origin in that of the Boston 'Seaman's Aid Society,' and in the ideas and reasonings of their first seven annual reports, all of which were from the pen of Mrs. Hale. Nothing that she has ever written probably has been more productive of good than this series of annual reports; and though they may be, from their official character, such as to add nothing to her literary laurels, they certainly form an important addition to her general claims to honor as one of the wise and good of the land."

The principal collection of Mrs. Hale's poems is that published in 1848; namely, "Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and other Poems." This collection embraces some of her best poems previously published. The Vigil of Love, which gives name to the volume, is a romantic story of a heroine and her lover, a state prisoner, who escaped from England to this country. As the lady is waiting the return of her husband on a stormy night, her imagination conjures up strange fancies of ghosts and witches. These fancies are managed with admirable tact by the author, who must have been somewhat familiar with stories of ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins in her childhood; and the interest is not permitted to flag till the husband is restored, when the strange fancies, of course, evaporate as a thing of naught.

A fragment may give an idea of the poem as well as the skill of the author:

"Once a holy man was set
Watching where the witches met.
Open Bible, naked sword—
And three candles on the board—
There the godly man was set
Watching where the witches met;
Knowing well his dreadful doom,
Should they drive him from the room.

The candles three were burning bright,
The sword was flashing back the light,
As it struck the deep midnight;
While the holy book he read,
And all was still as are the dead.

Suddenly there came a roar
Like breakers on a rocky shore,
When the ocean's thundering boom
Knells the mariner to his tomb.
The good man felt the struggling strife,
As the ship went down with its load of life!
His seat was shaken by the roar,
And upward seemed to rise the floor!
While round and round, as eddies hurl,
The room and table seemed to whirl!
Yet still the holy book read he,
And prayed for those who sail the sea.

Then came a shrieking, wild and high,
As when flames are bursting nigh,
And their blood has stained the sky!
'Fly! fly! fly!' in a strangling cry,
Was hoarsely rattled on his ear—
While the crackling flames came near!
And still the holy book read he,
And prayed for those where fires might be.

And then appeared a sight of dread;
The roof was opened above his head;
He saw, in the far-off, dusky view,
A bloody hand and an arm came through!"

In the lady's wild imaginings, these tales of childhood seem to become present realities, and all their horrible descriptions become, for the moment, horrible experiences. The poem throughout is finely sustained, and yet we hesitate to give it that prominence among the author's poems which she herself seems to have given it.

"Alice Ray," which is included in this collection, is not only beautiful in its versification, but especially wins upon us by the simplicity and delicacy of its imagery, and also for the felicity of language employed in its expression. Take the following stanza from the description of Alice Ray; it is a life-picture:

"The birds their love-notes warble
Among the blossom'd trees;
The flowers are sighing forth their sweets
To wooing honey-bees;
The glad brook o'er a pebbly floor
Goes dancing on its way;
But not a thing is so like spring
As happy Alice Ray."

There is one single poem of only four stanzas from the pen of Mrs. Hale which is enough to demonstrate her claim to companionship with the muses. Few poems in our language exhibit a deeper gush of sympathy or more striking power of expression than "The Watcher." It has traversed the country through a thousand channels of communication, and been set to music again and again; but still there will be no apology needed for its introduction here entire:

"The night was dark and fearful,
The blast went wailing by;
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazes—
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain:
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be:
'But O! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there:
O! young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your stope,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lip was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
'There's light for us above!"

Another fine poem from the pen of Mrs. Hale is "Iron"—as remarkable for the easy flow of its versification as for the force and energy of its expression. We take three of its stanzas—not the most energetic of them, however:

"Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries!
Words, the prophet bards had uttered,
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the weird-like sibyl muttered,
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendor
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render—
All portend a better age.

Sisyphus, forever toiling,
Was the type of tolling men,

While the stone of power, recolling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan to the Queen of Love!
Rugged Strength and radiant Beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us,
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us,
When the Gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change, expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged iron forms the key!"

We had marked several additional illustrative examples of poetry, especially "The Power of Music" and the "Sabbath Rest;" but want of space compels us to omit them.

As a prose writer, we are not certain but what Mrs. Hale has won still higher honor than as a poet. Of her "Northwood" we have already spoken. Her great prose work is "Woman's Record." It is a work of over nine hundred large double-column, octavo pages, and is the result of many years of patient toil. It embraces a biographical sketch and a brief portraiture of the character of the distinguished women of the world from mother Eve down to the time of its publication, and also brief illustrative selections from those who were authors. Professor Hart justly says, "It needs no prophetic vision to predict that this great work will be an endearing 'Record,' not only of woman in general, but of the high aims, the indefatigable industry, the varied reading, and just discrimination of its ever-to-be-honored author."

It is evident that Mrs. Hale is a hard student, and that her productions are the result of laborious, persevering effort. She did not flash out upon the world as with a meteor glare and as rapidly pass away. But her literary reputation has been of gradual growth, and consequently rests upon a firmer basis; for every stone in the foundation has been laid with great care, and has been thoroughly tested. Indeed, we mistake if her own powers have not been of gradual and continuous development. Certain it is that in both her prose and poetical productions of later years there is an evident improvement in all the elements that characterize a strong and genial writer. Alice Ray, if we recollect right, was produced

as lately as 1848, and several of her best productions are of a still later date. When we consider the trying circumstances under which she entered upon her literary career, and mark her energy, devotion, and perseverance, we can not but accord to her the honor of having richly deserved the success with which her efforts have been crowned. Her aim at the outset—the honorable support and education of her children—was not only noble, but worthy of her woman's heart. Nor do we wonder that, commencing with such aims, her whole course of literary labors should have been directed to noble and philanthropic ends. "Her constant aim is to show the true sources of strength and cheerfulness amid the trials of life, and to inspire the hope that looks beyond it." In all these respects she is not only an honor, but a noble example to her sex.

We regard her as a practical illustration of the "Last Words," with which she closes her "Woman's Record," and we quote not only in honor of herself, but as a specimen of her prose composition:

"'Be good' was the dying injunction of the great novelist to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. 'It is the divinest thing to be good,' wrote the pious John Foster to his unknown lady correspondent. 'Goodness is beauty in its best estate,' sings the old poet Marlowe; and the high-souled Tennyson strikes the key-note of human greatness in the sentiment, 'Tis only noble to be good.' This personal goodness, the complement of all the virtues and accomplishments of humanity, should be the grand aim of life. The true object of all philosophy is to discover the ways and means by which this aim may be wrought out in the best manner.

"If you had a precious plant to rear and develop, would you trust it to the care of an ignorant person, who knew little or nothing of its nature, structure, properties, and uses? Would you not rather seek sedulously for one well skilled in the knowledge, theoretically at least, of plants, and their capacities for being improved by judicious culture, or injured by neglect and hurtful modes of training? Moreover, if this plant had been, by its Maker, consigned to the keeping of one guardian, in an especial manner, which could not be changed or superseded, would you not consider it true wisdom to qualify that person for the office of developing the tender shoots of the plant, pruning its luxuriance, and training its tendrils and its inclination in the right way to insure its greatest perfection?

"God gave to woman's keeping this forming power over humanity. Never will the best ca-

pacities, spiritual and physical, be developed in a healthy state, and directed heavenward, as the immortal should tend, till the female sex are fitted for their duties, and honored when discharging them faithfully—duties, the first, the highest, the holiest, which the Creator has intrusted to human beings.

"Greatness is most perfect when it acts with the least display of self; power is more efficient when moving the will through the heart. Let us, as American ladies, cultivate the virtues, the knowledge, the accomplishments, which will influence, imbue, and inspire the other sex to do the work of the world to the glory of God; then the woman will truly shine forth as the glory of the man!"

A CHAPTER ON TATTLING.

PROFESSING Christians sometimes seem practically to follow the fashion of the Romanists, by dividing sins into mortal and venial. Those which openly violate the common principles of morality seem to be regarded in the former light; while such as do not injure one's good name and standing in society are placed in the latter category. We apprehend that talebearing is looked upon as a venial sin. Not a few whose profession should restrain them from its practice have the reputation of being addicted to it. Nevertheless, it is in direct contravention of the revealed will of God, who says, "Thou shalt not go up as a talebearer among thy people."

The disposition to tattle may arise either from malignant motives or from a natural propensity for gossip. The latter, while it may be less criminal in intention, is often not the less injurious to society in its results. A fondness for news-bearing leads to spreading abroad details of personal character which had better be locked up in one's own bosom. Rumors circulated, with however innocent an intention, usually grow in their progress. What was true at first becomes a vile untruth before it has run its race; and the person who started the snow-ball, or, rather, the scot-ball, the rolling is responsible, in no small measure, for what it accumulates before it has reached the bottom of the hill. The propensity to hear news, in common with all other passions, gains by indulgence. A fondness for telling it begets a desire for hearing it, till at last the tattler becomes little else than a locomotive news-office. Follow such a one through a series of morning calls, and you will find that at each successive house the intelligence gathered at the preceding one is

reported, while in return fresh stores are laid in for the next visit. The characters of friends and acquaintances are freely discussed; personal looks, dress, manners, expenditure, the private affairs of domestic life, all come in for a share in the strictures.

The occupation of a newsmonger is, at best, a most unworthy and unamiable one. How unworthy the dignity and propriety of one who aspires to a respectable standing! How unbecoming the claims of good neighborhood! How mean and contemptible the employment of a peddler of gossip! How narrow and low the ideas of one who can never rest satisfied without extorting from all associates whatever they may happen to know about their neighbors! "In the company of some persons," says the venerated Jay, "we are in a perfect inquisition: we are tortured with questions concerning every body and every thing. It would be well for many professors of religion if they would remember that they are accountable not only for their time, but their tongues." What right has any member of society thus to subject all with whom he comes in contact to the rack, extorting from them, often by indirection and artifice, that which they would fain have kept from the public ear, and then publishing it from the house-tops?

In the smaller communities, where all are known to each other, and where even domestic and personal matters must be, to a great extent, accessible to the espionage of Argus-eyed busy-bodies, there are ample materials for the spoiler to use in his despicable work. He can readily find out enough of truth to serve as a basis for a plausible falsehood. It is not necessary either that he shall be known, as having laid and fired the train which is designed to blow to atoms the fair name of his neighbor. He can suggest falsehoods through cunningly shaped interrogatories; he can make his statements impersonal, introducing them with "It is said," or hide himself behind some such forms of speech as are familiar to practiced traducers. His darts are hurled from behind an ambush.

It is not only the tattler himself, however, that sins. Those who give a ready audience to his tales become partakers of his guilt. Without auditors, he would have but little encouragement to prosecute his work. Not a few are there who become thus accessory to this great evil, occupying toward the talebearer the same relative position of the receiver of stolen goods to the thief who purloined them. "Calumny," says Leighton, "would starve and die of itself, if nobody took it in and gave it lodging. When malice

pours it out, if our ears be shut against it, and there be no vessel to receive it, it would fall like water upon the ground, and could no more be gathered up; but there is that same busy humor that men have, a kind of delight or contentment to hear evil of others, unless it be of such as they affect—to hear others slighted and disesteemed—that they readily drink in, not without some pleasure, whatsoever is spoken of this kind."

Every right-minded person owes it to himself to close his ears against the tattler. Instead of a countenance indicative of interest in the details of gossip and slander, let it be seen that such narratives meet your disapprobation. New topics of conversation can easily be introduced to turn away the thoughts from the unwelcome theme; or, as a true friend to the absent, who little suspects the mischievous work which has been going on against him, you can come to his defense, and, doing toward him as you would have him do toward you in similar circumstances, endeavor to palliate alleged faults and indiscretions, and strive to set out his virtues against the slanderer's tales. That was an admirable resolution of the excellent Simeon, "Always to hear as little as possible that was to the prejudice of others."

LEAD ME THERE.

BY MARY J. HAMMER.

"When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

When gloomy, dark imaginings
Flit o'er the heart with shadowy wings;
When hope derides, and faith grows dim,
And sorrow's draught overflows the brim;
When faint and weak the heart's low prayer,
Then, then, in pity, lead me there.

When Friendship's fetters weak have grown—
When all her bright hopes overthrown,
Seem sinking back to native dust,
As every earthly tenant must;
When fond hopes die that dawned so fair,
Then lead my weary spirit there.

When holy lovelight dawns awhile,
With sweet cares and happy smile,
Lifting the heart to pleasures high,
Then leaving it alone to die;
When this my fate, again in prayer,
Direct my fainting spirit there.

'Tis even there—'tis there alone,
Where He who reigns on highest throne
Forever dwells, that we can find
Unfading joys, true peace of mind—
Whate'er my joys, whate'er my care,
O ever, ever lead me there!

THE MISSIONARY OFFERING.

BY RACHEL L. BODLEY.

UPON the snow-mantled streets of a western city reposed the solemn hush of a Sabbath twilight. The icy breath of the relentless Frost-King had driven within doors the last belated wanderer, and now, quite alone, the white-robed "Queen" communed with the fading sunset clouds, and in the deepening solitude foreshadowed to the evening star, who peered quietly forth upon the silent scene, that heavenly rest which, in the coming future, remains for the people of God.

Suddenly, as if by a miraculous power the mute worshiper had found a voice of praise, pealed forth the Sabbath evening bells—not in the cathedral measure of a vesper chime, but in the free, cordial ringing of Protestant bells—awaking the sleeping echoes of the distant hill-sides in their successful endeavor to win from the fireside group of a thousand happy homes, the living tide which should fill the evening sanctuary with the incense of prayer and the song of thanksgiving.

The keen air of the January night moaned a mournful refrain to the cheery music, sweeping in fitful gusts through the opening doors, and prolonging its saddest notes beneath the frost-wreathed windows; but to no purpose, as the early thronged streets abundantly testified.

The avenues leading to a church in — street were unusually crowded. Evidently within the sacred precincts were to be enacted scenes of an unwonted character. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the door, and Wealth, clothed in fur and expensive apparel, entered the house of prayer. Poverty in like manner entered, unpalled by splendor or show; and both, joining hands at the threshold, seated themselves within the spacious temple, alike to worship and adore their common Father. Unsatisfied Wealth and discontented Poverty likewise passed the portals, each bent upon the accomplishment of its own selfish ends in thus coming into the presence-chamber of the Most High.

Still the bells cried "Come;" still from the distant hill-sides was echoed the familiar "Come;" and still from homes far and near hasted a willing multitude.

At length the call was heard no longer. The hour of prayer had arrived; and as the busy pattering of feet upon the pavements died away into an occasional footfall, the sound of many voices arose from within in a triumphant strain of holy song. No announcement of page or

number of hymn had been needed, for, when the organ pealed forth the familiar air of Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn, the great congregation arose as one man, and, amid teeming memories of cradle teachings and a Christian home, old age, manhood, and sunny childhood, united in the blended chorus, nor ceased till, in a triumph more fitting for a heavenly than an earthly temple, the closing strain inspired many a Christian breast, and granted prophetic vision to many a moistened eye—

"The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returned to reign."

The assemblage was for a missionary purpose. A young missionary was that night to be set apart for his holy work, and during that solemn hour to sunder the ties which bound him closely and tenderly to Christians at home, henceforth to be a "cross-bearer" amid heathen darkness—a "crown-wearer" in spirit and in deed. The service of the evening proceeded; the prayers were offered, and the sermon preached in impressive earnestness, by fathers in Israel, like unto those whose passage over Jordan we even now tremblingly await, fearful that there will none remain worthy to receive the mantle of their childlike faith and prevailing prayer.

Then before the spell-bound multitude the young missionary kneeled. Holy hands were laid upon his head, and he, the talented, the much-esteemed scholar and divine, was consecrated to his holy mission—talents, influence, earthly love, himself, his all; and when after the hearty amen, responded to by hundreds of Christian hearts, he arose, his eye radiant with joy, though dimmed with weeping, many a heartless votary of fashion and of wealth was made to realize that in the religion of the cross, so long despised by them, there was a reality and a power such as they never dreamed of before.

Ere the audience dispersed a collection was to be made in behalf of the missionary society, under whose fostering care the ordained of the evening was to prosecute his labors in eastern Asia. The heart is rarely affected that the purse is not correspondingly opened. Accordingly, the rich of their abundance and the poor of their scarcity cheerfully responded to the call, and the clinking of silver and gold and the peculiar rustle of bank notes were on all sides heard.

And it came to pass that a poor widow was numbered in the throng; her only companion, a little daughter, sat beside her. The garments of both bespoke poverty; while the scrupulous neatness with which they were arranged told of

refinement and religion. They were seated near the pulpit, the widow having sought the place of worship early that she might secure a location calculated to inspire devotional feeling, and at the same time remove from her child the temptation for gazing incident to the filling of a church in a large city. It was not motives of curiosity which had brought them thither. To both mother and child the hero of the evening was a familiar friend. Not a friendship of cold formality was theirs, but the warm, throbbing affection founded on the Gospel basis—"the giving of a cup of cold water in Christ's name."

Hospitality dwells not alone beneath the wealthy home-roof, but oftentimes treasures her richest bounties at the hearthside of the poor. This fact had this missionary elect learned, as during the last two years of his student-life he had, in connection with his studies, performed the labors of a city missionary. His winning address and acknowledged talent procured him a welcome to the hearts and homes of scores of wealthy Christians; but it was not to their abodes that, when weary and soul-sick, he best loved to hie.

In his visits among the lowly he traced for a long time the footprints of a faithful tract-distributor before he could ascertain her name or residence. The sorrowing mother would speak of her as "the good lady who gave the advice that saved her erring boy;" the invalid child would smile when she heard his footsteps, thinking that the kind teacher was coming who told her about Jesus making "the little dead girl alive again;" but none knew her address, and it was only an accidental meeting at the death-scene of a converted skeptic, to whose spiritual edification, during his weary pilgrimage down to the portals of death's silent valley, it had been the privilege of both to minister, that revealed to him his unknown collaborer, in an unassuming daughter of Christ, who, like her divine Master, had evidently been acquainted with grief, and whose circumstances constrained her to labor with her own hands to procure a home and home comforts for herself and only child.

Perhaps there was something in the subdued countenance or in the silver-toned voice that reminded the young apostle of his own mother, from whom he was far removed, but whatever the invisible agency that forged the golden chain, from that hour, when each thought on the other, it was the love of a mother and the filial gratitude of a son that met, whose union rendered yet more beautiful the mission of faith and hope to which both were consecrated.

Ever after, when in his daily walks he found

destitution and want such as needed woman's gentle hand, or if from weariness he fainted beneath the noonday sun, or faltered before the winter's storm, it was the humble dwelling of his newly found friend that he would seek. There his story of suffering was always heard with attention, and its objects cared for with alacrity; there, at any hour when needed, the cloth was spread, and wholesome, if not dainty, fare cordially proffered. There, too, was the "prophet's chamber," small but very sacred, to which he might ever retire, and, by communion with the Father "who seeth in secret," divest his surcharged heart of the sorrows and anguish, which the depravity of sin ever heaps upon the faithful laborer in a work such as was his.

But now this pleasant "working time" was ended; the youthful minister was about to exchange his home field for a foreign field of labor; and it was to invoke a farewell blessing upon her departing brother that the widow came this night—her heart thrilling with pleasant memories, and her spirit triumphing in the many cheering promises of her God, respecting his own missionary work.

Her errand was one of love, and her power in prayer, aided by faith's cheerful vision, which was so pre-eminently hers, rendered its accomplishment, it would seem, delightful and tranquilizing. Why was it, then, that, as her neighbors around her drew forth their gold and silver, the slight figure was noticed to tremble with emotion, and then the head to sink upon the "pew-back" before her, while ill-restrained sobs told of storm and tempest within?

For the faithful disciple "whom Jesus loves" there is not always needed an "isle of Patmos" or an exile's solitude to secure revelations from on high. They come in the early morning; they come at noonday—as we walk—as we labor—just when we need them—just when the spirit's wing would droop without them.

In the crowded assembly and in the hour of holy joy this believing daughter was not forgotten. Her prayers and self-denial had gone up as a memorial unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and now his loving-kindness was to be made yet more manifest in requiring her to sacrifice her dearest joy upon his altar. Hers was a revelation of duty. Many were the appeals in behalf of missions to which she had before listened, and near to her heart had they come—so near that in the spirit of the cheerful giver she had generously responded by casting into the treasury of the Lord not alone her mite, but her prayers and her tears, whose influence in

aiding this great work is more potent than thought can conceive or lip express.

But to-night scene and sermon had spoken to her heart in a new language. As her whole being was inspired with love for the souls of the perishing, and the accustomed inquiry was pressed home by her tender conscience, "What can I do to speed the dawning of the long-promised morning?" money and even prayers seemed unacceptable gifts. They presented themselves, it was true, but did not satisfy the hand that would fain have proffered them to the loving King. "What more have I to give? Is not this my all?"

"The mother numbereth jewels more precious than gold or silver in her 'home-casket.' Canst thou not of these enrich my treasury, saith the Lord?"

It was then that the slender frame swayed to and fro with emotion; it was then that the aching head sought support, as the Christian mother realized fully the greatness of the sacred demand.

"My only! my daughter! the sunlight of my home, the strong arm upon which I hope to lean in my declining years! Is it this gift that thou requir'st at my hands? Were my child a son, how gladly would I render him back to the Giver, that in distant lands his voice might be heard proclaiming glad tidings of salvation! But a daughter, whose woman's lot it will ever be more acutely to suffer in rending the ties of home and kindred, and in weariness and pain to tread unfriendly shores, unqualified to preach, and constrained only to practice the love of Jesus to her benighted neighbors! 'O Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!'"

The contest between duty and maternal affection was quickly ended. Too well had the fierce fires of affliction done their work of sublimating and refining, to allow the creature long to elevate its will in opposition to that of its Creator.

"Take her—she is thine; do with her as it seemeth thee best—only direct thy servant aright in her education and preparation for thy service, and at length reunite us, no more to part, before thy throne in heaven!"

It was this prayer that plumed its upward pinion as the contribution boxes were returned to their places upon the table. When the treasurer, with satisfaction, counted his munificent collection, and acknowledged it in the public print, he unwittingly omitted the richest benediction of the night. But an all-seeing Eye smiled upon it, and heavenly dews shed their fragrance about it, from that hour till the mo-

ment when it was accepted before the world, and departed on its distant "love-work."

It would weary without benefitting to dwell upon the history of the giver and her offering during the long years which succeeded the scene with which our story opens. Those—if any there were—who noticed the widow's faded bonnet, as she that night hesitatingly descended the steps, and alone, with her little one, pursued her dark homeward way, might have noted the same bonnet worn season after season, the old ribbon only changed for a new one when cleanliness, not fashion, required it. It was economy and sacrifice of personal appearance such as this that was constantly practiced in the happy home, in order that the goal of hope and prayer might at length be attained unto.

Abraham's paternal heart, according to the sacred record, suffered untold anguish in revealing to his son Isaac the fact that he was the victim to be offered upon Moriah's holy altar. Not so the task of our friend in acquainting her child with the nature of the work to which she had been consecrated. Trust a mother's careful hand and loving heart to make whatever impress she desires upon the little being whose every life-pulse beats in sympathy with her own.

When the golden head of seven summers reverentially bowed at her knee, and lisped its solemn "Our Father," and then at the close subjoined its petition for "mother and relatives," a gentle voice taught it, "and bless the heathen, too." When at the sunset hour twilight brought a cessation from the toil of the needle, and weary little feet sought the parent's side, and begged a story told, there was heard the touching story of the cross and kindred themes. And when the child-eye glistened with interest as a Savior's love was made plain to it, in that he came a missionary from heaven down to the wicked earth, there adroitly followed a story of the thousands of little children to whom as yet the Savior was unknown; and while the little breast still heaved with the emotion that it was unable to repress for their sad condition, then came the question, "Would not my daughter love to go and teach these poor heathen children?" Thus intermingled in the golden threads of which this child-life was woven, glittered constantly sympathy and love for the remote and degraded of her race.

Nor were these wayside teachings of the mother left destitute of present indications of the Master's approval. Ere childhood had fully bloomed into girlhood, the young heart consecrated itself to God, and upon a long-remembered Sabbath

morning, in the early spring-time of the year, publicly professed its faith before angels and men.

The succeeding work of education proved an earnest and an arduous work. The task of selecting a good female school at a period when such institutions were rare beyond present belief; the patient toil of weeks and months, taxing eye, and hand, and strength almost beyond endurance, to meet personal wants, tuition bills, and the varied *et ceteras* which life in its most economical garb requires; all these left little time for rest or recreation. But who may know the surpassing richness of those communings of kindred spirits—the elder and the younger—beside the dying embers of the winter's grate, or in the fading twilight of summer's fiery glow, when, the lessons learned, the household duties ended, the past was recounted with thanksgiving, and the future, with its partings, its dim, uncertain windings, its self-denying toils, and, perhaps, lonely and unmarked grave, far from home-tree and kindred, was spoken of calmly, hopefully; Faith's eye noting not the clouds which gathered upon the distant horizon, but kindling and rejoicing in the brilliant bow of Promise which spanned the whole scene, even from the bridge of the Present afar to the confines of Eternity!

The year of separation had not yet come, when a black seal and a superscription in an unfamiliar hand announced that the youthful soldier of the "offering time" had fallen at his post, at an hour when the battle grew the hottest, and Pagan voices had nearly learned to shout the victory of the cross. There came a heavy shadow with the tidings, dimming for a season trust and purpose. But it was the voice which Peter, and James, and John heard out of the cloud which overshadowed them upon the Mount of Transfiguration which, in comforting accents, was heard at this hour, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The fire which burned upon the altar of sacrifice glowed into a yet purer flame. Talents, peculiar fitness for the work, unflinching zeal, had proven themselves no barrier against the inroads of the destroyer death. Stilled by the Master's voice, they slept, while above the earth-cold pillow an unresped harvest perished through lack of laborers. To the mother's finite eye clouds and darkness seemed in very deed to be the habitation of the eternal throne. But firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages, the night of fiery trial passed away, and with its passage there ceased to mingle with the morning and evening oblation the unhallowed ambition for fame and Christian

renown, which hitherto, all unconsciously, had perfumed the daily sacrifice, and ascended an unpleasant savor in the nostrils of the Most High. Before the mercy-seat the chastened spirit hasted to offer the first fruits of her newly found treasures of obedience and trust; while from willing lips there was heard, in dedicatory prayer, "Let this my child be in thy hands only as the clay in the hands of the potter; use her as thou wilt—only grant that in life and in death she may show forth thy praise."

When a few months later, from school-hood there entered society a talented young female, wearing the richest laurels that can crown the brow of the school-girl—the noble self-consciousness of time well improved, sealed by the hearty and loving benedictions of her teachers, few would have recognized in her the retiring child of earlier days. The homes of wealthy relatives were now freely proffered to both mother and daughter; they being proud to claim kindred with her whose talents had won no little admiration from the dwellers in the land of Reality, which borders close upon the realms of School-Life.

The world wondered when the thoughtful maiden turned from these most tempting offers, and devoted the earliest days of her freedom from study to the holy work of educating other minds. The guiding hand of Providence had not yet designated the future pathway, wisely affording time and opportunity for the development of mind and character, so essential to insure success in her prospective work; and this, too, by an instrumentality whose adaptation to the end desired none may know save those who, like herself, have ministered at the intellectual fountain, and felt within the transforming power which the anxieties, duties, and joys of a teacher's life wield over the entire being.

If there was wonder excited by the first step, it may justly be surmised that the emotion deepened into unfeigned astonishment when it was noised abroad that the choice of the maiden's heart was a candidate for missionary labor in a new and as yet unexplored field of darkest heathenism. The more surprise was expressed because the seeming time of her decision was one when spiritual death reigned throughout all the Churches; and, though wealth was freely poured into the coffers of the mission enterprise, so closely fettered were the children of the holy covenant by an all-absorbing passion for gain and temporal pleasure, that scarce one amid a youthful host of thousands could be found who would heed the agonizing Macedonian cry.

The "long farewell," the parting embrace, was

bitter as if now for the first time anticipated. In the mother's heart came back, with renewed might, the old conflict of maternal love against the toiling, and sorrowing, and wearisome solitude, which her anguish at parting depicted as shrouding the pathway of duty. But He who had demanded the gift graciously granted to the giver deliverance from all this fear, and strength to invoke a hopeful and even smiling benediction upon her children ere from before her natural vision they forever faded.

It was over—the parting—and to the triumphing ranks of female missionaries, who on heathen shores seek to rescue souls from perishing, was welcomed another Christian heroine. In a strange land and beneath unfamiliar skies the home-altar was reared, and upon it, at morning and evening, burned the incense of contentment, gratitude, and love—the free-will offering of two pious hearts. Around the mission dwelling gathered the sons and daughters of the untaught race, and in an unknown tongue gave expression to the yearnings of their idol-weary souls after the Christian's God. But before the preacher, in the public ministrations of his sacred office, could break to the hungry multitude the bread of life long hours, weeks, even months, of study must intervene. While from out the wounded side the living waters were freely flowing, famishing spirits must eternally perish—because of the ignorance of nouns and verbs!

But while the herald was toiling through the language of the lip, the wife was teaching, conquering, winning, all hearts to herself in the unwritten language of eye, and tear-drop, and example—that language which alone is common to all nations and is understood in every clime. The practice which the mother had feared would be powerless without the ability “to preach,” in the sequel proved the more eloquent to the darkened understanding. The hand that could compose a healing draught to ease the sufferer's torturing pain; the eye that could mingle its tears with those of the Pagan mother beside the death-couch of her babe; the look of entreaty before which the bitterest vows of savage vengeance lost their ferocity—surely, these could belong to no other than a “good teacher.”

Thus reasoned the heathen, and within the breast was intensified the longing to know the Christian's God. Thus to the instrumentality of a womanly hand did this region of gloom owe its first glimpses of that Gospel light which, according to prophecy, must eventually deluge mountain-top and valley with the refulgence of its divine glory. And when at a later period

the pulpit and press, endued with power from on high, rolled back the darkness, and scattered the seeds of eternal truth broadcast over the land, the prayer of faith and the earnest endeavor were not withdrawn; and who may tell whether, amid all her privation and solitude, this missionary's crown of daily joy did not exceed in luster the rarest pleasures which her earlier friends at home ever experienced in their ceaseless routine of fashion and of empty show?

And the mother—if from her long-silent lips there could come an answering voice to professing parents, who at the present hour shrink from parting with the children of their love, whom the wants of the heathen world demand, as never before, she might speak of her life as of a day whose sunset scene far surpassed in tranquillity and peace its most joyous dawning hours; she might significantly dwell upon the descent of death's dark valley, when alone, without husband or child to guide her faltering steps, there ever and anon was heard the dull, cold plashing of waters far below, and the timorous cries of wrecking voyagers, there was around her placed an everlasting arm, and to her failing senses there was made manifest a compassionate presence, whispering in tones sweeter than music, “My rod and my staff—they shall comfort thee.”

The voice of example is a persuasive voice. Does it speak in the above simple narrative in vain? Speaks it not to some parent, who, the love of Christ constraining her, will now dedicate her “cradle-treasure” to the work of the Master? Christian mothers esteem far too lightly the untold power of infant consecration upon the future characters of their children. They leave till the season of harvest the work of the early seed-time, and then, in unfeigned astonishment, weep that their children—the noble son, the accomplished daughter—should have turned aside from the paths of peace, and have devoted their choicest powers to the service of the enemy of souls. How slow are these to learn that the holy trust of maternity is not fulfilled when to their children is administered shelter, food, and raiment! How long ere they realize that the buds of immortality which so lovingly cluster in the “mother's wreath” bloom not there as things of beauty alone, but as gifts from the paradise of the skies, transplanted to earth, that from the sunlight of her life they may garner in their mysterious cells the fragrance which shall render them a blessing to their race, or find in her uncongenial life the mildew and the storm which, withering the good, shall send them forth a blighting curse to society and the world!

When in the cradle the prophetic eye of the Christian mother shall be able to discern the heroes of the cross, the Wesleys, the martyrs, of a coming time, and, with a zeal which no worship at Fashion's shrine can interrupt nor scoffing of worldling dim, seek to guide the consecrated child to his appointed pathway, surely, then Zion will not, as now, mourn because of her desolation, but, with a shout of triumph, will arise to lead on her bannered host to the conquests of the closing struggle, which shall usher in the "Sabbath rest" of a redeemed race—the perfect kingdom of Him who "shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

To daughters likewise this voice speaks with a solemn emphasis—an emphasis which could not have been appreciated a generation earlier than the present. With increasing knowledge, woman flutters under a burden of increasing responsibility. Improved talents, cultivated intellects, self-conscious mental power, from within a labyrinth of time-sanctioned prejudices, seek a safe egress to the healthful realms of action, where exercise may plume the wing and impart vigor to the aspiring powers.

Unsanctified womanhood seeks to satisfy the yearning of her intellectual nature by boldly clamoring for stations of public trust, which, if granted her, would rob "home" of its sanctity, and the word "mother" of its music. But these are not all who from our female institutions come forth fully equipped for the "life warfare." A numerous throng there is who joyously hasten with their mental treasure to Calvary's lonely mount, and at the foot of the cross gladly lay the burden down—a willing offering to the Author of woman's elevation, the glorified son of Mary of Nazareth. And as they linger there, the scene of suffering, of anguish, and of death changes to one of triumphal glory; and while the heavens above are parting, and angel voices are making vocal the morning with a hymn of celestial welcome, the Savior whom they love, with outstretched arm, accepts the sacrifice of "all for Jesus' sake," and directs to a work worthy of their noblest powers in the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"The field is the world"—the scene of toil may be at home, or it may be abroad, amid the fleeing shadows of unfriendly lands. In either event educated woman, with her patient love and adaptive nature, is found to be especially fitted as the bearer of "glad tidings." Shall not, then, the daughters, sisters, women, all of

the "Church militant" below, forgetting the things that are behind, nobly address themselves to the holy vocation whereunto they are called?

"Looking unto Jesus," let them press earnestly forward to enter the world-wide gate of usefulness which is opened to them by the three-fold nature of their sacred mission as "preserver, teacher, and inspirer." When from the overflowing abundance of our schools the wants of home are supplied, let them, without a murmur, remembering for whom they make the sacrifice, gladly hasten to lands where sister hearts are veiled in the despair of heathenism, and in the awakened thirst for the waters of life, in the falling tear of penitence for acknowledged sin, gratefully discover a joy which shall satisfy every longing, and triumphantly lead them onward and upward to a home and a crown, from whose tasted joys no exile can roam, and upon the noontide of whose glory the shadow of no sad parting can ever fall!

PYRAMIDS.

BY H. N. POWERS.

Each mighty despot, through long years,
May build his structures broad and high;
But they who drudge cement with tears
The blocks on which they wish to die.
And ponderous fabrics, strong and stern,
May frown above imperial bones:
What are they but Ambition's urn—
Grand satires sneering out of stones?
But they who labor with great thought,
With purpose noble, calm, sublime,
Shall build a pyramid which, wrought,
Shall ask no sheltring care from time.
Its corner-stones repose secure
In holy hearts and earnest minds;
Each deed and triumph, wise and pure,
With golden bands the fabric binds.
The mighty epochs of our race
Are chronicled in each broad aisle;
They wear the soul's eternal grace,
And ever change and ruin smile.
They stand where Freedom's cause had birth,
Where beams the path Religion tread,
Where Science drove the gloom from earth,
And martyrs kept the truth of God.
Strong arms are toiling not in vain;
High Heaven shall grant one conquest more,
When Love shall lose the slave's red chain,
And wash the blood-stains from our shore.
Then prouder yet shall rise the spire
That points the glorious action done,
And like a pyramid of fire
Shall blaze the glory sought and won.

THE ILL-BRED GIRL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I SHALL not introduce her to you, lady reader of the Repository, for you know her already, and have been as often annoyed by her as I have. You meet her in society, at Church, at the lyceum, in the concert hall, and feel condemned for hinting to yourself that if she must exist, how pleasant it would be to have her move out of town.

She comes for a call, some fine cheery morning, to your rooms, examines your toilet-table and your wardrobe, criticises the view from your favorite window, and, unmindful of your vexed countenance, peeps into your escritoire, overhauls your private correspondence and finds the pressed violet, the hidden memento of ———.

Well, I suppose that you are tolerably sure that you know her. At Church, last Sabbath, you noticed the impropriety of her late, rustling entrance, and could not wholly excuse it, although aware that it was arranged for effect. After she was fairly seated, and the worshippers were permitted to resume the thread of their devotions, you could not placidly tolerate the winks, and whisperings, and giggles that she exchanged with a raw miss of the same sort. You thought that ordinary politeness—allowing that the Gospel message was not of particular moment to her—should have induced her to give an appearance of attention to the ambassador of Christ.

Why, bless you, my dear, she was there for another purpose, and the organ might peal its most inspiring strains, and the clear voices of the choir might swell out in sweetest hymns of praise, but she was not to be diverted from her purpose, or, rather, purposes, for she has two.

The first and most prominent is to display herself—to be gazed at like an illuminated fashion-plate. She rejoices in the cognomen of Miss Polly Wiggle—appropriately, too, for she is ever on the alert, ruffling her feathers and laces, newly adjusting the gold halter and other heavy metals with which fashion and a barbarous taste have loaded her, and rearranging her plumage generally. Her restless vanity is wounded when the handsome young men turn away, and, for mere contrast to the sickening show, listen attentively to the pure truth of God's holy word.

Her second object is to study the costume of others. A very fine study, one would think, to be pursued on the Sabbath in God's hallowed temple. Nevertheless, thousands and thousands of ill-bred girls go to Church fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, who have no higher aim and no better perception of their accountability to the Lord of the

Sabbath. They are as transparent as air to any sensible observer. Miss Wiggle carries home from Church, in her weak little brain, an exact pattern of every sleeve and collar, of every bonnet and mantle worn, even to the quaint little hood of aunt Prudence, who sits under the gallery. If you hadn't known it before, this gaping at the attire of others would have proclaimed her an ill-bred girl.

You often wonder, and so do I, why, or, rather, how she managed to arrive at young womanhood without acquiring a taste for the really beautiful. It is not her position in life that is in fault, for she is admitted—on sufferance, out of respect to her family connections—into intelligent society.

Her home influences—which, however, she deserts—are of a refined order. It is, indeed, whispered that the education of the heart, and the discipline of its selfish passions, were wholly omitted in the early training of Miss Polly; but in society it is understood that her later educational advantages have not been limited. Her step-mother, poor lady, has done her best to polish her. Lavish sums have been uselessly expended in the vain endeavor to stimulate her intellect and to cultivate her taste, and the result is, that she is able to jabber a little in French and Spanish, and to speak, in all its charming simplicity, the broken English of her babyhood. She can draw a little, and the landscapes that she sketches have this agreeable peculiarity, that they will do for any locality that chances to become fashionable, representing one place as strikingly as another. She knows nothing of history, has an idea that "good Queen Bess" reigned over Mexico, and smiles loudly at the bare idea of understanding the political aspects of the day, or of being interested in the solution of the great national questions that occupy every intelligent mind. She botanizes, but confines her researches to artificial flowers. The only thing of which she obtained a complete idea—even at school—was the importance of the varying fashions, and she brought away a list, learned by heart, of all the young ladies' dresses.

Like all ill-bred girls, Miss Wiggle is wholly above exercising the cardinal virtues of thrift and prudence. How she laughs at the economy and skill of rosy May Landon, who fits and makes up her own dresses so becomingly! How she exults in the triumph of having rich dresses spoiled in the fashionable shop that she patronizes! It shows that she is no niggard. It tells the world that she don't quibble for a penny. Won't her open-handed prodigality charm the nice young men who, if worth catching, know that prudence

and economy go hand in hand with virtue and happiness? What if she did say "No!" surlily and loudly to the pitiful and wan-faced beggar? What if she does shut the door against the shivering, half-starved child, of whose sorrows it is vulgar to know, except as portrayed by the novelist? Doesn't she, *every month*, burst out a pair of costly coquette gaiters, not nearly so large as her thick, spreading foot? Think of this one item of expense, and then judge for yourself the slanderous world that dares to call her stingy and selfish.

Our fashionable, ill-bred acquaintance is at the party this evening. Do you see her? Neck, and arms, and bosom just like Eve's in Paradise, as nude if not as beautiful. In the hearing of an attentive young gentleman she descants upon the shocking vulgarity of Powers's statue of the Greek Slave. The least bit of a blush, the listener thinks, would be in admirable keeping with her little set speech, but the blushes do not come till sundry hidden lacings and hooks and eyes, getting impatient of the strain put upon them, go off simultaneously like crackers in a barrel on the Fourth of July.

The attentive young gentleman has money and is suspected of having brains. All the girls and their mammas keep an inventory of his worldly goods. In case of robbery they could identify the minutest article. It is whispered that she will be in luck who catches him. It is evident that our half-clad acquaintance is of this opinion. But you see in his looks a strong misgiving as to the propriety of wedding such a neck and—its suburbs. So, after a little chatting, a little commonplace joking, you find that he has brought up for the evening—very likely for life—by the side of sweet, modest May Landon, who, in her unadorned loveliness and delicate refinement, is unconsciously very beautiful. Poor, poor Polly Wiggle!

When we called with the Rev. Mr. Candor on her step-mother, did we not blush till our hats almost took fire at Miss Polly's unconscious importance? When poor Mrs. Wiggle undertook to reply to our inquiries, didn't she twitch the words out of the old lady's mouth and shoot them at us as if we had been a mile off? Didn't she, in fact, perform the same friendly office for each of us, not excepting young Harry Lane, who stammers so painfully when embarrassed? Did the clergyman find a chance to speak without the running accompaniment of her tongue? Only think of her entertaining a minister with the fashions, and with the fine moral tendency of the theater, and with the absolute need of Christians

frequenting the ball-room and opera-house for amusement. "Not," said Miss Polly in her wisest manner, "not that a whole life should be spent in such recreation, but, using these indulgences as not abusing them, they should serve as resting-places on the journey toward heaven."

He looked at her for a moment attentively, as if in doubt how to classify the unusual gems she represented, and then absently, as if thinking aloud, replied:

"Ah! Miss Wiggle," he said, "if God should be pleased, on your death-bed, to endow you with common sense, it is as much as can be hoped for."

Unfortunate Mrs. Wiggle! sitting by so meekly, and with her whole soul rueing the day that she became a Wiggle.

We are inclined to think that all of dame Nature's clerks are not honest; that there is cheating somewhere. The brains dealt out are, in many cases, short weight, and sometimes wholly omitted. It often appears that the usual quantity in the female character is so sadly perverted by the owner, as to give her the appearance of being wholly destitute of the article in question. This, in former times, gave rise to the supposition that women were created without souls. If the ill-bred girls of that day were as numerous as at the present time, we can hardly be surprised that Mohammed should have excluded the ladies from the heaven of his invention. In so grave a matter politeness, of course, was out of the question. I can not assert that all women do really possess souls, because that frequently, when there is no apparent evidence of such possession, I should be at a loss to prove my assertion; but I do most conscientiously believe that Mohammed was mistaken.

—♦— THUS IS LIFE.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought to our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections; and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him!" We live in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes! O, blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance!

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

ABDALLAH sat at his morning meal, when there alighted on the rim of his goblet a little fly. It sipped an atom of syrup and was gone. But it came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew very bold. And lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger, and yet larger, till there could be discerned in the size as of a locust the appearance as of a man. From a handbreath it reached the stature of a cubit; and still, so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favor with this son of infatuation. It frisked like a satyr, and it sang like a peri, and like a moth of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and, like the king's gift, whithersoever it turned it prospered. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he could not in all of this perceive the subtlety of an evil gin. Therefore, the lying spirit waxed bolder and yet bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats he freely took; and when the scholar waxed wroth, and said, "This is my daily portion from the table of the mufti: there is not enough for thee and me," the dog-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile. Till, in process of time, the scholar perceived, that as his guest grew stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

Now, also, there arose frequent strife betwixt the demon and his dupe, and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore that he departed for a season. And when he was gone, Abdallah rejoiced and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy; and whatsoever time it pleaseth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogether in mine own power?" But after not many days the gin came back again, and this time he was arrayed in goodly garments, and he brought a present in his hand; and he spoke of the days of their first friendship, and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying, "Is he not a little one?" he received him again into his chamber.

On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mufti said, "Wherefore tarrieth the son of Abdul? Perchance he sleepeth." Therefore, they repaired even to his chamber, but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore the mufti opened the door, and lo! there lay on the divan the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and

swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the changes of raiment belonging to the hapless one were gone, and in the soft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mufti measured one of the prints, and, behold! it was six cubits long.

Reader, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? Is it the billiard-table or the theater? Is it smoking? Is it laziness? Is it novel reading? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the key-hole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. Know, also, that no evil habit can take the life of your soul, unless you yourself nourish it and cherish it, and by feeding it with your own vitality give it a strength greater than your own!

LITTLE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

"Ill seems, said he, if he so valiant be,
That he should be so stern to stranger wight;
For seldom yet did living creature see
That courtesies and manhood ever disagree!"

THE little things of life have far more effect upon character, reputation, friendship, and fortune than the heartless and superficial are apt to imagine. There are few, indeed, however rough by nature, who are not touched and softened by kindness and courtesy. A civil word, a friendly remark, a generous compliment, an affable bow of recognition—all have an influence; while surliness, incivility, harshness, and ill-temper, naturally enough, produce an effect exactly the reverse. The American people, as a whole, are perhaps not remarkable for courtesy. They are so actively engaged in the bustle of life, in the outward movements of commerce and trade, that they have little leisure to cultivate and practice those polished refinements which are the results of education, of travel, and of enlarged intercourse with society. Nevertheless, we are not a discourteous people, and in the great cities the proprieties of manners and the civilities of form are attended to with a commendable degree of exactness. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who some time since traveled in this country, describes the citizens of the United States as "particularly courteous and obliging." But a lady of refinement and accomplishments, and traveling as well for information as for pleasure, could scarcely gather another opinion, for the commanders of our steam-boats and the conductors of our railroad cars are proverbially polite; while in intelligent circles, every-where throughout the Union,

a reputable stranger would, of course, receive marked and kindly attention. Still we are bound to confess that we are deficient in many of the little courtesies of life—courtesies that are admirably calculated to sweeten the intercourse of society, the interchange of friendly feeling, and the general communion that takes place from day to day between neighbors and companions. The excuse with many is, that they have not time to practice the civilities to which we refer—that they are too much engaged in more important matters. Thus a friendly visit will not be repaid, a polite note will be left unanswered, a neighborly call will be disregarded, a pleasant smile will be met with a cold look of indifference, and a cordial grasp of the hand will be responded to with reluctance, if not surprise. All this may mean nothing, and yet the effect upon the mind and the heart is chilling and painful. The mistake that too many of us make is, in supposing that the courtesy is to be all on one side—that we are to receive every kind of attention, and return nothing. And this is an error which prevails in various phases of life, and to a greater extent than people are apt to imagine. The affairs of this world should be reciprocal. A person may be willing to confer an obligation again and again. But unless there be some manifestation of gratitude and appreciation—unless, indeed, the disposition be apparent to do something in return—the party that confers favor after favor will in the end grow weary of well-doing, and seek out some more grateful or more sympathising object. We are all more or less selfish, and that description of selfishness which exacts an acknowledgment by word or by deed, either for friendship extended or affections lavished, is, perhaps, as little censurable as any of the infirmities of poor human nature—if, indeed, it may be called an infirmity. We have somewhere met with the remark, that there is no such thing as unrequited love—that love which is not requited will soon cease to exist, inasmuch as the very nature of the passion renders mutual regard essential to its continued existence. In the general sense this theory may be correct, but there are, of course, exceptions. If, therefore, in grave matters of the heart—matters in which our all of earthly happiness may be said to be involved—reciprocity of a kindred feeling is absolutely essential, how much more will the doctrine apply to the little courtesies of life! A friendship of many years' standing has often, as we have reason to know, been chilled into indifference, coldness, and restraint by some petty neglect or hasty remark. Distrust has been excited—a doubt, a suspicion,

has been engendered, and the unwavering confidence that existed for years has thus been broken at once and forever.

TWILIGHT REVERIES.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCOIS.

Gently, gently o'er me stealeth
Many a half-forgotten strain,
That this quiet hour revealeth—
Scenes I joy to greet again.
Scenes that memory long hath hidden
Rise with wild, exulting power,
Filling every thought unbidden—
Happy, sweet, entrancing hour!
Childhood dreams again I'm dreaming,
Reveling in their pure delight;
Fairy magic lights are gleaming,
Long life's pathway beaming bright.
O, how sweet this fond illusion—
Sweet to seem again a child;
Sweet to paint, though all delusion,
Coming hours in beauty wild;
Sweet to bury all the sorrow
That has passed since childhood's day,
And again to hope each morrow
Brighter be than yesterday;
Sweet to feel the fond caressing
Of a gentle mother's hand,
And to hear a father's blessing
Said in tone so solemn, bland;
Sweet to hear my sisters' voices
Joined with brother's, merry, clear—
O, how full, my soul rejoices
At this visioned scene so dear!
Yet these are but glimpses stealing
O'er the heart of by-gone hours;
But their wealth is past revealing,
And no words can tell their powers.
For the hardest heart they soften,
Free the thoughts from busy care;
And I fondly hope that often
I these soothing hours may share!

LIFE.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

Like a rivulet flowing by,
Like a summer zephyr's sigh,
Like a flower all frail and fair,
Like a snowflake in the air,
Such is life.
Like the flashing meteor's light,
Like the eagle's rapid flight,
Like the cataract's fearful sweep,
Like the wave upon the deep,
Even such is life.

"COME OUT OF THAT!"

VERY imposing and very important is the position of a woman when she is hailed as "grandmother," or, we should say, "grand-mamma"—we beg pardon for the mistake—mothers are out of the fashion now. There is something seriously responsible and equally flattering in having the charge of my son's little girls or my daughter's little boys, and a very pleasant privilege withal in permitting them to ride rampant over every thing in the establishment—from good manners at the table to balustrades on the stairs. They are such "dear little creatures, bless their hearts!" and my grandchildren, moreover, which is quite enough to warrant them in any atrocity under the domestic firmament. Now we do not happen to be "a grand-mamma," but we have the next right of consanguinity to smack and spoil a few of the rising generation under the name and authority of "aunt," and in this capacity are often induced in our prejudiced benevolence to undertake the care of a brother's eldest son "just turned of six." The lady who owns him, frequently appeals to our tenderness and charity, and writes a heart-rending note, stating that symptoms of scarlet fever, whooping-cough, measles, or some such nursery plague, are appearing in the family, and that as the eldest born is free from contagion as yet, she will be eternally grateful if we will have him for a week or two. We are mentally convinced that these symptoms are "got up," for the number of times they have appeared without further development is fabulous in medical history. We are perfectly aware of the plain fact that Master Harry is one of the most tiresome and mischievous children ever possessed by doting parents, and that his mamma flies in desperation to any subterfuge that will possibly form an excuse to "get rid of him" for a bit. A short time since a most fearful anxiety was expressed by the said mamma that the "baby" was threatened with a complaint which might become epidemic in the family—we believe it was nothing less than the Asiatic cholera—and as Harry had not yet evinced any symptoms of the same, it would be a merciful kindness on our part to let her send him to us for a few days. Of course Harry came, and our usual peace and order were broken at the wonderful shrine of the darling little Harry's precocious "cleverness." We could relate much of the young gentleman's work that might be sport to our readers, though it was death to us, but we do not intend making this a facetious article, merely an illustrative one, so

we shall proceed to state at once that the darling little fellow, after leading a life of unceasing activity that emulated the trials of Job, contrived to extract a promise from us that we would take him to the Crystal Palace. "Any thing for a quiet life," said we; and as he had broken our letter-balance, picked all our choice yellow roses, and upset a pale of water in the passage during the morning, we thought it would be a wise course to get him out of the house at any inconvenience. We dressed him with all possible elaboration and taste, in his best velvet tunic, silk socks, and the various *et ceteras* of small dandyism, finishing our labor with pushing, pulling, and screwing on a pair of tight kid gloves—a deed of toil which afforded us the silent conviction that we were a fool for our pains; however, we did our scrupulous duty by our nephew, and trimmed him off to perfection, strictly bidding him stay in the parlor and amuse himself with a volume of Punch, while we put on our bonnet and walking accessories. We were busy at our toilet under a most nervous pressure of haste, when we accidentally glanced out of the bedroom window, and beheld Master Harry at the bottom of the garden, velvet tunic, silk socks, and all, with a dirty rake in his hand, up to his eyes in a cucumber-frame, wherein a quantity of moist preparation had been placed for vegetable productions. We threw up the sash in alarm. "Harry, you naughty boy, come out of that!" shrieked we at the top of our voice. "I'm only mixing it up, aunty; I like it—it's such fun," was the audacious reply. "Pray come out of that," we shouted again with extra vigor, but there he remained in independent indifference. We clutched at our parasol, thrust a handkerchief into our pocket, and nearly broke our neck over the carpet in our undue haste to get downstairs. The cook detained us for a minute or two on the landing; we gave some incoherent orders and hastened to the cucumber-frame, which we reached at the very moment when Harry contrived to tumble into the worst corner of the bed that he possibly could, and he arose before us in a plight which, as newspapers say, may be more easily conceived than described. We are afraid that we indulged in a sudden exacerbation of shaking, slapping, and scolding; but the Genoa robe, the royal blue sash, and the elegant kids were destroyed forever. The Crystal Palace excursion was impracticable, and, altogether, there was some excuse for dereliction from my womanly fortitude. Master Harry incurred such a serious expostulation, and such an extra box on the ear from his doting papa, who

chanced to call at that unfortunate moment, that some effect was created. The willful young gentleman seemed to think that "fun" might be purchased at too high a price, and within a few hours he came to us, exclaiming, in a tone of forlorn repentance, "O, do forgive me, dear aunty; I know I was a naughty boy, and I do wish I had 'come out of that' when you told me, for I had only dirtied my shoes a little then." We looked on the weeping culprit with philosophical reflection, and thought that his wish that he "had come out of that" in good time, might be chorussed by older disciples of folly and rebellion. We went on thinking discursively, and regretted that the homely warning of "coming out of that" is not more generally heeded by grown-up children of mischief before it is *too late*. Our tiresome nephew had given us a text for a few remarks, and here they are.

Often have we passed the corner of a street, where the brilliant glare of gas, broad swinging mahogany doors, and rich plate-glass windows, gemmed with rainbow-colored cordial bottles, point out the "dram-shop"—where the artisan *first* enters with a tidy jacket and healthy face; where the poor man takes his initiate "drains" with steady hand and natural voice; where the foolish mother ministers the first glass to herself and the first drop to her babe, with a decent dress on her back and a degree of comeliness in her smile. What would we say to them as they enter the infernal region of misery and ruin? What would we whisper in their ears, before their fingers begin to tremble round the fiery glass, and their eyes to exchange the lucid glance of reason for the bleared and bloodshot leer of idiocy?

We would only say "Come out of that" in time, or the jaws of death will yawn above the merrily slamming portal doors, and the miasma of prisons will breathe from those prismatic cordials. "Come out of that," well-doing workman, before your fustian jacket is in rags, and your brains incompetent to guide your hands in its daily craft. "Come out of that," offspring of Poverty, before Desperation and Disease bring you to the lazar-house of Infamy and Insanity. "Come out of that," young wife and mother, before the flame of "drink" has burnt up the god-like springs of womanhood in your bosom, before your child becomes a living curse to you, and your days and nights are spent in unholy wretchedness. Beware of the dram-shop, and turn in time to any voice that says, "Come out of that."

We have known the well-bred youth—the

gently nurtured and the fondly loved—go forth into life with Plenty and Ambition to lead him on his way. Two temples are before him. Here is a plain but nobly solid Pantheon, filled with the illustrious "toilers" in the cause of humanity and commerce. Those who enter it must *work*, and earn an honorable niche, made glorious by the respect of man and the approbation of God. There is an arabesque saloon of gaudy aspect and alluring attraction. The gambler's cards are within it, wreathed with flowers, and steeped in perfume. The ruby wine and the fair-faced hours are enticing the young spirit to their seductive influence. The music of flattery is sounding sweetly over the choice viands, and the cheers of boon companions are breaking on the midnight hours. Jollity and recklessness are there, and Temptation flaunts in her gayest garments. The youth is taken, like the moth by the wax-flame. Beware, young man, retrace thy steps, before the evils of dissipation have fixed their serpent hold. Listen to the friend who stands beckoning at a distance, and says, "Come out of that."

How frequently do we observe the mercenary son of Prosperity growing cold as the metal he worships! Look at his calculating eye and close-set mouth. Mark the rigid character of his brow, where one can fancy they see the figures of a heavy sum in "addition," with the sharp furrow-lines beneath embracing the "sum total." He is absorbed in "heaping up riches," not knowing who shall gather them. He is turning away from the sunshine of Affection and the green fields of Happiness. He would cut the silvery clouds into bank-notes, and coin the yellow buttercups into sovereigns, if he could, and think the world improved thereby. He tells the stricken spirit beside him that sympathy and feeling are of no use to any body. "Don't care for any thing, only put money in thy purse," says he; and here ends his noble teaching. Son of Prosperity! whither are you going? Have a care. You are on the threshold of the stone sarcophagus of Avarice. Pass not into it too far, or your parchments and ducats may close up the entrance, and bury you before you are dead. Be a little foolish in your wisdom, lest man rejoice when you have departed from among them, and your name be but remembered as an item in Fortune's ledger. The marble sepulcher which holds the living covetous is dreary and unblest. Listen in time while the cherub sprites of Generosity and Impulse can approach nigh enough to breathe at your elbow, "Come out of that!"

Let us walk through the choking purlieus and fetid courts of this fine city. Turn from the palace gate, the mansion portico, the fashionable park, and gay promenade, and let us inhale the foul atmosphere, where dark cellars and darker kennels reek with disgusting impurity, where Fever, Pestilence, and Death hold their unceasing festival, and the faces of the dwellers therein serve but as waymarks to a charnel-house. What shall we exclaim as we close our nostrils and avert our eyes from the surrounding horrors? This is what we will utter, "Rulers of the land, look at your poor neighbors. Belgravia has been drained, why not Bell Alley? The blood of the weaver's child needs the fresh light and air as much as that which flows in the veins of the heir to England's crown. Turn to your poor neighbors," we repeat, "teach them practically that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' Help them in their struggle with filth, suffering, ignorance, and degradation, and say to them with kindly accent and lifting hand, 'Come out of that!'"

We could carry on our theme to probably an unwelcome length; therefore, we will terminate our speculations, hoping our readers are not scanning our trifling paper, and wishing we would "Come out of that!"

Let a few "parting words" be given, and then we have done. We would seriously advise all who are getting into the cucumber frame of questionable contents—let that frame be in what mental, moral, or physical shape it may—to take warning by the result attending the obstinacy of our clever nephew. Do not persevere in a foolish course, till velvet tunic, silken sash, and the chance for rational pleasure are ruined and lost; but if a kindly or experienced voice says, "Come out of that;" if a sister's tears, a mother's entreaty, a father's injunction, a husband's wish, a wife's prayer, or a friend's advice become the medium of the homely but much-meaning request, obey at once with sense and readiness, so that you can say, "I did well in 'coming out of that,' while 'only my shoes' were a little dirty."—*Eliza Cook.*

CHEERFUL VIEWS.

MLANCHOLY greatly hinders the usefulness of many. It falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning with it. Let your happy soul rove through the truths of Scripture, as the happy herds through the green pastures.

ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

BY E. L. STORWELL.

Henry I seized his brother Robert, conveyed him to England, and suffered him to languish in the castle of Cardiff twenty-eight years, where he died.—*OLD HISTORY.*

THE sun shone bright on the ivied wall
Of the castle strong and old—
A kingly mansion it seemed, so tall
And safe from intruder bold.

There a lonely man came in and out,
Nor beyond its bounds might pass,
And languidly paced those walks about
With a brow by gloom o'ercast.

Proud and noble blood burned in his veins,
And a father's heart he bore;
A pris'ner who might to a crown have claims,
Might a freeman be no more.

On the midnight stars, in arch of blue,
He had gazed till it was pain;
And the bird's sweet song so well he knew,
It charmed not his heart again.

Nor the bright-hued flower, nor lowly one,
Could relieve from bitter thought;
While the lettered page of past deeds done
But a shadowed lesson taught.

The old halls echoed his tread for years,
While for love and home he sighed;
By a brother doomed to hopeless tears,
A captive he pined and died.

THE OPENING OF SPRING.

BY E. C. HOWE, M. D.

MARCH hath burst the bars of winter,
And unloosed the icy chain,
That so long has linked together
Brook and river, hill and plain.

Hark! a sound like distant thunder
Rolls along the vale and wood;
See above the sky is darkling—
Now the earth is all aflood.

'Mid the mountain's rugged thicket,
Echoes deep the storm-wind's roar;
And the swollen streamlets dashing,
Through each narrow channel pour.
On they ramble, now they tumble
Over rock and foaming sand,
With a headlong flight, ingulfing
Level field and meadow land.

Bright above the heavens are glowing;
Beauty sparkles all around;
Shining river, mountain streamlet,
Lisp a low and mellow sound.
On the hill-side flocks are grazing,
Lambkins frisking on the lea;
Merry peasant-boy and maiden
Gayly join in sportive glee.

MY POCKET BIBLE.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

IT is a long time since Solomon said, "Of making many books there is no end." Did his vision extend to the middle of the nineteenth century? to this age of book-making mania? Did his prophetic eye light upon the massive heaps of books now displayed in stores and stalls, and still accumulating in the depots of publishing houses, where they are thrown off by steam power at the rate of a volume per minute? I wot not. It, however, requires no inspiration to discover a vast improvement since his day in the facilities for producing books, and in the style of getting them up. A printed work bound up in book form is more convenient and elegant than a huge roll of written parchment, such as were used anciently, many of which were stationary because too unwieldy to be portable. But whether there be the same amount of improvement as to the subject-matter of books since the days of the prophets is another question—one which each reader will decide for himself or herself. It is readily conceded that modern libraries present a fine appearance, arranged in extended rows of attractive volumes, tastefully done up in black and blue muslin, brown and red morocco, and calf gilt extra; and all this tinsel ornament, though it makes the contents no better, procures a more extensive sale and circulation. Some customers buy to read for mental improvement, or at least amusement, and others perhaps merely to embellish their center-tables. Whatever may be the motive, to possess them indicates some taste, if nothing more, for certainly a handsome book is a beautiful ornament. Here my prolegomena must end.

From all these attractive forms of modern lore, I now turn away to pay a tribute of respect to an old familiar acquaintance, my pocket Bible. In appearance, like that of its owner, it is unpretending and rather out of fashion. It has been in the regular service over forty years, has endured some hard campaigns and rough fare in its day, and, as might be expected, its external beauty is somewhat faded. And yet I would not exchange it for one of Messrs. Harpers' finest pictorials, or for any book the world contains, having long since determined that

"My book and heart
Shall never part"

till death severs the silvery cord of life. My partiality is not founded upon its "outward adorning," but partly upon protracted companionship,

and chiefly upon valuable service rendered, in the form of salutary instruction imparted to me, and consolation afforded me, by it on my perilous journey through this vale of tears. As nearly as I can measure with the eye, it is about five inches long, three and a half wide, and two thick, and is printed in double columns. On the imprint are these words: "THE HOLY BIBLE. . . First American Diamond Edition. Baltimore: Published and sold by John Hagerty, No. 12 Light-street. . . 1812." On a blank leaf I wrote my name, and the cost price, \$3, over the date "July, 1814;" and certainly I never made a better investment. A brief family register was subsequently entered on a blank page between the old and new covenants, containing a record of our marriage, names, and ages; some of which names have since been transferred to the records of the Church above—only my own and that of my son remain on the list of probationers. May we have grace afforded us to get as well through and as safely out of this world of trial, as the loved ones who have passed on before us, and are waiting to hail us on the shore of life!

This Bible came to my relief most opportunely. I had been licensed to preach a few months previous, and though I had another copy of the holy Scriptures, it was not so convenient and portable as this one. Its full marginal references afforded me much aid in tracing out corresponding texts, and explaining Scripture by Scripture, thus supplying in a good degree the place of a concordance. This little Bible became my constant companion and counselor, furnishing my daily task of reading, both stated and occasional, and, as a general rule, so continued for a long series of years, till my feeble vision could no longer conveniently trace the delicate impression of the "diamond" type, since which time it has been carefully laid up at home. When on my circuits, stations, and districts, it went with me to every appointment, into every congregation, and bore testimony to the truth of my Gospel message. If other authorities were referred to, they were used only as explanatory of this. Nothing was relied on as canonical but the Bible. To it alone I have appealed for over forty years as the standard of truth, and as the only decisive authority on all questions of doctrine, morality, experience, and practice, and still so regard it and appeal to it in the pulpit. O that I had more faithfully adhered to its precepts, and more constantly relied on its promises! then had my peace been as a river, and my righteousness as the waves of the sea. The Bible is the book which teaches us how to live and how

to die, and the only one on the teaching of which we can safely trust our future destiny. While on the voyage of time,

"It is my chart and compass, too,
Whose needle points forever true."

May it lead us eventually to the blessed port of life!

When I was young and my Bible was new, we had circuits that were circuits, requiring daily travel and daily preaching. Our auditors assembled in log-cabins, log school-houses, or under the forest-trees. We needed no reading-desk on which to lay our notes; for, while delivering our message, all the notes we used were in our heads and hearts, and if any new thought suggested itself as we progressed in the discourse we let it have free course from the heart to the heart. Sometimes the effect was thrilling; for while the mind is inspired with its theme, it occasionally takes both speaker and hearer by surprise with thoughts of life and words of fire. It is true that in most men, and certainly in me, it would be presumption to undertake the responsible duty of preaching without preparation; yet the best mode of preparation is not in a manuscript of measured paragraphs, but in prayerful meditation. Such at least is my experience. With a split-bottomed chair or small table before me for a desk, and this same diamond Bible open in my left hand, standing in the midst of the people, I used to feel quite as much at home as I do now in a spacious church, with a ponderous folio Bible resting on a velvet cushion; and frequently witnessed more signal proofs of awakening power and saving mercy, for in those days the word preached was wont to be in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, and great grace came down among the people.

When mounted on horseback—the usual mode of travel in days of yore—this little Bible was uniformly a part of my Gospel armor; if not open before me, yet in the pocket or portmanteau, whence it could be reached as readily as a warrior could draw his sword; and David had scarcely more confidence in his shepherd sling and brook stones going out to meet Goliath, than I had in this well-tempered Jerusalem blade, "the sword of the Spirit"—a confidence not in myself, but in the truth and in Him that sent me to "preach the word." My Bible, always in the service, winter and summer, spring and autumn, was necessarily exposed to many storms of snow, sleet, and rain. The stains upon it indicate that it was saturated with water driven through the leathern cover inclosing it. Once in the winter

of 1815-16, when I was on a circuit in Western Virginia, it bore me company to the bottom of a creek under the ice, the weather being so cold that my coat was frozen stiff in a few minutes after my escape from the water. By this mishap the bags containing my clothes and Bible were thoroughly drenched. Having rescued them, and recovered my horse, from which I got separated in the water, and traveled in this condition over two miles to the nearest cabin, and carefully drying it leaf by leaf, I saved the whole, except the cover, which finally came off. The second binding in black leather, done in Zanesville in 1819 or 1820, is only slightly broken at the corners, and that not with ordinary use, but by violence inflicted by strong-armed "sons of thunder" at camp meeting, using it as a mallet, and pounding the ends on the naked wooden stand. Many times I rescued it from such abuse by withdrawing it from before the zealous preacher while he faced in another direction; for, although he was welcome to pound the board with his fist, I was not willing to see my unoffending Bible battered to pieces. That is a mode of handling the word of life not congenial to my taste. Expounding the Bible enlightens many; but beating it on a hard board enlightens no one, though it may possibly serve to frighten some hearers of weak nerves. Yet, after all, it is in a tolerable state of preservation—not a leaf is lost, only one or two slightly marred, and every word of the book is readable.

Since my relation to the work has required me to visit all the conferences, this same Bible has accompanied me through all the states and territories of the Union, except very few of the most recently organized. Day and night, whether in the city or frontier settlement, by land or by water, on horseback or in buggy, in stages or canal-boats, in steam-boats or railcars, it was with me as long as I could see to read it. Sometimes it has been my pillow on a hard bench, or on the ground under the forest-trees. Frequently its words of truth and peace have gladdened my eyes and heart in the lonely desert, as well as in the populous city. And considering the great variety of scenes through which I have passed, and the numerous perils to which I have been exposed for forty years, it is marvelous that I never lost it; but here it is close by me.

On a review of the past history of my pocket Bible, I am forcibly reminded of many things which to me at least are interesting. The date of the memorandum on the blank leaf—"July, 1814"—reminds me that Time has shaken me by the hand, and sprinkled my head with his

hear frost; that my youthful coteremporaries in the Lord's vineyard have mostly disappeared from among the living, and that far the longer end of my journey through this world is behind. Of the large class that entered the Ohio conference with me in 1816, only one beside myself—Rev. William Holman—remains in the effective itinerant work. Many of them are dead, a few located, and the rest superannuated. Still, when I think of the venerable Joshua Wells, Joshua Taylor, William Burke, Joshua Hall, Thomas Wilkinson, and others, who were admitted as traveling preachers before I was born, and who still linger on the shores of time, I feel that I am comparatively young—not old enough to be classed with the fathers of American Methodism, and only claim to be one of the older sons.

Another item of history suggested by this review respects the great change which has taken place in the Methodist family since I owned this Bible. In 1814 the whole number of Methodists in the United States was about 211,000, and the present aggregate is over 1,300,000, showing a net increase in forty years of more than one million, while their advance in church extension, missions, education, and general influence is fully equal to their numerical increase. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

Many truths learned from this Bible have been beneficial to me, and deserve to be acknowledged with gratitude, a few of which I here briefly allude to. It taught me in early life that "wine is a mocker," and that "strong drink is raging." I have abstained from both. It also taught me to "let my moderation be known to all men." This, too, I have endeavored to observe. And by the blessing of God on my regular way of living and laboring, my health, though poor in the first years of my ministry, has been wonderfully preserved. I have not been confined to bed by any kind of affliction three days in thirty years, and am now as free from sickness and pain as I was forty years ago, though not able to endure the same amount of effort I was then.

Another and still more important lesson derived from the same source, is to "rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh," and that "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool;" but that "blessed is he that maketh the Lord his trust." Now, in view of these wholesome instructions, I have for a long time endeavored to renounce all reliance on an arm of flesh, and, in the use of the appointed means, look to God through Christ for all needed blessings, temporal and spiritual, for life and godliness here, and for endless life hereafter;

and then to rest satisfied, that all my interests for both worlds were safe in the hands of Him who deigns to be our heavenly Father. Thus I am calmly passing the afternoon of life in hope of an everlasting home in heaven, through the infinite merits of the great Redeemer, who loved us and gave himself for us, and all this as instructed by my pocket Bible.

LIFE.

BY MARY E. FRY.

"I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side."

LIFE—thou mysterious mystery! too often looming in darkness over our devoted heads, again beaming like an angel of light; now rushing by in tumultuous waves, then beckoning us on in a voice soft as the dying zephyr of a summer day. With the faint light of our feeble dawn began thy existence; in the chamber of death ends thy fitful reign; farther thou art powerless, and to the sleeping millions can never again give what thou hast once bestowed. A moment ushers us on thy awful stage; no sooner are we there than thou hurriest us on to Death, who, more gentle, leadest us to a banquet prepared for the soul—to a house not built by mortal hands—to a city whose maker is God! Verily, thou art a solemn enigma never yet solved by mortal. The light and shade, cloud and sunshine, joy and sorrow, that constitute thy being, envelop thee in a mystic cloud of darkness; our eyes are too dim to pierce within, and to approach the penalty is death.

But the Christian heedeth not thy mystery, for he looketh to a life that is beyond; he scorneth thy pleasures, seeking pleasures that never die; he courts not thy favor, living a life hid with Christ in God; and longing to depart, he grieves not at thy shortness. Thou exuldest in triumph over the multitude, but the Christian triumphs over thee; thou pointest to the grave—he sings of a never-fading crown; thou whisperest of the dark shades of oblivion—he shouts of a book of life wherein his name is written *forever*. He, assured of thy uncertainty, knoweth enough, knowing he must be up and doing while it is day; and when the night cometh, his lamp is trimmed, his wedding garments are on, and he waiteth in patience to hear the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

THE PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. F. M. TAYLOR.

THE bright May sun cast its noon rays through the half-shut blinds, and the soft breeze fanned each cheek with its mild breath, while the perfume of the budding trees told that the long-wished-for spring had come, bringing with it its sorrows and joys for every heart.

This beautiful day was the last Sabbath our pastor was to be with us; the afternoon sermon his last for many years, perhaps forever; and he who for two years had labored among us, and won the hearts of all his people, was in a few hours to leave these loving hearts for a new home and a new people.

At an early hour the church was filled to overflowing, and a deep silence reigned among the crowd. As the last peal of the deep-toned bell died away, our pastor passed up the aisle, and ascended the pulpit steps; every eye followed him with a tearful glance, for full well did all know this was the last time that loved one would fill his accustomed place; and as he knelt in prayer there was scarcely a head that was not bowed, or an ear that caught not every word as it fell from those trembling lips.

Long will that prayer be remembered, and long after the words are erased from memory's pure tablets will its impression remain stamped on the heart. With his hands clasped on his Bible, and his glowing face upturned, he pleaded for sins that were never his; he spoke of his people, and bore them before his God; he pleaded that once again he might meet them in that bright land where partings never come.

His prayer ended, he commenced his theme. He spoke of his first Sabbath with us—of his hopes and fears; he spoke of times when discouraged, and when he almost walked in the dark; he told of hours when it seemed as if God had forsaken him, and he felt that his labors were all in vain; he mentioned the joyful day when that little band of young people came forward, and, standing before the altar, openly confessed their love to God, and made their renunciation of the world with all its follies.

He told his people that he had not aimed at preaching great and learned sermons, that they might please the ear and not reach the heart, but he had endeavored to preach Christ, and him crucified; and as the words fell from his lips, it almost seemed as if a Deity spoke through a human form.

He addressed the impenitent; he invited them to come and drink from the wells of salvation.

He spoke to his own little flock, the members of his Church; he urged them to press onward undaunted over the hills of trial and difficulty, and finally kneel with him at the foot of the great white throne.

To the members of his own weekly class, those who had joined the little flock since it had been under his care, he spoke words of sweet consolation and kind encouragement, telling them that he wished to have them as bright stars in his crown of rejoicing.

He closed by telling his people of his deep love for them, and his never-dying interest in their welfare. He told them that were he ever permitted to have another charge, none would be so dear to him as these his first people. With quivering lip and moistened eye, he raised his hands over his people to pronounce his last benediction; and as the sound of his voice died away and his hands were dropped, the multitude moved not, but wept, for they knew that their earthly shepherd was about to leave them—he who so long had guided the sheep of his flock, and cherished the lambs in his bosom.

He descended from the pulpit, and all met him to say their last farewell. For each one he had a kind and loving word; and there was not one who wept not his loss as that of a dear friend; the orphans wept the loss of a father; the widows a consoler; the young their guide and example.

He left us. The old parsonage was closed; the vines clambered untrained over the windows; the sweet-singing birds no longer wove their nests in the old trees; the garden beds were overgrown with tangled weeds, and the downy thistle bloomed where so lately sweet flowers upheld their lovely heads, weeping tears of early morning dew.

Months passed quickly by, and then came the sad yet joyful news, that our beloved pastor was now a bright angel, singing the sweet songs of heaven. O, how we wept when they told us that a strange hand wiped the death-damp from his brow; that no dear friend was with him to receive his last good-by; that the wide ocean was his grave; that the cold, dark wave was his pillow, and all that was earthly was gone forever!

We have had other pastors, and listened to other voices; but no voice was so sweet, and no heart has won our love, like that heart that is cold, and the voice that is silent in a watery grave.

We remembered the last words he spoke to us; and though our eyes would fill with tears, yet our hearts rejoiced; for as the sun shining

on the falling rain-drops forms the bright rainbow, so the Sun of righteousness shed its rays on our tears of sorrow, and formed the brighter rainbow of hope.

HEARTS OF OAK.

GENEROSITY OF SAILORS.

IF generosity be the offspring of sympathy and unselfishness, we might well expect to find it strongly developed in the character of a seaman; for he is almost proverbially regardless of his own interests and full of consideration for the calamities of others.

Perhaps his intimacy with danger and want of forethought may render him forgetful of himself; perhaps his isolation from general society may make him ready to commiserate all the distressed. Of the propensity there can be no doubt.

"Why what's that to you if my eyes I'm wiping?

A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;

'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,

But they that han't pity, why, I pities they.

Says the captain, says he—I shall never forget it—

If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,

'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,

But, duty appeased, 'tis in mery a lamb."

There never yet was a true sailor in whose career we might not find some illustration of a virtue so characteristic of the profession, and so honorable to humanity. A few instances may be profitable and interesting to all of us.

On the 29th of December, 1807, the *Anson*, Captain Lydiard, was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, about three miles from Helstone, and the Captain's generous self-devotion was seen to be equal to the valor which he had lately displayed in the reduction of Curacao.

When the ship first struck all was confusion, and the roar of the tempest only mocked the noise of the falling masts and the shrieks of the women. But the voice of the Captain, as, self-possessed and undaunted, he issued his orders to the panic-struck crew, restored hope and created confidence. When the mainmast went overboard it formed, very providentially, a communication with the shore, by which Captain Lydiard encouraged his people to save themselves. Holding on by the wheel, he continued to cheer and direct them as they, one by one, essayed the dangerous passage; and anxiously he watched their happy success or their miserable failure. At last he was about to cross himself, when he was arrested by the cries of some one in the extremity of terror, and, proceeding to ascertain their origin,

he found a boy, whom he had lately entered, clinging in despair to part of the wreck, without strength or energy to attempt his own deliverance. Captain Lydiard did not hesitate, for he was resolved that none should perish whom he could preserve. With one arm he held the boy, with the other he endeavored to support himself over the slippery and dangerous bridge by which he hoped to reach the shore. But his bodily strength, worn out as it had been by toil and anxiety, was not equal to the determination of his soul: the mast escaped from his hold, and the gallant and brave-hearted Lydiard shared a watery grave with the poor child he had so nobly attempted to rescue.

Many such examples of heroic self-sacrifice must occur to the minds of our readers; but among them, perhaps, none has surpassed the noble and determined devotion of Captain Charles Baker and the crew of his Majesty's brig *Drake*.

This ship was wrecked in a fog on the coast of Newfoundland, on the 20th of June, 1822. Scarcely was she aground before her condition was hopeless. The sea was so heavy that her boats were successively swamped or stove; and the best swimmer of the crew, who endeavored to take a line to the shore, was dragged back to the ship, exhausted by the violence of the waves; but Captain Baker and his men remained undaunted, and were, each one, ready to attempt any desperate enterprise for the safety of their companions. At length the boatswain succeeded in reaching the shore in the dingy—the only boat that would swim—which was, however, crushed against the rocks as he landed. While he was doing so, the wreck was driven near to a dry rock, and Captain Baker ordered the crew to take refuge on it, but he was obliged to reiterate his resolution of being the last to leave before he could induce any of these brave fellows to precede him. When they had all gained this temporary refuge they found themselves but a few yards from the mainland; but they also made the terrible discovery that their asylum would be covered at high water, and the waves were so boisterous that no man could hope to cross the narrow channel.

Still none showed a sign of fear or impatience; but the commander and his gallant band waited calmly for what seemed to them inevitable death. The boatswain now threw across to his comrades the rope which he had taken on shore, and there was another struggle among them, every man refusing to be saved till he had been commanded to go by the Captain. Forty-four thus landed; six remained on the rock, but one of these was a woman whose hardships had taken away all her

energies. The next man to cross took her in his arms, and committed himself, thus burdened, to the rope; but that proved unequal to the increased strain, and neither of them reached the shore. The breaking of the rope deprived those who were left of all hope. In vain their friends on shore tied every available shred together to make a line; in vain they sought the nearest inhabitants for help; before they could return to the beach the waves rolled over the last refuge of Captain Baker and the remnant of his noble crew. Single individuals have before and since displayed similar generosity and heroism; but, perhaps, no body of men can be pointed out who have done greater honor to the name of seamen, or who have evinced more calmness, intrepidity, and self-devotion than the crew of his Majesty's brig *Drake*.

In those cases which we have mentioned we have seen men in a common danger disregarding themselves for the sake of their companions; it remains for us to give an instance of one, who was himself in safety, voluntarily risking his life to save those of his fellow-creatures.

We shall select an incident in the life of Sir Edward Pellew—afterward Lord Exmouth—when in command of the *Indefatigable*, which not only shows generosity and humanity, almost unparalleled, but is also calculated to teach us of how much value is the influence of a single decided and well-ordered mind in circumstances of danger and confusion.

In January, 1796, when the *Indefatigable* was lying in Hamoaze, the *Dutton*, a large East Indiaman, with part of the second regiment and many sick on board, was driven into Plymouth by stress of weather; and, in consequence of a buoy having broken adrift, came ashore under the citadel.

Sir Edward, accompanied by Lady Pellew, was on his way to dine with Dr. Hawker, the excellent vicar of Charles, when he noticed the crowds running to the Hoe; and, having learned the cause, he sprang out of the carriage and ran off with the rest. Arrived at the beach, he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board, amounting to between five and six hundred, was almost inevitable. The captain had left the ship, on account of indisposition, the previous day; but the officers who were on board had succeeded in getting a hawser to the shore, by which some of the people had landed. This, however, was a slow and dangerous operation; for the rolling of the vessel as she lay broadside on in the surf, would sometimes jerk the rope high in the air, and then bury it beneath the waves. Every minute

was of consequence, for night was approaching, and the wreck fast breaking up.

Sir Edward was anxious to send a message to the officers, and offered rewards to pilots and others on the beach to board the wreck; but when every one shrank from so dangerous a service, he exclaimed, "Then I will go myself." Availing himself of the hawser which communicated with the ship, he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen toward the shore; and he received an injury on the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved if they attended quietly to his directions; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the thousands on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. The officers of the *Indefatigable* were in the mean time exerting themselves to bring assistance, although not aware of the position of their Captain. Lieutenant Pellew left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thompson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought along side the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat belonging to a merchant vessel was more fortunate. Mr. Edsell, signal midshipman to the Port Admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of the vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her along side. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with traveling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the ship and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meanwhile, a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth port, and two large boats arrived from the Dockyard under the directions of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order—a task the more difficult,

as the soldiers before he came on board had got at the spirits and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were first landed. One of them was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would intrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore, and then the ship's company, Sir Edward himself being one of the last to leave. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces.—*Ex-celsior.*

MISSIONARY SEWING SOCIETIES.

BY REV. L. A. EDDY.

IN the glorious revival of interest in the cause of missions within the last quarter of a century, it is not easy to estimate the indebtedness of the Church to female influence. Not only in this country, but every-where in Christendom, it is, and has long been observable, that when a missionary meeting is called woman is the first to respond to that call. When money is needed for such purposes, it is woman that is most ready to lay aside her domestic cares, forego her personal interests, and visit from house to house to collect funds. When needle or other work is called for to meet a special emergency, no obstacle not absolutely insuperable is sufficient to prevent her from promptly supplying the demand.

More thrilling examples of moral heroism in the enterprise of missions are recorded of devoted females than of the other sex. Much has been said in praise of the Spartan mother, who, buckling the war armor on her son, charged him as he started for the battle-field "either to bring back his shield, or be brought back upon it;" but how much more noble and morally sublime was the answer of the widowed mother of the missionary Lyman, when the dreadful intelligence reached her that her son had been most cruelly murdered and eaten by the cannibal Battas: "I bless God who gave me such a son to go to the heathen; and I never felt so strongly as I do at this moment the desire that others of my sons may become missionaries also, and may go and preach salvation to those savage men who have drank the blood of my son!" Search the history of missions since the days of the apostles, and you will doubtless look in vain for a more illustrious example of devotion to this cause than that related by Rev. J. A. James.

He observed that at a missionary meeting in his congregation among the contributors a youth of sixteen years came forward to enroll his name. When requested to state how much he wished to subscribe, he replied, with some diffidence, "Myself." He was the eldest son of an unfortunate widow, to whom seven other children looked for support. The proffer of the young man could not be received without the mother's consent. It was scarcely to be expected that her eldest son would be yielded up for the missionary service, when his exertions might soon prove useful to his widowed parent in her indigent circumstances. "Let him go," was the prompt response of the devoted mother; "God will provide for me and my babes; and who am I that I should be thus honored to have a son a missionary to the heathen!" In the prize essay of Mr. Harris on missions, it is further stated that this son, after laboring a short time in India, died, when the second son felt it his duty to walk in the footsteps of his brother. This was a new trial of the mother's faith and zeal; but her ready reply was, "Let William follow Joseph, though it be to India and an early grave."

It is, indeed, fitting that woman should excel in efforts for the propagation of Christianity. Not only is she naturally endowed with a more sympathizing heart, and susceptible of more tender regard for the wants and woes of others, but, if possible, she owes more to Christianity than the other sex; and, hence, it is not strange that her love for that religion which has done so much for females should be stronger. She is not ignorant of the fact that every-where Pagan habitations are emphatically habitations of cruelty to woman. She knows that in uncivilized countries the depth of female degradation, and the intensity of her sufferings from lordly tyranny, and the prejudices and customs of societies, are in proportion to the density of Pagan darkness; and that in more enlightened lands woman is appreciated, and her God-given rights and position in society are recognized, just in proportion to the abundance and brilliancy of Gospel light diffused through that community.

It is not, however, merely for the elevation and moral improvement of her own sex that woman toils in the work of evangelism. But disdaining all mere selfish or sexual considerations, she manifests her gratitude for what the Gospel has done for her by untiring zeal, and by taxing her ingenuity to aid in the enlightenment and salvation of all sorts and conditions of men. And among the measures devised to ameliorate the condition of the degraded and unfortunate,

it is not possible to estimate fully the value of those humble instrumentalities called "sewing societies."

In calling attention briefly to the utility of these industrial associations, I am aware that doubts have repeatedly been expressed of their usefulness. Perhaps these doubts have in part arisen from occasional abuses of similar gatherings. It must, indeed, be admitted that unless the object aimed at in such efforts be in itself praiseworthy and important, unless the religious element deeply pervade the meetings, unless simplicity and economy be exhibited in the arrangements for the entertainment of the company, and vigilance be observed to prevent the intrusion of unprofitable conversation, such meetings, instead of being beneficial, will be productive of positive mischief.

In glancing at a few of the benefits of sewing societies, I mention, first, an advantage common to all benevolent associations; namely, that arising from a concentration of individual influence in a given direction. If the homely maxim, "Two heads are better than one," is true, it is still more obvious that the union of twenty or thirty heads is better than two. As the collision of different sentiments often strike out sparks of truth, so the mutual interchange of thought and outgushing of sympathy in behalf of any noble enterprise enlarges our conception of such labor of love, and inflames our zeal in its prosecution. It is in accordance with this law of the human mind that deliberative assemblies have from time immemorial been instituted; that social worship was divinely established; and those who fear the Lord are taught to speak often one to another. Indeed, the question admits of no dispute whether twenty ladies, however benevolently disposed, acting utterly independently of each other, would be likely to hit upon as sagacious plans, and produce in the course of the year an aggregate of means to bless the needy, equal to the benefactions of the same number accustomed to meet often together for mutual counsel and encouragement.

Secondly. Valuable pecuniary results are often reached by these organizations that could not otherwise be realized. There are many ladies who can spend an afternoon each week or fortnight in needle-work, the net value of which will be at least three dollars per annum, but who could do little or nothing unless their labor is made available. Thus thousands of dollars, or their equivalent, are annually realized as the aggregate fruit of such humble and unostentatious combinations of industry. Thus, also, the

luxury of giving is placed within the reach of the poor as well as the rich; and if the reward of beneficence is in proportion not to the intrinsic value of the gift, but the personal sacrifice incurred by the donor, no class of persons experience more glorious proof of the truth of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," than *earnest workers* in these sewing societies.

By these associations multitudes of sufferers have been supplied with food, and raiment, and the bread of eternal life, that otherwise would have perished. Whole neighborhoods of misery and crime have been transformed into communities of comfort and abodes of peace; and many an indigent young man, battling unsuccessfully with poverty in preparing for the ministry, has triumphed over every obstacle, and become a burning and shining light in the world, by the timely aid of a humble band of female disciples with their needles. In numerous instances, also, embarrassed Churches have been relieved, and a blessed career of prosperity secured, which church, to the disgrace of religion and the triumph of malignant spirits, would have been utterly abandoned, but for the indomitable zeal of angels of mercy, who, with no other lever than the needle, lifted them from the slough of bankruptcy and ruin.

Thirdly. The reflex benefits of these societies upon their own membership and the community should be especially noted. I do not refer now particularly to their obvious tendency to repress narrow and selfish feelings, and arouse and keep alive a spirit of enlarged philanthropy, but to their manifest tendency to promote Christian union in the neighborhood where they are in operation—to extend Christian sympathy and influence in irreligious families. Nor is this all. As the rich and poor here meet on a common level, and freely converse and labor together, the effect is to subdue any predisposition to aristocratic ambition on the one hand, and cure all morbid inclinations to the indulgence of an envious spirit on the other. Happy, indeed, is that neighborhood where all the professed disciples of Christ, whether learned or illiterate, rich or poor, often associate together on terms of Christian equality to promote a common object; where factitious distinctions are unknown, and not the slightest indication can be detected either of overbearing pride or green-eyed jealousy. I admit that if the disposition exist, it is not impossible to keep up a spirit of caste and favoritism even in such gatherings. By taking some pains, "birds of a feather may flock together" even here, and

whisper exclusively with the few instead of striving to be agreeable and useful to the many; but such conduct is so sadly at variance with the common rules of decency, to say nothing of Christian courtesy, that it is hoped there are very few places where a word of caution on this point is necessary.

It should not be forgotten, that to obtain *all* the benefits from these circles of industry, it is particularly advisable to include the young as well as elderly ladies. Indeed, a sewing society convened without the enlivening presence of youthful females is considered almost as defective in moral beauty as a domestic circle in which prattling infants have no place. The young should participate in these labors of love, not only in view of the importance of forming early habits of systematic beneficence, avoiding improper associations, and giving their attention to less laudable pursuits, but in view also of the influence exerted by this class of laborers upon every other department of society. Who has not observed that in whatever enterprise young ladies are heartily enlisted is seldom viewed with indifference by the aged, and never by young men? Hence, that pastor is to be pitied for his stupidity who has not learned that one valuable secret of ministerial success is the securance, by laudable means, of the hearty co-operation of this class of his parishioners. Woe to the clergyman who once gets the ill-will of the intelligent and enterprising young ladies of his congregation! When he has rendered himself unacceptable to *this* class, he has, in most cases, closed the avenue to all hearts; and there is no alternative but to ask for a dismissal, take up his staff, and start off on a candidating itinerancy.

In fine, such organizations are of special utility in a community, as they serve to draw the attention of every class to the great truths which many in this mammon-worshipping age are apt to forget, that "no man liveth to himself," and that in proportion as the claims of God's poor are met by liberal efforts for their relief, in the same proportion—nay, in a hundred-fold greater proportion—are blessings returned to the donor from Him who has declared that even a cup of cold water imparted to the needy shall not pass unnoticed or unrewarded. That "God takes care of those who care for his suffering poor," is proven not only by the numerous promises made in behalf of those who honor God with their substance, and the natural tendency of benevolent habits to secure home prosperity in general, but by the obvious practical influence of a well-organized, intelligent, and large-hearted system

of public beneficence upon the immediate community in which such plan is carried out.

Allow me, in conclusion, to remark, that the above thoughts owe their origin to a deeply interesting gathering last summer which I had the privilege of attending, about two miles south of the village of Cazenovia, N. Y. It was a general meeting, in a beautiful orchard, of the sewing societies of Cazenovia station for social intercourse and religious improvement. Two large tents had been erected—one of which was fitted up for a temporary chapel, and the other as a dining-hall. As the different sewing circles, though living in separate neighborhoods, had been laboring chiefly for a common object—"The Five Points Mission"—it was thought peculiarly fitting, with their companions and children, to hold a general festival, and thus celebrate the anniversary of our national independence. Appropriate addresses were delivered by four ministers, when the company, consisting of nearly two hundred persons, partook of a bountiful repast provided by the society in the immediate vicinity of this little camp meeting. The company then returned to the chapel tent, and the whole was closed by a very delightful and profitable love-feast and prayer meeting.

APRIL.

BY MRS. M. C. BOWMAN.

HAIL, thrice hail, to joyous April
Nature proudly greets thee Queen;
See the jeweled, silver maple,
And the lawns in robes of green,
Golden sunbeams, genial showers,
Warbling birds on bush and spray;
Verdant meadows, woodland bowers,
Blooming now on April day—
Think thou not that sweet spring flowers
All belong to boasting May.

See the peach's rosy blossom
And the plum with petals white,
Twining wreaths to grace thy bosom,
Showing forth their glad delight:
All performing pleasant duties—
Flowers sweet, in varied tints,
Violets blue and sweet spring beauties,
Daffodils and hyacinths.

But infant buds, now young and tender,
Fed and nurtur'd by thy hand,
Ere their grateful fruits shall render
Thou wilt be in Fairy-land.

Many are the charms thou bringest,
Ere we see thee pass away;
Then thy mantle kindly flingest
O'er thy younger sister May.

GHOST STORIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

NUMBER III.

OF all the delusions that cheat us out of happiness, a good time, placed by many persons in some indefinite period of the future, is the most delusive of all.

Aside from the terrible necessities of pain and death, to which we are every moment alike liable, all times shape themselves to our actions, and that is the best time which is consecrated to good thoughts, or words, or works. The habit of sacrificing daily the pleasant things in our reach, or of pushing them from us into the dark, in the hope that some future daybreak will shine upon them, is a great and fatal mistake. The happiness so put away will never return to us with the freshness and beauty that charmed us at the first; but if by chance it drift across our way again, we shall find it battered and worn, as it were; but likeliest we shall never see it any more; under some black cloud, and beneath some sudden wave it will have found shipwreck in the great waste to which we have trusted it—the gray surges will have run together where it went down, and our searches for what *was* a reality will be a season of heaviness and mourning, which we might well have spared ourselves.

But even if we should, as is sometimes the case, meet again the joys that we have sailed away from with determinedness to add thereby to some future enjoyment, it would be as though men and women should have their dolls, and kites, and marbles given back into their hands. The corner-stone will not fit in the capital, and the sill will make but a clumsy rafter. Just as truly as there is a time for every thing, so surely is there a thing for every time, and the thing for one time can be but illy jointed to another time. Childhood has its idle hands, its freedom from care, its improvidence, its sleep, and its laughter; youth has its light work, its pretty dalliance with hope, its eager zest of pleasure, its love, and its crown of love—marriage; maturer life has its more earnest quest of knowledge, its more solid achievement, and its more solemn joy; age its resting from labor, its farther-reaching vision, and its more steadfast faith, and in their time all these provisions are beautiful. Let the prattle of little children gladden the heart of the old man as he sits with his eyes fixed on the land he expects ere long to make, and let the young men and young women, for whom he has toiled, work for him in turn, nor seek to displace the baby glee with the temperate enjoyments or the soberer

serenity of riper years—all are beautiful in their time.

I do not mean to commend greediness, but a sensible and wise appropriation of the good gifts of God is, I believe, acceptable to him; for has he not made them and given them for our use?

The story I have to tell seems to me to illustrate this procrastination of enjoyment. About a year ago, as I was going through one of the New York markets, my attention was attracted by the pleasant countenance and tidy appearance of an old woman who kept a little stall outside the market-house.

Her clean apron and cheerful face led me to examine her store of vegetables, which I found nicely prepared and of the best quality; and on making some purchases I found that for the same articles she demanded less than her neighbors.

But over and above the pleasant face and the moderate prices demanded, there was an agreeable impression left on my mind for which I could not account.

The next market day I found her again, and the next again. So, by degrees, we formed a kind of market acquaintance, alike advantageous and agreeable. She supplied me with all necessities in her line, and I never found reason to regret any purchase I made of her. Some part of the best of whatever she sold, cabbage or strawberries, potatoes or beans, she invariably reserved for herself and her boy, Frederick, who carried home for her customers whatever they bought of her. An intelligent, black-eyed little fellow was Frederick, performing with cheerful alacrity his various duties, and finding always some bright spot in every thing.

He in no way resembled his mother, as I supposed the pleasant market-woman to be, both from the fact that he was always with her, and from her invariable gentleness toward him. One day when he had an extra large basket to carry home for me I gave him an extra sixpence, and the sunshine that laughed in his face contrasted unusually with the staid serenity of the woman; and on remarking it, she told me he was not her child, nor in any way related to her; that they had chanced to fall in with one another in the journey of life, and should probably continue together as long as they lived.

But I need not detail all the particulars of our ripening acquaintance; suffice that I came to know the name of the market-woman, which was Peggy Butler; that she lived in rooms in ——— street, with the boy Fred as her housemate and helpmate; that she had never been married—had no wealth but her health and industry, and no

friends but such casual ones as her exemplary conduct made her among her patrons.

Of the boy I learned nothing; for after having been informed that their ways had chanced to come together, I made no inquiry, and only as his obedience, good-humor, and active industry showed him to be, did I think of him. Indeed, the cradle that rocked him and the future into which he was hastening, had never engaged a moment of my time till one morning at the accustomed stall I found aunt Peggy, as Fred designated her, alone.

There was an anxious look in her face, and a hurried disposal of fruits and vegetables that told me all was not right; and on inquiry I learned that little Freddy had been run over by a fine carriage the evening previous, and was lying at home alone, maimed and bruised, the extent of his injuries not yet known. All that day I kept thinking of the lad, wondering how badly he was hurt, and whether he would recover, or if he died, how he would be buried and where; for in some sort the boy had endeared himself to me, and I went over mentally all my acquaintance with him—how sometimes I had seen him without shoes of frosty mornings, and at other times swaying from side to side of the path under a burden too heavy for him. Much of our talk together came back to me, and I found a precocious wisdom, on his part, in the memory of it, which, till then, had never impressed me. As we always do, I kept hoping the accident was not so serious as aunt Peggy feared, and so the day went by and the night. I went early to the market in the morning, but the stall was empty, and each picture I tried to make of a boy, with a shining face, was displaced by the white and settled look of death. A walk of a mile in the sharp air of a November morning brought me to the lodgings of the stricken Peggy Butler. They were not in a nice, open street, and entered by a broad flight of steps and ample and well-lighted hall, but access was had to them through crooked and narrow streets, where the gutters were choked with thick, stagnant water, and pots, and barrels, and baskets of decayed and decaying refuse, making all the air heavy and unwholesome. Many carts stood along the side-walks, and cellars with open windows, partly above ground, neighbored each other, through the apertures and windows of which the noses of cows and horses were thrust; dirty children, to be counted by hundreds, swarmed along the filthy side-walks—some with red gluey eyes, some with crooked legs, some with mouth askew, and some with heads having the appearance of mange dogs—quarreling, crying, paddling

in the gutters, or pushing each other to and fro in sorry attempts at play. Women that seemed to have lost all gentle attributes of womanhood, screeched or growled their displeasure from over their washing-tubs along the alleys or from stitching benches at the windows. Houses miserably old, and crowded from top to bottom—as appeared by the white-faced men and women who crept up from under ground to see or feel the sunshine, and the many night-caps at the garret windows—leaned against each other, or stood wedged together, and seeming to have sunken half their original dimensions in the ground. Among these I noticed one habitation, a little more substantial than the rest, having an area about the basement for the admission of light, and the wooden steps leading to the battered door washed clean. Having rapped on the upper door in vain I descended to the basement, where I noticed, beside the entrance, a sign of “fashionable dress-making,” and in the window two or three glass jars, one containing a few sticks of candy, another some spools of coarse cotton, and the third in part filled with cucumber pickles, in the bottom of which the dead flies had settled to the depth of an inch, and over which was a coating of white mold. The window contained also a pound or two of tallow candles, melted and stuck together, some bars of yellow soap, two boxes of “pearl powder,” and a side of ribby smoked pork. The door was opened by a young woman with a very slender waist, decayed teeth, thin hair, patched out above either ear and kept so by a quantity of white wadding, and having a greasy silk skirt adorned with flounces of a violently contrasting color. I caught a glimpse of a baby—sitting on a rag-carpet that was glazed and trodden into one smooth and shining surface—having a little mouse-colored hair near the back of the neck, and the top of the head coated with what resembled bran and ashes—this little creature was amusing itself with a couple of uncooked pigs' feet, or legs rather; and of an old woman, the tags of whose petticoat dangled about her ankle as she punched the fire with her foot, for she seemed to be tending a kettle in which was a quantity of meat boiling; and I noticed she worked her mouth in anticipation of the feast, as a pair of calf's eyes looked out upon her from the cloud of steam. The young lady closed the door abruptly, and without answering my inquiry, on learning that I required no fashionable dress-making, and I had recourse to the upper door again, almost assured that Peggy Butler was a resident of the house.

This time my summons was immediately answered by a middle-aged mulatto woman. She

held in her apron some clean-smelling linen, which she seemed to have just brought from the line. A bright ring glittered on one finger and showy earrings dangled below her turban, showing her altogether to be neither poverty-stricken nor untidy.

She put down the bundle of washed clothes and led the way up the narrow stairs, carpetless, but scoured white almost as the lime-washed wall, and pointing to the near door with a smile, as though she had received a service, descended with a propriety and quietude which showed me that she possessed that inimitable something before education and above education, and without which the highest cultivation is but imitation after all.

I afterward found my first impression quite correct, and Caty Smith proved to be not only an excellent washer and ironer, but also a model of amiability and polite manners.

Aunt Peggy met me at the door, the tears in her blue eyes and the patient smile quite gone from her lips. She had not been at the market that day, she told me, and she didn't feel as if she should ever care to go there again; if she had no body to work for nor to care for, what was the use? I tried to cheer her, but at best I am a poor comforter; and I no sooner looked upon little Freddy than I knew she had not overestimated his perilous condition. It was not the arm tied straight in splinters, nor the bandaged forehead, nor yet the sunken eyes; but an indefinable expression and seeming that told me he was lying very near to death. He was in no pain; that was all past, and with quickened spiritual apprehension foreseeing the end, he lay calm as an infant rocking to sleep. He smiled when he saw me; said he was glad I was come, for that he could not talk much now, and aunt Peggy was lonesome. I told him I hoped he would be well in a few days and make her company again. He said he would like to get well to work for her, for that his true mother could not have been kinder to him than she had been; but that he was not so much afraid of death as he had been of the dark night many a time, and now that his arm was so hurt that he could not carry the basket, it was better he should go where there were no baskets to carry; and seeing how distressed aunt Peggy was, he called her to the bedside and asked her who it was that watched with him before I came. She answered no one had been there but good Caty Smith; but the boy assured her with great earnestness that waking out of sleep at daylight there sat by the bedside a young man, whom he described very minutely—the color of his hair,

his garments, and even the ring which he wore on his left hand. Peggy Butler seemed startled at the description, the tears dried up in her eyes, and questioning him further on the supposition, as I supposed, that she knew who the young man must have been, the answers corresponded in every particular with her suggestions. "Strange, strange," she repeated, when the child concluded by saying the young man spoke not at all, but smiled sweetly and often, and as he looked on him seemed to vanish away, and it was only light where he had been. "Strange, strange," and she fell to weeping more bitterly than before. The boy put his arm about her neck, and drawing down her face kissed her, and saying, "Don't cry, O don't cry!" fell asleep, and never woke any more; for while he slept the angel, of which he was not afraid, stole him away very softly.

The noonday sunshine came into the room and lay on his pillow, and good Caty cut from her own flower-pot all the blossoms it had and laid them on his bosom, and having whispered some words to Peggy, tied on a brave orange turban, and went away.

I kept my place at the bedside, though the need was all past, while the bereaved woman walked wildly up and down the room, wringing her hands and moaning piteously. In about an hour Caty returned, and shortly after a stout old gentleman, accompanied by a hearse and a fine coffin—little Freddy was laid in it and carried away. When Peggy had in part subdued the violence of her grief, and while Caty, who seemed to be her friend and confident, went quietly about putting the house in order and out of view the coat, and hat, and other things that had been Freddy's, she uncovered her eyes, and, as some sad solace for her grief, told me the story of her life.

She had lived in the country when a child, and grown to be a woman there, and all the brightest memories of her life were connected with briery hedges and green hay-fields, meadow-runs and orchards, and the fresh-smelling furrows of newly-plowed fields: there her good mother had lived and died—there her brothers and sisters had grown from playmates to workmates, and so to men and women, and had found other mates and made themselves new homes, where, with children about them, some of them were living still, old men and women now.

"But there is one thing," she said, "which more than all the rest endears my past life to me, and at the same time keeps me from returning to it: I had a lover once—he is buried there."

After a few minutes she went on, "When he

died it seemed to me I could not live there any longer. I thought to get away from myself, but the experience of twenty years has shown me how foolish any such attempt is. Work and the little good I have had it in my power to do, have been all my solace."

"If your brothers and sisters are still living," I said, "it seems to me it would be for your comfort to return to them."

She shook her head mournfully and answered, "No; I should have been happy but for them. Joseph Williams was the son of a well-to-do neighboring farmer—healthful and full of hope and courage—generous and cheerful, ready always to give up his own plans and prospects for the pleasure of others, and yet to laugh all the same and not to appear to have any thoughts for himself at all; so by degrees every body came to think Joseph had no wishes of his own, and the more he did the more it seemed was expected of him, till he scarcely had any privileges or pleasures at all. We saw each other sometimes, and loved each other a great deal, but my brothers and sisters would not hear of our marriage. 'He has not an acre of land,' they said, 'and what are you to do—live in a hut and come home to father to get petticoats for your children?' Even his good qualities they turned against the young man, saying, 'Why did he not work for himself and accumulate something, and not stay drudging for his father, who already had enough.' And often when we could hear him whistle or sing across the fields they would say, Jo was wasting his time and trying to make Peggy hear how well he could whistle or sing, and that he would be a long time in felling a tree if he minded tunes so much. But for my part I could never see that his whistling and singing hindered his work at all; for there was never a young man in the neighborhood that could plow or chop with him, and as for horses, he could manage a team or ride with the best of them. But at last my folks would not see any good thing in him at all, and would repeat all his enemies said about him in my hearing, adding their own coarse comments, as though he were no more to me than to them. This was all hard to bear, but I said never a word, still loving him all the same in spite of their talk. Years and years went by so, for Joseph's father was a man greedy of gain, and desirous above all things that his son should marry a woman who had money or land; and when Joseph said that he would never marry any body but me, he put the time away and away, and though he did not positively say it should not be, the blessed day seemed never to come the nearer.

Joseph must stay with him till another field was paid for, and when that was done till a new fence was made, then till more cows were bought, then the house must be painted, and when that was done he had not house enough, and so from one thing to another it went, for it appeared that the more the old man got the more he wanted. At last the fall of the year came that Joseph was twenty-eight years old and I twenty-five. Often and often he would have broken away from every thing and married me, but still all the long years I said no, for my brothers sneered and my sisters called me selfish to love another better than them, and I had all the while hoped that a better time would come, and, indeed, it seemed a little nearer, for my sisters, without ever asking my pleasure, or thinking of it once, were married to please themselves; my brothers, too, had chosen mates, and though none of them seemed any more willing than formerly that I should marry Joseph, still I felt less obliged to sacrifice my own wish now than I used to feel. Every body began to call me an old maid, and my own folks would rally me and ask why I did not marry this one and that, just as if Joseph were not in the world. The fall, as I said, was come; old Mr. Williams was called a rich man, and had at last consented to our marriage, for he did not dislike me except that I was poor—Joseph had a new cart painted bright, and a horse of his own—and had promised him half the profits of the next year's crop. His father had a purse full of money in the desk, but said his son must earn for himself, as if he had not earned all that was called his father's, or nearly all.

"One day when I sat scheming about our future happiness, one of my brothers came in and said carelessly, 'That scamp of a fellow, Jo Williams, gets worse and worse. He is too lazy to whistle now;' and as I said nothing he continued, 'he is lying across on the next hill sunning himself like a black snake.'

"I would not listen to more, but tying on my bonnet went right to the field where he was, for I knew at once that he was ill, else he would not have been lying on the ground. I was not mistaken; his face was burning hot and his eyes looked heavy and dull, and though he tried to laugh and say it was nothing, I knew better and feared he would be very sick. We talked a long time to each other of our love and of the time when we should be married; but at length he said he must plow again, for that a part of the crop he was about to sow was to be his, or *ours*, as he said, with a smile. I tried to dissuade him, for I knew he was not well enough to work; but

he would not admit it, and went to work again the same as though he were ever so strong.

"All the rest of the day I was very miserable, often going up to the garret and looking across the hill to see if still he kept at work, and each time I saw him, though I did not hear him whistle, and it seemed to me he walked with feeble steps. My dreams were troubled that night, and I slept little; when, however, the sun came up, it seemed to shine so brightly I thought no one could be sick, and for a while kept about the house thinking of the time I was to have a house of my own. I was afraid to go up stairs to see whether Joseph were in the field, but kept trying to think he was, till I could endure the suspense no longer. He was not to be seen; the plow was in the furrow and only half the field broken up. I shaded my eyes and looked long and earnestly every-where I had ever seen him, but all seemed lonesome and as if something was wrong; his young horse stood near the door-yard leaning his head toward the house, as if looking for his master, and I could see no sign of cheerfulness any where. Twenty times that day I left my work and went to the upper window, but saw nothing to encourage me. Night came, long and miserable enough, and morning, which seemed no better. I dare not go to inquire, for it would have been thought a very immodest thing, and so I suffered, O so much, all that day and night, and the next and the next, and for more than a week, when one of my brothers told me, as though it were a mere matter of news, that Jo Williams had caught cold lying on the grass and was not expected to live.

"I could not have the mournful comfort of crying; but it seemed to me as I went about the house that my heart was bleeding itself all away. No one pitied me, and no one sympathized with me; but the same duties were expected, and the same cheerfulness as ever.

"At length one night came word that Joseph was very bad and had sent for me, and, mindless of the darkness and the rain that was falling, I went as fast as I could. He was so changed I would not have known him but for the smile, which was just the same. He told me not to leave him again; said he should not need me long. 'He didn't blame any body,' he said; 'but if he had taken more rest as he went along, the rest that knew no breaking would not have come to him so soon.'

"I had not been by him long when he complained of being cold, and when I pressed his hands close to my bosom he smiled and said they were warm enough; and so they were, for he

never knew any thing after that. The next day we buried him; his coffin was carried in his own little cart; and when I could not hear him speak nor see him smile any more, I wished I, too, might die and be laid by him, but death would not come for all my calling, and by and by the thought came to me that any where would be better than the place that constantly reminded me of him; so, under pretense of visiting a distant relative of our family, I came to this great city, ignorant of every thing that was esteemed most by my relations.

"I need not disguise the truth, they were rich and proud, and," she hesitated, and after a moment added, "not such people as I had been used to at home. There was a young lady in the family who looked down upon me more than the rest, if that were possible, treating me always as though I was made of something else than flesh and blood, never speaking to me unless to order me to wait upon her in some way. This treatment I would not once have borne, but now my spirit was broken, and I cared for nothing save to have a place to stay while I should live, where nothing would remind me of my lost hopes. So I told my relations I would stay in the kitchen with the servants and assist in the house work if they would allow me something to wear and eat.

"I scarce went above the basement from month to month, so I do not know whether it were true or not, but it was told us that Miss Sophia—that was the name of the haughty young lady—was gone from home. I had reasons for believing that she was concealed in the house; I said nothing, and my suspicion was not dreamed of by any one. One day my relation, the person who came to-day and carried away little Freddy, asked me if I would not like to keep house by myself, and go into some little business of my own, talking very kindly with me, and saying it grieved him to employ me as a menial, and that he would assist me to such sum as I should require. Joseph had always delighted in a garden, and for that reason more than for any other, I engaged in my present employment. I had not been a fortnight in my new home, which was at first very comfortable, even pretty, when a loud ring surprised me one night, and on opening the door I found a basket containing a baby. I took it in, of course, and early the following morning, as if quite by accident, my relative called to see me; and though he had never loved children, and was not given to liberality, insisted on my keeping the baby, offering to assist me till the boy grew of years to work for me."

She was prevailed upon, and the old man

kept his word for several years, but his visits grew fewer and his assistance less and less, till finally she was left dependent upon herself, and with little Fred, as she called the foundling, not large enough to assist her. She had now a hard struggle, and was forced to go from one place to another, each time finding her home a little less comfortable, till at last she had taken rooms where I found her, and where Frederick, just beginning to help work and make company for her, was taken away.

It was the carriage and horses of the person I saw that ran over the boy, as he was hurriedly crossing the street in the dark: "And so it is," said Peggy, "the sins of the fathers are visited on the children." That it was the ghost of her lost Joseph the dying boy had seen, Peggy had no doubt. It seemed to her, she said, that she had heard from him out of heaven, and from the fancy, if it were a fancy, she derived the greatest satisfaction.

Poor little Freddy! I knew then nor ever nothing more of his history, but troubling fancies helped me to account for the rich man's helping Peggy to a home, and for his giving the dead orphan burial. Heaven grant that he may have found a father, and forgive those, whoever they were, who added the sin of abandonment to the sin that was before.

While Peggy was telling me the story of her life and that of her orphan charge, Caty had been moving softly about, making no obtrusive remarks and offering no officious consolation; and now that the working was done, she lighted the candle, for the night was come, and taking from the shelf a Bible read, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." And so in that humble room I left the women together, seeking consolation in the shadow of that Rock to which, some time or other, if we will not voluntarily go, we are driven for consolation. Blessed are they by whom that time is not put off.

GO TO GOD.

WHEN perils overhang your estate or your children; when disease and death threaten to dissolve your dearest ties; when false affection blights your hopes; when the burdens of life press you; when trifles vex you—*go to God*. When you think of your sins; when you feel the motion of your indwelling corruptions; when you fluctuate between hope and fear touching the question of your spiritual adoption—*go to God*. Go—and tell your troubles. Go—cast your care upon him.

EMPLOYMENT OF LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

AS every ransomed and glorified spirit will have its appropriate employment in heaven, it has often been asked—on what will little children be everlastingly engaged?—what sphere, or rank, will they occupy in the realms of light?

"An infant's soul—the sweetest thing on earth,
To which endowments beautiful are given,
As might befit a more than mortal birth—
What shall it be, when midst its winning mirth,
And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to heaven?
Will it grow into might above the skies—
A spirit of high wisdom, glory, power—
A cherub-guard of the eternal Tower,
With knowledge fill'd of its vast mysteries?
Or will perpetual childhood be its dower—
To sport forever, a bright, joyous thing,
Amid the wonders of the shining thrones
Yielding its praise in glad and treble tones,
A tender dove beneath the Almighty's wing?"

Nothing is said directly on this subject in Divine revelation: something, however, may be drawn inferentially from inspired and celestial representation.

The principal employment of the blessed in heaven—which constitutes no small portion of its conceivable beatitude—is that of worship and adoration. "And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Rev. iv, 8. In the Apocalypse we are frequently taught that each glorified spirit will have a particular sphere appointed him, and each will be engaged on that particular employment which is congenial to that sphere; consequently, little children will occupy a sphere peculiar to themselves. We can not tell by what process their latent powers will be drawn out, expanded, and elevated, to meet celestial requirement. Those checks and obstructions which impede the development and action of the powers of the mind on earth, will be unknown and unfelt in heaven. And who can tell how readily and completely the mind will then burst forth, like the bud under the bright and warm rays of the sun, into an astonishing beauty and vigor? Where there are no barriers, that immortal principle of our being must unfold its noble powers at once, and exert itself with a freedom and enthusiasm which would throw into the shade the proudest and brightest earthly philosopher. As little children are eminently fitted to take a conspicuous part in the everlasting services of the celestial sanctuary, we reasonably conclude that they will be chiefly engaged, with others, in hymning, with glowing rapture, the wonders of redeeming love. They will sustain in heaven a

position similar to the young sons of the Levites in the Hebrew temple, who entered the court of the priests with their fathers, that their small, shrill voices might relieve the deep bass of the senior singers. They throng the inner courts of "the temple of God," and are nearest the throne of the "King of Glory." There will be a full choir of redeemed voices, and there will be a perfectly harmonious diapason in the immortal anthem chanted in the ear of the Most High. If the largest band in heaven will be composed of little children—as we believe it will—then the major part of the celestial choristers will be little infants. They will take the treble part of "the new song before the throne." The sweetest and the loudest notes in the concordant symphony of the skies will issue from infant harps and infant voices. Their melody will be so perfect and transporting that listening seraphs will be struck with rapt wonderment, and charmed by its deep, thrilling cadence! They will derive new joy and rapture from the songs of little children in heaven! And O, how sweet to the ear—how ravishing to the heart of Jesus—will be the sound of infant voices around his throne! In the days of his flesh they gladly joined the enthusiastic multitude who cheered him on his way from Mount Olivet to the city of Jerusalem, and sang, "Hosanna to the Son of David." And when the excited procession reached the Temple, their shrill voices were heard above the rest, magnifying "the King of Glory." Their sweet music, and juvenile enthusiasm, were then pleasing to the heart of the Savior: how much more so will they be in heaven! Though the anthem peal of salvation will be "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder," coming from the voices of "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands," yet, clear and distinct above the rest—as the overwhelming song swells and fills the arches of the heavenly temple—will be heard the shrill, sweet voices of redeemed young children!

ODDITIES OF HOMER AND VIRGIL.

HOMER, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook; nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a mendicant, as recorded by Zoilus.

Virgil was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

NATURE.

BY MRS. SARAH M. GRANHART.

I LOVE her in her artless dress,
Untrimmed by man, unsoiled by sin;
She hath a power to charm and bless;
She hath a power to woo and win.

I love her in the quiet vale—
The cool cascade and deep ravine;
I love her when she drives the gale,
And rides along in stately mien.

I love her in the swelling bud—
The evergreen and autumn leaves;
I love her in the foaming flood,
And where the day with darkness weaves.

I love her on the mountain's brow;
Her robe the sky, the sun her shield;
I love her when she deigns to bow
And kiss the blossoms of the field.

I love her in her garb of light,
Presiding o'er the busy earth;
I love her in her mourning night,
The stars her brilliant diamond-girth.

I love her with a fond delight—
Her winning smiles, her sighs and tears;
All, all are beautiful and bright—
The gems that deck succeeding years.

THE DEAD MOCKING-BIRD.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

Poor Harry! life to thee was warm and bright,
A sunny sky where ne'er a shadow fell;
A strain of music rich, and pure, and sweet,
As the soft echoes of an ocean-shell.

Thy little heart was full of mirth and song,
No future loomed before thee dark and drear;
No sad forebodings of thy coming fate
E'er dimmed thine eyes' soft luster with a tear.

Love came to thee in every glancing beam
That fell within thy tiny prison-home,
In every leaf and flower that graced its bars;
Ay, thou wert happy never more to roam.

No vain repinings filled thy gentle heart,
No useless longings crossed thy little breast;
No gloomy passions dwelt within thy frame,
To fill thy spirit with their wild unrest.

The summer blossoms and the autumn winds
Alike awoke thy glad and cheering lay;
No ghostly phantoms of a hopeless life
Disturbed the quiet of thy closing day.

Thy pinions heavenward never soared aloft,
But, ever prisoned, trailed in gloom and dust;
And yet thy heart was full of grateful praise,
E'en from the fickle thankful took thy crust.

There's good in all the great Creator made;
For some good purpose every creature lives;
And he, through thee, this lesson taught my soul,
E'er to be grateful for whate'er he gives.

THE FAMILY THAT HAD NOT LEARNED HOW TO KEEP "THANKSGIVING."

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

"IT'S such a pity John's folks haven't learned how to keep thanksgiving," said an aged gentleman as he entered his home and took his accustomed seat in the warmest corner.

"Not learned to keep thanksgiving, grandfather!" was the exclamation of some half dozen young people who had just returned in fine spirits from dining at uncle John's. "I think they keep it in grand style, and I'd like just such a thanksgiving every year."

"And I don't think they know how to keep it at all," repeated the grandfather a little positively, as elderly persons are apt to speak when arguing with—what they consider—foolish young ones.

"Why, grandfather, we had a nice time, I am sure. Didn't you think it was pleasant, mother?"

"Yes, very pleasant. Uncle's have such a fine house, and so handsomely furnished, that they can entertain their friends most delightfully."

"And, then, their fine piano," said Mary, "how much it added to our enjoyment!" glancing, as she spoke, at the old-fashioned instrument which had descended from her mother to herself.

"And their rich paintings, and all their fine engravings," said Charles; "I am never tired of looking at them."

"Such pretty things as they have on their 'what not,' too!" exclaimed little Sarah, "of alabaster, and China, and glass; how I wish I could have it for my play-house! I did play pretend that it was for some of the time."

"And, then, such a dinner as we had!" chimed in James. "They get all the good things that are to be found in market, no matter what they cost."

"Their dining-room is so large, and so nicely arranged for having company!" remarked the mother, to whom a small and inconvenient dining-room had long been a source of discomfort, though she rarely alluded to it, because she knew that her husband's circumstances did not warrant its improvement.

"And their elegant dinner service," pursued Mary, "would make even an ordinary dinner seem attractive; but may be the food was too rich for you, grandfather; was that the reason you did not enjoy your thanksgiving dinner?"

"No, my dear, your aunt was so kind as to have all my favorite dishes placed near me, and I did enjoy my dinner very much."

"Was there too much company there, then, to please you?"

"No, I love to see a crowd of happy faces, especially on thanksgiving day; it does me good and warms the blood in my veins. Old people ought to go into company a good deal to keep their hearts from becoming selfish and contracted; and I shall be better a long time for the pleasant party we attended to-day."

"You think it was a pleasant one, then?"

"Certainly. Your aunt and uncle spared no trouble or expense to make it so."

"Why, grandfather, and yet you said a while ago that they did not know how to keep thanksgiving."

"And I say again they have not yet learned how to keep thanksgiving."

"Not when they had such a grand feast, and entertained all their relations so handsomely?"

"They certainly were kind enough to contribute very largely to our enjoyment of the day, but I am afraid that not one of their own family was able to enter into the true spirit of the enjoyment."

"You mean they had so much care and anxiety. O it isn't as if mother had had all that company to entertain. They have such experienced servants at uncle's that they have only to give orders, and every thing is done just so, and no further trouble about the matter; so they did not have household cares to prevent their enjoying themselves."

"No, I supposed not. They had not even the excuse of cares to plead in extenuation of failing to keep this as a day of thanksgiving."

"You talk such riddles, grandfather; I don't see what makes you think they didn't keep it."

"Do tell us why you talk so, grandfather!" exclaimed James, who really began to feel afraid that his venerable relative's mind was becoming unsettled.

"I mean," replied the grandfather, "that, instead of a spirit of thanksgiving and praise for the blessings received, the whole family manifest a disposition to fret over little crosses, and to repine at ills often merely imaginary. However much they may be prospered in their worldly affairs, they have always something to complain of."

"That's true: now, to-day, as soon as we were seated, uncle commenced telling of some business transaction in which he had not been treated right; and though the amount he lost was a mere trifle, he seemed to feel it as much as a poor man would do. He is always complaining of his book-keeper, too, who is really a faithful fellow, and saying he doesn't see why it is he can not get any one to do his work as it should be done."

"Well, that's just like aunt, too. No body can ever do any thing to please her. She always orders the most beautiful hats, and yet is never suited with them, and her elegant dresses are never 'just the shade she wanted.' Though made by Mrs. B——, who fits so charmingly, she is always sure that somehow or other they do not set well, though it is impossible for her, or any one else, to point out any defect in them. Though she has such good servants, she is continually finding fault with them, and saying that she does not see why it is she must have so much more trouble with her help than other people have with theirs. If they chance to put a grain too little of salt into the soup, no one at table can enjoy his dinner for her fretting. Now, to-day, when I thought the oysters were cooked so nicely, aunt fancied they had not quite enough mace in them, and so commenced the old story of their willfulness and unfaithfulness."

"Well, my dear, we will not speak of that any longer," said the mother, who had been vainly endeavoring to catch Mary's eye. "We do not wish to notice the defects of our relations from any spirit of unkindness, but only that we may be careful to avoid the like."

"Well, mother, one thing is certain, that with all their wealth and their grand house, uncle's are not half as happy as we are, just because they are always complaining and looking at the dark side."

"I think," said the mother, "that it would be hard to find a happier family than ours; and though we are poor, as compared with your uncle's, we have, I trust, contented minds and a disposition to be grateful for the blessings we do enjoy."

"Ay, that's the grand secret of happiness," said grandfather, "that spirit of thankfulness for daily mercies which makes every day of your lives a day of thanksgiving; and I feel that the Lord will continue to bless you so long as you exercise it."

"But he hasn't made us rich, grandfather."

"Do you know any rich people who are happier than you are?"

"No, sir; they have things to make them happier, but somehow they don't seem half as happy as we do."

"Then, believe me, God has given you *wealth* of which they know nothing."

Thus things went on with the two families for several years, every thing in which Mr. John Horne engaged seeming to turn to gold in his hands, while his brother, Mr. William Horne, was still, in the eyes of the world, a poor man.

But the characters of the two families also remained unchanged—the one so fretful and unthankful, the other so cheerful and grateful that, as grandfather had said, every day was "thanksgiving day" to them. The children, like their parents, were happy, though Mary still played on the old piano, and they had none of the pictures and ornaments which made their uncle's house seem so attractive. Their dining-room was as small as ever, but no one guessed the inconvenience to which the mother was subjected in consequence, because she never complained of it. Her motto was not merely "what can't be cured must be endured," but "must be endured cheerfully;" and what a vast difference the addition of that one word makes!

At length there came one of those business crises, in which no one seemed secure. Like those fearful storms which once in perhaps a quarter of a century sweep over the earth, prostrating tall trees which had stood unmoved during so many shocks, and causing even the most firmly rooted oaks to tremble, so men, to whom failure seemed impossible, and even embarrassment in business a thing scarcely to be dreamed of, utterly failed to meet their liabilities; while others, who had always been considered perfectly safe, as they saw one business prop after another giving way, said, despairingly, "My turn may come next."

During this time the handsome fortune of Mr. John Horne was swept away, and he saw himself and family, in one day, reduced from affluence to poverty. Then, however, the true gold of their characters shone out resplendent. Their former complaints and murmurings were all forgotten, and as they stood up nobly to meet the trial, self was overlooked in the desire each one felt to sustain the others.

How much of the strength they displayed was granted them in answer to the earnest, agonizing prayers which their relations offered up, without ceasing, for them, can not now be known.

"What do you suppose uncle will do now, father?" asked Mary, one evening, after a long pause, during which each one had been busily thinking of the altered circumstances of their relatives.

"He is to become a clerk, my dear, in the house of S——."

"Uncle a *clerk*! and at his age! how wretchedly they must feel!"

"Are all their things to be sold, father?"

"Nearly all are to be sold to-morrow."

"I should think it would almost break Emma's heart to see the piano go."

"They intend to try and retain that, so that Emma can support herself by giving music lessons."

"Emma become a drudge of a music-teacher, and she so proud!" exclaimed both the boys.

"O how unhappy they must all be!"

"No, children," said grandfather, "I think very likely they will all be happier now than they have ever been before."

"Happier, grandfather?"

"Yes; hitherto their blessings were showered down so thickly upon them that they did not seem to appreciate them: now they will have to look around a little to find them, and the effort they thus make will bring happiness with it. Does my little Sarah remember how she teased, last spring, to go into the country after wild flowers, and when told that it was too early yet for many flowers to be in bloom, and that if she would wait a few weeks the ground would be covered with them, she exclaimed, 'O I shouldn't care at all about picking them, then! There would be no pleasure in finding flowers when they were as thick as that. I would much rather have to search around for them, they seem so much prettier then?'"

"Yes, grandfather, and it is true; I do enjoy the flowers much more if I have to run about first to look for them. Every one that I find then seems such a perfect treasure; and when I have to push away the dry leaves to find the dear little blue violets, they look so much brighter than if they had bloomed in plain sight."

"Mother, it is just two weeks till thanksgiving," said James; "I suppose we can't have it at uncle's this year?"

"I have been thinking," said the father, "that we had better have them all here to thanksgiving; that is, if mother can manage to entertain so many."

"O yes," was the cheerful answer, "we can get along somehow, and if we do have two separate tables it won't matter."

"I'll tell you what let us do, mother: set the table here in the parlor. Then there will be room for all to sit down the first time, and when dinner is over we children will all take hold and help carry things away, and so we can have the room cleared in a few minutes."

"O that would be nice! May we do so, mother?"

"Yes, you may."

"Then I will tell John that we are depending on having all the relations eating their thanksgiving dinner in our parlor," said the father, laughing.

The invitation was given in due time and with much cordiality, but uncle John's reply was, "No, no, we must have you all with us this year in our new home. You must not refuse us, for we begin to feel that we can keep thanksgiving this year as we have never kept it before."

"Uncle John declines our invitation for thanksgiving, and says they can not think of being here on that day," said Mr. Horne, as his family sat around the fire on the evening after the above conversation with his brother.

"What! they don't feel too badly to come here, do they?" exclaimed the mother with a startled look. "I shall go around and tell them that I insist upon their coming."

Her husband's smile dissipated her anxieties, and when he went on to relate the purport of what had been said, her eyes glistened and she answered, "We must go there, of course. What say you, grandfather?"

But grandfather did not reply. He seemed to be talking to himself, and the children heard him say,

"The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head."

The morning of thanksgiving day was bright and clear, but the sunshine that streamed into the windows of the breakfast-room at Mr. William Horne's was scarce brighter than were the faces surrounding the table. After the services in the church were over they all repaired to the house of their uncle. This was no longer the elegant mansion in which they had partaken of so many thanksgiving dinners, but a small, plain dwelling in an "out-of-the-way" street. When seated in the low and very plainly furnished parlor, the children of the party could not help looking round in surprise, drawing contrasts between that and the elegant rooms in which their uncle had formerly received them, and thinking to themselves that their relations must be very wretched at the change. But neither gloom nor discontent were visible upon their faces, and they were more cheerful in conversation than ever.

"We particularly wished to have you all here to-day," said the uncle, "because we feel more like keeping thanksgiving than we have ever done before. I suppose some of you think this very strange," he added, as if in reply to the surprised looks of the children, and glancing around the room as he spoke, "but it is true; I feel more like thanking God for all his goodness to-day than I did one year ago, although I was then a rich man, and I am now a poor one. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and

blessed be his holy name.' I can now return thanks for even the trials which he has sent upon us, for they have been the means of revealing our mercies to us. For many years God showered down blessings upon us in such rich profusion that we overlooked them, and neglected to thank him for them; worse than that, we murmured at imaginary troubles and unavoidable crosses. I wonder now that God could so long have borne with my ingratitude and sin. When he first laid his hand upon me to take away my worldly possessions, I fancied it was in wrath; but I see now that it was in mercy. We have so many things to be thankful for that we can not repine at what we have lost. Not the least of these is the consciousness that though reduced we are not dishonored. By giving up every thing, all just claims will be satisfied, and we are simply beginning the world anew. No widow cries to God for vengeance on me for having defrauded her. No orphans point to me as the usurper of their rights. In falling I have not been compelled to draw any one else down with me. Have I not much to be thankful for? Do you wonder that, in view of all these things, I wished to celebrate taking possession of our new home by a genuine thanksgiving?"

There was no fault-finding at dinner that day; no grumbling over bad cooking, or details given respecting troublesome servants. The greater part of the dinner had been prepared by the aunt's own hands, so that she was in duty bound to like it, and the guests showed plainly that the dishes were such as they could relish. "Why, aunt, I had no idea you were such a skillful cook!" exclaimed Mary.

"I did not know it myself till very lately, and they all make me quite proud of my talents in that line; but, then, we never know what we are capable of doing till we are tried," was the pleasant answer.

There was much lively conversation at table, and a good deal of laughter, yet each one seemed to bear in mind that it was thanksgiving day, and that in enjoying the good gifts of their heavenly Father they must not forget the giver.

Before the party separated some hymns were sung, Emma playing an accompaniment on the piano, and then a genuine prayer of thanksgiving was poured forth from the full heart of uncle John. When it was ended grandfather made a short prayer; the children thought it would have been a longer one if he had not been so choked by tears, and they wondered what made him cry when every body else seemed so happy.

"Well, this was the pleasantest day I ever

passed at uncle John's; they were all so kind and so cheerful, for all they are poor!" was the exclamation of the children on their return home.

"They have learned how to keep thanksgiving, now," said grandfather. "And though they had to learn the lesson in a hard way, I am sure they will be happier all their lives for having learned it."

Uncle John is still, in the eyes of the world, a poor man; but each one of his family is doing something toward maintaining an honorable independence, and they consider themselves rich and happy in that they have learned to keep "thanksgiving."

POWER OF THE VOICE OVER CHILDREN.

A BLOW may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language in the correction of the child not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother, long since at rest in heaven: her sweet smile and ever-clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection; and so also is her voice—and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is no array of mean words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, or sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address him.

A CHAPTER ON SELF-MADE MEN.

BY WILLIAM H. BARNES.

THERE is a bond of relationship which binds great men together. They form a true brotherhood, though many mountains and seas divide them. They all performed great labors, and then alike they awaited the movement of many slow years, ere their merit was known and their fame spoken by the world's voice. Having had similar experience they enjoy a community of soul.

Yet the world, which is fond of making unfounded and unreal distinctions, has named some of the great men "self-made," because they arose from very deep obscurity to the zenith of greatness. This distinction is founded upon an incorrect idea which many men have. The truth is, birth and fortune never gave any man much advantage in the career of excellence. The way to greatness is as long and tedious, from the king's palace as from the peasant's humble hut. It is no more wonder nor honor for the son of a beggar to arise from the dust and become a great man, than for a prince of the royal line to reach the same elevation, as both must do this by manly and earnest endeavor.

Hence, this peculiar honor which the world gives, and which many men gladly receive, is entirely beyond reason. If a man be truly great perhaps he may have some innocent complacency; but because he became great by his own effort is no wonder, for no man ever attained such success without some high resolve and earnest action. When a man stands upon a mountain top, and thus sees more of the world than he ever saw at one glance before, he is thrilled with ecstasy, because he is up in the pure air of heaven, in the midst of such a glorious prospect, and not because he has gained that lofty place by climbing rocks and leaping dangerous chasms, for all men scale mountains thus.

Notwithstanding all that has been said in honor of "self-made men," no one has ever been so independent as not to owe much of his excellence to outward things. I doubt not that these propitious circumstances lie as thickly along the poor man's path as by the way of the wealthy. It is a characteristic of true greatness that it is able to reach forth its arms and draw all circumstances to itself and make them subservient to its wonderful will. Hence greatness, if it owes not its existence, owes much of its success to the proper employment of external forces. There is the beginning of a life first implanted in the human body, but all the building up of soul is with materials from without. Confine the spirit within

the narrow limits of the human body, without any communication with externality, and no idea will penetrate the slumbering soul—the mind will be a rayless void. Through the five avenues of sense the wide world of nature, art, and humanity is continually making rich bestowments upon the soul. Every agent that gives a good idea to the mind shares in the honor of making the man. Then *self* is not the only architect of manhood, there are a multitude of builders, many of whom are forgotten as soon as their wonderful work is done. The great man is a product which is the result of many operating forces. At one time, while having such thoughts as these, many fancies came trooping over my soul, and finally assumed the form of

A BIOGRAPHICAL VISION.

I saw an inhabitant of the earth when he had been but a short while in this life. He was weak and helpless, able to do nothing more than utter a few sad moans. He had feet and hands, but he could neither walk nor work. Though he had a voice, he could say no words of gratitude to those who watched over him.

I wondered if all things in their beginnings were as frail and helpless as he. I looked abroad and saw a shrub which no hand had planted. It spread forth its limbs and leaves, and drank in the rain and genial sunshine. While the branches went heavenward, it struck its roots deep into the soil and thus obtained for itself life and strength. I saw a feathered songster, as young as the infant, start from its native bough in the morning and mount upward into the blue heavens, singing a song to its Maker. The infant seemed the weakest of all things animate. Had it not been for the love of some tender-hearted friends, whom God had given it, I am sure the child would have perished. But a ministering angel watched over the helpless one, by night and by day, till her eye grew dim, and her cheek grew pale. When first he tried to lip the name of "mother," she smiled, and taught him to say other and greater words.

While yet she gave these lessons of love, the mother grew sick. She could no more watch over her boy, and grew paler and weaker every day. When she knew that death was near she wept, not because she was going to dwell with Jesus and the angels, but because her child must now be a lone orphan in the wide world. She had hoped to walk by his side a little way further in the journey of life. The boy was taken to her bedside. She placed her pale hand upon his head, and with a prayer and a blessing on her lips she died. The poor orphan was too young

to realize this great bereavement. In after years he remembered nothing of the measureless wealth of a mother's love, which was lavished upon him in his infancy. But the mother did not die till she had fixed much of the earnestness of her own character upon his heart and soul.

When six summers had passed over his head he knew but little more than he had learned from his mother before she died. His senses were all acute; he was a bright, restless boy, but he possessed no wisdom. The universe above, around, and beneath was mysterious and unknown to him, but his young soul had neither strength nor courage to ask what it was or why.

That he might know something that would fit him for manhood in the world, his friends took him to a small school-house where there was a kind teacher and many scholars larger and older than he. His first lesson seemed useless and unmeaning to the young pupil. Had not the teacher been very patient and persevering the dull lesson might never have been learned. But he seemed to look to the great hereafter for his reward and labored faithfully. With slow and toilsome steps the boy walked along in the way of knowledge. The teacher taught him the secrets of his mother tongue, and thus gave to him the great key which unlocks all the sciences. By degrees the mystery of numbers became unfolded to his mind, and he stood in the vestibule of the great temple of mathematics. There was a glorious vista of columns and corridors before and above him, and he had no hinderance in the way of his walking forward and standing amid the splendors of the very holiest place of science.

But the time came at length when the master and scholar must part company. On that day the teacher took his pupil to the summit of the mount of intellectual vision, and giving him the telescope of history he bade him look along the vista of past ages and take note of the great men of those times. He then spoke to his pupil words of encouragement and hope, telling him that he might equal the wonderful men of antiquity if he would. Finally he pointed to the limitless fields of science which extended away in beautiful prospect before them, and told him that these should be his inheritance if he would espouse the discipleship of God and truth. From that time, having finished his preparatory course in the village school, the young man became an earnest student in the great university of nature. He started not with any of the wealth of the world in his hands, but he was rich in the resources of his own mind. Industry was the life of his soul, and it made every action which he

performed effective, and every step onward. He reached eminence in the intellectual world by patiently going forward from the point where he bade adieu to his teacher.

When he stood upon the summit of the hill of science, whence his range of vision extended to the utmost limits of discovered truth, the world gazed upon him with wonder, and desired to know his origin and biography. They gave him the greater applause when they learned that he sprang from obscurity, like a planet that rises from clouds in the east and goes forth enlightening a hemisphere. He looked back to no long line of titled ancestry. He stood not on a foundation of gold or landed estate, but on the firm and abiding basis of his own merit. He was the maker of himself—the builder of that wonderful structure which arose grand and glorious in the eyes of the world, beautiful in its proportions, the joy of men.

Thus thought I as this vision passed before me. Yet, as I have since pondered upon this brief biography, I have thought that perhaps this man did not wholly make himself. There may have been forces and influences which operated powerfully in his favor, which he has never acknowledged, and of which the world has never heard. The most of these influences passed away, perhaps, and were forgotten before their great result was manifested fully to the world. One of the most powerful influences in making him the man he is was his mother, who died in the childhood of her son. Perhaps no one remembers her except that son, and his memory of her is now very dim. The kind schoolmaster who was so attentive to his young pupil in his first strivings after the good, the pure, and the true, deserves more credit than he has ever obtained, being one of the authors of his greatness. He labored to call forth the minds of his pupils, and to give them some of the rare delights of science. True, he never expected to obtain renown by performing these labors, for he did not know that any of the minds in his unambitious school would ever become great. And in this day, when there is such a continual strife for celebrity, a man ought to have fame for faithfully doing his duty without any hope of fame. If we knew his name it would be our duty to place it upon this page; but, alas! like the names of thousands of good schoolmasters, it is no more spoken among men. It is illegible upon the small, gray head-stone which the villagers placed over his grave. Though nameless now, he ought to be remembered, for he did something toward making one of the world's great men.

Pedigree is the most frail of all foundations, and the most foolish of all pretenses. In this age the man who looks back to his dead ancestors for locomotive force to enable him to make his way through the world, is thought to be very weak. Such a deep aversion to this foolish boast has taken possession of the minds of men, that many commit as sad an error in the opposite direction. When a man arises to wealth or eminence by his own exertion, he is generally disposed to magnify the difficulties which he has overcome. Such a man being "self-made" is continually dwelling upon the arduous efforts of his early life. In the often-issued editions of his story he has so greatly diminished his early advantages that they now appear to have been far below zero. The parents of such a man are generally shown to have been very poor and illiterate—totally unconscious that there was such a jewel in their household. To such young persons as are so unfortunate as to fall in his way, he is perpetually ringing the changes upon "early advantages," and holding himself up as an example for laudable emulation. Without shoes for his feet, or sympathy for his heart, he passed through the snows and sighs of his early life. Ah! rough were the millstones under which he passed; but he became the better for all that, and now stands up like a barrel of good flour, with the flattering adjective, "*superfine*," painted in large, red letters upon its head. As an example of this interesting class of men, we have

THE CASE OF MR. BOUNDERBY.

He lived in Coketown, a very ancient and honorable place, somewhat dingy with age and smoke, which smoke, having performed its part in the matter-of-fact business of manufacturing "woolen goods," came forth from many tall chimneys, and gave attention to the ornamental branches, by painting all exterior Coketown a dingy hue. The greatest man in Coketown was Mr. Josiah Bounderby, banker. He thought himself great because he had once been poor and was now rich, and all Coketown thought so, too, because the most of the inhabitants had no recollection of the time when they first heard Mr. Bounderby's story, and he had so faithfully kept it before those gentle people that they could not doubt the truth of his narration. Their mythology was sacred to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and thus in some manner was the history of their hero to the people of Coketown. Having infused himself so thoroughly into their thoughts and feelings, Mr. Bounderby became an essential part of Coketown; hence the historian of that place gives a very minute description of him.

"He was a rich man—banker, merchant, and manufacturer; a big, loud man, with a stare and a metallic laugh; a man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open and lift his eyebrows up; a man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon and ready to start; a man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man; a man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty."

We may know the most of Mr. Bounderby, perhaps, by seeing him on his birthday, as the day itself is suggestive, and he needs not many external suggestions to induce him to enter upon the discussion of that favorite theme—his own origin, rise, and progress. He is in the house of a friend, and before him by the fire sits his friend's wife, whose bad health and weak nerves will not permit her to make any reply to his blustering speeches, except a faint look toward him now and then.

"I am a very different person to-day, ma'am, from what I was on my tenth birthday. I hadn't a shoe on my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch and the night in a pig-sty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch. For years, ma'am, I was one of the most miserable little wretches ever seen. I was so sickly that I was always moaning and groaning. I was so ragged and dirty that you wouldn't have touched me with a pair of tongs.

"How I fought through it I don't know," continued Mr. Bounderby. "I was determined, I suppose. I have been a determined character in later life, and I suppose I was then. Here I am any how, and no body to thank for being here but myself, ma'am.

"My mother left me to my grandmother, and, according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and worst old woman that ever lived. If I got a little pair of shoes by any chance, she would take them off and sell them for drink. She kept a chandler's shop and kept me in an egg-box. That was the cot of my infancy, an old egg-box. As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young vagabond, and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me, every body of all ages knocked me about and starved me. They were right; they had no business to do any thing else. I

was a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest. I know that very well.

"I was to pull through it, I suppose," continued Mr. Bounderby. "Whether I was to do it or not, ma'am, I did it. I pulled through it, though no body threw me out a rope. Vagabond, errand-boy, laborer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown. Those are the antecedents and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate from studying a steeple clock under the direction of a drunken cripple. Tell Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, of your district schools, and your model schools, and your training schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish of schools, and Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, tells you plainly, all right—all correct; he hadn't such advantages; but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people. The education that made him won't do for every body, he knows well—such and such as his education was, however, you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life."

Mr. Bounderby proceeds to make many other emphatic remarks upon his life and character, but we have already heard enough to know what kind of a man he is. He makes an apology for his rough expressions by saying that every body knows very well that he is not a refined character. Whoever expects refinement in him will be disappointed; he hadn't a refined bringing up.

Such was that remarkable, self-made man, Josiah Bounderby. Such was his story, as it rung in the ears and dwelt in the memories of all the good people of Coketown. His name and biography might have occupied a very prominent place in the book of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," had not some untoward circumstances made all Coketown acquainted with the true facts of his life.

Notwithstanding all of Mr. Bounderby's assertions, he had a mother, who lived honestly and quietly in a neighboring village, and by special arrangement and promise never made any mention of that great son of hers in Coketown, in order that he might make himself appear the more remarkably a self-made man. The good woman contented herself with making a yearly pilgrimage to Coketown, where she would look, from a respectful distance, upon her son's magnificence, and then go quietly back to her obscure home. Perhaps she was ignorant of the object which her son designed to accomplish by her obscurity; certainly she did not know all the details of that strange story which he palmed off

upon the innocent people of Coketown. But deceptions generally come to the light, and Mr. Bounderby's story after a while lost its charm, when it became known to all Coketown that he had never been such a vagabond as he represented; that in his boyhood he had a good father and mother, who did all they could to give him a start in the world; yet he, in his wealth and prosperity, had forgotten to obey that good command, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Doubtless there are many men besides Mr. Bounderby who neglect "to give honor to whom honor is due," or there would not be so much self-gratulation and vanity in the world. If there are any *self-made men*, they are those who have made the most manly use of the helps which God has given them.

THE CHEMICAL POWER OF THE SUNBEAM.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

IF we carefully examine the history of scientific discovery, it will be apparent that the progress of knowledge is regulated by a constant law. The time appears to be fixed when any new truth shall be born unto man. These laws are far beyond the reach of human intellect; but we are permitted to see that the eternal One, who regulated the tides of the material ocean, has, in his infinite wisdom, fixed the extent of oscillation—the height and the depth of each mental wave, and commanded the great spiritual tide-wave of knowledge to advance in obedience to an undeviating law.

From the earliest periods of history—since man clothed himself in dyed garments—it must have been observed that some colors were darkened, while others were bleached, by the sun's rays. To the philosophy of this, his mental eye was obscured—the fact was constantly occurring—and a thousand facts are still forever presenting themselves to us, unnoticed or uncared for—and man did not perceive the important bearing of the phenomenon.

Eventually an Englishman, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood—the son of him who so greatly improved the English porcelain manufacture—conceived it quite possible, since different-colored media were not equally transparent to the radiant chemical power, to copy the paintings on the windows of old churches by covering white paper or leather with the nitrate or the chlorid of silver. He succeeded in his experiments, and, with the assistance of Sir Humphry Davy, extended his plan so far as to secure copies of images by the solar microscope, thus becoming the discoverer of the

beautiful art of *photography*. The pictures produced by Mr. Wedgwood wanted permanence. They could only be preserved in the dark. Viewed by daylight they soon became uniformly black. A few years after this a French gentleman, M. Niepce, was induced to take up the inquiry, and he made the remarkable discovery, that the solar rays altered the character of all kinds of resinous substances. He, therefore, spread upon plates of glass and metal a thin coating of some varnish, and placing it in the camera obscura, allowed the beautiful images of Baptista Porta's instrument to fall upon the plate.*

These images, being the result of radiations from external objects, have relatively the amount of luminous and chemical power determined by the colors of their surfaces, and the quantity of illumination to which they are exposed. It was found, after exposure in this way, that some portions of the resinous surface were more soluble than others. The plates were consequently placed in some solvent, and thus was gradually developed "the clouded imagery" of the picture impressed upon the plate. Many of the pictures thus produced—called by their discoverer *heliographs*†—are still to be found in England, M. Niepce, being involved in the revolutionary troubles of France, having sought safety and repose at Kew. Niepce eventually returned to Paris, and then became acquainted with Daguerre, the Dioramic painter. They were both engaged in the same line of inquiry, and it was agreed that they should continue their investigations together. It is not quite easy to trace the progress made by Niepce and Daguerre, as it was not till after the death of Niepce that Daguerre announced the discovery of the process which bears his name.

During this period Mr. Henry Fox Talbot was quietly working in the same direction, and he so far improved upon the process of Wedgwood, as to give permanence to the sun-drawn pictures. Since the publication of these processes, photography has made rapid advances.

A few of the more important processes we will now undertake to describe even at the risk of not being well understood by those who have not made chemistry a study. It is difficult, within

the limits allowed, to make a selection from, or to enter into the details of, the various methods by which photographs can be obtained; the most satisfactory course will be to state those general principles by which the resulting photographic phenomena may be best understood.

If silver is dissolved in nitric acid we obtain a salt—nitrate of silver. When this salt is dissolved in perfectly pure distilled water, it may be exposed to sunshine for any period without undergoing change; but add thereto the smallest portion of organic matter, and it is quickly decomposed, the silver being precipitated as a black powder. In paper we have the required organic principle, and if we wash a sheet with the solution of nitrate of silver, and expose it with any body superposed—say a fern-leaf—all the parts which are exposed will blacken, those screened will remain white, and thus there will be produced what is called a *negative* image. Chlorid of silver, obtained by washing the paper, first with a weak solution of common salt and then with nitrate of silver, is a far more sensitive photographic agent, and is now commonly employed.

The calotype process of Mr. Fox Talbot consists in washing paper, first with *iodide of potassium*, and then with nitrate of silver, by which process is obtained an *iodide of silver*. The paper should contain nothing but this iodide; therefore, all soluble salts are removed by soaking in water. This pale primrose-color paper, which is not sensitive to light, is washed with a peculiar organic salt called gallic acid; and, to increase the instability of the preparation, a little nitrate of silver is added to it, producing, what the inventor calls, a *gallo-nitrate of silver*. Here we have a preparation already quick with chemical energy; this is applied to the iodized paper, and the chemical power of the sun, as radiated from external objects, instantly produces a change—that change bearing an exact relation to the intensity of the rays falling upon each portion of the light-created picture.

Presently a picture becomes visible, and it is increased in intensity by washing it, in the dark, with a fresh portion of the gallic acid solution. The picture thus obtained is fixed by washing it with a salt, which dissolves the iodide or the chlorid of silver, which has not undergone change—the *hyposulphite of soda*—and subsequently soaking in clean water.

The daguerreotype consists in producing an iodide of silver upon the surface of a polished silver plate, and receiving the camera image upon this prepared surface. In both of these processes a decomposition of the iodide of silver results;

* The camera obscura is now too well known to require a description. It was the discovery of an Italian philosopher, Baptista Porta, in the sixteenth century.

† Meaning *sun-drawing*—a name far more happily chosen than *photography*—or *light-drawing*, modern science having shown that the chemical changes are not due to the light-producing power of the sunbeam, but to an associated dark principle called *actinism*.

but in Daguerre's process, the image is developed by exposing the plate on which it has been impressed to the vapor of mercury.

Mercury combines with metallic silver, but not with the iodide; thus it is deposited over every portion of the plate on which the solar radiations have acted—the thickness of the deposit bearing a strict relation to the intensity of chemical effect produced. This picture is also fixed by the use of the hyposulphite of soda; as, indeed, are nearly all varieties of photographic pictures.

By modifications, which can not be here detailed, these processes have been greatly increased in sensibility; the result which formerly required twenty minutes being now obtained in as many seconds.

A process more sensitive than either of those named has extended photography in a most remarkable manner—this is the *collodion* process. Collodion is gun-cotton dissolved in ether; to this is added some iodide of potassium dissolved in spirits of wine. This iodized collodion is poured over a sheet of glass—the ether evaporating leaves a beautiful film on the surface, which, upon the glass being dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver, becomes exquisitely sensitive. This prepared tablet being placed in the camera receives an image almost instantaneously, which is brought out in full vigor by pouring over it a solution of the proto-sulphate of iron or of pyrogallie acid.

The exquisite perfection of the collodion pictures, dependent upon the rapidity with which the images are impressed, is mainly due to the peculiar conditions of this singular preparation. By a preparation, in many respects analogous to the collodion, a degree of sensibility far exceeding any thing which the most sanguine photographer dreamed of in his ardent moments has been obtained. A plate prepared with albumen, iodide of iron, and alcohol, and acetic acid, was placed in a dark room of the Royal Institution in a camera obscura; opposite to it, at the proper focal distance, was a wheel, which was made to revolve many hundred times in a second, and this wheel carried a printed bill upon its face. This rapidly revolving placard was illuminated for a moment by a flash from a Leyden jar. When the prepared plate was examined by means of a developing agent, it was found that, notwithstanding the rapidity with which the image moved over the lens and the transient nature of the light, a picture of the printed bill was clearly formed, with the letters perfect. This was an experiment of Mr. Fox Talbot's, and is perhaps the most remarkable of the many examples of

natural magic with which photography has brought us acquainted.

It has long been a problem, the solution of which has been anxiously looked for, whether we might hope to obtain pictures in all the beauty of natural color. This has not yet been quite successfully accomplished; but the approaches toward it are so favorable that we may hope, in a few years, to find our photographic pictures colored by the agent which now draws them.

That the delicate and fading images of the camera obscura should be permanently secured upon plates of metal and glass, and on paper, was, at one time, beyond the dreams of science. We rejoice in the reality, and Nature herself paints for us the portrait of a friend, or those scenes which are endeared to us by the tenderest and most refined associations.

We have now the means of obtaining truthful representations of the pyramids and the tombs of Egypt. The Assyrian Excavation Society have realizations from the pencil of the sunbeam of all that remains of the great monarchies of the east. The traveler in Central America has secured, with his camera, pictures of the wonderful works of the Aztecs and the cotemporary races, of whom we know so little, but whose works remain to speak of a savage grandeur and an advanced state of art, rivaling that which we find in the palace of Sardanapalus and the temples of the early Pharaohs. The ethnologist rejoices in his collection of portraits from all parts of the world; in his quiet home he is enabled, by the aid of photography, to study the physiognomies of all the races on the face of the earth.

The natural philosopher uses the same art to register for him the variations of atmospheric pressure and of the earth's temperature; more than this, the alterations in the magnetic intensity of this terrestrial globe are now faithfully registered by photography. The microscopist makes the light draw for him the details of organization, which it would be impossible for the human hand to trace. The astronomer places a sensitive tablet in his microscope; and not only does the sun draw his own image, but the milder moon traces out for him her mountains and her valleys, her beetling precipices, like old sea-coasts, and her dreadful volcanic craters, large and deep enough to swallow up all England.

What, then, may we not expect from photography, with the advance of science?

A few years since it was thought that two or three salts of silver and of gold were the only bodies which underwent any remarkable change when exposed to the action of the solar rays.

It is now proved that it is not possible to expose any body, whatsoever may be its character, to the action of sunshine without its undergoing a chemical or a mechanical change. For example, take a plate of glass, of metal, of stone, or a surface of leather, or resin—in fact, any organic or inorganic body, and placing a perforated screen above it, expose it for a short time to solar influence; then treating the plate as we do the daguerreotype—exposing it to the vapor of mercury—we shall find a picture of the superposed screen most faithfully made out on the surface; proving thus that it is impossible to expose any substance to sunshine without its undergoing a change; and that constant sunshine would be destructive to the permanence of matter, as now constituted. It has, however, been found that nature has a beautiful provision for restoring the deranged conditions. During darkness, by the action of some peculiar molecular forces, all bodies possess the power of restoring themselves to the state in which they were previously to the *destructive* action of the sunshine; and as night and repose are required to restore to the animal and vegetable economy the vital forces which have become exhausted by the labors of the day, and the excitements which depend upon light, so are night and darkness required to insure the permanence of the inorganic masses of the earth's surface.

Can there be a more beautiful provision than this? The laws by which the eternal Creator works are indeed wonderful and grand; the study of creation's mysteries induces a refinement of the mind, and a holy tranquillity of spirit. No one can arise from reading a page of Nature's mighty volume without feeling himself to be

"A wiser and a better man."

THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN.

BY A LADY SUBSCRIBER.

VERY much has been said of late upon the "rights of woman," and the sphere which she is destined to occupy by Him who has appointed to us our sphere of action. With how much wisdom and discretion all this has been said is left for us to judge.

Being myself one of the "weaker sex," and having been called upon to mingle more in active life than usually falls to the lot of woman, perhaps I may be permitted to make a few remarks upon the subject without being considered a traitor to the rights of my own sex, or a designing flatterer of the other.

We hear many who are fond of declaiming

upon woman's wrongs. And some are ready to believe that we are poor, oppressed sufferers. But as the judgment of such becomes more mature, and their minds more strongly fortified by observation and experience, we think they will begin to doubt whether their privileges are quite as much curtailed as they had at first imagined. Then they will also discover that those who raise the hue and cry about woman's rights, are not exactly the persons to render domestic life happy. And, indeed, they may learn at length they have mistaken strong *will* for strong *mind*; and that she who boasted of showing her *spirit* is far more liable to resemble Xantippe than Zoraida.

I trust my lady readers will pardon me if my remarks have partaken of bitterness or severity. The fact is—poor, spiritless soul that I am—I feel quite satisfied with matters as they are.

Another favorite theme of discussion, is our defective system of education. In many cases there may be cause of complaint upon this score; yet from personal knowledge of many female seminaries I am led to think the evil dwells more in imagination than reality. True, we are not expected to take degrees at college, nor often study any of the learned profession—with due deference to Miss Rev. A. Brown—as a means of support. It is equally true and evident to all, that very many ladies who are expensively attired are also superficially educated. I have often thought—though this is a secret—that many of our young gentlemen are in precisely the same predicament.

On the whole, I am persuaded that if we make good use of our means of education and usefulness, enough is placed within our power; and I leave it to others to sigh for civic honors, or contend with the plowmen or hostlers whether nature designed us to share their vocations and pleasures. For my own part I would recommend to the fair champions of "equal rights," to weigh well the advantages they already possess; to improve the means of knowledge within their reach, and, perhaps, when that is done, they will feel less inclined to envy those whom nature apparently designed to mingle in a more bustling sphere of action. 'Tis true, it often falls to the lot of ladies of high attainments to be treated by the weaker part of the other sex as trifles and playthings; but the buzzing of such insects need not disturb them. As relates to myself, conscious that a wide field of improvement lies stretched before me, I would rather feel that I am surrounded by beings able and willing to lead me forward, than by rival spirits, who are jealous of me and anxious only to stay my progress.

THE BRIDAL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THE orange wreath trembles
 Amid thy soft hair;
 It lovingly fastens
 The bridal veil there;
 It shades the white forehead,
 So pure and so meek,
 And the delicate crimson
 Of lip and of cheek.
 Thy dark eyes are drooping,
 As seeking to hide
 Their beauty, when beaming
 With pleasure and pride;
 From 'neath the curled lashes
 The shy glances steal;
 What depth of affection
 Those glances reveal!
 I know thou art happy,
 Why, then, should I weep;
 Or wish that forever
 My child I could keep?
 And yet, O, my darling!
 The spirit of gloom
 Comes in, as thy presence
 Goes out from our home!
 Gay smiles for the bridal!
 Press back the vain tear!
 The fond regret stifles,
 It hath no place here.
 The shadows will deepen
 When thou art gone—
 O'erclouding my pathway,
 Beautiful one.
 O, then, in the evening
 To list thy sweet lay,
 So softly repeating
 The hush'd chords of day!
 Or, in the glad morning,
 To hear thy blithe song
 Swell out in its freshness,
 Our valleys among!
 The groves will be lonely;
 The forest arcade,
 Where oft in the summer
 Thy footsteps hath strayed;
 The fount by the hill-side—
 The flowers in the dell,
 Will miss thy bright coming,
 O sweet Gabrielle!
 White hands scatter roses
 Along thy green way,
 The sunlight is greeting
 Thy fair bridal day.
 The proud one beside thee,
 So closely allied,
 Would die to protect thee,
 His beautiful bride.
 God bless thee, my darling!
 A mother's warm love

Goes with thee wherever
 Thy footsteps shall rove—
 A love that is changeless,
 That nothing may sever;
 A love that is deathless,
 That lasteth forever.

WITH THE DEAD.

BY M. LOUISE CHITWOOD.

WHEN the leaves were growing emerald
 O'er the cottage door,
 And a crown of fragrant blossoms
 All the orchard wore;
 When the lark went singing upward
 To the pale blue sky,
 And the waters burst from bondage
 With a soft, low cry;
 Buttercups and violets meekly
 Budded in the dell;
 There was one I loved beside me—
 One I loved too well.
 When October's sun-burnt forehead,
 Shining with the frost,
 Leant upon the grave of Summer,
 Early, early lost,
 Came I 'neath the blighted branches
 O'er the cottage door;
 Came I listening for the footsteps
 That could come no more.
 "She will never come to you;
 She is with the dead;
 Pale young grasses grow above her;"
 That was all they said.
 Dead! so were the spring-time flowers
 So the summer's bloom;
 I sat down and saw the leaflets
 Frosted o'er her tomb;
 I sat there with bitter weeping,
 Daring to complain:
 "None like her has ever loved me;
 None will love again;
 O to hear her gentle blessing,
 How my heart hath yearn'd!
 I had thought that she would meet me
 First, when I returned."
 Came there one and sat beside me,
 That autumnal day,
 And he told me how she faded
 Like a rose away;
 How the tired lids droop'd for slumber;
 How her cheek grew thin;
 How she pined to let the angel—
 Death's pale angel in.
 "Bless'd seraph, free from sorrow,
 Rest thy weary head,
 I will rise and look to heaven:"
 That was all I said.

MOUNT OLIVET.

BY ANNIE T. SHANE.

HOW many overwhelming thoughts come sweeping through our minds at the mention of these words! The lonely Mount, that centuries ago witnessed the most intensely mournful scene that human mind could ever conceive, is known to every heart. From the little child, who hears its history Sabbath after Sabbath from his teacher's lips, to the proud man of genius and renown, there is not one to whom these simple words can not recall the thrilling scene of Olivet's lone mount. The last memorable supper with the little band who had followed their loved Master's earthly career, the passing through the silent streets of Jerusalem, by Kedron's murmuring waters, through Gethsemane's mournful shade, even unto the summit of the Mount itself, and the last great struggle of that mighty heart, as its anguish and despair breaks forth in the mournful cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" then the tramp of many feet that broke the heavy stillness, and the rough voices of the mail-clad warriors, as they sternly demanded "Jesus of Nazareth;" then closing round that unresisting form, they led him from the lofty summit, down the fertile slope, through Gethsemane's still garden, and past Kedron's rippling waves, unto Jerusalem's proud city—comes it not all vividly before the mind, the oft-told tale, yet ever strangely new, so thrilling in its mournful interest!

My heart dwelt sadly on that by-gone scene, as, a few days ago, I rode slowly through the tall rows of cedars that mark the entrance of our own loved Olivet—the silent city of our cherished dead. It was a bright afternoon, and the lofty monuments and humble gravestones gleamed dazzling white in the rays of the setting sun. The bright flowers that gentle hands had carefully planted, lent additional beauty to the scene, while the wind sighed mournfully through the tall trees, as if breathing a requiem for the slumbering dead. I paused, at length, beside a large inclosure, containing the remains of many of our traveling ministers and their families. There were those who had been cut down in the midst of their extended usefulness; those who had lingered on through many years, till old age palsied the strong nerve and dimmed the glowing eye; and those who, in early life, had been called from their Master's service here to their reward above. Of this latter class was he whose name was engraved on a pure white slab before me—"Henry Furlong"—*"To die is gain."*

My mind went quickly back to a bright moonlight night, in a tented grove, three years ago. The songs of praise from hundreds of mingled voices, that had been heard at intervals throughout the day, had ceased, and silence reigned throughout the ground. Within our tent a little band had gathered, and though the midnight hour had passed we lingered in sweet converse. Death and eternity were spoken of, and hearts throbbed quickly at the thought of how near they seemed to the spirit-world, and tears fell fast from others' eyes as they remembered those so lately laid to rest. Bending forward, his voice tremulous with emotion, he, whom even then we deemed almost at home, exclaimed, "Could I have my wish, I would die at home within my mother's arms, my father at my side, my brothers and my sisters near me, and my last words should be, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing!'" And that earnest wish was granted. He lingered far longer than we then deemed possible, and when at last the summons came it found him with his loved ones round him; and though the pallid lips could not give utterance to his thoughts, we knew that he had "kept the faith," and the "crown of righteousness" was surely his. He had left in writing, "that it might comfort his loved ones when he had gone," strong testimony of his unwavering hope and confidence; and as I stood beside that lowly grave, and thought of his pure, blameless life and his holy love, I felt, indeed, "for him to die was gain."

Very near his was another grave, and the name of "Mary Brison" is precious to more hearts than mine, and the various homes that, in life's checkered scenes, were hers, still fondly cherish her sainted memory. She hath watched often by the sick and suffering ones; she hath prayed for the anguished, burdened spirit; she hath wept freely with the sorrowing, rejoiced with the rejoicing, and soothed the dying as they neared the darkened vale of shadows. Humbly, earnestly, and hopefully she trod life's path, bearing patiently the trials of her lot, striving to fulfill her Father's will concerning her, and deserving most entirely the simple words engraven on her tomb, "She did what she could."

I wandered on sadly and mournfully, and as I bent above a tiny mound, I thought of the fair boy on whose brief life eight short summers shed

their flowery radiance. I had watched him often in his childish sports; I had seen him lingering lovingly beside his mother's knee, and noted the deep, reverent look upon the fair young face when in God's holy house. And though the summons came unexpectedly, death had no terrors for his gentle heart. He spoke comfort to the stricken parents bending over him; told them of his mother's words long months before, "Even my little son is not too young to love God;" that he felt his name was written in the Lamb's book of life; and that his heavenly Father was waiting for him. Each member of the household was thought of, and entreated to meet him in the home above; and those who gathered round that dying boy, and listened to the words of wisdom and instruction that fell so strangely from his lips, felt that religion was indeed all-powerful to save, and that truly "of such was the kingdom of heaven." It seemed almost as the working of a miracle to look upon those tiny hands clasped so triumphantly, the pale face lighted up with glorious brightness, and the faltering voice telling of angel faces bending over him, and the sound of heavenly music from the harps above.

O, how can parents ever falter in their arduous task of love, or grow weary in leading their children in the path of Christian duty, when such a scene is to comfort them in the anguished hour of parting; and the consolation that they have trained an immortal spirit for the realms above, and given another angel to the glorious band, can soothe, sustain, and bless!

It was the inclosure sacred to our own family band that next I entered, and, O! the many tears that had fallen over the slumberers there! Upon one monument is engraved the name of the sainted grandfather I never knew, but whose memory has been ever fondly revered—*Rev. Dr. George Roberts*. Though years have passed since the bright Sabbath morn that witnessed his departure from earth's trials to heaven's glories, none who lingered in that hallowed room will ever forget the scene they witnessed, and on many lives the impress of his parting words and counsel still remain to purify and bless.

In this same sacred spot other of our loved ones are sleeping quietly; yet even in our deepest anguish comes the blessed thought, of all the little band reposing there we have the hope of a coming, glorious reunion.

Five times, within the last six months, has the voice of mourning been heard within our home; and the stroke was not less difficult to bear because some died far from us, and others were laid to rest by stranger hands. The first who left us

was the aged saint, who but the previous Sabbath had occupied his usual place in the house of prayer.

On his physician's saying, "Father, you will soon be at home now," he replied, "Yes, I have the strongest indication of it, and it *will* be a blessed home to me. I shall meet those I have loved, and who have gone a little while before me. Glory be to God! Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "Heaven—Jesus—angels—praise God!" were often, often repeated when we could not catch the connecting sentences; and the last words he whispered were, "He is here; I see them, I see them;" then, with his hand raised upward, "There they are, there they are." And thus passed away the Rev. Joseph Shane, as pure and gentle a spirit as ever hallowed earth's dwellings.

Two short months have hardly flown since was brought unto us a cold and silent form that had left her home a joyous, radiant bride. The cherished idol of her family, the center of a large circle of admiring friends, and the beloved of all who knew her, Death, who, indeed, "loves a shining mark," has, in her removal, brought anguish unto many hearts. Great sweetness of temper, perfect amiability, a well-stored mind, combined with loveliness of person and winning manners, made her a general favorite, and *Lissie Harden's* memory will long be cherished in many homes. Sudden was her summons, yet she was well prepared to go, and left kind messages for the absent and the loved. Praise and thanksgiving resounded through the room, and the last whispered words were, "Precious Jesus," while those who lingered near gazed awestruck on the glorious beauty of her countenance, and the radiant smile that lingered on the pallid lips, even after the spirit had departed. She died among strangers; but they brought her here to rest with loved ones, and heaven will henceforth seem more precious from the thought that she is there.

And, O! how weary would earth's pilgrimage become, and how heavily these frequent partings press upon the spirit, did we not remember the "better land," where no sickness, pain, nor death can ever come, and where no night reigns, "but the Lord shall be our everlasting light."

"Yet mourn we not as they

Whose spirit's light is quench'd; for them the past
Is seal'd. They may not fall; they may not cast

Their glorious hope away!

All is not here of our beloved and blessed—

Leave we the sleepers with their God to rest."

THERE IS A GOD.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

O THERE is beauty every-where!
 Go forth beneath the quiet stars,
 When not a breath upon the air
 The holy stillness mars;
 When the pale moon is looking down,
 And silver clouds are fitting by;
 When thousand, thousand orbs of light
 Are shining in the sky;
 When the dim veil of eve is thrown
 O'er all the silent, sleeping earth;
 The hour when gladness fills the heart,
 And holy thoughts have birth;
 And then if holy thoughts come not;
 If from thy heart ascends no prayer,
 God pity thee! thou shouldst not dwell
 Upon a world so fair.
 If thou canst view the holy stars,
 And shed no penitential tear;
 If thou canst stand 'neath heaven's blue dome,
 And, mocking, say, "No God is here;"
 If from the altar of thy soul,
 No incense rises to thy God,
 Then what shall save thee from his wrath,
 When falls the chastening rod?
 O better hadst thou never lived,
 Than thus to mock thy Maker's name,
 Or if the cold, dark grave had closed
 Upon thy infant frame!
 O stand not here, 'tis holy ground;
 Thy very breath pollutes the air!
 God pity thee! thou shouldst not dwell
 Upon a world so fair.

REV. DR. ADAM CLARKE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Know ye a prince hath fallen?

They who sit
 On gilded throne, with rubied diadem,
 Caparisoned and guarded round, till death
 Doth stretch them 'neath some gorgeous canopy,
 Yet leave no footprint in the realm of mind—
 Call them not kings, they are but crowned men.

Know ye a prince hath fallen?

Nature gave
 The signet of her royalty, and years
 Of mighty labor won that sceptered power
 Of knowledge, which, from unborn ages, claims
 Homage and empire, such as Time's keen tooth
 May never waste. Yes, and the grace of God
 So witness'd with his spirit, so impelled
 To deeds of Christian love, that there is rear'd
 A monument for him, which hath no dread
 Of the fierce flame that wrecks the solid earth.
 I see him 'mid the Shetlands, spreading forth

The riches of the Gospel, kneeling down
 To light its lamp in every darken'd hut;
 Not in the armor of proud learning brac'd,
 But with a towel girded, as to wash
 The feet of such as earthly princes scorn.

I see him lead the rugged islander,
 Even as a brother, to the Lamb of God,
 Counting that untaught soul more precious far
 Than all the lore of all the letter'd world.

I hear his eloquence, but deeper still,
 And far more eloquent, there steals a dirge
 O'er the hoarse wave, "All that we boast of man,
 Is as the flower of grass."

Farewell! farewell!
 Pass on with Wesley, and with all the great
 And good of every nation. Yes, pass on,
 Where the cold name of sect, which sometimes throws
 Unholy shadow o'er the heaven-warm'd breast,
 Sinks into nothingness, and every surge
 Of warring doctrine, in whose eddying depths
 Man's charity was drained, is sweetly lost
 In the broad ocean of eternal love.

THE RICH MAN'S CHOICE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved:
 for he had great possessions." MARK X, 22.

O HAD he known that harps were hushed
 Amid the angel throng,
 Or heard the strain that would have gushed
 These shining cords along,
 Or seen where waved his crown of life,
 The fadeless and the fair,
 Would he, within that hour of strife,
 Have stood and pondered there?

That fearful hour, that silent kept
 The seraphs of the sky,
 With wily care the tempter swept
 His panorama by.
 Before him passed broad lands and fair,
 And coffers piled with gold;
 But for the gorgeous vision there,
 Perchance a soul was sold.

How could he stand! how could he pause!
 How, for one moment, weigh
 The things that should have been as straws,
 With life's long, blissful day!
 He knew beyond the shining gate
 The proffered "treasure" lay;
 O how could mortal hesitate!
 He sadly went away.

On Judah's hills, the green and fair,
 Is hushed the voice of yore,
 But still the tempter spreads his snare,
 Just as it spread before;
 And ye who earthly riches hold,
 And heritage fair,
 O barter not for lands of gold,
 Your priceless treasure there!

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

WHAT THE BIBLE IS AND DOES.—A nation must be truly blessed, if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book. It is so complete a system that nothing can be added to it or taken from it. It contains every thing needful to be known or done. It affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a senate; authority and direction for a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with a sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor, and the servants to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of its Author to all that walk by its rule. It gives directions for weddings and for burials. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and an eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave the fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will. It defends the right of all, and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, over-reacher, and oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter; gives the best mysteries that were ever penned. It brings the best of tidings, and affords the best of comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all these scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short, it is a book of laws, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, and shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in the world; the most authentic and the most entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most early antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and infernal legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic and the profoundest artist. It will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skillful arithmetician; puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and exposes the subtle sophist: it is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an

unequaled narrative; a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages.

WHAT IS IT TO "WALK WITH GOD?"—We think we can not answer this question better than by taking an extract from one of Baxter's beautiful works. May God give his blessing to every Christian who reads it, especially to those who are longing after a "closer walk!"

"To walk with God," says the holy man, "is to live as in his presence, and that with desire and delight. It is to believe and feel that, wherever we are, we are *before the Lord*, who seeth our hearts, and all our ways. It is to compose our minds to that holy reverence and seriousness, which become man in the presence of his Maker; and to order our words with that care and gravity which it is proper for those to use who speak before Jehovah. As we are not moved at the presence of a fly, a worm, or a dog, when persons of distinction and honor are present, so we should not comparatively be moved at the presence of man, however great, rich, or terrible, when we know that God himself is present, to whom the greatest of the sons of men is more inconsiderable than a fly or a worm is to them. As the presence of a king makes ordinary bystanders to be unobserved, and the conversation of the learned makes us disregard the babblings of children, so the presence of God should make the greatest of men to be scarcely observed or regarded in comparison of him. God, who is ever with us, should so fill our souls and engross our attention, that others, in his presence, should be but as a candle in the presence of the sun. Convinced of this, he who walks with God is careful to maintain that behavior, both with regard to the temper of his spirit and the conduct of his life in all things, which he knows to be most pleasing in the sight of God, and most becoming those who stand continually before him; while others accommodate themselves to the company with whom they converse, and are so engrossed with the creature, that they totally forget the presence of God. Hence men of God were wont to speak reverently, and yet familiarly, of God, as children of their father, with whom they dwell; as being fellow-citizens with the saints, and, therefore, a part of his household. Thus Abraham calls him, 'The Lord before whom I walk;' Jacob, 'God, before whom my fathers, Abraham and Isaac, walked;' and David says, 'I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.' Yea, God himself is pleased to use terms of gracious and condescending familiarity toward them. 'Christ dwells in their hearts by faith.' His Spirit dwelleth in them as his 'house,' and his 'temple.' The Father himself is said to 'dwell in them, and walk in them.' 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

"Our walking with God, therefore, implies not only a sense of the common presence of God, but a lively, abiding apprehension of his gracious presence, as our God and reconciled Father, with whom we dwell, and who dwelleth in us by his Spirit."

CHRISTIAN, WHERE'S YOUR SHIELD?—How often are we pained to see and hear of our fellow-soldiers in the Christian warfare being weary, being suddenly overtaken in a fault, being led captive by Satan our grand adversary! How is it? What is the reason of all these sad mishaps, which bring reproach on ourselves, and on the Captain of our salvation? There must be some cause. Perhaps we can show what it is. Often when reading Homer's "Iliad" we have gazed on the cuts, and observed the Trojan and Grecian warriors with their shields *cast behind their backs* when not engaged in actual warfare. We read that this was their practice. Their enemies were not always at hand, and their shields were not always needed. Surely, have we thought, this must be the manner in which some Christian soldiers are acting when they are suddenly taken captive by Satan. They must have *cast their shields behind their backs*, forgetting that *their adversaries never sleep!* Is it not so? Say, careless Christian!

Yes, you know it is. *Your shield is the shield of faith; that faith which lays hold on the Savior, and lays claim to his merit for acceptance with the Father; that faith which unites you to Christ.* So long as that shield of faith is in use, so long, and no longer, will you be safe. If faith draws you to the Savior, unites you to him, and you recline on his beloved bosom, Satan may roar as he pleases, may cast forth as many poisoned arrows as he pleases, but not one will touch you.

"While folded in the Savior's arms,
You're safe from every snare."

O, then, take good heed where your shield is! Remember your threefold enemy—the world, the flesh, and the devil—never sleeps. Yours must be a continual warfare: you will have no opportunity for casting your shield over your shoulder. If you do so, a mortal wound may be struck before you are aware of it. Forget not that you are in an enemy's land, and encompassed by enemies: they are on every side. Be vigilant: let your faith in the Savior be strong and unwavering.

When St. Paul exhorts his fellow-soldiers in Ephesus to "put on the whole armor of God," and mentions each part of that armor, he lays special stress on the shield, knowing that to be of supreme importance. He says, "*Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.*"

Your shield is not, like the Grecian's, made of iron or brass, overlaid with seven bull-hides: no; it is one through which no dart can possibly enter, though wielded by the arm of the most skillful and mighty of enemies. Up, then, Christian! up with your shield; and never, never think of casting it behind your back. Say with the poet, in prayer:

"Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee."

"**HIS CARETH FOR YOU.**"—It is often hard to think so; that in his almightiness he should deign to have a thought for us. Why, the heaven of heavens can not contain him, and if amid the immensity of his creation this little world were blotted from existence its loss would never be perceived; and here we are, worms upon

its surface, poor, helpless, and worthless; and yet he careth for us.

He careth for you. O what a load it takes from these poor, weak shoulders! He that has lit up the starry heavens. He that has rolled forth the planets; that guides the sun in its course, and hath established the everlasting hills; he it is that careth for us, and upon whom we are to cast all our care—spiritual as well as temporal; anxieties wearing the body as well as corroding the soul; fears, gloomy as night; uncertainties, dark and distressful: the whole burden of our sins, of our temptations, of our doubts, trials, and vexations—all to be cast upon him who careth for us. Surely, he must care a great deal for us to be willing to bear them all. And it is well for us poor mortals that we have some one who is thus willing and able both to care and to bear. Yet we see some Christians go groveling along as if such a promise had never found a place in God's word. They prefer to bear their own burdens instead of casting them upon the Lord. And they do bear them, and bear them till they are crushed under them; and not till they are crushed under them are they willing that God should take them to himself.

He careth for you. Children of affliction, hear ye this. What though the world forsake you, and leave you to mourn alone! What though a base ingratitude has stung you to the quick, and clouds of anxieties are clustering all around you! There is one that careth for you; and though all others should forsake you, he never will. True, the night is dark, and the billows are strong, and the tempest thickens, yet look up; there is one walking on the billows by your side who is mightier than you; and it is to just such as you that he loves to extend his care—that precious care, whose watchfulness is never withdrawn, whose love is never dimmed. In the valley he will walk by your side, and along the steep and dreary road will take your burden to himself. "Cast thy burden on the Lord, he shall sustain thee."

He careth for you. Child of perplexity, hear ye this. Why, then, take thought for to-morrow? to-morrow is all his own. Can you make it better? and if you could make it better, and take it out of his hands all to yourself, would you do it? I doubt it if you knew how much he loved you. Trials perhaps, but then trials producing patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and all producing what? why a heart fitted to love and serve him; just such a heart as he wants you to have; just such a heart as he says you must have if you are to dwell forever with him.

"**THEY SHALL MOUNT UP WITH WINGS AS EAGLES.**"—Thus said the eagle, when clouds betoken a storm, rises into the upper air, and, resting on its wings, looks calmly down upon the warring elements. This beautiful fact is referred to by our heavenly Father. Why has he told us this story? Has it a moral? O, child of God, have thy cherished plans been crossed—thy loved ones taken from thee—"the friend, as thine own soul," become estranged? Have thy motives been misjudged, and those who should befriend thee become thine enemies? Read again. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles!" Does that smothered sigh say, "O that I had wings?" Ah, little one of Christ, thy wings are folded, and these disturbing influences are but to make thee stretch them. What hast thou to do with despondency? Heir of a kingdom, look up! look up! Rise heavenward, and resting on the "wings of faith," look calmly down upon conflicting elements!

THE GREAT PREPARATION.—We should make preparation, because we shall meet God in very solemn circumstances. It will be away from friends, from the body, from the familiar scenes with which they have been conversant here. It will be when we shall be alone with God. It will be the next act that shall succeed the solemn act of dying. A man who is to meet God as soon as he dies should make some preparation for it. If he were to meet him on a lonely mountain, like Moses, amid clouds and tempests—though he had left many friends at the base—as he clambered up its steep ascent, he would feel that he ought to be prepared for that solemn interview. How much more when he leaves his friends weeping around his pale, lifeless body; when he travels alone and disembodied the untrodden, dark way up to God; when he goes there without a friend or an advocate; when he goes, to come back no more!

We should make preparation to meet God, because when we are brought before him it will be too late to do what is necessary to be done. The path up to the judgment-seat is not a way of preparation; nor at his bar is it a place to prepare for eternity. It is no time to prepare for battle when the enemy is in the camp; no time to make ready to meet a foe when he has broken open your door. There is such a thing as putting off preparation till it is too late. A man may neglect the care of his health till it is too late. A student may suffer the proper time to prepare for a profession to glide away till it is too late. A farmer may neglect to plow and sow till it is too late. A man on a rapid stream near a cataract may neglect to make efforts to reach the shore till it is too late. And so in religion. It is easy to put it off from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, till it is too late. Beyond that interview with God there is no preparation. Your eternity is not to be made up of a series of successive probations, where, though you fall in one, you may avail yourself of another. There is but one probation—O, how short, how fleeting, how soon gone! The shuttle of the weaver flies not swifter; nor do the shadows move more rapidly over the plain. Each day leaves the number less—and not one of them can be recalled. Life is passed through not to be traveled over again; and each footprint is made to be seen by us no more. He that comes after us may track our way nearer and nearer to the beach where the ocean of eternity rolls; he may see step after step in the sand, till he comes to the last print, half washed away by the tide, where we plunged into the vast ocean, and disappeared forever. You go not back again. This day, this hour, you live but once—and this setting sun will have taken one irrecoverably from the allotted days of your probation. I wonder at man. The earth is our place of probation—and it is *all*—literally, absolutely *all*. In that probation, if ever, you and I are to be prepared for that vast eternity on which we enter in a few days. If not prepared then, we are never to be prepared. Point me, fellow-mortal, to the slightest proof whatever, or to the slightest presumption—I will not ask for proof—that another season of probation is to be granted to you beyond the judgment of the great day, and I will never urge this point again. But if there is none, my dying fellow-man, you ought to be prepared to meet God. It is not a thing of privilege, it is a thing of obligation. Your conscience, your reason, your sober judgment, all respond to the claim which I urge upon you, that you should be ready to meet God. You who have adopted it as a settled purpose that you will not enter a profession

without being prepared for it: you who will not appear in the gay assembly without hours spent, under skillful hands, at the toilet, that you may be prepared for it, ought to be prepared to appear before God. You ought to have on a brighter than any earthly array; you ought to have on the garments of salvation—the pure and spotless robes wrought by the “Redeemer’s hands, and dyed in his blood.” Not as you are now, sinful, unforgiven, gay, worldly, thoughtless, ambitious, should you stand before the great and pure Jehovah to receive the sentence which will seal your eternal doom.

INSTANT ANSWER TO PRAYER.—In 1661 the noble husband of Lady Margaret Douglas, Marchioness of Argyll, was tried before the Scottish Parliament, by order of Charles II, on a charge of high treason. His dreadful sentence was, to be beheaded, after two short days, at Edinburgh Cross; and his head to be fixed on the west end of the Tolbooth, where the head of the Marquis of Montrose had been formerly exhibited. In this season of deep distress, the Marchioness betook herself to the throne of grace, and implored support and comfort, not so much for herself, as for her beloved husband, who, though guilty of no crime, was so soon to suffer a traitor’s death. In the morning of the day on which he was to be executed, she and Mr. John Carstairs were employed in wrestling with God in his behalf, in a chamber in the Canongate, earnestly pleading that the Lord would now seal his charter by saying to him, “Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.” It is a memorable fact, that, at the very time they were thus employed, the Marquis, while settling some worldly affairs, a number of persons of quality being present, was visited in his soul with such a sense of the Divine favor as almost overpowered him; and, after in vain attempting to conceal his emotions by going to the fire and beginning to stir it with the tongs, he turned about, and melting into tears, exclaimed, “I see this will not do: I must now declare what the Lord has done for my soul. *He has just now, at this very instant of time, sealed my charter in these words, ‘Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee!’*” This comfort he retained to the last, and alluded to the scene in his dying speech on the scaffold. Can it be doubted that the bestowment of the very blessing asked by the Marchioness and that godly minister, at the very instant, was a signal answer to their believing prayers?

Her ladyship bore the sad stroke of calamity with incredible fortitude; “giving herself always to prayer and fasting, and ministering to the necessity of saints;” surviving the Marquis nearly seventeen years. Mr. Neil Gillies, “indulged minister” of her parish, tells with beautiful simplicity how well this time was spent, and how her ladyship joined in every act of worship, languor and pain notwithstanding, till her spirit returned to God.

HOW TO CLOSE THE DAY.—The following, from the Greek of Pythagoras, is worthy of adoption by every one:

“Let no soft slumber close mine eyes
Ere I have recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day.
Where have my feet marked out the way?
What have I learnt, where’er I’ve been,
From all I’ve heard, from all I’ve seen?
What know I more that’s worth the knowing?
What have I done that’s worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.”

Editorial Disquisition.

THE BLOODY SWEAT.

Our Savior's agony in the garden of Gethsemane is a profoundly interesting subject to the believer. Whether we regard the person of the sufferer, the cause of the suffering, the end attained by it, or the phenomena attendant upon it, it is a mysteriously sublime manifestation. We do not promise the elimination of all the difficulties connected with the subject, nor yet the solution of all its mysteries. For these results we may not hope, perhaps, till we are favored with the vision of angels. We have now simply to consider one of the striking incidents of this scene—one that has excited wonder in all ages, awakening the sorrow and sympathy of the believer, and being the occasion of shameless satire on the part of the skeptic. This phenomenon is thus described by Luke—xxii, 44—"And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Whatever might be the real nature of this phenomenon, it is obviously described as the result of mental agony. For it is said, he "began to be sorrowful and very heavy"—Matt. xxvi, 37—and he says to the chosen three, whom he had taken apart from the others, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death"—verse 38. The original of the first passage is still more emphatic—*distressed and filled with anguish*, or, as Mark expresses it, *sore amazed*; that is, shocked, benumbed with agony. It was while in this agony and as a consequence of it, that the phenomenon of "the bloody sweat" appeared.

In order to reach definite and practical results in this discussion, we should first ascertain what is the precise import of the language employed by St. Luke, and then inquire whether such a phenomenon is physiologically possible.

Some have supposed that the inspired writer did not intend to say that he actually sweat drops of blood; but that his sweat was so profuse that it gathered in drops as large as drops of blood. Such a conclusion, however, can not be reached without giving to the original a forced and unnatural meaning. The words which are not inaptly rendered in the English text, *great drops of blood*—*ἰσχυροὶ αἱματός*—mean literally *clots or coagulated blood*, and very accurately describe the appearance of commingled blood and sweat. Besides this, if only a comparison were intended, it is certainly an inapt and unusual comparison; and it is difficult to conceive why clots of blood should have been used to illustrate the rolling down of great drops of sweat. The meaning of the text is so obvious that very few commentators have found occasion to question its import or to depart from the ordinarily received interpretation.

There is another remarkable fact worthy of consideration in endeavoring to fix the precise meaning of the sacred narrative. The only one of the evangelists by whom this phenomenon is described is Luke. He was a physician, and would, therefore, be more likely to have his attention attracted to such a thing, and also to comprehend more fully the fearful agony that must have rent the Savior's heart to produce such wonderful effects. Being a physician, he could comprehend what he was describing; and what is remarkable, the term he employs

is found no where else in the New Testament, and at the same time it is strictly medical.

1. Our Savior is represented as being in an agony; torn by conflicting mental emotions; and overwhelmed with a sorrow too great for utterance, and which seemed to paralyze all the functions of life. With what force does the sacred writer employ the word *agonia*—*ἁγώνια*—to express this mental anguish! It signifies a struggle—a death struggle—between diverse and conflicting emotions.*

2. The word *Thromboi*—*θρομβοί*—which is used in the text, and which is translated *great drops*, is found no where else in the New Testament. Lexicographers tell us that it designates a piece or bit of any liquid congealed or coagulated into a mass; that the phrase was often applied to milk and blood; and Hippocrates used it frequently to designate coagulated blood.† Schleusner gives several references to the writings of Greek physicians—*scriptis medicorum Græcorum*—in which *thromboi* is used in the sense of clots of blood. But in the sacred text we have *ἰσχυροὶ αἱματος*—*clots of blood*, which fixes the signification with great distinctness.

3. The expression indicates not merely a slight effusion of blood, but a profuse sweating of it. The full force of the word *katabainontes*—*καταβαίνοντες*—especially when we add *εἰς τὴν γῆν*—*flowing down upon the earth*—is reached only by the supposition of an effusion striking for its quantity as well as for its character. Hence, the Vulgate conveys the idea of its flowing down in the manner of a stream or torrent.‡

We can not, therefore, see any room to raise a doubt or question as to the precise meaning of the sacred historian.

If we look at the question in its physiological aspects, mysterious and unusual as is such a phenomenon, we can find no evidence of any physiological impossibility. Perspiration, both sensible and insensible, is constantly going on in our bodies. The skin in all parts of the body is perforated by small, regularly formed tubes, terminating outwardly by innumerable small orifices, from which the perspiration exudes, and inwardly by what physiologists call "blind extremities." These tubes are surrounded in their whole length by a delicate network of extremely attenuated vessels; and the ultimate ramifications of the arteries penetrate to their interior surface. Hence they are made to discharge the watery parts of the blood in the form of vapor, and its grosser ingredients in the form of a glutinous liquid.

This perspiration is powerfully increased by excitement, and especially by mental or bodily anguish. How often have we seen the large drops of sweat gather upon the brow, the cheeks, the lips, while the soul was struggling beneath some enormous load of anguish that had

* Ad summam, Agonia significat in genere colluctationem diversarum affectionum animi inter se contrariorum.—*Castellæ's Lexicon*.

† Thrombos—*θρομβος*—est liquidæ rei in unam massam concretæ et coagulatæ frustum. Ad lac et sanguinem translata vox est medicis; imprimis Hippocrates frequenter de sanguine usus est concreto.—*Castellæ*.

‡ See Poole's Synopsis—*decurrentes, sive aut torrentis more*.

* *Colluctatio*—a struggle, the death struggle.—*Andrew's Latin Lexicon*.

fallen perhaps suddenly and with crushing weight upon it. But when those passions or feelings that cause the heart to beat with more rapid and violent action are excited, there must be, of course, an increased flow of the blood to the skin. The first result of this is blushing, whether from shame or anger. It is not unfrequently the case that when the emotion is very powerful a copious effusion of sweat follows. We can readily conceive that greatly increased mental excitement might force out the blood itself through the pores, and this, mingling with the natural perspiration, would exhibit the phenomenon of "bloody sweat." The natural meaning of the text is, unquestionably, that the blood was mingled with his sweat, and thus it poured from him profusely, and fell in great drops upon the ground.

Physiologists recognize the occurrence of this bloody sweat as a physiological fact. Dr. Millingen, in his "Curiosities of Medical Experience," speaks of it as the most singular of all the maladies that affect cutaneous transpiration, and says, "It is probable that this strange disorder arises from a violent commotion of the nervous system, turning the streams of blood out of their natural course, and forcing the red particles into the cutaneous excretories. A mere relaxation of the fibers could not produce so powerful a revulsion." He says also that it may arise in cases of extreme debility in connection with a thinner state of the blood. This malady is called *diapedesis*. Haller says that the passions of the mind sometimes force blood from the skin; and from this he infers that "the sudoriferous tubes are not much smaller than the capillary blood-vessels." He also says that a mental passion which effects no change except a contraction of the nerves may make wonderful changes in the secretions, and expel both the blood and bile through the vessels of the skin. Kannegiesser remarks, in the German Ephemerides, as quoted by Dr. Stroud, that "violent mental excitement, whether occasioned by uncontrollable anger or vehement joy, and, in like manner, sudden terror or intense fear, forces out a sweat, accompanied with signs either of anxiety or hilarity." After ascribing this sweat to the unequal constriction of some vessels and dilation of others, he further observes: "If the mind is seized with a sudden fear of death, the sweat, owing to the excessive degree of constriction, often becomes bloody."

But let us prosecute this inquiry in the light of facts. Dr. Stroud, on the authority of De Thou, an eminent French historian, gives the following instance: "An Italian officer who commanded at Monte-Marco, a fortress of Piedmont, during the warfare in 1552, between Henry II, of France, and the Emperor Charles V, having been treacherously seized by order of the hostile general, and threatened with public execution unless he surrendered the place, was so agitated at the prospect of an ignominious death that he sweated blood from every part of his body." The same writer relates a similar occurrence in the person of a young Florentine at Rome, unjustly put to death by order of Pope Sixtus V, in the beginning of his reign, and concludes the narrative as follows: "When the youth was led forth to execution, he excited the commiseration of many, and through excess of grief was observed to shed bloody tears, and to discharge blood instead of sweat from his whole body—a circumstance which many regarded as a certain proof that nature condemned the severity of a sentence so cruelly hastened, and invoked vengeance against the magistrate himself, as therein guilty of murder."

We have already referred to the German Ephemerides. This work gives several examples of bloody tears and bloody sweat occasioned by extreme fear. Among them is the case of "a young boy, who, having taken part in a crime for which two of his elder brothers were hanged, was exposed to public view under the gallows on which they were executed, and was thereupon observed to sweat blood from his whole body." In his commentaries on the four Gospels, Maldonado refers to "a robust and healthy man at Paris who, on hearing the sentence of death passed on him, was covered with a bloody sweat." Another mentions the case of a young man who was similarly affected on being condemned to the flames. Lombard mentions a general who was affected in the same manner on losing a battle. A similar case came under the observation of Sporlious, a physician of Bal: "The patient was a child of twelve years of age, who never drank any thing but water; having gone out into the fields to bring home his father's flocks, he stopped upon the road, and, contrary to habit, drank freely of white wine. He shortly after was seized with a fever. His gums first began to bleed, and soon after a hemorrhage broke out from every part of the integuments, and from the nose. On the eighth day of the malady he was in a state of extreme debility, and the body was covered with livid and purple spots, while every part from whence the blood had exuded was stopped with clots."

We might rest the case here, and claim that we had given sufficient facts, as well as philosophy, to authenticate the Divine narrative. But we wish to go farther, and show that the cases are not so exceedingly rare but that they are fully recognized, and their diagnosis fully observed by competent physicians. Schenck gives the case of "a nun who fell into the hands of soldiers; and, on seeing herself encompassed with swords and daggers, threatening instant death, was so terrified and agitated that she discharged blood from every part of her body, and died of hemorrhage in the sight of her assailants." In the Memoirs of the Society of Arts in Haarlem, the case of a sailor is mentioned "who was so alarmed by a storm, that he fell down, and his face sweated blood, which during the whole continuance of the storm returned like ordinary sweat as fast as it was wiped away."

Dr. Millingen cites the case of a widow of forty-five years of age who had lost her only son. "She one day fancied that she beheld his apparition beseeching her to relieve him from purgatory by her prayers and by fasting every Friday. The following Friday in the month of August a perspiration tinged with blood broke out. For five successive Fridays the same phenomenon appeared, when a confirmed *diapedesis* set in. The blood escaped from the upper part of the body, the back of the head, the temples, the eyes, the nose, the breast, and the tips of the fingers. The disorder disappeared spontaneously on Friday, the 8th of March, in the year following. This affection was evidently occasioned by superstitious fears; and this appears the more probable from the periodicity of the attacks. The first invasion of the disease might have been purely accidental; but the regularity of its subsequent appearance on the stated day of the vision may be attributed to the influence of apprehension."

The case of Catherine Merlin, of Chamberg, is well authenticated and worthy of being recorded. She was a woman of forty-six years of age, strong and hale. She received a kick from a bullock in the pit of the stomach, which was followed by vomiting blood. This having

been suddenly stopped by her medical attendants, the blood made its way through the pores of various parts of her body, the discharge recurring usually twice in twenty-four hours. It was preceded by a prickly sensation, and pressure on the skin would accelerate the flow and increase the quantity of blood. The *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, for October, 1831, gives the case of a female subject to hysteria, who, when the hysteric paroxysm was protracted, was also subject to this bloody perspiration. And in this case she continued at different times to be affected with it for three months, when it gave way to local bleeding and other strong revulsive measures. But the case of the wretched Charles IX, of France, is one of the most striking that has as yet occurred. The account is thus given by De Mezeray: "After the vigor of his youth and the energy of his courage had long struggled against his disease, he was at length reduced by it to his bed at the castle of Vincennes, about the 8th of May, 1674. During the last two weeks of his life his constitution made strange efforts. He was affected with spasms and convulsions of extreme violence. He tossed and agitated himself continually, and his blood gushed from all the outlets of his body, even from the pores of his skin; so that on one occasion he was found bathed in a bloody sweat."

From these and other instances that might be cited, it is clearly evident that the sweating of blood may be produced by intense mental emotion. The instances of it are comparatively rare, it is true, but, nevertheless, perfectly well authenticated.

We think we have abundantly elucidated the fact that they who make this subject a ground of caviling against the Bible display their own ignorance and malignant opposition, rather than any shrewdness of discrimination or superior intelligence.

But the skeptic again inquires, "How could the disciples, in the dead of the night, at the distance of a stone's cast, and without any light, know that Jesus Christ sweat at all—much less could they know that he sweat blood?" Let us examine this cavil. As to the *distance*, it must be borne in mind that when our Savior said to the disciples, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder," he took three of them along with him, and he was only a *little* removed from them when he endured his agony. What Luke says of his being "withdrawn from them about a stone's cast" is closely connected with his arrival "at—the place," and may, therefore, refer, not to the *three* he had taken into the interior of the garden to be the special witnesses of his agony, but to the *eight* he had told to "*sit here*"—that is, at or near the entrance. That our Savior could have been but "a little" removed from the three disciples is evident from the fact that the garden itself must have been small. Maundrell, if we recollect right, makes it only about one hundred and fifty feet square; while Dr. Durbin says that it contains "about a quarter of an acre," which would make its dimensions something over one hundred feet. These three disciples appear to have been near enough to observe his movements and to hear portions of his prayer. Mark says, "He went forward a little, and fell on the ground." His separation from them, as well as their heaviness—sinking down into the helplessness of sleep—beautifully symbolizes the fact that he had no support from human sympathy, and placed no reliance upon *human aid*—an "arm of flesh" in his mighty struggle. Yet he had them sufficiently near to be witnesses of what occurred—or at least a part

of it. We have a *glimpse* only of the *scene*; while, for wise purposes, a veil is drawn over most of it, hiding it from the inspection of mortals.

Again, the caviler assumes that the night was dark, and that they were without torches. How does he know that? It is not said that the night was dark. Every known fact is against such a presumption. Our Savior and his disciples evidently were not troubled either in going forth to the garden or in their intercourse with each other on account of the darkness. They must, then, either have been provided with torches, or the night could not have been very dark. The disciples saw him fall to the earth; they saw also the angel that appeared to strengthen him in his agony. The "lanterns and torches" brought by those who came to arrest him might have been brought simply to enable the officers to explore the dark hiding-places where they supposed he would endeavor to conceal himself from them. Dr. Clarke says—John xviii, 3—"They could have needed the 'lanterns and torches' for no other purpose; it being now the fourteenth day of the moon's age, in the month of Nisan, and consequently she appeared *full and bright*." At this time of night, too, she would be nearly overhead, and thus would shed a brilliant light, not only to guide the party that were seeking to arrest him, but also to enable the disciples to discern all his movements, and especially the bloody sweat which overspread his face, and rolled down to the earth in great drops. Nor could the indications of it wholly have passed from him when arrested; and the place where the blood dropped upon the earth, even in the morning, must have been a sad witness of the Savior's overwhelming agony. Thus, without any necessity of supposing a supernatural revelation of the fact, we have abundant evidence of our Savior's bloody sweat in the garden. And any cavils that arise out of it must ever rest upon what we do not know, rather than upon any thing we do know—upon our ignorance, and not upon our knowledge.

Again, the skeptic has objected, "If Christ really were divine, really God, it is absurd to represent an angel as being sent to strengthen him." Here, again, is an entire overlooking of the character and office of Christ. He came in his *human nature*, and in that nature was he at once to set before the world an example of perfect holiness, and to make an atonement for sin. He must then submit to the common conditions of humanity; he must meet his trials, endure his sorrows, and be sustained in his conflicts as are men. It was not wonderful, then, neither was it out of place, but perfectly in keeping with his character and condition, that one of those who are sent forth to be ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, should appear and minister to him in the midst of the sorrowful agony of his soul.

We have not room to append a few thoughts upon the *cause* of our Savior's agony. Nor have we space to add some practical suggestions we had intended.

We would say to the sinner, Look upon this picture of a Savior's agony, and learn what a fearful thing sin must be, and how awful the agony of despair when the burden of its own sins falls upon the soul, and no ministering angel comes to its relief.

Christian, look upon this scene; mark the divine Redeemer's submission to the Father; and behold here not merely the sufferings of thy redeeming Lord, but a living example of submission, of patience, of calmness, and of trust in God in the severest trial and conflict of thy life's pilgrimage!

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

DEATH OF BISHOP CAPERS.—Rev. William Capers, D. D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died of disease of the heart, at his residence in Andersonville, near Charleston, South Carolina, January 29th. Bishop Capers was born in St. Thomas parish, South Carolina, January 26, 1790, and was consequently sixty-five years old at his death. He received the degree of A. M. from the South Carolina College, where he was educated, and was admitted into the annual conference of his native state as a traveling preacher in 1806. In 1828 he visited England as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States to the British conference, and for several years was one of the general missionary secretaries. He was elected bishop in 1846. In the work of instructing the slaves no man ever did a better or nobler work. His manners were easy and agreeable, his piety marked, his pulpit elocution good, and his style of writing of a superior cast. His remains sleep in the Washington-Street Cemetery, Columbia, South Carolina.

PWEDD CHURCHES.—The Episcopalians have recently had considerable discussion on the question of free seats in churches. The Churchman, New York, is one of the ablest papers of the denomination in this country, and it, editorially and by correspondents, has been laboring zealously to show that the system of renting and selling pews is impolitic and antisciptural. The leading objection which we have seen urged against the practice is, that the poor are in part or entirely excluded from church-going.

THE DEMERARA BELL-BIRD.—The campanero, or bell-bird of Demerara, is of snowy whiteness, and about the size of a jay. A tube, nearly three inches long, rises from its forehead, and this feathery spine the bird can fill with air at pleasure. Every four or five minutes in the depths of the forest, its call may be heard from a distance of three miles, making a tolling noise, like that of a convent bell.

MUSKETS AND MISSIONS.—The United States army numbers about 10,000, who cost the country last year \$3,525,240 for pay, subsistence, clothing, etc.—a sum ten times as much as is annually contributed by all the Protestant Churches of the country for missionary purposes, and thirty-three times as much as is raised by the Methodist Episcopal Church for both foreign and domestic missions. In thirty years the United States have spent \$200,000,000, for which they have nothing to show but some old forts, guns, battered uniforms, and demoralized veterans. People sometimes talk about the money "used up" in trying to evangelize the heathen; but it would take the Churches, the way they are going on now, at least two hundred years to spend the same amount of money which the United States Government has squandered in thirty years.

JAPANESE RELIGION.—A newspaper item to the effect that the Japanese were a race of Atheists has been widely circulated; but it turns out untrue. They are true and ardent worshipers of a Supreme Being, and believe in a future state, though they do not receive Christianity. During the seventeenth century Christianity was introduced by the Jesuits, and for a time made rapid

progress; but the missionaries, inflated by success, became haughty and presumptuous, and beginning to interfere in politics and government, brought about a violent persecution. So deadly a hatred was conceived against the Portuguese, that in the space of forty years they and their religion were completely extirpated. Even to this day, in certain parts of the empire, the custom of trampling on the cross is annually celebrated. To such a pitch were the Japanese exasperated that none of the Romish ceremonial was permitted to survive.

THE GREAT RESPIRATORY APPARATUS.—Dr. C. D. Griswold, in a communication to the Home Journal, has the following: "The great air-passage into the lungs is supposed to divide into six hundred millions of branches, the termination of each being a minute cell—Weber—like the buds upon the terminal branches of a tree. The blood which has been partially exhausted of its nutrient principles in its circulation through the system, returns to the heart, and from thence is sent through the lungs—the vessel through which it passes dividing up in as many branches as the air-tubes, and each passing over an air-cell. Now the air in the air-cell parts with its oxygen, which is received into the blood, and the impurities of the blood—carbonic acid—pass into the air-cell in exchange, to be carried out. So rapidly does this change go on, that the blood, in passing around these air-cells, parts with its impurities, and takes up the necessary nutrient principles for the uses of the system, and is then conveyed back to the heart through the returning vessels, to go out into the general system again."

BAPTIST NEWSPAPERS AND COLLEGES.—Of regular Baptist periodicals in the United States there are twenty-eight weekly newspapers, fifteen monthly publications, and two quarterly reviews. In the British provinces are four weekly newspapers and a quarterly publication, called the Grand Ligne Mission Register. There are in the United States twenty-six Baptist colleges and ten theological institutions, or departments of theology connected with the colleges.

OPERATIONS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The American Tract Society publishes an abstract of its proceedings, and gives the following results of their twenty-nine years' operations: Books published, 9,463,374; tracts, 138,764,824; periodicals, 24,102,600; making 212,330,000 publications—of which 682,933,000 pages have been given away.

EASTERN AND GREEK CHURCHES.—The numbers belonging to the Eastern and Greek Churches are given in the Church Review, from Neale's History, as follows:

Patriarchate of Constantinople, Servia, etc.....	12,000,000
" Alexandria.....	5,000
" Moscow.....	80,000,000
" Antioch and Cyprus.....	120,000
" Jerusalem.....	15,000
In Greece, Montenegro, etc.....	800,000
In the Austrian dominions.....	2,900,000
Total.....	66,740,000

MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND.—In England it seems that the twenty-sixth year is the mean age at which men marry, and the twenty-fifth that at which women marry. The average age of the wife is about forty and a half years,

of the husband forty-three years; or, the husband in Great Britain, on the average, is two and a half years older than the wife.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.—The number of languages spoken throughout the world is 8,064; of which 587 are in Europe, 896 in Asia, 270 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. There are nearly as many males as females. The mean duration of human life is 28 years. One-fourth part of all children die before the age of seven years. The population of the globe is estimated at nearly 1,000,000,000—of whom about one-third die every ten years, or more than 40 each second. There are more deaths and births in the night than in the day.

DISASTERS OF THE YEAR.—The entire loss by fire in the United States during 1854 is estimated at \$20,578,000: 171 lives were lost at these fires. There were 40 fires where the loss was \$100,000 and upward. There were 587 persons killed and 925 wounded during the year by 48 steam-boat accidents; 186 persons were killed and 599 wounded in the 193 railroad accidents that occurred. During the year there were 689 murders, 74 of which were in New York, 64 in California, 50 in Texas, 47 in Louisiana, 46 in Kentucky, 45 in Virginia, 43 in Ohio.

A WATER-COLORED BEDSTEAD.—The bedstead of the Emperor of Japan is superbly carved and gilded. By a singularly ingenious contrivance, a current of water may be conducted off around the tester, and at pleasure made to fall in transparent curtains of rain, completely encircling the royal couch, for the double purpose of keeping off the musketoos, and tempering the warm air to the delicious coolness which, in that sultry climate, is the consummation of bliss to reposing listlessness.

CHANGE OF NAMES.—Toward the middle of the fifteenth century it became the fashion among the wits and learned men, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classic ones. Among the rest Platina, the historian at Rome, calling together his friends, took the name of Callimachus, instead of Phillip. Pope Paul II, who reigned about that time, unluckily for the historian, chanced to be suspicious and illiterate. He had no idea that people could wish to alter their names unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment and other violent methods to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account. He had nothing to confess; so the Pope, after endeavoring in vain to convict him of heresy and sedition, released him.

ENGLISH PEOPLE'S COLLEGES.—A late number of the English Literary Gazette gives some account of the People's Colleges, which have been established in Sheffield, Nottingham, etc., where courses of instruction adapted for the working classes are efficiently carried on. The old system of "Popular Lectures" having degenerated into mere passing entertainment, the People's College will only introduce lectures as a secondary part of the system, supplementary to the class instructions. Mr. Ruskin has volunteered to teach in the department of drawing and perspective. The fees will be from half a crown to four shillings a course, though the teachers of the first course of the College, at 31 Red Lion Square, will give their lessons gratuitously. The Gazette deprecates the theological element in this course of training.

SOUTHERN METHODIST BOOK CONCERN AND PUBLISHING INTEREST.—The Committee and Agents in this establishment have recently had a special examination of its

affairs, with the following results, as we draw them from their figures and from other sources:

OPERATIONS UP TO 1854.

Assets—as per report of old Agent to the last General conference—including first payment of \$70,000 from the New York Book Concern, and also \$17,061.06 from the Chartered Fund.....\$142,736 33
Total liabilities at same date.....30,557 66

Total surplus.....\$118,177 68
Or deducting what had been received from the Methodist Episcopal Church; namely.....87,061 06

Gain since the organization of the South. Church.....\$31,126 63
The General conference, to meet the deficiency of their six papers, ordered the payment of.....31,000 00

Balance.....\$126 68
In the above "assets" also appear to have been improperly included \$16,285.16, drawn by Commissioners in the Church suit; and also about \$5,500 advanced on account of the Expositor and True Issue, making.....21,785 16

Deficiency or loss.....\$21,668 63

The Agents, we believe, up to this time, have declined paying the \$31,000.

PRESENT CONDITION.

The total surplus above is.....\$118,177 68
Add bonds of New York Book Concern.....121,000 00
" accounts due within the South.....64,737 39
" presses, etc., at Richmond, Charleston, and Nashville.....20,000 00
" received and receivable from Western Book Concern.....80,000 00
" accounts due within the South.....12,000 00

Nominal resources.....\$415,915 07
From this deduct as unavailable, worthless, or as liabilities; namely,
Appropriations to be paid.....\$31,000 00
New York accounts in the South, say.....60,000 00
Cincinnati accounts in the South, say.....11,000 00
Improperly placed among assets.....21,785 16
Costs of suit against Western Book Concern, assumed by the Southern Commissioners, in the settlement, say.....20,000 00 143,785 16

Available resources.....\$272,129 91

The "assets" of the old Agent include \$125,000 in stereotype plates, merchandise, notes, and book accounts; also, about \$150,000 from the Methodist Book Concerns is not immediately available.

OMIO CONFERENCE MEMOIRS.—Rev. M. P. Gaddis is now preparing a work of the above description. It will contain short memoirs of the following persons, who died in the years opposite to their names:

William Young.....	1812	Alfred Hance.....	1843
R. Lotzeich.....	1813	John Kanaga.....	1844
Walter Griffith.....	1822	John Collins.....	1845
A. Cummins.....	1823	G. R. Jones.....	1845
S. Baker.....	1823	H. S. Fernandes.....	1845
Nat. Walker.....	1824	John Ferree.....	1846
John Walker.....	1825	Jacob Delay.....	1846
John Sale.....	1826	W. B. Anderson.....	1846
Michael Ellis.....	1832	B. Cooper.....	1848
John Ulen.....	1834	James Quinn.....	1847
Thomas Sargent.....	1834	W. Parrish.....	1847
Philip Gatch.....	1835	B. Lakin.....	1849
Russel Bigelow.....	1836	N. Emery.....	1849
William Page.....	1835	A. B. Stroud.....	1849
William Phillips.....	1836	M. Wolf.....	1849
J. A. Waterman.....	1837	A. Morrow.....	1849
Erastus Felton.....	1837	A. L. Westervelt.....	1849
John Finley.....	1838	O. P. Williams.....	1850
William Barrett.....	1839	C. B. Warrington.....	1850
Frederick Butler.....	1839	James A. Taylor.....	1851
D. Woodbridge.....	1839	Joseph T. Lewis.....	1851
M. Crume.....	1839	F. A. Muehner.....	1851
E. Fate.....	1839	S. Maddux.....	1852
Charles Baldwin.....	1840	Wm. H. Raper.....	1852
Jeremiah Hill.....	1840	Samuel Hamilton.....	1853
E. W. Finley.....	1841	H. S. Hill.....	1853
Wm. B. Christie.....	1842	J. S. Tomlinson.....	1853
Isaac C. Hunter.....	1842	C. G. Meredith.....	1854

DR. BEAUMONT.—Rev. Dr. Joseph Beaumont, of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, England, expired suddenly

in the pulpit of Waltham-Street Chapel, Hull, England, January 21st. Just as he had finished reading these two lines of the opening hymn,

"Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,"

he suddenly gave a start back in the pulpit, fell down, and shortly afterward expired. He was in the sixty-first year of his age, and had been forty-two years in the ministry. He was a most able and excellent minister of the Gospel.

THE BURNETT TREATIES, GREAT BRITAIN.—The decision of the great literary prizes—one of \$9,000 and an-

other of \$3,000—to the authors of the two best treatises on "The Being and Attributes of God," was announced January 20th. The successful competitors were found to be—for the first prize, the Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson, A. M., Louth, Lincolnshire; and for the second, the Rev. John Tulloch, manse of Kettins, Cupar Angus, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, Scotland. The judges were Professors Baden Powell, Henry Rodgers, and Mr. Isaac Taylor. They were unanimous in their judgment. The essays varied in length, from a few sheets to six volumes, and several of them were written in female hand. Several other candidates, and one in particular, were declared to have attained high excellence.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA. With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.—This is a large 8vo. of five hundred and thirty-six pages, double column, printed on fine calendered paper, and is an elegant specimen of typography as well as binding. It contains sketches of sixty-one female prose writers of America, with choice selections from their writings, and constitutes a splendid gallery of distinguished literary women. Among the distinguished names on this catalogue are C. M. Sedgwick, Caroline Gilman, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. A. H. L. Phelps, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Stowe, Elizabeth Wetherell, Alice Cary, H. F. Lee, Ellen Louise Chandler, etc. It is illustrated with portraits of Fanny Forrester, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Ellett, Mrs. Stephens, Margaret Fuller, and Mrs. Neal. The editorial labor has been performed by Professor Hart with sound discrimination, excellent good taste, and great fidelity. The great difficulty of obtaining material for biographical sketches has been overcome with good success, and the sketches are well prepared and full of interest. As a "gift-book," this work has few equals. We trust ladies who are providing elegant books for their center-tables will honor both their own good taste and their sex, by putting there such works as this instead of the elegant trash too often found in such places. It may be obtained through booksellers generally.

FULL PROOF OF THE MINISTRY: A Sequel to the Boy who was trained up to be a Clergyman. By John N. Norton, A. M., Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Ky.—A pretty good story, in which "the sects" receive some side thrusts, and "the Church" through great tribulation rises to honor and great success. The work gives evidence of Mr. Norton's loyalty to "the Church," but is a poor comment upon his catholicity. Indeed, a meaner manifestation of narrow-minded bigotry we have rarely seen. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

ELEMENTS OF MENTAL SCIENCE. By Rev. Moses Smith, A. M.—The whole title of the above work is, "A New and Extensive Analytical Examination of the Elements of Mental Science: containing evidence of difference,

distinguishing between elements of mind which lie at the foundation of mental action, and elements of mind which lie at the foundation of moral action." The analysis of the mental powers followed here lacks simplicity in some points and involves some repetition. The author also has in some instances failed to express himself with that perspicuity especially necessary in treatises of this kind. Yet the work contains very much that is valuable, and we commend it to the attention of students in mental science.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. By Count De Las Casas. New York: Redfield. Four Volumes. 12mo.—This work contains the life, exile, and conversations of Napoleon, and is enriched with portraits and other illustrations. Las Casas is a most enthusiastic admirer—almost worshiper—of the great military adventurer. He says in his preface:

"Circumstances the most extraordinary have long kept me near the most extraordinary man that ever existed. Admiration made me follow him without knowing him, and when I did know him, love alone would have fixed me forever near his person. The world is full of his glory, his deeds, and his monuments; but no one knows the true shades of his character, his private qualities, or the natural disposition of his soul. This great void I undertake to fill up, and for such a task I possess advantages unexampled in history.

"I collected and recorded, day by day, all that I saw of Napoleon, all that I heard him say, during the period of eighteen months in which I was constantly about his person. In these conversations, which were full of confidence, and which seemed to pass, as it were, in another world, he could not fail to be portrayed by himself as if in a mirror, in every point of view, and under every aspect. Henceforth the world may freely study him: there can be no error in the materials."

For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

A YEAR OF THE WAR. By Adam G. De Gurovski, a Citizen of the United States. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Here is a Pole who seems ambitious to do honor to "the Great Bear," and to write the epitaph of a hopeless denationalization over the grave of his own country.

THE WAY FROM SIN TO SANCTIFICATION, HOLINESS, AND HEAVEN, is a carefully prepared and practical volume from the pen of Rev. T. Spicer, A. M., embracing the following topics: The Moral Disease; The Healing Fount-

ain: The Way to the Savior; The Great Salvation, and also Admonitory Counsel addressed to Awakened and to Impenitent Sinners. Printed at the Conference Office, New York, and for sale at the Methodist bookstores.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for January, 1855, presents the following table of contents: 1. Parliamentary Opposition. 2. Cardinal Mezzofanti. 3. Charles the Fifth. 4. Modern French Literature. 5. The Siege of Rhodes in 1480. 6. Private Bill Legislation. 7. Mount Athos and its Monasteries. 8. Marsden's History of the Puritans. 9. The War in the Crimea. Republished, for three dollars per annum, by L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York city.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, republished as above, contains: 1. The Anglo-French Alliance. 2. Ballads of the People. 3. Prussia and Prussian Policy. 4. The Prinzenraub; a Glimpse of Saxon History. 5. Poland: her History and Prospects. 6. Cambridge University Reform. 7. Austria in the Principalities. 8. Cotemporary Literature.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, republished as above, contains: 1. The Conduct of the War. 2. Civilization: The Census. Education. 3. Zaidée: a Romance. Part II. 4. Rural Economy of Great Britain and Ireland. 5. Mr. Thackeray and his Novels. 6. Peace and Patriotism: a Letter to Irenæus. 7. The Story of the Campaign. Part II. Written in a Tent in the Crimea.

INDIANA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.—Annual reports of Commissioners and Superintendent.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI HOUSE OF REFUGE.—Fourth Annual Report.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—Catalogue for 1854-5.—Undergraduate students, 155; medical students, 133: total, 288.

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, at Appleton, Wis. Fifth Annual Catalogue.—Rev. E. Cook, D. D., President, assisted by 4 professors. Students in the College department—gentlemen, 24; ladies, 8: in the Preparatory department—gentlemen, 171; ladies, 130. Total, 333.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE, located in Washington county, N. Y.—Rev. Joseph R. King, A. M., Principal, assisted by 19 teachers. Number of students—ladies, 185; gentlemen, 329: total, 514.

REST FOR THE SOUL IN GOD. *Funeral Discourse.* By Rev. C. B. Davidson. Preached in Evansville, Ia., on the Occasion of the Death of Mr. James Reilly.—A chaste, beautiful, and appropriate discourse.

CHRISTIAN SANCTIFICATION.—This is a sermon on the nature, subjects, and means of sanctification, by Rev. M. P. Jameson, A. M. The author thus sets forth his aim: "I aim at the emancipation of honest souls from the net-work of egotistical mystification." If we understand him, he assumes that the young convert attains to "perfect love" when regenerated, and that "second blessing," as it has sometimes been called, "is excluded by the law of regeneration." He defines sanctification to be "the progressive conformity of the heart and life to the will of God." Sanctification thus defined, he says, "never can be completed in this life," and intimates that the beatified soul may continue to march on in this progressive sanctification "throughout the mighty years of eternity." Whether the sermon is orthodox or heterodox will depend altogether upon the meaning applied to the terms employed. But one thing is certain, the tone that pervades it—the sneering allusions to the "Guides" and "Ways," to the experience of the "Katy and Hetty's," to the "special class of persons who are 'lost in the ocean of perfect love,'" and to those who are represented as wishing to impose upon believers "yokes and burdens," "additional to what God required at their hands," fall below the dignity of the subject, and mar the beauty of the discourse. In all frankness and kindness, we must express our doubt whether such a discourse is calculated to promote the great work of sanctification any where. After all this caveat, we must say the discourse contains some pertinent truths, and forcibly put.

Notes and Queries.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.—A brother minister, after expressing, in terms that we need not repeat here, the satisfaction derived from our article on the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, says, "I should be glad to have you reconcile the theory you suggest with Hebrews vi, 4, 5, 6."

Our attempted solution of that extremely difficult and much-controverted passage, Matthew xii, 31, 32, is perhaps hardly worthy of being dignified with the title of "theory." In the preparation of that article want of space compelled us to omit what we had prepared upon the very point presented in the above query; it also obliged us to omit several other things, that would have been in place had we felt that the circumstances called for a more extended and guarded exposition. As it was, we preferred to give the subject in outline, directing more especial attention to the insuperable objections that

lie against the more commonly received exposition of that passage.

The conclusion which we reached was, that the "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" did not consist in any one sin, but in a course of continued willful and hardened resistance to the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit; and that in sinning thus there is a tendency to *fixedness of character*; but whether unalterable fixedness of character is ever reached in this life we did not presume to say, further than that there are strong presumptions against such a supposition. We discarded the idea that it was a peculiar sin which could be committed only while our Savior was upon earth; but, on the other hand, endeavored to show that every obstinate and persevering sinner in the end becomes guilty of the irre-missible sin.

Now we are prepared to answer the query—not dog-

matically, but according to the light we have. Our Savior was not addressing Christian believers, but unbelieving Jews—*sinners*. We may, therefore, understand it as an admonition addressed to all sinners, premonishing them that their sins are tending to the accumulation of irremissible guilt. Such, precisely, we are inclined to think, was the design of the apostle's admonition addressed to apostatizing Christians, premonishing them of the danger of total and final apostasy. The apostates here referred to can not be renewed again, for the very reason that they persistently reject the only plan of salvation and renounce the only scheme of redemption. So long as they do this, their renewal to God is impossible, in just the same sense that the persistent sinner "hath never forgiveness." The apostle could not have meant that the renewal of a backslider is impossible; for the most gracious assurances are given even to those who have so far apostatized that "repentance" and doing over again their "first works" have become necessary—even to such the most gracious assurances are given that, if they will return, God will accept them graciously.

SUNDAY QUERIES PROPOSED.—We give below sundry queries that have been proposed for this department, and invite brief, pertinent solutions of them from our literary friends:

"*Mr. Editor*,—I should like for you to tell us in your 'Notes' what is meant by the word 'signed' which is often attached to a man's name when he affixes it to a document; and why do we say that he has 'signed' a note, 'signed' a deed, etc.? Also, I should like to know how and when such a phrase came into use.

"Yours, truly, A. R. MCCCCO."

Query.—Is the mind conscious of its own existence, or only of its own operations?

Query.—What is the origin of "*it is for tat*"?

"*Dear Brother*,—I see you have a space for notes and queries. If you please, let me propound a question to be answered in the Repository. From whence originated surnames? It used to be Moses, John, James; now it is Thomas Hardin, James Makewell, etc. Please give me, as well as your other readers, a few notes on this matter, and oblige

A READER OF THE REPOSITORY."

"*Mr. Editor*,—Will some of the contributors to your department of 'Notes and Queries' inform your readers how the phrase 'Follow suit' originated?

"A READER."

"*Mr. Editor*,—Not long since I heard the saying, '*Let us make the ballads of a people, and I don't care who makes their laws*,' attributed by a gentleman who has some pretensions to literature to Washington Irving. It did not strike me as being correct; and yet I am at a loss to discover where the expression originated. Will you inform us?

J. RPO."

ORIGIN OF POPULAR VULGARISMS.—It is singular how many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or of fact. Take for example: "*He! Betty Martin!*" a phrase "well traveled." Its origin seems to be as follows: A Popish form of prayer addressed to St. Martin, one of the worthies of the Roman calendar, commences with the words, "*O, mihi, beate Martine,*" which were vulgarly anglicized, "*My eye, and Betty Martin,*" and finally corrupted still farther to "*He! Betty Martin!*"

"**MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.**"—The singular phrase, "*Mind your P's and Q's,*" is said to have originated as

follows: In the old English ale-houses, the *pints* and *quarts* of beer were scored down against the beer-bibber. Hence, when one got to drinking rather freely, he was admonished to "*mind his P's and Q's,*" or *pints* and *quarts*.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD JARGON.—The word *jargon* is derived, by corruption, from the Italian *chierco*, a clergyman. When the common people heard the Latin tongue used in the liturgies and prayers of the Church, they called it—being a language they did not understand—*chiericon*; that is, *clergyman's language*. *Chiericon* soon slid into *jargon*, just as *chirurgicon* has softened itself in *surgeon*.

WHERE WILL MAN SPEND ETERNITY?—The editor of a leading Boston religious paper in discussing this question uses these words:

"After the resurrection, the saints will have bodies, and will need ground to tread upon such as can be found only in the planetary worlds. Their bodies will be capable of migration from world to world; for like those of Enoch and Elijah, and the body of Christ which was taken up into heaven, they must have this as one of the properties of all the bodies that are made like to Christ's glorious body. With this endowment, therefore, the redeemed from earth may colonize any of the planets. It may be that, up to this hour, not a single star has been trodden by the foot of a rational and immortal being; yet that, in the fullness of time, these countless worlds shall sustain a population, which had first been born, buried, and raised from the dead, on our earth.

"If the planets are to be the abode of the redeemed, so also may they be of the lost. It may be true, as appears to the eye of astronomy, that some of the planets, too distant from the sun, and others too near, would make miserable abodes for human beings; and that they so exist for the very purpose of becoming the abodes of the wretched—penal colonies to receive the criminals sentenced from this world."

Other people have had their speculations; but they are but speculations as to where heaven and hell may be located, or where the redeemed and lost may spend their eternity of being.

THE DARKNESS AT THE CRUCIFIXION.—Rev. H. Blunt, England, in a volume of lectures, states the following: "Dionysius, the Areopagite, being at Heliopolis, in Egypt, at the time of our Lord's crucifixion, exclaimed, when he beheld the midday darkness that attended that awful event, 'Either the God of nature suffers, or the frame of the world will be dissolved!'" The opinion frequently prevails that none but Christian writers mentioned the occurrence of the crucifixion; but there are numerous Pagans besides Dionysius who have stated the event and the circumstances connected with it.

CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.—In one of the famous wars between Carthage and Rome, about two thousand, five hundred years ago, Hannibal, a Carthaginian leader, led his army into Italy, and for several years continued to threaten the city, and lay waste the surrounding country. Scipio, a Roman general, saw the necessity of getting rid of Hannibal and his forces; so he determined to lead an army into Africa, and threaten Carthage, and thus make it necessary for Hannibal to return home for its defense. This scheme had its intended effect; and in all time, this retaliating upon an enemy, by adopting his own tactics, is called "*carrying the war into Africa*."

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

"ONE EXCELLENT PASSAGE."—A clergyman once occupied the pulpit of the late William Howels, whose discourse, on account of its heresy, gave umbrage to the pastor. When the sermon was concluded, this clergyman asked him in the vestry-room how he liked his discourse. "There was one excellent passage," said Howels—"a passage which particularly gratified me." "Which was that?" replied the other, not a little rejoiced by the seeming approval of such a man. "Why, sir," said Howels, "the passage I was most delighted with was your passage from the pulpit to the vestry-room!"

CRISPIN AND QUIRK, OR A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—

A son of the bar to a son of the awl
Three half crowns was indebted for shoes;
 And though frequently Crispin was destined to call,
 Still Quirk would the payment refuse.
 Crispin met him one day; and began, "My friend Quirk,
 Can a lawyer be summon'd, I pray?"
 "O yes," Quirk replied. Crisp, to finish the work,
 "I'll summons your worship to-day."
 "That trouble," the lawyer rejoind'd, "I'll not give;"
 Then *temperce* whipt out in a trice;
 "Your bill's *three half crowns*—then this balance receive,
 The rest is *my charge for advice*!"

PLAINTIFF vs. DEFENDANT.—On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asked one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant. "Plaintiff or defendant!" said the sailor, scratching his head; "why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man there!" pointing at the prisoner. "You are a pretty fellow for a witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means." Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time, "Abaft the binnacle, my lord," says the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" replied the barrister; "what part of the ship is that?" "Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the sailor; "an't you a pretty fellow for a counselor," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is?"

THREE KINDS OF MEN IN THE WORLD.—Somebody says there are three kinds of men in this world—the "wills," the "won'ts," and the "can'ts." The first effect every thing, the next oppose every thing, and the last fail in every thing. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy.

THE PETITION OF THE LETTER H.—Sheweth—That many ladies and gentlemen, and likewise other persons of different occupations, trades, characters, and dispositions, to whom *h* used to have free access, have now either totally forsaken him, or associated him with a company of strangers, among whom he cuts a most ridiculous figure.

A young lady, to the great mortification of *h*, was observing the other day that *she* made a pretty contrast with the valleys below, that the *oases* were prettily interspersed among the woods, and that she was fond of *earing* the *howls* in the evenings. She admires the *arbor*

of Portsmouth—she is fond of riding on *crackback*, and is constantly shooting *harrows* at susceptible arts. In the middle of summer she drinks *hale* at her meals, and *hunts hartichokes* without receiving any *arm* from them. She *ates* of weather, but likes a clear *even*; and yet I assure you she is a very *humble* young lady; she *as* a fine *air*, sweet *heyes*, quick *hears*, delicate *harms*, and a good *ear*t.

PETITION OF THE LETTER H TO THE INHABITANTS OF KIDDERMINSTER, ENGLAND.—*Protesting.*

Whereas, by you I have been driven
 From 'ouse, from 'ome, from 'ope, from 'eaven,
 And placed by your most learned society
 In *hexile*, *hanguish*, and *hannxiety*;
 Nay, charged, without one just pretense,
 With *harragance* and *himpudence*—
 I here demand full restitution,
 And beg you'll mend your *helo-cution*.

THE TRUTH UNWITTINGLY TOLD.—The managers of a Roman Catholic school, near Dublin, Ireland, state at the bottom of their advertisement: "Poor Protestant children taken in and done for!" Charming confession!

POETICAL SUBLIMITY.—I stood alone in the halls of my ancestors. The silver moonbeams struggling through a casement shed a wild luster over the dreamy solitude. I passed in agony the deserted chambers. I cried, in anguish, "Where are the friends of my youth?" Echo answered, "Why, my good fellow, I haven't the slightest idea."

WHAT A GOOD WIFE SHOULD BE LIKE AND NOT LIKE.—A good wife should be like three things; which three things should not be like her.

First. She *should* be like a snail, to keep within her own house; but she *should not* be like a snail, to carry all she has on her back.

Second. She *should* be like an echo, to speak when spoken to; but she *should not* be like an echo, always to have the last word.

Third. She *should* be like a town-clock, always to keep time and regularity; but she *should not* be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

WHAT SELFISHNESS IS AND DOES.—Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes, often turns destroyer and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves, self on self, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches, and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.

THE LITTLE TROUBLES.—It is the little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather—even with artillery. Forty little debts of one dollar each will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.

LACK OF BRAINS.—A poor fellow, having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible; on which he remarked, "Doctor, write to my father, for he always declared I had none."

Editor's Table.

CLOSE OF THE NUMBER.—Having done the best we could toward filling another number with interesting and useful matter, we now come to the work of gleaning the fragments that are scattered around us. In these chitchats "with you, dear reader in that other chair," you must not expect we shall be very formal or precise. We sometimes indulge in a short gossiping review of our contents; but we have not space for that now. Our readers will, therefore, do this work for themselves.

OUR ENGRAVINGS for the month present quite a contrast. "*In for It*" presents an equestrian in no very comfortable plight. A gust of wind has just swept by him, and is rolling up the dust behind; while just before him comes down in one broad sheet an outpouring from the skies. Our hero is astride a noble horse, to whose fine parts the artist has done ample justice; and he is evidently preparing himself heroically to brave the furious onset. We trust both horse and rider will get through with no other damage than a thorough drenching.

Portrait of Mrs. Hale.—We think our readers will give the artist credit for having got up a fine picture. It is from a portrait painted by T. B. Read, the poet-painter; and was engraved expressly to form one of our series of engravings and sketches of "The Literary Women of America." We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Hale is preparing a revised and enlarged edition of "Woman's Record;" and also, as she states in a note to us, that she is now seeking material to enable her to give a fuller account of female missionaries, and especially those connected with Methodist missions, than her invaluable work at first contained. Our Methodist friends, who have knowledge of any facts pertaining to our female missionaries, would do the cause of religion a service by putting her in possession of such facts. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Olin, widow of the late Dr. Olin, is also engaged in the good work of assisting to make Mrs. Hale's collection complete.

AN ERRATUM.—In the article by Bishop Morris, in our last number, he is made to say, on page 130, fifth line from the top, "the more they read of it"—that is, of fictitious and ungodly literature—"the less they know of it;" which should have read, "the less they know, or care to know, of what is essential to their everlasting welfare." How the two little intruders—"of it"—got in, or how they eluded the eye of our proof-reader after they had got in, we are unable to say.

A WORD TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS we would utter, if we could gain their ear for a moment. You must not expect us to write special letters to inform you whether your articles are "accepted" or not. We can't do it—haven't time. Nor can we tell when any special article will be published. So long as such articles neither appear in our pages nor are mentioned among the "rejected," their authors may infer that their favorites are either standing at the gate waiting their turn, or are placed among the venerable and honorable "reserves," to be called out as emergency may require. This is the best we can do for you, friends. We are frank, however, to say, that we don't let a *capital* article wait long.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"Twilight Musings" was accompanied by no name; hardly passable if it had been. "The Angel's Call," "Poetry," "Music," "Treasures of

Earth and Heaven," "To Nannie," "Precious Bible! Book Divine," "A Voice from the Grave," "A Fragment," and "Withered Flowers," are evidently from rather unpracticed hands. Their authors with more practice will no doubt succeed better.

We are sorry to disoblige the author of "The Home Hearth" and the "Old Mill Wheel," but neither will answer our purpose. From the latter we excerpt a fine stanza:

"Now the ponderous wheel revolving,
Cuts the streamlet's waves apart,
And from out the splashing waters
Sweetest voices seem to start,
Sympathizing with the changing
Feelings of the human heart."

This poem contains some fine thoughts and some beautiful lines; but it lacks uniformity.

"Push, Keep Pushing, by Fritz," has got more *push* than poetry in it. We give a specimen:

"Push, push, still keep pushing—why faint by the way?
Why ever be sad or desponding?
The night, dark and stormy, must give place to day;
These thick mists will soon be abscinding."

We advise the author to stop *pushing* the Muses, lest they should take vengeance upon him one of these days.

"A Dissertation upon Books" will not answer. "Jane Varel," ditto. "Disappointment," rather prosy.

The article by "A New Contributor" is altogether too adulatory; and in addition to that, we doubt whether any good moral effect can result from such articles.

We must also lay aside "I'll Wait," etc., "The Passage of the Red Sea," "A Mother's Soliloquy," and "Clarance Hastings." "Music" has some good qualities; not enough, however, to redeem it. By the way, Shakespeare never said, "The man that hath no music in his soul is fit for murder, treachery, and death." "Evening Reflections" was accompanied by no name.

We clip a few lines from a poem written by a blind girl on receiving the likeness of an only niece:

"The likeness of my only niece
To me has just been given;
They say she has a pleasing face,
But from my view 'tis hidden.
To others it may seem quite strange
Such gifts afford me pleasure;
But all mementos from my friends
I hold as sacred treasure.
In fancy, it I love to view,
Because she is my brother's;
I take some real pleasure, too,
In showing it to others."

We must make an excerpt from "The Soliloquy of a Poor Student," though we can not publish the entire piece. It is a cold night; the clock strikes twelve; his lamp burns low; his fire goes out for want of coal; the frost gathers upon the very grate; the wind and snow find entrance through his creviced cabin, and whistle round his head; his thin coat gives free ingress to the cold; and as he attempts to indite a letter to his distant mother, the ink freezes in his pen, his fingers grow stiff, and his feet become numb. His first thought is, that with his three remaining cents he will have wood; but

then how shall he pay the postage of his letter to his mother? If he retires to his cot, it will be to freeze; so he rises and paces the floor of his room to recover warmth to his chilled frame, and, as he walks, he says:

"O mighty shades
Of poets who have trod this self-same path,
Come now, from your high bowers of glory, come,
And walk this cell with me, till morning light!
I feel their presence. Now around my brow
There runs a thrill; it shoots through all my frame.
I'm warm. I feel not hunger; I am strong;
External circumstances can never quench
The vital vigor of a soul of flame.
Hail, elder brothers! spirits of pure fire!
Great victors over time and destiny!
And now illustrious, crowned with fadeless bays,
Gods of the lyre, kings of the realms of thought,
Creations of your own; your own bright dower;
Woke from nonentity to shine forever.
O glorious boom! to thrill the human heart,
And make its pulses own your potent touch,
And lay your hands among its strings at will,
And wake its deathless music. Be this mine.
Give me the power to sweep a lyre like this,
And tune its notes to virtue and to God;
And then let sorrow come; blow, wintry wind;
Gather round me, hunger, want, despair;
Fall thick upon my heart, ye frosts of time;
I'll laugh and mock your rage. Above you all,
In clear, proud numbers, victory shall swell,
Although a dying hand shall sweep the strings."

The author tells us that the above was written impromptu, and under circumstances that suggested it pretty strongly.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.—"Do you intend," says a friend, "to ignore the claims of the little ones to attention in your pages?" Not at all, sir. And if you or any of your friends, or any of our other friends, have any gleanings in this line, we hope to be favored with them. Here, however, are a few that are too good to be lost. We insert them, therefore, to the exclusion of several other things we had designed:

"*You Said that Afore.*"—The literary criticisms of children are sometimes not despicable. An extemporaneous preacher of ability relates one from which he derived advantage. His reputation for eloquence was increasing, and he was encountering some unperceived dangers, which spring from the pleasure of fluency. He was on one occasion induced to lecture in a large apartment of a private dwelling. It was densely crowded, and the uninterrupted attention flattered and quickened the zeal of the speaker. Almost at his feet sat a very small boy, who never turned his eyes from the face of the orator. Perhaps in his secret heart was a joy of satisfaction, that he could thus fascinate both the simple and the wise. Suddenly the lips of the child-critic were opened:

"*You said that afore.*"

Wholesome truth, though unpalatable. The fluent speaker remembered, and made good use of it. After the lapse of years he said, that many times when he had been tempted to remit laborious study, or logical arrangement, the echo of that little shrill voice, "*You said that afore,*" returned to him, bringing the patience of wisdom.

The Little Boy and his Learned Grandfather.—A young child was permitted to pay a visit to his grandfather. He knew that he was highly venerated for his talents and learning, and felt a proportionate ambition to make a favorable impression. Seating himself with great deliberation, in a high chair, he crossed his short legs, and

taking one small foot in his hand, and holding his head slightly on one side, looked in the face of the lofty, dignified man, and said,

"What's your opinion, sir, of the restoration of the Jews?"

The Angels' Fingers pointing at us.—A little girl, looking at the stars as they came twinkling one by one through the boughs of the trees, exclaimed, "See, there are the angels' fingers pointing to us."

The Little Boy and the Echo.—A boy walking through a wood happened to bark like a dog, an accomplishment which he had taken pains to acquire, and was surprised to hear an answer in his own tones.

"Doggy! doggy!" said he, and there was a quick reply of "doggy, doggy."

"Who are you?" called the boy.

"Who are you?" was the response.

To the clear voice of the questioner he replied, "Why, George Thompson!" and this was repeated more than once, in such a mocking manner that he grew angry, and exclaimed, "What a fool you are!"

Hearing this reverberated, he ran home, much excited, and told his father there was a bad boy in the woods, shouting and calling him names.

STRAY GERMS.—Memory and Action.—Memory presides over the Past; Action presides over the Present. The first lives in a rich temple, hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but Duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit.—*Reveries of a Bachelor.*

The Past and the Present.—The Past belongs to God; the Present only is ours. And short as it is, there is more in it and of it than we can well manage. The man who can grapple it, and measure it, and fill it with his purpose, is doing a man's work: none can do more; but there are thousands who do less.—*Ibid.*

The Future.—The Future is a great land; a man can not go round it in a day; he can not measure it with a bound; he can not bind its harvests into a single sheaf. It is wider than the vision, and has no end.—*Ibid.*

The Beauty of Goodness.—The beauty which wins permanent affection is the beauty of goodness. Goodness will soften the hardest and light up the dullest features. Physical beauty may excite passion, and intellect attract admiration, only goodness can win everlasting love.—*Grace Aguilar.*

What you may Write on Infancy.—Infancy is a fair page upon which you may write—goodness, happiness, heaven, or sin, misery, hell. And the words once written, no chemical art can erase them. Infancy is the soft metal in the molder's hands; he may shape it in the image of a fiend or the form of an angel—and when finished the statue hardens into rock, which nothing but the hammer of God's providence can break; nothing but the fire of God's providence can melt for remolding.—*Ibid.*

Wealth, honor, and favor may come upon a man by chance; nay, they may be cast upon him without so much as looking after them; but virtue is the work of industry and labor; and certainly it is worth the while to purchase that good which brings all others along with it.

OUR COURSE IS STILL ONWARD.—Our clerk who has charge of the Repository department informs us, that he has just completed mailing the work for March, and that of our edition of twenty-three thousand only about fifty are left. Subscribers are still coming in at this date—March 1st—at a rate which indicates that an edition of twenty-five thousand will be wanted before the close of the volume.



THE MOTHER AND CHILDREN

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1855.

EGYPT, ASSYRIA, AND THE BIBLE.

BY PROFESSOR R. A. LAFITTE.

WHAT three words in sacred or profane history call up such a crowd of associations as Egypt, Assyria, and the Bible? Egypt, the cradle of learning; a mighty nation when Abraham was an exile and Jacob a wanderer; great when Joseph was a slave and Moses an infant exposed to death; whose monuments to-day, the wonder and admiration of the world, attest her greatness and power, pointing back to a period anterior to the birth of Grecian civilization and Roman dominion! Egypt, in her prowess and power, in her magnificence and wealth, stands out like her own pyramids, with a boldness of outline that has made her the wonder of ages. Assyria, the birthplace of the race, where the garden was planted in beauty, and seraph wings in downward flight scattered heavenly fragrance; the home of mighty cities and powerful nations, whose kings have often desolated Judea, desecrated the temple of God, and felt the avenging hand of Jehovah; where the ark bore its precious burden above a submerged world, and where Noah built his altar of sacrifice spanned by the bow of the covenant! But the Bible is more wonderful than either. Those are in ruins; this survives the wreck of ages, a monument rivaling Egypt's mighty works. Little did the haughty king imagine that the history of his power and greatness should alone be preserved by the records of his despised slaves. Yet so it is. Egyptian history begins on that dark night, when, from their homes in Goshen, the persecuted people of God took their way toward the Red Sea. Assyria rises up from her shroud of death, where she has long slumbered, and Egypt lives in the ruins of her former power, crumbled by the lapse of ages, and shattered by the shock of war; but the Bible is as fresh and undimmed by the passage of time

and the change of nations as when it was given from the Mount, or laid up in the Temple.

The Egyptians were the most zealous race of writers that ever lived. Their homes, their temples, their furniture, even their tombs are covered with historic inscriptions, and yet, strange as it may seem, no history of their nation has come down to us, and all that was known to us previous to the reading of the inscriptions on the monuments was gathered from other sources. Clemens, of Alexandria, who lived about 200 A. D., writes more fully of the ancient Egyptians, and of their language, than any other person. He speaks of ancient Egyptian books, called the "Sacred Books," and consisting of forty volumes. Of these only one is extant, which is called the "Book of the Dead," describing the rites and ceremonies for the burial of the dead. A proof of its great antiquity is in the fact that it is written with the same character as the inscriptions upon the oldest monuments.

There is another important work written by Manetho, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 180 B. C. The original was in three volumes, and contained the history of the ancient kings and their succession. This work has been lost, but large parts of it are quoted by Josephus, Eusebius, and others.

The oldest historian, however, who has written concerning Egypt is Herodotus, the father of Grecian history. Having been expelled from his native country for some offense, he traveled extensively, and spent, during the time, a year in Egypt. The second book of his history is devoted to Egypt, detailing something of its history, and the manners and customs of the people. His knowledge was chiefly derived from the priests, and is not always trustworthy. Herodotus lived 484 B. C. Diodorus Siculus, also a Greek historian, visited Egypt about 58 B. C., and has written largely upon Egyptian history; but he is not

considered as good authority as Herodotus. These comprise all the ancient writings now extant concerning the ancient Egyptians. For the remainder of its history we must apply to the monuments.

The line of succession in the kings of Egypt, as given by Manetho, was corroborated by a slab of stone dug out of the ruins of a temple just above Abydos, which formed part of the vestibule. It is called the "Tablet of Abydos," and is now in the British Museum. Although fragmentary, it contains a series of rings inclosing the names of a long line of Egyptian kings, mostly agreeing with the names of Manetho.

Before going further, it may be interesting to notice the character of the inscriptions upon the monuments of Egypt. It had long been supposed by scholars that the characters cut in the walls of the temples and houses were real historic records; but no Daniel could be found to read the "handwriting upon the wall." It was not till the time of Napoleon's great expedition into Egypt that any approach was made to the true reading of the hieroglyphics. That expedition was accompanied by a corps of the most learned men in France, and in their survey of the ruins of the Nile they took copies of the inscriptions, and these were sent to the various learned societies of Europe. A new and increased interest was felt in trying to find the key of these hidden treasures. The first step toward the accomplishment of this object was the satisfactory proof obtained, that the Coptic was the language of the ancient Egyptians. Soon after Young discovered that the characters were not entirely pictorial or symbolical, but alphabetical in their nature, representing Coptic words. The fortunate discovery of the Rosetta Stone, which contained an inscription in three forms, the hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek, and the rise of Champollion le Jeune, crowned with success the long and patient labors of many renowned scholars. Egypt is no longer a sealed record.

As one of the first fruits of this discovery the claims of certain French infidels were hushed. At Dendera is a temple, having beautifully represented upon its ceiling the zodiac, which was declared to be four thousand years old. But the reading of the inscriptions upon it showed that it was built in the time of Augustus. Another temple at Eneh was declared to be not less than seventeen thousand years old, but it was found to have been built in the time of Antoninus, about 140 A. D. And so each succeeding year and each fresh discovery have but increased the proofs of the verity of Scripture history.

Pictorial writing seems to be the earliest that prevails in any semi-barbarous nation. It was used by the aboriginals of this country. Pictorial epistles were sent to Montezuma to apprise him of the landing and approach of the bold invader.

Such, undoubtedly, was the original form of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, becoming more and more symbolical and alphabetic in their nature, till all similarity to the original was nearly lost, and the character became merely an arbitrary sign. The hieroglyphical language takes the form of some object to represent the initial sound of the Coptic word, which is the name of that animal: as in our language, a lion would stand for L, a boat for B, a church for C, etc. As several words began with the same letter, so there would very naturally happen to be ten objects representing the same letter. These homophones, however, were limited in number. In accordance with all the Shemitic languages the vowels were not written, but only the consonants. The following illustration, copied from Gliddon, will give a general idea of hieroglyphical writing.

Take the word America, and a column of figures of the following objects would represent the word:

A an asp, symbolic of sovereignty.

M a mace, indicative of military dominion.

E an eagle, the national arms—courage.

R a ram, denoting frontal power—intellect.

I an infant, typifying the juvenile age of our country.

C a cake or consecrated wafer, symbolical of a civilized region.

A an anchor, denoting commerce.

Underneath these figures would be a waved line, denoting a country. This is called a determinate, and some sign is always affixed to these words, denoting the class. These would have been the symbols for America if all the letters had been used; but omitting the vowels, and M R C would be the country of America.

In time only an outline or a part of the object would be used, instead of a minute representation of the object, and this abridging continued till arbitrary characters were formed, bearing little resemblance to the originals. Thus two other forms of writing were derived from the hieroglyphic, the *hieratic*, or priestly, and the *enchorial*, or *demotic*, or popular language of a later date.

The traveler in Egypt is struck with wonder, not only at the titanic character of the ruins, but still more, if possible, at their wonderful preservation. The architecture looks as fresh as if just from the hand of the artisan. Some unfinished

blocks in the quarries at Syene look as if the workmen had just left their work, so fresh are the marks of their tools, and yet two thousand years have nearly rolled away since the sound of the hammer ceased. There are temples that have been roofless for centuries, with the paintings as fresh upon the walls as if but just executed. An obelisk, that had stood undecayed and undecaying in Egypt for ages, upon its removal to Paris began to decay so fast that government was obliged to coat it with a preparation of India Rubber to protect it from the ravages of the climate. This wonderful preservation is due to the exceeding dryness of the air. A long and narrow strip of land situated between two deserts, Egypt is never wet by fertilizing showers, but owes its fertility to the annual overflowings of the Nile, the adored river-god of the Pharaohs.

The melting of the snow on the mountains of central Africa causes the river to begin to rise about the twenty-first of June. In July it overflows, and subsides in September. A rich deposit of mud is left, and ere the waters subside the husbandman wades over the ground and sows his seed upon the waters, which, as the waters subside, is deposited in the mud, springs up and bears fruit. Hence that beautiful figure, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again."

The ruins of Egypt lie scattered along both banks of the Nile, and a voyage up this magnificent stream is one of the most delightful in the world. The clear sky, the pure, dry air, the waving palms, and the oriental character of the whole scene, while the mud huts of the Arabs, mingling with the mighty ruins of the past, so captivate the senses that it seems more the dream from some Arabian Night's Entertainment than a real voyage. There are some drawbacks, however, to the charms. One traveler relates that one night he encamped upon its banks, but could not sleep from the swarms of flies which tormented him. Rising from his couch, restless and nervous, he beheld his tent floor covered with toads. He proceeded forthwith to eject more than sixty from his door. Just as he was again about to lie down he espied in a corner a large toad, which, with imperturbable gravity, winked and snapped his jaws, each time taking captive a fly. Thereupon he arose, and driving the whole sixty toads back into his tent sought sleep once more.

The ruins are chiefly of stone, and consist of pyramids, obelisks, temples, and tombs. These are covered with inscriptions and scenes representing nearly all the manners and customs of

the people. The temples were colossal in their structure. Long avenues of sphinxes lead to gigantic gateways or propylæ opening into vast halls, whose roofs were supported by rows of columns, sometimes sixty feet high. The walls and gateways, and even the columns, are covered with a multitude of inscriptions and pictures, recording the achievements of their kingly builders. Here a king is seen dragging along captives taken in some war—the distinctions of race are clearly marked in the figures. Accompanying him are men bearing spoils and leading animals peculiar to the captured country. The name and date are written above. "We have here the art of writing as a familiar practice, in the scribes who are numbering stores on every hand. There are ships which would look handsome in Southampton water any sunny day. There are glass-blowers who might be from Newcastle, but for their dress and complexion. There are flax-dressers, spinners, weavers, and a production of cloth, which an English manufacturer would study with interest. There are potters, painters, carpenters, and statuary. The hunters employ arrows, spears, and the lasso. The lasso is as evident as on the Pampas at this day. There is the bastinado for the men and the flogging of a seated woman. Nothing is more extraordinary than the gymnastics and other games of the women. The great men are attended by dwarfs and buffoons, as in a later age; and it is clear that bodily infirmity was treated with contempt, deformed and decrepit persons appearing in the discharge of the meanest offices. It was an age when this might be looked for; when war would be the most promising occupation, and wrestling the prevailing sport, and probably also the discipline of the soldiery; and when hunting, fishing, and fowling would be very important pursuits. But, then, what a power of representation of these things is here! and what luxury coexisting with these pursuits! Here are harpers, with their harps of seven strings; and garments and boat-sails with elegant patterns and borders, where, by the way, angular and regular figures are pointedly preferred; and the ladies' hair, disordered and flying about in their sports, has tails or tassels, very like what may have been seen in London drawing-rooms in no remote times. The incident which most reminds one of the antiquity of these paintings is, that the name of bird, beast, fish, or artificer is written up over the object delineated."

Miss Martineau.

This was the condition of Egypt and the state of the people when the "father of the faithful" visited the country.

The Bible does not need the testimony of the Egyptian records to substantiate its claims. It rests upon an impregnable fortress of evidence peculiarly its own, and convincing to every one who carefully examines it. But the unscrupulous assertions of certain infidels, who are continually crying out that the discoveries in Egypt have contradicted the truth of the Bible, demands that the true state of the case be presented. There is some dispute, it is true, about some points in chronology, but this does not invalidate the credibility of the occurrence of the event, since time is not an essential element in the consideration of the facts of the Bible. So in profane history, a wrong date does not lead us to deny the actual occurrence of the event recorded. But while there is this slight difficulty, the discoveries of Egypt and Assyria have added greatly to the means of illustrating the manners of the people who lived at that time, as well as corroborating many important historical facts. We will commence these illustrations by

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM.

It is in the person of this great patriarch that we are first brought in connection with Egyptian history. At the command of God he had left Ur, the land of the Chaldeans, and wandering, he knew not whither, he was divinely directed to the land of Canaan, the promised inheritance of his seed. Here we find him a pastoral chief of great substance and renown. At length a famine arose in Palestine, and he was compelled to go down to Egypt to obtain food for his household and flocks. But as he came near the confines of the country he became not a little anxious on account of Sarah, who, although sixty-five years old, was still sufficiently beautiful to be desired by the princes of Egypt, and thereby endangering the life of her husband. Therefore, he persuaded her to pass as his sister during their sojourn in that country. What he feared really came to pass; for the princes of Pharaoh saw her that she was very fair, and reported her to their royal master, who took her to his harem, conferring upon Abraham gifts of "sheep, and oxen, and he asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she asses, and camels." But God interfered and acquainted Pharaoh with the true relation of Sarah to Abraham, by which he restored her with a mild reproof, and sent them away. Now, in this simple narrative there are certain facts stated which the monumental records attest to be true.

1. Egypt was then a powerful nation.

That such was the case the dates and inscriptions on the ruins amply testify. Whatever dif-

ference of opinion may exist as to the chronological arrangements of dynasties and reigns, it is certain that Egypt then exhibited "indubitable evidences of mighty genius, abundant wealth, and great cultivation. At that period Thebes was the capital of a district to which it gave its name. The great temple of Karnack was completed in all its majesty and glory. The caves of Beni-Hassan, with their beautiful and elegant catacombs, displaying, even to this day, the most perfect architectural symmetry and arrangement, and ornamented throughout with colored figures and devices, had been excavated and finished. Heliopolis was also founded about this time, and its splendid obelisk, made out of a single block of granite, and covered with the most exquisitely sculptured hieroglyphics, had already been raised. Such works prove the power, wealth, and energy of Egypt, and attest the existence of art and science in great perfection."—*Sacred Annals*.

2. The kings of Egypt bore the title of Pharaoh at that time.

Pharaoh is a misinterpretation of the Hebrew word Phrah. It was used sometimes as a proper name; sometimes the title "king of Egypt" is added; and sometimes the real name is given, as Phrah Necho, Phrah Hophra. It is a Coptic word, and signifies the sun, and is often represented on the monuments, written over the royal banners of some king, by the hawk, the winged globe, and sun, all emblematic of regal power. For as the sun is the ruler of all lesser lights, so in the king was to be found the source of all wisdom and power. The monuments, therefore, fully sustain the assertion of the Bible, that the kings of Egypt, from the earliest ages, were known by the title of Pharaoh.

3. Slavery existed in Egypt at that time.

The oldest monuments contain representations of slaves. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any nation, in early times, where slavery did not exist. They were generally captives taken in war. They were both black and white, and they were found in the houses of the priests as well as of the military chiefs. The traffic in slaves was tolerated by the Egyptians, and many persons were engaged in bringing them for sale, as at present. It was a common custom of those days. Joseph was sold to Potiphar; the Jews had their bondsmen bought with money—Lev. xxv, 44—the Phœnicians, who traded in slaves, sold "the children of Judah and Jerusalem" to the Greeks—Amos iii, 6—and the people of Caucasus sent their boys and girls to Persia, as the modern Circassians do to that country and Turkey—Herod. iii, 97.

The power of the master over the slave seems to have been absolute in some cases, even over life and death. Nevertheless, they were generally treated kindly, and looked upon more as members of the family than as menials. Taylor says "that we find from the monuments that the mistress of a mansion was very rigid in enforcing her authority over her female domestics. We see these unfortunate beings trembling and cringing before their superiors, beaten with rods by the overseers, and sometimes threatened with a whip wielded by the lady of the mansion herself." In other instances, however, they were much better treated, and an affectionate relation seems to exist between the mistress and her slaves. In a tomb at Thebes there is a representation of a lady attended by her slaves, between whom there appears to be very great mutual regard. The children of these slaves followed the condition of the father, and, unlike the custom in America, became members of the family and heirs to the inheritance.

4. There was famine in Canaan but plenty in Egypt.

Though there is no monumental proof of this proposition, there is abundant proof derived from the character of the two countries. Canaan is a mountainous region—a region of sunshine and showers, and thus subject, like all other like countries, to long seasons of dry weather. But Egypt is not dependent upon rain for her fertility, but upon the annual overflow of the Nile. That Palestine has been accustomed to long famines we learn from the history of the past, while Egypt very seldom suffers from such a calamity. The fact, then, is in harmony with the natural phenomena of the countries and with the observation of the past.

5. Sarah was fair, and was unveiled.

When we remember the present rigid and universal practice of the east, and also that these customs have prevailed from the very earliest times, the assertion that Sarah was unveiled will appear quite remarkable. Sarah was from Mesopotamia, where the people were of a light complexion, while the Egyptians, though not as dark as the Ethiopians, were, as we learn from the monuments, of a tawny color, beside whom Sarah would be said to be "very fair." That she was not veiled appears from the fact, that the prince of Pharaoh saw her and reported her beauty to the king. From the earliest times the women were accustomed to be veiled. How happens it then that Sarah was not veiled in Egypt? The monuments answer by showing incontestably that the ancient Egyptians did not follow this custom,

and thus substantiates the sacred narrative. The custom of wearing the veil did not prevail in Egypt till after the conquest of that country by the Persians. Greater freedom and equality was enjoyed by the Egyptian women than by those of any other nation. They are represented on the monuments as mingling, without restraint, with the men in all social and domestic affairs, as in our own land. This seems a proper place to say something of the manners and customs of the Egyptian ladies as represented on the monuments.

It is a little strange the most important ceremony to young ladies, namely, marriage, is nowhere represented on the monuments. But Diodorus Siculus says, that they obtained greater authority than has been accorded them in most nations. It was even inserted in the marriage contract that the man was to obey the wife, who was to have the control of all the important affairs of the household. But though Diodorus is not always to be trusted, we know that the women were intrusted with the highest authority, even ascending the throne, as in those modern countries where the Salic law has not been introduced. Their occupations varied with their sphere of life. Among the pastoral tribes the women tended the sheep, and made the tent cloth, and performed most of the menial services. The peasants did all the labor of the field, tilling the ground, carrying burdens upon their heads, and going to market. Among the higher classes the woman was equal with her lord. Here she is represented as weaving, spinning, and engaged in embroidery. She attended public feasts with her husband, and not alone, as is the custom among the Moslem women. They are represented at the feasts as sitting with the men promiscuously or in little groups by themselves, eagerly engaged in conversation. "Nor were married people afraid of sitting together, and no idea of their having enough of each other's society made it necessary to divide them. In short, they shared the same chair at home, at a party, and even in their tomb, where sculpture grouped them together. The master and mistress accordingly sat together at a party on a large fauteuil, and each guest, as he arrived, walked up and received their welcome. The musicians and the dancers hired for the occasion also did obeisance to them before they began their part. To the leg of the fauteuil was tied a favorite dog, monkey, or gazelle, or some other favorite pet, and a young child was permitted to sit upon the ground, or on its father's knee."

"In the mean time the conversation became animated, especially in those parts of the room

where the women were grouped together, and the numerous subjects that occurred to them were fluently discussed. Among these the question of dress was not forgotten, and the patterns or the value of the trinkets were examined with proportionate interest. The maker of an earring, or the shop where it was purchased, was anxiously inquired; each compared the workmanship, the style, and the materials of those she wore; coveted her neighbor's or preferred her own; and women of every class vied with each other in the display of 'jewels of silver and jewels of gold,' in the texture of their 'raiment,' the neatness of their sandals, and the arrangement or beauty of their plaited hair."—*Wilkinson*.

Indeed, the entire list of ornaments, as described by Isaiah iii, 18-23, can be made out from the monuments: "The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires, like the moon; the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the earrings; the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins; the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails."

I am sorry to say the women are never represented as writing or reading, and hence we presume they had no very decided literary taste. All these scenes remind us of the advanced civilization of the Egyptians and their high social refinements.

Herodotus states that the Egyptians could take only one wife, and hence an objection has been raised to the statement, that Pharaoh took Sarah to his harem. The statement of Herodotus is doubtless true; but while each man was allowed only one wife he was not restricted to the number of concubines he might take to his harem. These held a subordinate position to one who was known as the wife or mistress of the mansion. It was to introduce her into his harem that Pharaoh took Sarah; and such liberty we know was in perfect accordance with eastern customs and despotic authority. The whole scene is perfectly oriental in character, and the conduct of Abraham in this case, contrasted with his equal bearing with the kings of Canaan, indicates the power and greatness of the Egyptian nation.

6. The gifts.

These gifts are stated to be sheep and oxen, asses and camels, besides slaves. A recent writer has objected that some of these animals were unknown in Egypt, while the horse, which was abundant, is not mentioned. But more extensive

observation of the ruins has shown, by numerous representations, that these were all abundant in ancient Egypt except the camel. No representation of the camel has been found upon the monuments. But we know that it was possessed by neighboring states, and hence the probability, at least, that the king would possess them. In regard to the horse there are a great many representations of them on the monuments, chiefly used for war. Only one representation of a person on horseback has been found. Although horses were thus abundant in Egypt, we know that they were not introduced among the Israelites till the time of the kings, and were not used in peace or war in the time of Joshua. How unlikely, then, that they would be used in the simple pastoral times of Abraham. Hence, the omission of horses rather goes to show the authenticity of the sacred record: since any one writing the history later than the kings would have been likely to mention horses among the gifts, which would have been altogether useless to Abraham.

It has been supposed by some that Hagar was one of the maid-servants which Abraham received at that time. If so, the Egyptians must have held some of their own nation in servitude; and this conclusion is sustained by the representations upon the monuments.

Thus we see that modern discovery has but strengthened the proof of the authenticity of the sacred record in relating this episode in the life of Abraham.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

THERE is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who has been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from a separation from her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirits: she bathes his aching head, and smooths his pillow of sickness. I have entered her dwelling, and have been welcome as a brother; sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveler in the east. And when I left her dwelling it was with a mind burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will perhaps never see again.

IN MEMORY.

ON THE DEATH OF OTWAY CUREY.

BY COATES-KIRNEY.

From Mexic and Floridian climes,
Up Mississippi's track,
Home to Ohio's vernal vales
The spring birds warble back;
Not merrily the plummy flocks,
But solemnly this year;
For grass is sprouting on the grave
Of him who loved them here.

Ne'er in the season of the buds,
Or blooms, or leaves, or fruits,
Shall they again his presence hail
With their melodious flutes:
Death froze him when the brooklet froze,
Pining for him and them—
But, melted now to gurgling sobs,
Rippling his requiem!

Young Nature dons her gown of green,
And blossoms into smiles;
Yet very mournful is her heart
These merry April whiles;
For the poet who so loved her,
And so homed with her recluse,
Has ended life's hard battle here
By death's eternal truce.

It is a weary, weary world
To him whose aim is high—
Strained tiptoe toward the stars, without
The angel wings to fly!
But, nestled in this narrow life,
The soul, here blind and bare,
Nurtured and brooded o'er by Faith,
Shall fledge to angel there.

Unsmitten with this noisy fame
Which elbows through the throng,
He kept climbing up to heaven
On the ladder of his song:
The ladder he has left for us—
And this his fame sublime,
To help man heavenward upon
The golden rounds of rhyme.

Like midnight thunder on the hills,
Some flashing lives go out,
And leave the jarred world blind and mazed
In wonder and in doubt;
But he departed like the eve,
Flocked after by the stars;
The starshine of his memory
No cloud of envy mars.

Ohio ne'er has lost a son
More worthy her regret;
The west has comets yet of song—
Her planet, though, has set;
Our country weakens with the want
Of good, true men like him,
To guard her tree of liberty,
Like Eden's cherubim.

Earth, through her thousand million men,
May search the centuries,
Nor find a burning soul lived forth
More holily than his:
His pure life reached up into heaven,
And plucked its beauties down—
Which death has gathered back again,
To make his glory-crown.

PHANTOM BUILDING.

BY ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT.

A FOOTSTEP in the dust we trace,
And then, of him whose step was there,
We build above that lowly place
A phantom figure in the air.

Lorn Orusoe saw a shadow host
Hold savage orgies on the strand,
Because upon that barren coast
A human footstep pressed the sand.

The Arab bites his wordless lip
To see an armed train pass by,
When naught of barb or "desert ship,"
Save footprints meets his searching eye.

We see a dead stalk on a wall,
And suddenly to golden bloom
There bursts through every death-spell's thrall,
The wall-flower's phantom o'er its tomb.

A snowless winter walk we take,
Through some deserted graveyard old,
Where 'neath our feet the scentless brake
And grass lie withered, brown, and cold.

Their rustling crush recalls their past,
Like magic life-word to them spoke;
Their brown arms up toward heav'n they cast;
Their win'try doom of thralldom broke.

Up from the dull and frozen mold,
Transfigured springs the fragrant fern,
And swaying grass and daisies bold
Smile round each solemn gravestone's urn.

We pass. Some trailing brambles clasp
Fast to our skirts with hooked thorn;
We stoop to loose this tightening grasp
Of stems, of life and verdure shorn.

We cast the rough incumbrance down,
When, full-leaved, up before us rise,
With berries bowed, these briers brown,
Grown green and strong before our eyes.

Can summer skies melt bonds of death
With surer skill than this we share?
Dare magic words in whispered breath,
Evoke more phantoms than we dare?

What matter for the driving storms—
The drifting snows—life's wintrier parts;
While in us live all glowing forms—
Creative summer, in our hearts?

WE'RE ALL COMING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"AND now it is at last really settled. Elder Green told me so this very afternoon, with a twinkle of unusual satisfaction in his eyes. You may depend upon it, he's at the bottom of the whole thing, Maggie."

"Of course he is. But just to think of it, papa, we are actually to have a 'donation.' There'll be pyramids of biscuit, and piles of apples, and mountains of cake, and mole-hills of jellies, and lots of other good things. Won't we have a nice time, though?" and Maggie Hiller drew her stool closer to her father's feet, and lifted her sweet face to the one that gazed down fondly upon her. It was a great pity there was no artist looking into the front window of the little parsonage parlor just at that moment. He might have bequeathed such a sweet picture of the past to us. The room alone would have been this, with the great, old-fashioned fireplace, where the flames rolled in large, golden billows about the huge logs, piled on a pair of burnished andirons that must have been cast in the very same pattern Ben Taylor discourses so charmingly about; there, too, was the large, old clock, set in one corner, its top reaching within a half inch of the ceiling, and the high-back chair, and the low mantle, and the striped carpet would have been carved in all our memories—a sweet, domestic vision of the olden time.

But parson Hiller and his fair child, Maggie, were, after all, the finishing touch of that home tableau. He sat there, the very incarnation of an old Puritan minister, straight, and calm, and stern, with the flame-light rolling over his broad forehead and twisting itself among the hairs that hung about it, white as mountain snows, forming such a picturesque contrast to the brown locks upon which his hand was laid so tenderly.

No body called Maggie Hiller handsome, but there were times, and this was one of them, when she was very beautiful. Those plaits of rich hair, gathered back from either cheek, the smiling mouth, with its twin dimples, and those clear, hazel eyes, filled with the light of a heart in the freshness of its nineteenth summer, made Maggie her mother's child, and so doubly the parson's darling, for he was a widower.

"Well done, my child, your imagination has certainly run wild and flowered about donation-time. How are you certain, my little Maggie, that you are not counting too largely upon our good friends' purses and pantries?" and the light in that stern face was beautiful as it bent over the girl's.

"No, indeed, papa. People always expect to be generous at donations. Beside, I remember our last one—don't I, though? It was nine years ago, and I verily believe I did nothing for a month afterward but look at the presents I received, and show them to mamma and—" the young girl caught her breath as though some word were trembling on her lip which it were sin or shame to utter; a sudden shadow struck off all the sparkling from her face, and heavy tears gathered in her eyes. "O, papa, don't you remember?" and there was a sob behind every word. "She was there then, and—and, O, I must speak it, so was Ralph!" She groaned rather than spoke the name, burying her face in the hands that were clasped on her father's knee, while her whole frame shook like a frightened child's.

Parson Hiller sprang to his feet as a man does when he is suddenly stung. His face was very white, and its expression of displeasure almost fearful, as he looked down on the trembling girl. "Margaret, how dare you! have I not said that his name—"

"I know it, father." She had gained courage now and lifted her head, though it seemed as if a stronger spirit than hers would have quailed before that stern rebuke. "I know it, father, and O, forgive me, for I couldn't help it; it has lain so long a burning and a pain at my heart, that at last it would find its way over my lips. O Ralph, my brother!"

That cry! it would have melted a heart of stone to hear it. It was so full of deep, undying tenderness, and yet so much grief wailed through it.

It must have smote heavily upon the pastor's heart, for his face waxed paler, and the muscles round his strong mouth quivered a little, but this time he did not speak.

A moment later and a pair of soft, cool fingers were twisted among the minister's, and a low voice was saying pleadingly, "You won't be angry with me, will you, papa? Now I am all you have to love, too. And I can't help thinking of him, for O he is my brother that I played with under the shadow of the chestnut-trees out yonder; the brother by whose side I have walked so many times through the clover meadows to school; the brother that I loved so dearly!"

"How proud we all were of him, too, don't you remember, papa? and how generous and noble-hearted he was, though I know he was rash and wayward at times.

"How mamma used to love him, too, almost better than she did me, I believe, because he had

your own gray eyes and broad, high forehead! I can see her now watching him when we sat down in the evening by her side, till her eyes grew moist with pride and tenderness, and she would bend down and kiss his cheek and say, 'Ralph, my boy, you are your father, every inch of you.'

"O it does my heart so much good to speak his name again, papa! It will ease yours, too. Let us sit down here and talk about him and the old time," and very gently she tried to draw him back to the arm-chair.

Many changes had passed over parson Hiller's face while his child was speaking, and once or twice he had opened his lips to check her; but the pleading of her eyes was so like a pair that were lying under the snow that the words had died on his lips. But when Maggie would have drawn him to the chair he refused to follow her, and spoke—his voice trembled at first, but it grew strong and stern as he proceeded.

"My child, you have to-night violated the most positive command I ever laid upon you. But I know it was the love for him which you could not stifle that caused you to do this, and so, greatly as you have offended, I forgive you. But never, never again ask me to talk of him. He was my child once, but he has never been so since that hour when I turned him from my doors. I talk of him! and what shall I say except to denounce him? Disobedient and reprobate, ay, worse, a thief and a murderer!

"It may seem harsh to you, Maggie," continued the parson, for he had heard the low cry that broke from the white lips of his child, "but it is nevertheless true"—he paced up and down the room with strangely agitated steps, and his white hairs shone mournfully in the firelight. "I did not forget that I was a father till duty compelled me. 'Acknowledge your fault and I will forgive it,' I said when he came home and I knew the extent of his crime.

"You know how he forgot that I was his parent and answered me. Then I did what the word of God and my duty to my fellow-men demanded.

"And he went out from us, and a curse is upon his head, for he broke his mother's heart. He laid her," and here the stern voice grew tremulous as an infant's, "before her hairs were gray, and while her life was in its prime, in the bed where she lies to-night.

"And if he should dare to darken my doors again, I would point him to that grave, and say as I said then, 'Go!'

"No, no, papa, you wouldn't—you couldn't!" Maggie sprang suddenly before him, and she

looked almost like one inspired as the light of her soul broke into her face. "You couldn't say the word to him when you knew all the time that mother was looking down on you from heaven, and that if she could speak she would bid you 'stop.'

"Remember, John," she would say, that sainted mother, 'he is our boy, our first-born, the child over whose cradle we have watched together, and over whom we have said so many prayers.'

"O papa," and the poetry in the girl's nature sprang unconsciously to her lips, "ceasing for a moment the great halleluiah of the just made perfect, my mother bends down and whispers from beyond the stars, 'Forgive him for my sake, John, forgive him.'"

And it seemed to the parson—as he looked on the face of his child, wrapped over, as it was, with the light of her spirit—that an angel was speaking; that the voice of his dead wife was calling him.

He sank down and buried his face in his hands; the great deeps of his heart were at last broken up, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

* * *

It is a sad story, and our pen can not linger over it.

Enough that in his boyhood Ralph Hiller's impulsive, headstrong nature was always coming in collision with the sternest, hardest points of his father's character.

It was a great misfortune, but the two never understood each other. Parson Hiller was a good parent and a Christian, but he was a lineal descendant of the old Massachusetts Puritans, and his high-toned love for right and justice, his calm, rigid, inflexible nature was one which the milder social atmosphere of his own times could not modify, for they were his birthright.

Ralph Hiller left home at eighteen. With all his faults there were many rich veins in his ardent, impulsive nature; but if his father's regimen had been too severe, that of his gentle mother had been too indulgent, and so neither had succeeded in harmonising the discordant elements of his character.

A few words will tell the rest. He entered the large mercantile house of his uncle in New York. The relaxation of all parental discipline proved too sudden, for Ralph was unacquainted with the world, and his country life had little fitted him to be his own master. It is the old story—he was decoyed into a gambling saloon, induced to drink freely, and finally to play. Of course he was at first successful, and this prompted him to stake larger sums of money. Then the

tide turned, and one night Ralph Hiller rushed out madly from the gambling saloon, for he was in debt five hundred dollars. A few days of unmitigated misery went by, and the wretched youth discovered there was no method of escaping detection but by defraying this debt.

There was but one way to do this. "It will not be robbery," whispered the tempter in Ralph Hiller's ear, for you can win back the money and refund it to your uncle. But he was not so successful as he had anticipated, and the theft was discovered.

For the sake of both families Ralph's uncle would not give his nephew's crime publicity, but accompanied him home and there revealed to his horrified parents the deed their son had committed. Stung to incipient madness by the stern reproaches of his father, Ralph Hiller refused to solicit even the forgiveness of his uncle.

There was a fearful scene that fair June morning in the parlor of the parsonage, with the harsh commands of the father, the vehement refusals of the son, added to the tears of the distracted mother, and those of the little Maggie. At last, finding his son inflexible, parson Hiller spoke clear and slow, "Ralph, yield at once to my commands or go out of that door no longer a child of mine!" And Ralph went.

"Sir, is there no hope?" and the sick man turned and fastened his eyes with such wild appealing eagerness on the physician that his heart was strangely touched.

The doctor shook his head sadly. "My dear sir, it would only be cruel kindness to deceive you now. You probably can not live a fortnight."

The invalid turned with a low moan upon his couch, and the doctor went out softly. There were two other occupants of the small, illy-furnished chamber, whose every adjustment betrayed the absence of a woman's harmonizing taste, and these were a boy and girl: he could hardly have reached his seventh year, and four summers had just braided their light in the golden hair that fell rich and bright as a sunset cloud over her brother's lap, for the child was sleeping. But the boy had listened to every word the doctor had spoken; and if you had seen the quivering of the little fellow's lips, or the tears dashing over his dark eyes, you would have known he felt it, too.

"Papa, papa, did the doctor say you must die?" The voice was very mournful, and the little fingers gently pulled away those of the sick man from his face.

"Yes, Walter. O my children! my children!"

"Don't, there, please don't, papa. It frightens me so to see a great man cry. If mamma was only alive, or if I was only bigger and could take care of Mary; but she's so little, you know, papa, and I'm hardly seven, I can't do any thing to help her." He said it very mournfully, with the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Papa, papa!" and the lips were brought nearer the averted face of the sick man, "can't you take us with you? I shan't want to stay behind when you're gone, and sister won't, either. You an't got any body to leave us to, you know, and mamma's there, and I want to go with you."

Suddenly the sick man sprang up in his bed, the hectic burned in his hollow cheek, and his eyes seemed to his child like two flames of fire. "Yes, I have got somebody with whom to leave you, my poor child," and he wound his arms round the boy. "They're a long, long way from here, and you've never heard their names, Walter; but though they have cursed the father, they'll be very tender to his motherless children. They didn't curse me, though. It was only he that said it, and I should have gone back long ago if the thought that she was lying under the grass and I had placed her there hadn't withheld me. But it shall no longer. O, thank God, thank God, there is somebody with whom I can leave you!"

Poor Ralph Hiller! The world had not dealt very kindly with him since he went out from his home, with the curse of the "disobedient" on his head.

He was a young man yet, but he had laid his gentle wife in the grave two years before. Financial embarrassment had succeeded her death, and a sudden revolution in his mercantile vicinity had stripped him of all his possessions. Sickness, the result partly of anxiety and disappointment, partly that of constitutional infirmity, succeeded, and so Ralph Hiller was dying.

"Walter, Mary, I can not keep on any longer. It would have been better now had we not left the tavern and waited for the stage. But our journey of a thousand miles has taken my last cent, and as the old man promised to bring us in his cart within a short distance of M——, I agreed to his proposition.

"It was strange, but I felt so strong and eager then to keep on my journey, and now I can hardly stand.

"It is three miles, too, to that house on the hill. You can see it, Walter, with the bright light in front. It is a straight road; haste, leave

me now, and if you ever get there—" the words died on the man's lips, and he sank senseless upon the pile of withered leaves which the winter wind had heaped under the tree. It was a bitter cold night, with the stars lying in cold, shining rifts about the sky, and the winds holding high festivals along the shores of the distant Hudson.

"Wally, wake up papa, wake him up," sobbed little Mary Hiller, who stood watching her prostrate parent, with both hands wrapped in her brother's, "he'll get cold going to sleep there."

"He isn't asleep," said the boy sadly. "O, if there was only somebody here!" and he looked round wistfully on the woods which lay dark and barren all about him. There was no help; he could see the lights from the distant village twinkling like stars through the night, and he must find his way to them as best he could. "Come with me, sister," he said, turning bravely to the child, "we'll walk fast, and that'll keep us warm, you know. Keep your shawl tight round you. Now come," and the boy drew her gently onward.

But, as I said, the night was very bitter, and the little one's limbs were very weary and benumbed with cold, and it seemed almost as if the angels' loving eyes must have grown dim with tears as they looked down on those children—the road was so long, and cold, and dreary.

"Wally, Wally, I can't go any farther; I'm so tired and cold," and the great tears were frozen on the little creature's cheeks. "I want to lie down and go to sleep." The tender feet had pattered along bravely for awhile by the side of Walter, but the child's steps had grown slower and feebler till at last they had come to a full stop in the road, some mile and a half from the "house on the hill."

"No, no, little Mary don't want to go to sleep here on the ground where it is so hard and cold. Perhaps they'll have a nice bed when we get up to that house, you know. Just see how it's all lighted up, and how warm 'twill be when we get there. Come, I won't walk so fast, that's a good girl."

"I can't, Wally, I can't. My feet are so heavy they won't move, and my fingers ache so at the ends; just as if somebody was bitin' 'em.

"Please let me lie down, Wally, and you can put your arms round me, and I can go to sleep just as well as I could in the cradle at home;" for the intense cold was beginning to induce that lethargy which would have proven too fatal to the child.

Walter was suffering intensely with the cold,

too, and for a moment he felt tempted to comply with the child's request, but the thought of his father roused him again.

There was but one method which could induce the child to proceed, and Walter knew well that the little fainting heart in that benumbed frame was very warm with love for him, and rubbing the cold hands with all his might he said sorrowfully,

"And so, Mary, you will leave Walter to go all that long way alone. It will seem a great deal longer, and he will cry all the time, now papa has gone, and Mary has left him, too. Won't you go for my sake, little sister?"

The blue, closing eyes opened again. Two or three sobs broke over the child's lips, but betwixt them she whispered, "Kiss me twice, Wally, and I'll try." And Walter pressed his lips, not twice or thrice to the blue ones of his sister, and wrapping her hands tightly in his own they recommenced their journey.

In after years, when Walter looked down on that night, he would say it seemed little short of a miracle to him, how that last mile and a half was accomplished. Ah! the boy could not see that an angel went before him and led the way.

* * * * *

The severity of the weather had in no wise lessened the gathering at parson Hiller's that evening. Both the parlors were opened for the occasion, for the old and the young were assembled under the beloved roof, and the low hum of many voices mingled musically with the loud crackling of the huge logs in the chimneys. O they were a happy company! You could have told that by the smiles on every face; by the light in the eyes of all into which your own would have looked.

"Now, Miss Maggie, I've got hold of you a minute while they're setting the table, and I want you just to peep in here," cried Hannah, who reigned sole mistress of the culinary realm, drawing our heroine into a large, old-fashioned pantry. "There," she said, aiding the effect of her remarks by emphatic punches in her auditor's ribs and sides, "did you ever in your born days, Miss Maggie, see the like o' this! Three barrels o' flour, two whole cheeses, three firkins o' the very best butter, to say nothin' o' the potatoes and apple sarce, the turnips and doughnuts—where on the globed airth we can stow such a heap is a marvel to me," and the good woman heaved a sigh of mingled satisfaction and fatigue as she glanced round the closely piled shelves.

Margaret laughed her own gay, rippling laugh, that would have reminded you of nothing in the

world but birds among spring blossoms. "Never you mind, Hannah, you'll find a place somewhere, and—hark! wasn't that a knock at the kitchen door?"

"Yes, I believe 'twas; dear me! it does seem as if there was no end," and Hannah went out with such an air of the martyr that it elicited another laugh from Maggie, which was broken short by the woman's loud exclamation, "Goodness alive! what have we got here!" Another moment, and Maggie was at the door.

Two little children stood there; their limbs were stiff and their flesh was blue with the cold. It was a pitiful sight as they shivered in the bitter wind, and the younger would have fallen if her brother's arm had not upheld her.

"Please, ma'am, we have walked a long way in the dark, and little sister is almost frozen; won't you let us come in?"

Before Maggie could speak Hannah's strong arms had pulled both the children into the house.

"Let you come in, you poor little souls!" she cried with tears of genuine sympathy rolling down her cheeks. "I'm thinkin' the creature that wouldn't do this would never get into the great door above. Come close to the fire. Just look at them little red arms, Miss Maggie."

Maggie Hiller didn't speak, for her heart was too full for that; but she bent down and unloosed the girl's bonnet-strings, and the curls fell in a golden shower over her hands.

"Wally said you would be kind to me and let me go to sleep on a good bed when you made me warm. Mayn't Mary go now? she's so tired," and the little one looked up with touching earnestness.

"Yes, darling, you shall have a nice bed," she answered with a break of tears, as she sat down and lifted the little one to her lap. "But first you must get warm, and have something nice to eat, you know."

"Yes, I'll get some hot tea and plenty of other good things," said the prompt Hannah, as she drew a stool near the fire. "Sit down there, little boy, and we'll have you fixed off in a minute."

"But I want first to tell you about papa. He was sick and fell to the ground—"

At that moment a sudden ejaculation of wonder from many voices reached the kitchen. Maggie and Hannah looked wildly at each other, and then the former lifted the little girl from her lap and said briskly, "Stay with them, Hannah, till I see what is the matter."

A man, white and attenuated as one risen from the dead, stood in the center of the room, staring

wildly about him. No body knew him; the eyes of all the guests were fastened in wonder and dismay upon him; for he had rushed wildly in and was staring about the company like one demented, and yet he had not spoken.

I said no body knew him, but Maggie did as soon as her eyes rested on him. There was a cry of joy and of exceeding tenderness, "Ralph, Ralph, my brother!" then with one bound her arms were wrapped about his neck, and her lips were laid to his cold cheeks.

"O, Maggie, then you have not forgotten me!" He whispered the words faintly.

"Forgotten you, Ralph! Did you think that the sister that had slept in your arms and kneeled by your side at prayer; who never had a joy or a sorrow that she didn't tell you—O did you think she could forget you!"

"And my father, Maggie?"

Before she could answer parson Hiller came forward, and his tones were very tender as he said, "Ralph, my boy, you are welcome home again."

A smile went over the man's lips. "O," he said, "if she, too, were only here to tell me this, I could die in peace."

"She did say it, Ralph," said Maggie, eagerly catching her brother's meaning. "With her dying hands she drew down my head to her lips and whispered, 'Maggie, when Ralph comes back—for I know he will do this some time—tell him that his mother loved her boy to the last.'"

"Papa, papa," the child voices rang sweet and eager through the parlor, and the next moment the children rushed to the side of their parent.

"I can not see you," and Ralph sank feebly into a chair, and then for the first time a sudden, terrible fear smote to the hearts of parson Hiller and his daughter. "But, children, come close to me. Father, sister, they are all I have to leave you, and for my sake you will be very tender of them."

"Thank God, my prayer is heard! I shall die at home. It was this thought that gave me strength when I woke up to-night in the woods yonder, and it was this that bore me to you, though I was dying. I am going first to that far country where mother is waiting, and when she asks for those I left behind, I shall tell her 'They're all coming.' His head sank upon Maggie's shoulder, and when they lifted it Ralph Hiller was with them no longer.

And if the donation, which had commenced so auspiciously, closed with many tears, there was a rainbow of hope in the hearts of the chief mourners.

The sympathizing parishioners never knew the nature or extent of Ralph Hiller's early sin, and only supposed some unhappy misunderstanding had occurred between the father and the son. There was a new grave made by the mother's, and the next spring a marble monument threw its long, slender shadow over the rose and cypress that loving hands had twined there. Under the name of Ralph Hiller was simply engraven, "*They're all coming.*"

And now, reader, do your beloved, who have gone to that "upper country," say these blessed words of you?

Where the mountains rise in their serene, solemn beauty, with the green scrolls of that eternal summer folded over their bosoms; where the jubilee of the seraphim rolls sweetly along the golden valleys, does the rejoicing cry for you sometimes rise up—a cry that wanders over the white plains, and is gathered up among the echoes of the hills of jasper—" *They are all coming!*"

THE "WALUM-OLUM;"

OR, BARK RECORD.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY, A. M.

THE early history of the Indian tribes is involved in deep obscurity, and much of it can never be brought out. The conquerors were too incessantly occupied in hunting, shooting, and scalping them to give close attention to their antecedents, theology, or ethnology. Their worthy sons have been too much occupied in cheating them in diplomacy and woolen and cotton cloth, and killing them with bad whisky, to devote any considerable share of attention to their origin, traditions, or destiny. Nevertheless, there have been some who, regarding the red man as a broken fragment of our common humanity, have busied themselves in inquiries concerning him—they have asked him whence he came; they have interrogated his traditions, his songs, and his worship. But they have gathered few treasures. The veil of mystery envelops the Indian. Only *this* is surely known—he was once strong, he is now weak and is doomed to annihilation. The heel of the Anglo-Saxon is "crushing out" his hope, his heart to do, and his existence itself.

The scanty researches made show this much—the religion of the tribes must be appealed to for all the information, or nearly so, we can hope to gain. This is true, not merely of Indian tribes, but all barbarous nations. A distinguished oriental traveler has said, "By a proper attention to the vestiges of ancient superstition, we are some-

times enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors with as much if not more certainty than by observations made upon their languages, because the superstition is ingrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change."

Mr. E. G. Squier, some years ago, read before the New York Historical Society an interesting paper upon the "Traditions of the Algonquins," which seems to strengthen the idea of many, that a system of hieroglyphics was known among the Indian tribes. There fell into his possession, from the papers of Professor C. S. Rafinesque—who was a great Indian antiquarian; so far as facts were concerned he was reliable, being honest and painstaking, but deficient in those mental traits essential to accurate generalization; hence, while his conclusions were generally wrong his data were ordinarily reliable—to resume after this biographical and critical parenthesis, he found a MS. entitled, "Walum-Olum—painted sticks—or painted and engraved traditions of the Lenni Lenape." A note in the handwriting of the Professor states that the MS. was obtained of Dr. Ward, of Indiana, who procured the wooden originals from a remnant of the Delaware Indians, on White river, in 1822. It is also stated that the characters were long inexplicable, "till, with a deep study of the Delaware, and the aid of Zeiberber's MS. Dictionary, in the library of the Philosophical Society, a translation was effected."

It is the opinion of Mr. Squier that this singular paper bears strong internal marks of genuineness, and is strongly supported by collateral circumstances. Lookiel, in his "History of the United Brethren in America," has written the following of the people among whom it professedly originated: "The Delawares delight in describing their genealogies, and are so well versed in them that they mark every branch of the family with the greatest precision. They add also the character of their forefathers: such a one was a wise and intelligent counselor, a renowned warrior, or a rich man, etc. But though they are ignorant of the art of reading and writing, yet their ancestors were well aware that they stood in need of something to enable them to convey their ideas to a distant nation, or preserve the memory of remarkable events. To this end they invented something like hieroglyphics, and also strings and belts of wampum, etc." Again: "The Delawares use hieroglyphics on wood, trees, and stones, to give caution, for communication, to commemorate events, and preserve records. Every Indian understands their meaning."

The fact of picture-writing among the Indians has been scouted by men who would give half a

comfortable fortune for a brick from the ruins of an Egyptian temple, if scrawled over with inscriptions by the onion worshipers. We may, then, give another authority or two. Mr. Schoolcraft has said of the Ojibwas: "Every path has its blazed and figured tree, conveying intelligence to all that pass, for all can understand these signs, which are taught the young as carefully as we teach our alphabet." Heckwelder says: "They have certain hieroglyphics by which they describe facts in so plain a manner, that those who are conversant with their marks can understand them with the greatest ease."

These signs were essentially *mnemonic*, and a simple or compound sign served to reveal an entire sentence or series of sentences. "A single figure with its adjuncts would stand for the verse of a song, or for a circumstance which it would require several sentences to explain."

The MS. under immediate notice comprises five divisions; the first two embody traditions concerning the creation and a general deluge, and the rest a history of various migrations and a list of ninety-seven chiefs in the order of succession.

It stands in the following form: First, the mnemonic symbol, of which there are one hundred and eighty-four. Second, the suggested verse or sentence in the Delaware dialect. And, third, a literal translation of the same in English.

I regret that I can not give the symbols. The copious type of the publishers of the Repository have hardly any representations of the Algonquin symbols. Hence I will give only the original Indian terms and the literal translations, and then a brief paraphrase of one or two sections. As to the accuracy of the translation this one fact seems strongly confirmatory. Mr. Squier submitted it without explanation to the educated Delaware chief, George Copway—Kah-go-ga-gah-bowh—who, without hesitation, "pronounced it authentic in respect, not only to the original signs and accompanying explanations in the Delaware dialect, but also in the general ideas and conceptions which it embodies."

The subject of the first song or chant is the creation, and I will give it entire:

1. Sayewitalli wemiguma wokgetaki*
At first there all sea-water above land.
2. Haikung-kwelik owanaku wakyutali kitan-
Above much water foggy (was) and (or also) there crea-
tor he was.
3. Sayewis hallemiwis nolemiwi kitanitowit-essop
First being eternal being invisible creator he was.

* "The terminal *aki* is a contraction of *ahki*, land, and frequently simply denotes place."

4. Sohalawak kwelik kakik owak
He causes them much water much land much air or clouds
awasagawak
much heaven.
5. Sohalawak giahuk nimpanum alankwak
He causes them the sun the moon the stars.
6. Wemi-sohalawak yulik yuch-aan
All he causes these well to move.
7. Wich-owagan kahakan moshakwat
With action (or rapidly) it blows wind it clears up
kwelik kahipelep
great waters it ran off.
8. Opeleken mani-menak delsin epit
It looks bright made islands is there at.
9. Lappinap ketanitowit manito manitoak
Again when creator he made spirits, or makew.
10. Owiniwak angelotawiwak chichaukwak wemiwak
First beings also and angels souls also and all.
11. Witank-manito janwis lennowak mankom
After he made beings men and grandfather.
12. Milap netami gaho owini-gaho
He gave them the first mother first being's mother.
13. Name-alk-melap tnipewik aweak cholemak
Fishes he gave him turtles beasts birds.
14. Makimani-ahak sohalawak makowini a'okowak
Bad s. irt but he causes them bad beings black snakes
amangamek
monsters, or large reptiles.
15. Sohalawak uchewak sohalawak punguak
He causes them flies he causes them gnats.
16. Nitesak wemi owini w'delsinewnap
Friends all beings were then.
17. Kiwes wunand wish-manitoak essopak
Thou being good God good spirits were there.
18. Nijini netami lennowak nigoha netami
The beings the first men mothers first
okwewi nantinewak.
wives little spirits (fairies) [babies?]
19. Gattamina netami mitsi nijini nantino
Fat fruits the first the food the beings little spirits.
20. Wemi winge-namenep wemi kain elandamep
All willingly pleased all easy thinking
wallatemanawi
happy
21. Shukand eli kimi mekenikink wakom*
But then while secretly on earth snake god
powako inis'ako
priest snake worship snake.
22. Mattalugos pallalugos maktatin owagan
Wickedness crime unhappiness actions
payat-chikutali
coming there then.
23. Wak-tapan-payat wihillan mboagan
Bad weather coming distempers death.
24. Wonwemi wi-wunch atak kilahikan
This all very long aforesome beyond great waters
netami-epit
first land at.

So ends this remarkable poem, and the skeleton of "a system" is in it, and some of the bones are large and well developed. The following paraphrase is given by our author:

1. At the first there were great waters above all the land.
2. And above the waters were thick clouds, and there was God the creator.
3. The first being eternal, omnipotent, invisible was God the creator.

* The snake. Algonquin symbol of malignant force.

4. He created vast waters, great lands, and much air, and heaven;
5. He created the sun, the moon, and the stars;
6. He caused them all to move well.
7. By his power he made the winds to blow, purifying, and the deep waters to run off;
8. All was made bright, and the islands were brought into being.
9. Then, again, God the creator made the great spirits;
10. He made also the first beings, angels, and souls;
11. Then made he a man, being the father of men;
12. He gave him the first mother, the mother of the early born;
13. Fishes gave he him, turtles, beasts, and birds.
14. But the evil spirit created evil beings, snakes, and monsters;
15. He created vermin and annoying insects. [Query, *Mmaketoos*?]
16. Then were all beings friends:
17. There being a good God, all spirits were good—
18. The beings, the first men, mothers, wives, little spirits also.
19. Fat fruit were the food of the beings and the little spirits:
20. All were then happy, easy in mind and pleased.
21. Then came secretly on earth the snake [evil] god, the snake-priest, and snake-worship—
22. Came wickedness, came unhappiness,
23. Came then bad weather, disease, and death.
24. This was all very long ago at our early home.

This song and the paraphrase give some interesting statements of the faith of "the poor Indian's untutored mind." There was the watery chaos—"the earth in the water and out of the water"—and the formless clouds, then the mighty God—one God and eternal put forth his power—land and water, air, the expanse or firmament all gemmed with stars, and sun, and moon, moving well. How admirably this agrees with Mosaic history! and how the Indian mind has seized upon the sublime conceptions of the Hebrew historian!

The origin of evil, the knot so hard to untie, is here boldly cut by the theory of the independent evil principle or snake-god.

Seriously, one is struck with the agreement throughout with the inspired history. The creation, the temptation, the fall, with that fall the entrance of misery, where before all "were happy, easy in mind and pleased," and the reign of wickedness, "then came unhappiness, bad weather, disease, and death." All these call up vividly the Bible lessons taught us in our happy Christian homes. And, though we receive not the divinity of the bad spirit, we have read that the serpent tempted Eve, she listened, fell—"sin entered into the world, and death by sin."

As to the origin of these notions there is internal evidence that they had received some Chris-

tian traditions. The idea of a Great Spirit prevails among the various Indian tribes, and they have never been Atheists. Atheism is the heritage of civilized *fools*; the savage is too poor to afford so costly a luxury.

Among the Algonquin tribes the idea of a deluge was every-where received. The details differed in almost each recorded instance, but the event is prominent. The flood is ascribed to the Great Serpent, who is generally placed in antagonism to Manabozho, a powerful demigod or intermediate spirit, about answering to Milton's Michael, the general of the angelic armies. These two persons have many a sore conflict, do vast damage, the deluge being only an instance in the long chapter. In the *Walum-Olum*, however, there is a slight variation from the above; there it is represented as a general conflict between the "beings"—good spirits—and the *maskinako*—evil spirits. In midst of the confusion and destruction, Manabozho appears as preserver. Our space will not permit transcribing the entire song in both languages, but we give the paraphrase:

1. Long ago came the powerful serpent [maskanako] when men had become evil. (See Gen. vi, 5, 6.)
2. The strong serpent was the foe of the beings, and they became embroiled, hating each other.
3. Then they fought and despoiled each other, and were not peaceful.
4. And the small men [mattapewi] fought with the keeper of the dead [Nihanlowit.]
5. Then the strong serpent resolved all men and beings to destroy immediately.
6. The black serpent, monster, brought the snake-water rushing,
7. The wide waters rushing, wide to the hills, every-where spreading, every-where destroying.
8. At the island of the turtle [tula] was Manabozho, of men and beings the grandfather—
9. Being born creeping, a turtle land he is ready to move and dwell.
10. Men and beings all go forth on the flood of waters, moving afloat, every way seeking the back of the turtle [talapin.]
11. The monsters of the sea were many, and destroyed some of them.
12. Then the daughter of a spirit helped them in the boat, and all joined, saying, Come help!
13. Manabozho, of all beings, of men and turtles the grandfather.
14. All together, on the turtle then, the men, then, were all together.
15. Much frightened, Manabozho prayed to the turtle that he would make all well again.
16. Then the waters ran off, it was dry on mountain and plain, and the great evil went elsewhere by the path of the cave.

So ends the song or legend of the deluge. The allusion to the turtle is mysterious. This is known—the Algonquins always held the turtle in as much reverence as a New York alderman.

According to some authors, the mother of the human race having been ejected from heaven was received on the back of a tortoise, around which matter gradually accumulating formed the earth.

There is another tradition, that the great turtle was a chief spirit of the Chippewas—"The spirit that never lied." The island of Michilimackinac was sacred to this spirit, and its name denotes "great turtle." The Turtle tribe of the Lenape claim superiority, because of their relationship to the great turtle, which is their Atlas, bearing the world upon a pair of shoulders particularly broad.

Ah! how much better the clear teachings of the book divine! How simple and yet sublime are its utterances! "What profit? Much every way—chiefly the oracles of God."

The pictured records now go into a detailed history of the tribes, which is interesting and curious, but too long for insertion. The sum is about this: After various migrations the tribes finally reach the great and fine island of the snakes, from which, like worthy St. Patrick, they expel the snakes, and, multiplying, they spread toward the south—the beautiful or shore-land. Here, for the first, they build houses and plant fields. A drouth drives them forth, and they seek the *shillilaking*, or buffalo land. Dissensions prevail—they separate—one party, the *wetamowi*, or Wise, tarry, the others remove. The Wise build a town on the *Wicwassee*, or Yellow river—the Missouri—and for a long time are peaceful and happy. Warlike chiefs arise, under whom conquests are made in all directions. At length arises the great chief, Opekasit—east-looking—who, wearied with so much slaughter, leads his people toward sunrise. They reach the *Mecousipu*—great river—the Mississippi, where they halt. Here arises chief Tagawanena—the hut-maker—under whose chieftaincy they learn that eastward the land is very rich and possessed by the warlike Tallegwi; thither they remove. The Tallegwi "welcome them to hospitable groves;" the shout, *palliton! palliton!*—war! war!—is raised, and they assail the Tallegwi; the war rages for many years, till the "manifest destiny" of the northern invaders prevails, and the Tallegwi are driven southward. The conquerors now occupy the country along the Ohio below the great lakes. To their north are their friends, the Talawaton—literally, *not of themselves*—rendered Huron. They have occasional battles, but no general war.

Here is a break in the history, and the record resumes by saying they dwelt securely in the land of the Tallegwi—they built houses and planted corn. They flourished under a long line

of chiefs, and cultivated the arts of peace. But war again arose. After much fighting there was an exode under Lankewinnek—the sharp-looking—who conducted his band eastward, beyond the *Thelopochung*, or Alleghany Mountains. Here they spread widely, warring with the Mengwi, or spring people, the Pungelika, lynx or Eries, and the Mohagana, or wolves. The record then gives the division into tribes, and the names of the chiefs, and brings the history down to the European invasion. Here they terminate.

In these traditions these points are very distinct. After the deluge—"long time ago"—they came from the north and made their home away in the west, and from thence they migrated eastward. The Indians generally claim a western origin. Lawson says, "When you ask them [the Carolines] whence their fathers came that first inhabited the country, they point westward and say, 'Where the sun sleeps, our fathers came thence.'"

And whence did they come? Who can tell? "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" but from what son of antiquity did they descend? From what venerable seer, beside what smoking altar did they receive the truths which, though corrupted, they have never lost? Who built the towers and walls, whose ruins are found thickly scattered through the homes of the fathers? What rolled them backward from civilization, or semi-civilization, to barbarism? Who can tell? Only He whose "counsels" sweep the past and the coming eternity!

Meanwhile they are driven back to the western habitation of their ancestors, and a gloomy destiny awaits them. The other day the writer saw some dozens of them, sole remnants of a once great tribe.

Cruel have they been—often treacherous and revengeful—but they have been cruelly and shamefully wronged, deceived, cheated, and *our nation has done it*.

May God in mercy pardon our great oppression!

A CONSCIENTIOUS KING.

SATAN labors, and with great success, to deceive mankind into the idea that the adoption of one sin is pardoned, or, at least, excused, if they refrain from others. In this way did he work upon Herod, who, though living in incest with Herodias, yet was very tender and scrupulous about an oath: "Nevertheless, for his oath's sake." O, what a conscientious king! what a *very* conscientious king!

GHOST STORIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

NUMBER IV.

SCENE FIRST.

A BRIGHT fire in the grate of a fashionable parlor in the city of—no matter what. Leaving curtains, carpets, sofas, pictures, and all to the imagination, we come at once to the two inmates—a fat, powdered and curled, and pompous woman, and a small, pampered, and puffed-out lap-dog; the woman dozing on the cushions of the sofa, and the dog muffled luxuriantly up in her lace mantle, wheezing and sneezing now and then, but not at all to the discomfort of the elegant lady, as it appeared from her motionless posture and deep and satisfied breathing. The bronze clock had run silently past one, and would presently reach two, when the door-bell rang once, and again and again loud and impatiently, and in the midst of the clang a young lady, muffled in shawls, the price of which would have made many a poor family happy, entered the room hurriedly, and demanded, with an angry gesture, why she was kept waiting an hour in the chill of a December midnight.

"I am sure, my dear Louise, it could not have been long. I heard the servant in the hall almost the very moment you rang."

"Much you know about it, mamma, fast asleep by the fire. I don't suppose it seemed long to you. Is there no tea for me, and nothing to eat? I am almost dead;" and the splendidly dressed and really handsome young lady dashed herself into the easy chair, which she pulled rather roughly against her mamma, and employed herself in almost wrenching off bracelets and pins, which she tossed aside as the veriest trifles.

"I did not suppose, my dear, that you would care to eat after the supper at the ball; but I will order a cup of tea at once; and what else will you have, my sweet child—a sandwich—a bit of chicken, or what?"

"Don't trouble yourself," answered the pouting Louise; "but I don't know how you supposed I could eat in corsets and white gloves, and this dress—preposterous!"

Notwithstanding this discouraging reception of her proposal, the mamma arose to give the order; and the puffed-up dog, whose name was Queen, leaped to the caressing arms of its worshipful mistress, the haughty, handsome, and spoiled Louise, who took its little silken ears in her delicate hands with a fondness she would have disdained to bestow on a fellow-mortal just then.

Scarcely five minutes were gone, when the tea,

together with other delicacies which need not be mentioned, were brought, and the shining service of silver and china were arranged near the glowing fire; but Louise had no appetite now; she preferred to go to bed, and ordered the things removed forthwith.

"What is the matter with my pretty dear?" asked the mother, in tenderest accents, and at the same time loosening the pearls and flowers from her daughter's hair, that was wound in heavy and luxuriant braids about the forehead of the girl. But not till two or three maids were called out of bed to free the lady from her troublesome finery, and array her in a comfortable dressing-gown, did her ill-humor in any wise begin to subside. At this juncture she was prevailed on to sip a little wine and eat a mouthful or two to sustain her till the morrow, which delicate beginning ended in the second bringing of the tea and salver. At the close of the repast, the pretty darling was coaxed into an unburdening of her mind to her anxious mamma, on this wise:

The ball had been a brilliant affair; but in its splendors, even the lavish expenditure bestowed on the beautiful Louise had been quite eclipsed, or she fancied it was so, and, at any rate, had failed to draw after her the admiration and attention she had expected. That flower must be beautiful, indeed, that draws all the loiterers of the garden to one spot; and there are those who admire the modest and unpretending daisy more than the flaunting hollyhock or the high-looking sunflower.

"I might as well have staid at home," she said, wiping some real tears into her lace handkerchief, "and I wish I had—the fact is, mother, there were plenty of ladies, not half so much dressed as I, who were more sought. I could have scratched their faces, and torn their little quiet ribbons to pieces. I was never so provoked and disappointed. If I had not tried to be the belle, I should not care; but just think of it—I was like a silent peacock in an orchard full of singing-birds. I shan't go to the next ball; I'll show them that a ball is a small thing to me. I am sure I don't care a straw for any body that I saw to-night, man nor woman; they may admire each other as much as they choose; I shan't put myself in their way any more." And making her face ugly with its unamiable expression, the spoiled beauty put herself into a defiant posture.

"Pray, how did such and such a one look?" asked the mamma; "did Mary E. wear the old blue satin train? and did Miss W. appear in the

everlasting white silk? Really, I should think their old dresses would attract attention to them by this time, if nothing else;" and the two ladies laughed affectedly.

"Well, never mind, my dear," said the elder, presently; "suppose we go off out of town, just in the height of the season, and see if we are not missed. I guess our suppers will not be easily supplied, and I rather think there will be some inquiry made about us before long. It will be serving the whole set just right. What say you, Louise—will it not be exquisite revenge?"

The daughter agreed that it would be most delightful, and clapped her little hands in glee, as she thought what a sensation their secret resolve would make throughout the great city if it were only known. It is probable, however, that she quite overrated the importance of herself, and that no startling effects would have been observable in the cold and dark of the aforesaid December, if their curious conspiracy could have been made public.

Then arose the question where they should go; for, after a little reflection, it appeared quite clear to the elder lady that if they should make themselves a little less conspicuous, they would be more sought; that their assumed indifference to the gayeties in which they might share would, in fact, throw about them a wonderful charm; "And there is cousin Victor Blake's—his quiet country-house will afford delightful pastime for a month. We shall have riding for pleasant days, you know; and then we shall be the leaders of every thing, for his simple-minded neighbors don't know any thing about stylish folks. Bless me, is not the idea charming?"

The young lady said it was charming; but her face wore its sullen and dissatisfied expression still, which even the caresses of the pet Queen failed to soften. Quite different was the expression on the face of the elder lady; her keen gray eyes were evidently resting on some triumph, the nature of which she did not impart to the disappointed Louise. A shrewd calculator, however, might have guessed the object upon which her mental vision was resting, and whereunto her assured smile lengthened itself. "Yes, yes," she said, "we will drop in upon Victor for a month or so; he is rich and handsome—or he was handsome when I saw him last—that is some four or five years ago. A very delightful person he is, too, or was. I really wonder why I have neglected him so long. He must be a man of some importance in his neighborhood. I wonder if he is still mewed up with old Jane, that crazy sister of his! Pity she were not in an asylum. I will try to effect

her removal; it would be such a relief to poor Victor to be rid of her."

What further she designed to effect she said not; but, as I remarked, an inference might have been drawn from the enjoyment with which she dwelt on the handsome and wealthy young man, and the pertinacity with which she insisted on the belief that he could not possibly be much over forty, and was a very proper match for a girl past twenty-seven. She did not say Louise was twenty-seven; on the contrary, she said, "You are *understood* to be twenty-one, my dear, are you not?"

"What is the difference about my age?" replied Louise; "you ask me every other day; I am younger than you are, and that's enough!"

This outbreak was quieted by a kiss from the mother, and a sudden change of the subject to the snow which came driving against the windows.

"Well, my love," resumed the mother, "we will make our preparations very quietly to-morrow, and the day following we shall be off, and then what a vacuum there will be in society here!"

So near the daybreak of the aforementioned December night the mother and daughter separated.

We need only say that they were rich and idle people, on no very good terms with the world, nor yet with themselves; for it is impossible to be satisfied with ourselves while we live selfishly and idly. Their name was Gordon, and their fireside the frequent scene of bitterer anger and disputation than what we have recorded. To make a sensation; to be thought to have more money and more servants, and a larger house and more liberal expenditure than they really had; and to have it supposed that they were respectively younger by ten or twelve years than they were, that their relatives were all people of distinction, and had at their disposal the highest positions in the country, was the great aim of their lives. And on their small capital it was an exceedingly hard thing to effect.

SCENE SECOND.

The snow coming down on the roof of a very comfortable country-mansion; all quiet and still without; the trees taking the snows noiselessly, and no wind stirring their dry tops. At two or three windows only are there lights; for though the house is ample, it seems not to have many inhabitants. Within, if we had been there, we should have had our first impressions confirmed. In the kitchen sits a tidy middle-aged woman, sewing on some pretty material, which she now

and then spreads out in the candlelight as if to admire—probably, too, to contemplate the progress she is making. The fire of wood burns bright before her, and in its warmth, and near the woman's feet, lies the great watch-dog, fast asleep. A large wooden bowl of flour stands on the table, near which a cup is brimming up with yeast, and a basin of apples hard by, and a neatly dressed fowl, together with a small measure of coffee, indicate the preparation for breakfast. All is orderly, and wherever you turn indications of plenty meet you—the proprietor is neither mean nor poor, you will say at once. And is this the mistress with the sewing work? possibly; and yet, though you scarcely know why, something inclines you to decide in the negative, and at the same time you are far from believing her only a servant; her face beams with kindly intelligence, her tongue makes cheerful music with a pious hymn, and her hands ply the needle industriously.

Adjoining this room is another, on the ample hearth of which a bright wood-fire is burning; rich draperies hang over the windows, some pots of flowers bloom in exquisite vases, and some shelves of elegantly bound books completely occupy one side of the room. The carpet is not showy, but of an exceedingly rich and costly pattern; and all the furnishing of the place evinces cultivated taste and liberal means.

Sitting on a low stool before the fire is a young girl, or seemingly young, for it may be the simplicity of her dress, which is almost childish, and the many curls falling about her bare neck and shoulders, take something from the years that have gone over her. As she looks up from her profitless employment—the cutting and making of paper flowers—there is, you will see, a wandering and unsettled light in her deep-blue eyes, and an expression both of pain and pleasure in her face which you will find it impossible to reconcile. Now she laughs out with excess of glee, and now she is pouting and petulant, perhaps crying; and now, with serious and earnest countenance, sits looking into her own heart as though it were a troubling mystery to her. Now she goes to the window as though in expectancy of some one, bending her ear close to the pane, and listening very eagerly. You can not tell whether she is child or woman, nor whether she is pleased or vexed; for her cheek flushes and grows pale alternately, and her eyes now flash and then again swim in tears.

The room has another inmate, though, for the most part, she seemed unconscious of it—a young man, with blue eyes like the girl's, and black,

luxuriant tresses like hers, too. He is reading at a table, or, rather, his eyes are fixed on an open book; for his face changes not its almost solemn expression, and he turns no leaf of the book on which his eyes are resting.

If you come close to him, you will see that his black hair is streaked with white; and though no melancholy sigh escapes him, you will be conscious of a grief too deep to be thus dissipated. An hour goes by, and another, and all this time he has sat without motion or change of muscle. A light shines down in his face, and the cheerful voice of the woman that we have seen in the adjoining room asks if it is not time for Jenny to go to bed; he assents in silence, and reaches out his arm to the girl, who comes for the good-night kiss, and the two women go out together. Let us go, too, closing the door softly behind us, and placing this scene against the first, see if we shall not conclude we have been looking into the home of Mrs. Gordon's handsome cousin—Victor Blake—and if pretty Jenny is not the crazy Jane we have heard of.

SCENE THIRD.

Snow in the December midnight—the dense black woods whitening under its weight, and the tree-tops bending almost together above a lonesome little house, neighbored only by silence and darkness, for far as the eye can see no window light shines. The watch-dog whines at the door—the rude, low, unpainted door—and hard by stands one cow, unsheltered and shivering. Humble, homely, mournful, is all without; but within is the desolation of desolations—death is there—the children are weeping and can not be comforted, and the wife and mother is dumb with an awful sorrow, for her heart is in the coffin by which she sits so still. He is gone who was dearer than life—gone to that bourn whence no traveler returns; and her empty arms shall find nothing in the world to fill them again; the roof seems lowering itself to smother her, and the hearthlight is dead, and the smiles of her children stifled. She, too, must die; there is nothing left but to die. And yet weeping about her are sons and daughters that she must live for—that she will live for by and by, when the shadow of this terrible affliction shall have lifted itself a little. Three little boys and two lovely girls are there, and about the eldest, whose sweet name is Mary, the others are gathered, and to her they seem looking for comfort. With a strong effort she silences her own anguish to soothe theirs; her arms are now about one and now about another, and her whispered words

seem steadying up their hearts, for they weep less wildly as she caresses and talks to them. "When will the morning come?" they say, again and again. Alas! it will bring only a new sorrow—the grave will then close over the face, which, though so hushed and white, they are still permitted to look upon; and no more then forever shall they see their father come home from the fields when the night closes—no more shall they tell by the evening fireside the little story of their daily life—no more rejoice in the bright promise of a new hat or gown—no more hail the full moon that illuminates all the woods—and no more look across years of toil and privation to some time in the distance, when the rude little house shall have given place to a pretty cottage, and the rough wild trees to a garden full of flowers: all plans, all prospects, all hopes, are swept into the impenetrable dark.

Poor little company of mourners! the sun that is down will come up again, the storm drives the ship into the haven sometimes, and the snow makes the wheat green in its time. The grass and the daisies creep over the grave-mound, and at length the peace of reconciliation comes over the heart.

But words are useless; grief must have its way, and time will do its work. You have still a Father in heaven, and he will not forget nor forsake you. Let us leave the mourners with their dead. We have seen how poor they are, and how hopeless they are—let us go.

SCENE FOURTH.

The sun shines across the level snow, and the thin shadows of the leafless trees look cold enough as they stretch eastward; the citizens are hurrying homeward, closely wrapped in muffs and cloaks, and the country people are not much abroad. Faces press to the windows of the houses that dot the roadside as the stage-coach is heard muffling through the snow. The face of the driver is as red as a rose, as it shines out from the gray cap tied close under the chin, and his thick woolen mittens seem not to keep his hands warm, for he thumps them together every little while, as he holds the reins between his knees. Gayly the four white horses toss their manes, and proudly they arch their necks, as over the hills and along the level way they dash forward—a great cloud of smoke precedes them, and their snorting may be heard a good deal farther than the noise of the coach-wheels.

The twilight seems to have fallen suddenly, and the passengers all look from the windows of the coach; but they have come into a thick woods, and that is all—nothing is to be seen but

trees, high black trees, standing close along each side of the way, and between them lies the snow, white and unbroken. Yes, here is a rude little cabin by the wayside, and three little bareheaded boys are out in the cold, hailing the coach; a young girl stands in the door crying, and a middle-aged woman, wearing a black kerchief and a mourning ribbon on her plain cap, is holding the hand of the young woman, and apparently giving her some words of parting advice. By the gate stands a small trunk, which is lifted to the coach-top; and the young woman, who is clad simply, poorly indeed, turning from the little faces, pulls hurriedly the black veil over her eyes, and climbs up the steps of the coach unassisted; for who of the gentlemen inside will step down into the snow to help a poor girl like her?

She hesitates, for some one calls out, "There is no room." The driver throws down the reins, and says, authoritatively, "Make room on the back seat;" and the two elegant ladies seated there reluctantly gather up their ample skirts, looking their displeasure at the poor girl, who, timid and trembling, takes a scanty and comfortless seat.

Often she puts her coarse plain handkerchief to her eyes as she goes along; but the veil covers them, and if she weeps no one sees it.

Dim and red the sun stays among the tree-tops, but does not shine any longer. With ax on his shoulder, the chopper walks briskly home, and windows begin to show ruddy fires within. It is the time "the busy housewife plies her evening care." The reins are tightened at the gate of a large white house, which stands in a yard that is filled with trees and shrubberies. It has a silent and melancholy look in spite of the evident wealth of the proprietor. Two of the inside passengers find themselves on the ground the same moment to offer their hands to the two elegant ladies, whose journey is here ended. The coach is lightened of a quantity of baggage, and dashes forward again, while the ladies make their way up the snow-covered avenue. Need we say they are Mrs. Gordon and daughter, and that they are come to pass a month with cousin Victor?

On the neighboring hill, and partly screened by a clump of elm-trees, stands a small rustic school-house, which the young girl notices with much interest; and a little farther on, at an old-fashioned farm-house, she is set down. She is evidently expected, for two striplings come romping forward, and, carrying the trunk between them, lead the way to the house; and when

they have reached the door, they wait a moment to say they don't think the young woman looks much like a school-mistress.

That she is the Mary we saw at midnight in the cabin, comforting her brothers and sisters; and that she has come now among strangers to earn something for them by school-teaching, is the supposition which the reader has doubtless made. We leave to their imagining her struggle and her sorrow, her homesickness and heart-sickness, till the evening of a mild February day is closing in, and she is seen following a troop of noisy boys and girls at a little distance, quietly, and reading as she walks. She does not see the two ladies and the gentleman who are cantering down the road, but keeps right forward, her eyes intent on the book before her. The younger of the ladies is well nigh upon her, yet she turns not her horse aside; suddenly she feels his breath in her face, and, hastily stepping back, lets fall the book; the horse tramples it beneath his feet, and the gay rider goes forward with a merry and derisive laugh. The other lady follows, wondering what little body could be so impudent as to remain in the middle of the road when they were coming up.

"But where is Victor?" asks the young lady, looking anxiously back. "Stupid fellow! I thought he would consider my spurring a challenge, and come after me."

But whether or not the gentleman understood the challenge, he was evidently indifferent to it; for he no sooner saw the accident than he was on the ground, and, taking up the soiled volume, offered such apologies as caused the young school-mistress not a little confusion. "No," he said, as she reached for the book, "you must allow me to replace it; and as for the carelessness of my guest, I can neither ask you to forgive it nor to excuse it;" and bowing low, he remounted, and rode forward at a pace which did not allow him to overtake the ladies till they reached the gate of home.

SCENE FIFTH.

Victor sits at the fireside, and his sister Jenny on a low stool at his feet—her head rests on his knee, and his hand is laid on her head. The shutters are closed, and the rain beats dismally against them; but the room is full of warm light, and all looks cheerful. Mrs. Gordon and her daughter Louise come in together—dressed and overdressed, especially the younger, who evidently supposes herself irresistible as she adjusts pins and flowers; that she will complete a conquest to-night she is resolved, and, by way of

eliciting some attention and manifestation, she says, childishly and poutingly, which she fancies her most charming method, "Don't you think, mamma, that Victor is growing tired of us? He don't talk to me, and I believe he wants me to go home."

"What a darling you are!" replied the mamma; "just as if cousin Victor could ever be tired of you;" and seeing that cousin Victor said nothing, she went on, "Naughty cousin, why don't you tell Louise?"

"Tell her what?" asked the cousin, quietly.

"Whether you want her to go home. Now, honor bright."

"My house is quite at her service, certainly, so long as she is pleased to honor me;" and Victor lifted not his eyes from the fire as he spoke.

"Do you hear him, Louise?" whispered the mamma; "that is as much of a declaration as we can ever expect him to make."

"Pardon me," she resumed to Victor, after a brief silence, "but don't you think it would be a nice thing to send Jane away? It would be so much pleasanter, you know."

Jenny lifted her head as though the meaning of the words were perfectly clear to her, and, catching at her brother's hand, began to cry.

"Thank you for your kind intentions," replied Victor, and he said nothing more.

"I don't know, of course; it's all as you and Louise think," Mrs. Gordon said; for by boldly assuming the devotion of Victor to her daughter, she seemed to think would make it truth; and so quietly, and as though she were rather in the way of the sentiment, she withdrew, coaxing Jenny, with the promise of some pretty toy, to accompany her.

"Now, tell me true," said Louise, seating herself on the vacant stool at his feet, when they were left alone, "don't you want me to go away, so you can go and visit the school-mistress? Now, true, Victor. An't you half in love with her?"

"No, certainly not."

"But did you not go to see her last night, and carry her such a sweet, pretty book for the ugly, old one my bad horse trod on?"

"Yea."

"You did?"

"Certainly I did."

"Then I will go home, and you may go to see her, if you choose. I don't want to be in your way."

"I don't know," said Victor, "how you can suppose yourself in my way. I shall visit the school-mistress without such movement on your part, if she will permit me."

"You shall, shall you?"

"To be sure."

"And yet you pretend to tell me that you are not half in love with her?"

"I said so."

"Pray, then, how are you?"

"Altogether in love; may it please you."

Louise flew out of the room, crying, "I always thought you a fool, and now I know it," to seek comfort in the arms of her mother.

Till long after midnight they consoled with one another; often repeating the asseveration that never were woman so abused in all the world; and at daylight they took an unceremonious leave. If they were to appear in another scene, Louise would be venting her disappointment and petulance on the poor maid who plucked from her head the gray hairs preparatory to her re-entering society; and the mother would be discoursing on the excellent match which her daughter might have made but for one trifling circumstance, upon which she does not enlarge.

SCENE SIXTH.

The sweet, sweet May! God has made the world as it were new; the birds are flying wild with music, and the greenness on the hills and on the trees makes glad the heart. The silver moonlight of the April and the golden sunlight have been transmuted into flowers, and hill and valley are spotted with white and yellow.

About the many porches of the house we have talked of the jasmin grows starry, the lilacs are all purple, and the roses are beginning to show their crimson. The dewy clovers make all the air pleasant, and the young wheat gives a rich promise.

Sitting in an arbor, half in sunshine and half in shadow, is Victor and his young and excellent wife, the Mary of the cottage and the school-house. And like the light in which they sit, their hearts are touched with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow. They are talking of Jenny, and Victor is making a troubled confession to the fair priestess of his heart. I need not repeat his words, but the substance of the story is this:

When he was young and careless, he was much in the habit of mingling with young persons more gay and careless than himself. Often it happened that he was away from his father's house the greater part of the night; but always, however late he returned, his good sister Jane was waiting for him. Often he resolved to amend, but the time of amendment came not.

At length, one dismal night, when their parents had gone to watch with the corpse of a neighbor

who was dead by violence, and the house seemed lonesome, almost fearfully so, he went out, as usual, and notwithstanding the entreaties of his sister that he would remain with her. There was an engagement which he must keep, he said, but he would come back early, surely and surely, he would. But wine is a mocker, and he forgot his good intentions, and the clock had struck twice since the midnight when he found himself at home. Jenny was not waiting for him that night; he had wearied out even her patience; and he, with a mind sick with remorse, and a body sick with dissipation, went to his own room, and was soon lost in an insane dream. He would go and watch with his sister now to atone for all her watching. So gathering the sheet about him, he went softly to her room, and, without speaking or making any noise, sat down on her bedside. Poor Jenny, whose nerves had endured all they could with the excitement and prolonged watching of the night, awoke, and saw what she supposed to be her brother's ghost—such, at least, was the supposition, for from that night her reason was gone. Then, indeed, came the reformation and the life of atonement, or of all the atonement that was possible.

And Mary wept as she heard the story; but smiled again as her three little brothers burst laughing into the bower, and, training the jasmin, she saw Jenny talking the while with her own good mother, who was smiling at last.

WHO IS WISE?

I ASKED the statesman, "Who is wise?" He replied, "The man who best understands the fundamental principles of civil and political government."

The man of the sword responds, "He is wise who can vanquish an army more powerful than his own."

The miser thought, that every one knew that the wise man was he who gets much and spends nothing.

The man of letters informed me, that he was wise who felt himself perfectly at home in the whole circle of the arts and sciences.

The physician said, "He is wise who is successful in removing the diseases of the human system."

I heard these and various other replies, and being dissatisfied with all, I sought the Bible, and with augmented earnestness I repeated my inquiry, "*Who is wise?*" and I met this satisfactory answer, "*He that winneth souls is wise.*"

DREAMS OF MY EARLY HOME.

BY MISS MARY M. ROBERTSON.

Lost in deepest meditation,
Through the land of dreams I roam,
And the wings of fancy bear me
To my early childhood's home.

Lost to all that now surrounds me,
Still on memory's page I gaze;
There portrayed in glowing colors
Are the scenes of other days.

O, it is a lovely picture!
Verdant plains before me lie;
Hills in beautiful confusion,
Ranged along the western sky.

Now a sound so sweet salutes me,
Sure to music 'tis allied—
'Tis the song of many streamlets
Wand'ring down the mountain-side.

Now from rock to rock they're falling,
Sparkling in the sunshine's glow;
Pure and sweet the crystal waters—
How I love to see them flow!

Now they're lost in cooling shadows
Of the thickly clustering trees;
Rippling on and gently murmur'ing,
Slightly ruffled by the breeze.

In yon green and shady corner
Children form a joyous ring;
Some are listening to the echoes,
While the others laugh and sing.

I'm among the gleeful prattlers,
Happy as in days of yore;
For the scene is all ideal,
And I am a child once more.

Beautiful the ivy flowers,
O'er the rocky cliffs they climb;
Sweetly in the woodland bowers
Blooms the sweet, wild jessamine.

Sweet the breath of gentle zephyrs
Wafted from the orchard-trees;
'Tis the early dawn of summer;
Fragrance floats on ev'ry breeze.

Happy children! we've been wand'ring
Through the vales and o'er the lawn;
Crown'd with flowers, we're returning,
For the hour of eve has come.

O'er the plains and in the valleys
Shades are deepening into night;
But on yonder lofty mountain
Still there linger beams of light.

O'er these lovely scenes of mem'ry
How delighted do I range!
But, when turning to the present,
O, how wondrous seems the change!

Still the mountains stand in grandeur;
Still the little streams are there;
Still the flow'rets bloom in beauty,
Filling with perfume the air;

But how broken is the number
Of those happy childish bands!
Some lie cold in death's deep slumber;
Others roam in foreign lands.

Yes, the dearest ties are severed
Ne'er to be united here;
But I trust we'll meet together
In a land more bright and fair.

There the scene is ever glowing;
There no gloom obscures the sky;
There in bright, immortal beauty
Flowers blossom ne'er to die.

A LAY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. H. BENTON.

FANCY sang in airy lightness
Siren songs of melody,
While she wove chameleon brightness
In the woof of life for me.

"List," she whispered, "Life's a river,
Gliding on 'twixt banks of flowers,
And the midnight shadeth never
Round her bright Elysian bowers."

Surely, thought I, there's no sorrow
In a dream so passing fair,
But each bright returning morrow
Brings of joy a richer share.

To my lip she press'd a beaker,
Brimming o'er with nectar sweet;
Saw not I nor fear, nor breaker,
Where the flower and wavelet meet.

Then I launched out gayly, gladly,
O'er the wave my little bark;
But the waters dash now sadly,
And the clouds seem growing dark.

There are thousands round me sailing,
That my charmer hath beguill'd;
But their rosy dreams are paling
'Mid the tempest, dark and wild.

Now I in my bark am sitting,
'Mid the wrecks of Fancy's joy—
All her brightest hopes seem fleeting—
All her sweetest soonest cloy.

I am shrinking—yes, am shrinking—
From the fever-cup of care,
Which the busy throng seem drinking,
Chasing after bubbles fair.

O, they say the home of angels
Is so very, very bright,
Where the holy, pure evangel
Shed around their perfect light!

I am sighing—groaning, sighing—
For the land of glory there;
Where the spirit knows no cloying,
Knows no fever-cup of care.

RUSSIAN HOME-LIFE.

AN English lady who, for ten years, was domesticated among the Russians, and did not quit their country till some time after the commencement of the present war, has just published—under the title of “An Englishwoman in Russia”—three hundred and fifty pages of information upon the actual state of society in that empire. The book confirms ideas familiar to many people; but, inasmuch as it does this in the most satisfactory way, wholly by illustrations drawn from personal experience or information of a trustworthy kind, its value is equal to its interest. Having read it we lay it down, and here make note of some of the impressions it has left upon us.

The Czar of Russia practically stands before the greater number of his subjects as a little more than God. “The Czar is near—God is far off,” is a common Russian saying. “God and the Czar knows it,” is the Russian for our “Heaven knows!” A gentleman, describing one evening the Emperor’s reception on the route to Moscow, said, “I assure you, it was gratifying in the extreme; for the peasants kneeled as he passed, just as if he were the Almighty himself.” And who shall contradict this deity? Our countrywoman was once at the opera when the Emperor was graciously disposed to applaud Madame Castellan by the clapping of his hands. Immediately some one hissed. He repeated his applause; the hiss was repeated. His Majesty stood up—looked round the house with dignity—and, for the third time, solemnly clapped his hands. The hiss followed again. Then a tremendous scuffle overhead. The police had caught the impious offender. An example of another kind was made by a young lady whose brother was killed at Kalafat, and who, on receiving news of his death, smiled, and said, “She was rejoiced to hear it, as he had died for the Emperor.” Imperial munificence rewarded her with a splendid dowry, and the assurance that her future fortune should be cared for.

There is need now to encourage a show of patriotism. The Englishwoman who, on her return, found London streets as full of peace as when she quitted them, had left St. Petersburg wearing a far different aspect. Long lines of cannon and ammunition wagons drawn up here and there; parks of artillery continually dragged about; outworks being constructed; regiments marching in and out; whole armies submitting to inspection and departing on their mission, told of the deadly struggle to which the Czar’s

ambition had committed him. There was no hour in which wretched recruits might not be seen tramping in wearily, by hundreds and by thousands, to receive the Emperor’s approval. It is hard for us in this country to conceive the misery attending the terrible conscriptions which plague the subjects of the Russian empire. Except recruits, hardly a young man is to be seen in any of the villages; the post-roads are being all mended by women and girls. Men taken from their homes and families leave behind among the women broken ties and the foundation of a dreadful mass of vice and immorality. It is fearful enough under ordinary circumstances. “True communism,” says a Russian noble, “is to be found only in Russia.”

One morning a poor woman went crying bitterly to the Englishwoman, saying that her two nephews had just been forced from her house to go into the army. “I tried”—we leave the relator of these things to speak in her own impressive words—“I tried to console her, saying that they would return when the war was over; but this only made her more distressed. ‘No, no!’ exclaimed she, in the deepest sorrow, ‘they will never come back again; the Russians are beaten in every place.’ Till lately the lower classes were always convinced that the Emperor’s troops were invincible; but it seems, by what she said, that even *they* have got to know something of the truth. A foreigner in St. Petersburg informed me that he had ‘gone to see the recruits that morning, but there did not seem to be much patriotism among them: there was nothing but sobs and tears to be seen among those who were pronounced fit for service, while the rejected ones were frantic with delight, and bowed and crossed themselves with the greatest gratitude.’” Reviews were being held almost daily when the Englishwoman left, and she was told that, on one occasion, when reviewing troops destined for the south, the Emperor was struck with the forlorn and dejected air of the poor sheep whom he was sending to the slaughter.

“Hold your heads up!” he exclaimed, angrily. “Why do you look so miserable? There is nothing to cause you to look so.” There is something to cause *him* to be so, we are very much disposed to think.

But we did not mean to tell about the war. The vast empire over which the Czar has rule is in a half-civilized—it would be almost more correct to say—in an uncivilized state. Great navigable rivers roll useless through extensive wilds. Except the excellent roads that connect St. Petersburg with Moscow and with Warsaw,

and a few fragments of road serving as drives in the immediate vicinity of these towns, there are no roads at all in Russia that are roads in any civilized sense. The post-roads of the empire are clearings through wood, with boughs of trees laid here and there, tracks over steppes and through morasses. There is every-where the grandeur of nature; but it is the grandeur of its solitudes. A few huts surround government post-stations, and small brick houses at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles along the routes are the halting-places of gangs destined for Siberia. A few log-huts, many of them no better than the wigwags of red Indians, some of them adorned with elegant wood tracery, a line of such dwellings, and commonly also a row of willows by the wayside, indicate a Russian village. A number of churches and monasteries with domes and cupolas, green, gilt, or dark blue, studded with golden stars, and surmounted each by a cross standing on a crescent; barracks, a government school, and a post-office; a few good houses and a great number of huts—constitute a Russian provincial town, and the surrounding wastes or forests shut it in. The rapid traveler who follows one of the two good lines of road, and sees only the show-places of Russian civilization, may be very much deceived. Yet even here he is deceived only by a show. The great buildings that appear so massive are of stuccoed brick, and even the massive grandeur of the quays, like that of infinitely greater works—the Pyramids—is allied closely to the barbarous. They were constructed at enormous sacrifice of life. The foundations of St. Petersburg were laid by levies of men who perished by hundreds of thousands in the work. One hundred thousand died of famine only.

The civilization of the Russian capital is not more than skin-deep. One may see this any day in the streets. The pavements are abominable. Only two or three streets are lighted with gas; in the rest oil glimmers. The oil lamps are the dimmer for being subject to the peculation of officials. Three wicks are charged for, and two only are burnt: the difference is pocketed by the police. All the best shops are kept by foreigners, the native Russian shops being mostly collected in a central bazar, Gostinoy Dwor. The shopkeepers appeal to the ignorance of a half-barbarous nation by putting pictures of their trades over their doors; and in his shop a Russian strives to cheat with oriental recklessness. Every shop in St. Petersburg contains a mirror for the use of customers. "Mirrors," says the Englishwoman, "hold the same position in Rus-

sia as clocks do in England. With us time is valuable; with them appearance. They care not though it be mainly false appearance." They even paint their faces. The lower classes of women use a great deal of white paint, and, as it contains mercury, it injures alike health and skin. A young man paying his court to a girl generally presents her with a box of red and white paint to improve her looks; and in the upper classes ladies are often to be seen by one another, as they arrive at a house, openly rouging their faces before entering the room.

These are small things, indicative of an extensive principle. Peter the Great undertook to civilize Russia by a *coup-de-main*. A walk is shown at St. Petersburg along which he made women march unveiled between files of soldiery to accustom them to go unveiled. But civilization is not to be introduced into a nation by imperial edict, and ever since Peter the Great's time the Russian empire has been laboring to stand for what it is not; namely, the equivalent to nations that have become civilized in the slow lapse of time. It can only support, or attempt to support, this reputation by deceit. It must hide, or attempt to hide—and it has hidden from many eyes with much success its mass of barbarism, while by clever and assiduous imitation, as well as by pretensions cunningly sustained, it must put forward a show of having what it only in some few directions even strives to get.

The Russian ladies have little to do but read dissolute French novels—which the censorship does not exclude—dress and undress, talk slander, and criticise the dresses of themselves and one another. Their slaves do all that might usefully occupy their hands, and they are left to idleness; which results in a horrible amount of immorality. The trading classes and officials talk almost exclusively of money. The enslaved peasants, bound to the soil, content when they are not much beaten, sing over the whole country their plaintive songs—they are all set in the minor key—and each carries an ax in his girdle; for which the day may come when he finds terrible use.

At present that day seems to be very distant. The ignorant house slaves, like the negroes holding the same rank elsewhere, are treated as children. A new footman, in a household which the Englishwoman visited—a man six feet two out of his shoes—was found to have an aptitude for breakage. He was told one day that when next he let any thing fall he would be punished. On the day following he dropped the fish-ladle in handing fish at the beginning of dinner. He

looked dolefully at his master, expecting that blows would be ordered. His mistress—put him in the corner! Their ignorance is lamentable. A Russian gentleman returned from abroad, where he had seen better things, determined to devote his life and fortune to the enlightenment of his peasantry. Their priest taught them that he was destroying ancient customs, and that his design was to subvert the religion of their forefathers. "The consequence was that the slaves formed a conspiracy against him; and shot him one evening as he was reading a book in his own sitting-room."

Sometimes they take vengeance upon the oppressor; and terrible incidents of this kind came within the experience of our countrywoman. The heads of cruel masters are sometimes cleft with the hatchet of the serf. They are capable at the same time of strong feudal attachments. It should be understood that all the slaves in Russia are not poor. Some of the wealthiest traders in St. Petersburg are slaves to nobles who will not suffer them to buy their freedom, but enjoy the pride of owning men who themselves own in some cases hundreds of thousands of pounds capital. The inheritor of an estate in which there were many well-to-do serfs arrived at it for the first time one evening, and in the morning found his house, as he thought, besieged. His people had heard that he was in debt; and their pride being hurt at servitude to an embarrassed master, they brought with them a gift of money raised among themselves, not less than five-and-forty thousand pounds, their free-will offering, to make a man of him again. He did not need this help, but the illustration still remains of the great generosity of feeling possible among this class of Russians.

The slaves detached from their lords, and living in a comparatively independent state, acknowledge their subjection to the soil by the payment of a poll-tax. Oppressive owners often use this claim of poll-tax as a means of devouring all the earnings of a struggling slave. Our Englishwoman met with a poor cook, who had served a seven years' apprenticeship in a French house, and earned high wages in a family, besides being allowed to earn many fees by superintending public suppers and private parties. There was an upper servant under the same roof with him whom this poor fellow strove to marry; but much as he earned, he strove in vain to save. Year by year the abrock or poll-tax was raised in proportion to the progress that he made; and the last time the English lady saw him, he was sobbing bitterly over an open letter—a demand from

his proprietor for more abrock, and an answer to a request from madame with whom he served that she might buy his freedom, naming an impossible sum that doomed him to continued slavery.

There was a poor man in Twer, a slave, born with a genius for painting that in any civilized country would have procured for him fame and fortune. His master, finding how he was gifted, doomed him to study under a common portrait-painter, and obliged him then to pay a poll-tax, which he could only raise from year to year by painting a great number of cheap portraits—he who had genius for higher and better things. "When we last saw him," writes our countrywoman, "he had pined into a decline; and doubtless ere this the village grave has closed over his griefs and sorrows, and buried his genius in the shades of its eternal oblivion."

The Englishwoman was present once when a bargain was struck for a dressmaker. A gentleman had dropped in to dine; the host mentioned that his wife wanted a good dressing-maid. The guest recommended one, skillful in dressmaking, with whom he thought his wife would part. "Well," the other said, "her price?" "Two hundred and fifty silver roubles." That was more than could be given; but the bargain finally was struck for a hundred roubles and an old piano.

Such a servant must be content to submit to much oppression. The mistress who parts with you in the drawing-room with a smile, may be met ten minutes afterward in the garden, her face inflamed with rage, beating a man before her, one of the serfs employed upon the grounds. A lady who lost much money at the gambling-table, being pressed to pay a debt of honor, remembered that she had not a few female servants who possessed the most beautiful hair. She ordered them all to be cropped and their hair sold for her benefit, regardless of the fact that together with their hair she robbed them of their reputations; cropped hair being one of the marks set on a criminal.

The boxing of the ears of maids is not below the dignity of any lady; but when the maid is not a Russian, there may be some danger in the practice. A princess whose hair was being dressed by a French waiting-maid, receiving some accidental scratch, turned round and slapped the face of her attendant. The Frenchwoman had the lady's back hair in her hands at the time, and, grasping it firmly, held her head fast, while she administered a sound correction on the cheeks and ears of her highness with the back of her

hair-brush. It was an insult that could not be resented publicly. A lady of her highness's blood could not let it be said that a servant had given her a beating, and she, therefore, bribed the Frenchwoman by money and kind treatment to hold her tongue.

Yet blows do not count for much in Russia; from the highest to the lowest, all are liable to suffer them. A lady of the highest rank, using the lady's privilege of chattering in the ear of the Emperor at a masked ball, let fall some indiscreet suggestions. She was followed home by a spy; summoned next day to Count Orloff's office; pointed to a chair; amicably interrogated; presently let quietly down into a cellar, where she was birched by some person unseen. This lady, whose story we have heard before, the Englishwoman often met; her sister she knew well; and she had the anecdote from an intimate friend of the family.

The knout, the emblem of Russian barbarism, falls not only on the slave or the criminal. A poor student of more than ordinary talents had, by great perseverance, twice merited a prize; but he was regarded with jealous hostility by a certain professor, whom he was too poor to bribe. Twice cheated, the poor fellow made a third effort, though barely able to sustain himself in his humble lodging till the period of examination came. His future hung upon the result; for upon his passing the ordeal with credit depended his access to employment that would get him bread. He strained every nerve, and succeeded well. All the professors testified their approbation except one, whose voice was necessary to complete the votes. He rose, and withheld his suffrage upon false grounds, that cast dishonor on the young man's character. It was his old enemy; and the poor boy—a widow's son—with starvation before him, and his hopes all cast to the winds, rushed forward by a sudden impulse of despair, and struck his persecutor. He was arrested, tried, and condemned, by the Emperor himself, to receive a thousand lashes with the knout. All the students and professors were ordered to be present at the execution of the sentence. Long before it was complete, of course, the youth was dead; but the full number was completed. Many students who were made spectators of the scene lay on the ground in swoon. From another eye-witness, the Englishwoman heard of the presence of a line of carriages, filled with Russian ladies, at a similar scene, the victims being slaves who had rebelled, because a master introduced upon his ground a box in which to thrash them by machinery,

and had seized him and given him a taste of his own instrument of torture. Need we say more to prove that the true Russian civilization is a thing to come?

Our countrywoman, visiting a monastery, was invited to eat ices in the garden. She saw how the spoons were cleaned behind the bushes—licked and wiped. Such ice-eating, with the spoon-licking in the background, is typical of the sort of elegance and polish Russia has.

One day the Englishwoman saw an officer boldly pocket some of his neighbor's money while playing at cards. Another slipped up his sleeves some concert tickets belonging to her friend. She and her friend both saw him do it. One day a young officer called while they were at dinner; was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, and departed with a lady's watch. Nothing was said to the police, out of respect to his uncle, who is of rank. Ladies going to a party will sometimes steal the papers of kid gloves and the hair-pins left on the toilet-tables to supply those who happen to come unprovided. Our countrywoman went to visit an old lady; and, as all the drawing-rooms were thrown open for the reception of visitors, thought it no sin to walk from one room to another for the purpose of examining some pictures. The old lady rose and followed her, watching her movements so closely that she returned to her seat greatly amazed. "You must not be surprised at it, my dear," said a friend, after she got home again; "for really you do not know how many things are lost in such parties from the too great admiration of the visitors."

The officers just mentioned were men holding employments under government. So much has been made notorious during the present war of the extent to which the Russian government suffers from the peculation and falsehood of officials in all grades that one illustration in this place will be sufficient, and we will choose one that illustrates at the same time another topic. The railway to Warsaw is dropped, because the money needed for it is absorbed by war; the only Russian railway line is that between the two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow. When it was nearly finished, the Czar ordered it to be ready for his own use on a certain day. It was not really finished; but over several miles of the road, since the Czar must be obeyed, rails were laid upon whatever contrivance could be patched up for the occasion. The Imperial neck was risked by the Russian system. While this railway was in course of construction, the fortunes made by engineers and government officials on the line of

road was quite astonishing: men of straw rapidly acquired estates. Government suffered and—the serfs. Our countrywoman living once in a province through which the railway runs went by train to a picnic. At the station four hundred workmen were assembled, who asked eagerly whether the governor was of the party. No, they were told, but his wife was. Her, then, they begged to see. To her they pleaded with their miserable tale for interference in their behalf. For six weeks they had been paid no wages, their rations were bad, and a fever like a plague had broken out among them, of which their companions perished by scores, to be buried, like so many dogs, in morasses along the line. Their looks confirmed their tale. The criminal employers were upon the spot, and acted ignorance and sympathy, making at the same time humane speeches and promises, which the poor men received by exchanging looks of profound despair with each other. Of course, the poor fellows continued to suffer.

Then there is the system of espial. In addition to the secret police—the accredited spies—there is said to be a staff of eighty thousand paid agents, persons moving in society; generals, tradesmen, dressmakers, people of all ranks; who are secretly engaged in watching and betraying those with whom they live. The consequence is, that nobody dares speak his earnest thoughts, even to his familiar friend. Men say what they do not think, affect credit of government reports which they know to be audacious lies, and take pains to exhibit themselves as obedient subjects.

Of the Greek form of religion we say nothing. Let the Russians bow before the pictures of their saints. We will quote only an anecdote told in this book, of a poor wandering Samoyde, a fish-eating savage from the borders of the Arctic Ocean. He asked whether his visitor was Russian, and being answered no, lifted up some skins in his tent which covered pictures of saints, and pointing to them with disdain, said, "See! there are Russian gods, but ours," raising his hand heavenward, "is greater. He lives—up there!"—*Household Words*.

THE GOSPEL.

THE Gospel is the fulfillment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpretation of all revelations, the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world. Since I have known the Savior every thing is clear.—*Von Muller*.

THE LAW STUDENT.

BY REV. CHARLES COLLINS, D. D.

"Whom the gods love, die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape in this;
The death of friends, and that which slays e'en more,
The death of Friendship, Love, Youth—all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old Archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave,
Which men weep over, may be meant to save."

THE above strain from a noble harp, now, alas! silent forever, is *poetical*, albeit no sentiment of Christian *piety* breathes through the mellifluous lines. An early grave! What solemn interest, what associations of melancholy thought rush into the mind almost unbidden, and cluster around the narrow home where sleeps the dust of the early dead! The opening flower, nipped just when its partially unfolded petals gave promise of the brightness and beauty to come! The heart, glowing with life, and swelling with all the delightful anticipations of the future, stricken with the fatal arrow, just at the moment of seizing the promised enjoyment! The long-cherished expectation of usefulness and honor blighted and dissolved forever! The yearnings of the young heart after the prizes of manly toil, and the outgoings of affections, tender and vigorous, as yet unscathed by the scorching blasts of the world, sending forth their tendrils like the vine, and laying hold on all surrounding objects—all bitterly crushed, and crushed forever!

An early grave is dark and cheerless, indeed, if no light penetrates it but the flickering ray of a godless philosophy. We may, indeed, thus escape the trials and mortifications incident to mature life; but poor is the consolation if the youthful traveler on this long journey is not provided with a heavenly companion. The Christian's hope is a light—the only light which can enter the dark valley. Yet the vain philosophy of this world condemns it. It is not suited to the pride of human learning.

Perhaps there is truth in the heathen maxim, that an early death is evidence of the favor of Heaven. Yet the ways of Providence are dark and inscrutable. Sometimes the young may be taken away by death in order to *remove* them from the *evil* to come. Sometimes the cup of iniquity even of the young is *filled*. Sometimes it may be God's *discipline* for the salvation of the *old*. Who is wise to understand the counsels of the Almighty? It is Christian, however, to believe that Infinite Goodness always holds the rod. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son he receiveth." We rejoice

in the Christian's hope. It is full of comfort, big with immortality, glorious. Its brightness penetrates the dark veil. It builds a bridge across the mighty chasm. It clothes all the attributes of the Godhead with the habiliments of mercy, and enlists them on the side of erring, penitent humanity. In the ear of the dying saint, when his frail bark first launches on the stormy wave of his final passage, it whispers, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The distant shore it clothes with brightness and beauty, where happy spirits gather to give joyous welcome to the stranger just landed from his perilous voyage, and conduct him to the bright realms of his heavenly abode.

Reflections similar to these, with a sad admixture of pleasure and pain, passed through my mind, when, in company with a friend, I took a stroll through the village cemetery of Carlisle, in the autumn of 1852. We had then, after many years' separation, just come together in the providence of God to sustain official relations with each other. At times I love to visit such places, and indulge in the solemn and pious reflections which the dead and their memorials are calculated to awaken. To me there is always a holy influence which comes up from the grave. I never visit these places without feeling that I become thereby a better man. And, surely, if, as the poet says, there are

"Sermons in stones, books in running brooks,
And God in every thing."

there are sermons—eloquent sermons—in the speaking marble and countless mounds of an ancient burial-ground—the city of the dead. It is the place to cure a worldly spirit and rebuke our pride. Here we approach nearer the spiritual world than any where else; and if our hearts are open to instruction, we shall find no difficulty in catching the voice that comes up from all these silent sleepers, telling us of God, and uttering in our ear lessons of duty, which it is the highest wisdom to know, as well as the highest virtue to practice. How little congenial these holy places may be to those who are absorbed in the world, or how much soever these feelings may be derided by the gay and thoughtless, I nevertheless love to cherish them. It is not sadness. It is not melancholy. It engenders no superstitious gloom. It leads me, for the time, away from the world, and opening the fountains of thought and feeling, I seem to be in another world, communing with God, and talking with the spirits around me. In such a place faith can scarcely fail to become purged of some of its worldliness, and to lay hold of

the invisible with still stronger grasp. Hope and Joy—twin-spirits in the sisterhood of heavenly graces—chastened and purified by this contact with the spiritual and unseen, become more sweetly qualified to bear us company in our pilgrimage on earth. We feel, indeed, as did Peter, and James, and John, on a certain occasion, and cry out, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

In the cemetery of Carlisle is something to excite more than ordinary interest. Here are sleeping in silence, which nothing shall disturb but the archangel's trumpet, many who in life enjoyed a name among men. They were found in the higher walks of professional and literary life. Their Country called them to her councils, and Education, Divinity, Medicine, and Law acknowledged the eminence of their virtues and the greatness of their attainments. But here they lie promiscuously mingled with the unlettered sons of toil, whose name, perhaps, never traveled beyond their native village, but whose hearts were the equal abode of love, and the equal centers of domestic affection. The great leveler hath leveled all. The artificial distinctions of life which kept them separate when above ground keep them separate no longer. The fulsome marble may tell its tale of flattery, but all are sleeping where

"Precedency's a jest, and vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume."

As we wandered over these consecrated grounds, we at length came upon the object of our search. It was a plain obelisk of white marble, bearing this inscription:

CHARLES A. LEE
Born in Maryland,
Oct. 28, 1817.
Died
in Carlisle,
Dec. 13, 1837.

On the reverse side was the following:

He was
A Graduate of the
Wesleyan University,
and a
Student of Law
in
Dickinson College.

It was the grave of a classmate and mutual friend, from whom we had parted many years before, in the heyday morning of life—when we had finished our studies at the Wesleyan University, and were about to take our places in the walks of life. We saw him for the last time on Commencement day. What melancholy interest gathered around that humble grave! what

thronging memories of the past! What anguish tore his widowed mother's heart as she flew from her distant home on the first intelligence of his sickness, but came, alas! too late! The melancholy satisfaction of laying her only son in his narrow home was all that remained of her lofty hopes. I see him now just as he was seventeen and eighteen years ago. No youth of twenty had a finer physical development or rejoiced in possession of a stronger constitution. With ample forehead attesting the capacity of his intellectual citadel, there was superadded a roundness and fullness of muscle, an arching of the foot, and a firmness in the knitting of his whole physique, that were quite extraordinary, and which made him the very soul of activity and motion. Surely, no one could then have predicted his untimely fall.

Successful in his studies, of honorable feelings and noble character, he left his Alma Mater flushed with high hopes of the future, a universal favorite with his class and those who knew him. Warm in his attachments to his friends, liberal in sentiment toward all, generous, ambitious, and high-spirited, there was just that combination in him of personal qualities which mark out the popular man of the world. Unhappily he was not religious. Though the son of a pious mother, the child of many prayers, and reared in the midst of the most enlightened Christian influences, his proud heart would never surrender to the invitations of God's Spirit. In college he passed through several gracious revivals, in which his classmates and fellow-students shared; but expostulation and entreaty were addressed to him in vain. As a man of the world life was opening before him with too flattering prospects of pleasure, fortune, and fame, and on these he had set his heart. His lofty ambition burned for the professional distinction acquired by Pinckney, Taney, and others of his native state. He could not think at present of giving his heart to God. But how easy for the Judge of all the earth to dash all human calculations, and bring the pride of man to the dust!

A brief period was all that he could spare for visiting his aged mother and family relatives, when we find him duly entered as a student of the Law Department in Dickinson College, under the instruction of the Hon. Judge Reed. Here his young ambition was pluming its wings for a lofty flight. But, alas! the spoiler was on his track. The fond visions of worldly ambition, in the counsels of God, were destined never to be realized. Not even a mother's love was permitted to soothe the terrible agonies of his dying

pillow, or point his soul to the bleeding Sacrifice which in health he had neglected, if not despised. Sudden disease threw him on a sick bed; strangers ministered to his necessities, and satisfied every want except that which is beyond the reach of human skill; but amid the awful consciousness of neglected Christian instructions and warnings, and the paroxysms of agony, which in his violent disease scarcely knew abatement, his soul found poor opportunity to call upon God, and passed hence to its dread account. In four short months from the time of our separation on the classic banks of New England's noblest river, that manly, noble form had been consigned to earth, and that noble heart, distinguished by qualities which men love to honor, had ceased to beat forever.

Though many years have since passed away, and the recollection of the stranger law student has faded from the memory of nearly all who knew him in Carlisle, there is one who still cherishes the memory of his manly virtues, and who ministered to him with a sister's love in his dying hours. There are others also, aside from his immediate family, who will read this sketch with melancholy interest, and, while it recalls the fading memory of one they loved and honored, will pay his virtues and untimely fate the honest tribute of a heart-felt sigh.

COME IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE AND WHEN THE BIRDS SING.

UNDER the tuition of Professor Caldwell we passed our early academic years. He was not only a faithful and successful teacher, but a pure-minded and devoted Christian—a man of strong faith, and in his last years especially of large experience in “the deep things of God.” He was, as the world would say, cut down prematurely, and in the midst of a high and honorable career of usefulness. But he died in the full and confiding faith of Christ. We have rarely seen any thing more beautiful than the language addressed to his wife when in the near prospect of dissolution:

“You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time—do not go in the shade of evening or in the dark of night! These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in a risen Redeemer. Come, dear wife, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing!”

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

"O GOOD! to-morrow is the first of April; see if I don't fool somebody nicely!" said one of a group of bright-eyed children, as they sat around the fire in the early twilight.

"O, so will I!" cried another. "I'll tell you what I mean to do, only you mustn't tell any one else;" and the two heads were placed close together while a whispered communication took place. This was succeeded by a hearty laugh, and an exclamation of "Wen't that be capital!"

I did not try to overhear any of their little plot, for the words already uttered had carried me back in imagination to the time when I was glad to have the first of April come, because there was always so much fun afloat every-where, even in our prison-like school-room; especially since we had been so fortunate as to hear that our prim teacher had remarked to one of her friends, "There was no use in trying to keep us in order on that day, for we were so full of the spirit of mischief that it would break out in spite of all her efforts."

As one and another of the school friends with whom I had played off little practical jokes rose up before my mind, I found myself dwelling with peculiar interest upon one who had always been foremost in every thing of this kind. Dear Allie Thane, with her mirth-loving nature, how much she contrived to enliven the monotony of a boarding-school life! We all loved her, and yet we all had to be constantly on our guard, for she would be sure to play off some trick upon us just when we least expected it.

A kinder heart than hers never beat; and yet her excessive love of mischief often gave annoyance, and even positive pain, to those dearest to her. Poor Allie! she still wears a scar upon her heart from the last joke she ever played. Had it afflicted herself alone, she would have recovered from it long ago; but while she sees in the feebleness of her friend a memento of that one thoughtless yet cruel act, she can never cease to reproach herself for it.

Before I open that one dark page of her life to our young readers, and show them how dangerous it is to imbibe a taste for practical jokes, because it may lead them to do what they might afterward earnestly wish undone, I will tell them of one prank she played from which no great harm arose. Nevertheless, I would not advise any of them to do the same.

Allie had an aunt living in the same town in which she had been placed at school, who was,

she declared, "as rich and as stingy as she could be." "She might give us a nice little entertainment every week and not feel it, if she only thought so," she used to say; "but, never mind, I'll make her give us a party yet—that I will—see if I don't!"

And accordingly we one day received cards inviting us to pass the next evening at the house of Mrs. K. That the next day would be the first of April never entered our minds; and Allie seemed so delighted at the realization of her predictions, saying, "Didn't I tell you she would have to do it?" that we could only admire her for the eloquence with which she must have won over the old lady.

Great consultations were there in our own rooms over sundry silk dresses and muslin ones, laces, and articles of jewelry; and when we set out in full dress, right happy were we in expectation of the brilliant rooms, handsome beaux, and good cheer awaiting us at Mrs. K's. Though our teachers always insisted upon our going at what we considered an unfashionably early hour, we were surprised at seeing no unusual lights, and no signs of festivity about the dwelling.

"Where is aunt?" asked Allie of the female servant who opened the door.

"In the sitting-room," was the answer.

"Well, show these young ladies up stairs to take off their things while I go in and see her. I suppose we are very early."

The girl had to keep us standing in the hall while she went for a lamp to carry us up stairs, for it was, she declared, "all as dark as tar up there;" and while thus waiting, we could not avoid peering in at the door which Allie opened in search of her aunt. There sat our hostess in a calico wrapper, beside a large basket of stockings, while her manner seemed to say her morrow's bread depended upon their being darned that night. I do not know what passed between the aunt and niece; but Allie soon called us down, and presented us to our hostess, who greeted us with, "This is quite an unexpected pleasure, young ladies. Had I known of your coming, I would have had the parlors warmed." We drew around the fire; the basket of stockings had been put aside, but not the old calico wrapper, which formed a striking contrast to our elaborate toilets. Just then there was another ring at the door, and more than one pair of feet were heard ascending the stairs, while manly voices said, "It is early yet; I'll be back in half an hour."

Mrs. K. looked at Allie, who exclaimed, "Girls, do tell me what day of the month it is?"

"There is the morning paper, child," said the aunt.

Taking it up and glancing at it, she exclaimed, "Why, aunt, it is the first of April! Somebody has fooled us. Who can it be? Come, girls, let us go home again. But how we shall be laughed at! Pshaw! I'm provoked. Come!" and she moved toward the door.

"No, no, you shall stay, now you are here, and I will try to entertain you, since you have been fooled into coming and I into receiving you."

"No, we had better go, aunt. I'm so vexed to think how we have all been April fooled," said Allie, with such apparent sincerity that no one questioned it.

"I tell you that you shall not go; so make yourself easy, and try and amuse these young ladies while I see about the fires."

Other guests poured in, and the parlors, which were dreadfully cold to our bare arms, in spite of the large fires that were hastily lighted in them, were soon filled. The servants were sent out to purchase refreshments; and before the evening was half over, no one who looked in could have believed the party an impromptu, though he might have wondered at the singular taste the hostess had displayed in dressing for the occasion, for she was too busy to change either wrapper or cap.

From what we saw of her kind-hearted though rather homely hospitality that night, we did not believe what Allie had said about her stinginess. And when we returned home, and Allie told us, as a good joke, that she had been the one to April fool her aunt and us, we felt really vexed with her, and told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for playing off such jokes upon her venerable relative.

But now I must tell you of the joke which proved too serious. We had often had our hopes excited by letters handed us, apparently from our homes, which, on breaking them open, were found to contain only the words, "*First of April!*" A merry laugh at our elbow caused us to force back the tears of vexation ready to spring to our eyes; but when a letter sealed with black was brought to Ada Brown, we never thought of any "hoax," and our own cheeks grew pale with apprehension for the sorrow about to fall upon the heart of our gentle and already too much subdued friend. The letter was very brief, announcing the sudden death of her father, and ending with a request for her to prepare to return home that night with a friend, who would call for her in a few hours. She rose up calmly after reading it, and went to prepare for her journey. Allie said

afterward that had she burst into a violent fit of weeping, she would have instantly confessed the truth; but her quiet manner deceived her, and made her fancy she had detected its want of genuineness. We all wondered at her calmness, for we knew nothing then of the stunning, crushing effects of real sorrow.

Ada had gone to her own room. After permitting her to be alone a little while, we went to her, and found her still quiet, but busily engaged in packing. So long as there was any necessity for exertion she bore up; but when all was arranged, and the traveling dress put on, then her thoughts reverted to what had taken place, her fortitude gave way, and, before Allie could make her understand that it was not true, she had fallen on the bed in a fainting fit. O, how long she was in coming out of it, and how the wretched Allie wept and reproached herself for having killed her friend!

Even after Ada had been told that it was only a cruel joke played off upon her because it was "all-fools'-day," she was unable to rally from the shock her feeble frame had sustained. A nervous fever set in, and for weeks she lay at the point of death. Poor Allie, as she watched beside her—for no persuasions of ours, and not even the commands of her teachers, could induce her to quit the spot either day or night—had abundant opportunity to repent of her thoughtlessness; and as Ada would in her delirium clasp her hands, and repeat the words of that letter, which seemed burned in upon her brain, how bitterly did she deplore her fault, and earnestly resolve that this should be her last attempt at playing practical jokes!

Ada rose at last from her sick bed, so pale and thin that it made our hearts ache to look at her; and though we all congratulated her upon her recovery, we could not conceal it from ourselves that she was never the same either in health or spirits after that cruel shock.

Though Ada freely forgave Allie, and begged her to think no more of it, Allie has never been able to forgive herself; and I dare say if she were to overhear little people planning out tricks for the first of April, she would say, "Take warning by me, and do not cultivate a taste for any sport which may tempt you to trifle with the feelings of your friends, or you may thus darken what should be the brightest season of your life!"

AFFLICTIONS are the same to the soul as the plow to the fallow ground, the pruning-knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.

THE BODY WE CHIESEL.

THERE are few greater marvels; indeed, than the changes which are perpetually transpiring in the human body. It is constantly undergoing dissolution; parts of it are dying every instant. The whole fabric is probably dissipated in the course of a few weeks—certainly in the course of a few years. In the range of a long lifetime each individual wears out several suits of bodies, as he does several suits of clothes. The successive structures we have occupied may bear the same name, and exhibit the same external aspect, but, anatomically considered, our present frames are no more identical with the frames of our early youth than we are with our progenitors, who came over with William the Conqueror. By what subtle mechanism our food is so dexterously deposited upon a certain inward and invisible form—if we may so speak—that it shall constantly reproduce a given individuality, with all its original peculiarities, is a mystery which science, perhaps, will never fathom. The houses we inhabit are pulled down, stone by stone, and yet rebuilt as fast as they are destroyed; all their furniture and fixtures are severally removed, particle by particle. The whole of each edifice is reconstructed in the course, we will say, of a single year, and yet no eye can follow the process, or detect any organic change in the architecture of the pile. Though the vital artificers are constantly at work, their operations are wholly unfelt; we are never conscious of the separation of particles, or the substitution of others. The masons and carpenters are never off our premises for an hour, and yet the chink of their chisels, or the grating of their saws, is entirely unheard by man. And still more striking is the fact, that the very organs which are kept in constant activity are themselves silently renewed without interrupting their functions for an instant. The heart is reproduced out of our food without losing a single beat, and without spilling a solitary drop of blood. The eye is taken to pieces, time after time, and the windows of vision reglazed, without disturbing our sight for a day; and new stomachs are repeatedly inserted in our bodies without our ever being compelled to close up the mouth of the alimentary canal, and abstain from digestion, till the apparatus can be properly replaced. That house after house should thus be rebuilt on the same site, in the same form, and with the same furniture, is surely as strange as if St. Paul's Cathedral were renewed from top to bottom,

year by year, without attracting observation; and its organ, its clock, and bells, could all be remodeled while it kept in unremitting play.

But as the body is composed of a certain set of elements, united in certain proportions, the food we consume must contain the precise ingredients required. Here is another marvelous arrangement to be observed. How comes it that men who have been dining for thousands of years in ignorance of their own chemical constitution, as well as of the exact composition of their viands, should yet have hit upon substances which comprehend all the raw material needed for the restoration of the frame? Solomon, with all his sagacity, knew nothing of fibrin, albumen, or casein; nor was Apicius, with all his *recherche* experience in cookery, aware that his fine dishes must resolve themselves into certain undistinguished elements, if they were to prove in the slightest degree nutritious. It is only a small part of creation that the stomach will digest. A Frenchman, of the name of Mercier, expressed an opinion that chemistry would one day be able to extract a nutritive principle from all bodies, and that then it would be as easy for people to obtain food as it is now to draw water from rivers. Dr. Armstrong, in his "Art of Preserving Health," says, "Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind can labor into blood." But this is poetry. In prose, our bill of fare is confined to comparatively few out of the fifty or sixty terrestrial elements with which we are acquainted; and it would be just as idle to attempt to feast on the others as it was for Midas to sit down to a banquet of gold. The difficulty of the question is also enhanced by various circumstances, of which we need only mention that the ingredients required for our frames are not supplied in a separate and uncombined condition—that is to say, as so much carbon, so much lime, so much oxygen, etc.; but they are presented in our victuals in such a disguised and complicated form that neither cook nor chemist, reasoning *a priori*, could predict what would be their destiny when subjected to analysis by the stomach, or brought under the influence of the organs of assimilation. Practically considered, therefore, the repair of the bodily house seems to be the most random work imaginable. We take pains to procure a dinner daily, but nobody ever asks whether it contains—as it were—bricks for the walls, timber for the floor, glass for the windows, metal for the grate, or marble for the mantle-piece. We must, in some way or other, contrive to procure iron for the blood, sulphur for the hair, and phosphorus for the brain; but at no table in the

kingdom do we ever find these indispensable articles appearing in the salt-cellars or cruet-stands.

How then explain the fact that so many millions of human bodies have been repaired without difficulty and without mistake, though errors might so easily have been committed, and though men appear to have been perpetually banqueting in the dark? We can only ascribe this remarkable result to a kindly Providence, which has not merely spread a splendid table for man "in the wilderness," and furnished it with a varied array of viands, but has also implanted a subtle instinct in the human system which, when it is discreetly indulged, attracts us to what is chemically congenial, but repels us from what is useless or injurious.

THE BREAD WE EAT.

In order, however, to exhibit this happy adaptation of food to the feeder, let us glance for awhile at the "bread we eat." It is the staff of life. It is also a key to the composition of all our vegetable fare. Now, if an ignorant miller were told that his flour would some day be converted into human blood, he would laugh at the notion just as much as if told that any part of his body could be made available—as it can—in the manufacture of lucifer matches. There is no external resemblance between the fine white powder which fills his sacks and the crimson fluid which streams from his heart. There is still less similarity between that powder and the brawny muscles that render him a terror to the whole village. Yet, if the man were to sentence himself to live exclusively on the produce of his mill—and he might do so without forfeiting his prowess, provided he retained the bran, wherein the most nutritive principle largely exists—it is plain that his flour must resolve into blood, and this blood must again become consolidated into flesh. At the first glance, indeed, an analysis of bread would only seem to render the mystery more perplexing still. The chief ingredient, in point of quantity, is found to be *water*. Nearly one-half of every wheaten loaf is composed of this mild and unpretending fluid. But it so happens that water is also the preponderating element in the constitution of solid men and women. Any gentleman who weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, will be surprised to learn that he has only thirty-eight pounds of dry matter in the whole of his body. Upward of one hundred weight of his humanity is literally identical in nature with the liquid which drops from the clouds or is pumped from the soil, after filtering itself perhaps through the nearest church-yard. If the water in our frames were not associated

with more consistent materials, we should have to live in buckets or barrels, and people would subside into liquid masses charged with a few soluble salts, and depositing a small quantity of matter by way of sediment. Strange, therefore, as it may appear, that our frames should be so succulent in their composition, it is necessary that our diet should correspond. Hence the natural fitness of a commodity which like flour possesses, and is capable of taking up, so large a proportion of water. A dry crust is in truth a tank of moisture. We drink bread as well as eat it. After the lapse of a few days bread loses its softness and becomes apparently dry. Most persons, if asked the cause of this change, would ascribe it to the loss of moisture. But the fact is, that stale bread contains exactly the same quantity of water as new. The alteration is supposed to be due to some internal action among the atoms; for if a stale loaf is exposed in a closely covered tin to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water for a period of half an hour or an hour, and then allowed to cool, it will be found to have recovered its youth, and will be restored in appearance and properties to the condition of new bread. In like manner, out of one hundred parts of lean beef, seventy-eight are nothing more than water mixed with blood. Apples, gooseberries, mushrooms, and many other articles of food, yield eighty per cent. of this catholic fluid. Three-quarters of every potato are simple moisture. Carrots are extravagantly humid, eighty-three parts being composed of the same liquid. Turnips should be sipped; they contain only ten parts of solid food to ninety of water. It is among the gourd tribe, however, that we find the most striking examples of succulence. In the watermelon, ninety-four parts of every mouthful consist of mere moisture; and in the cucumber you get only three morsels of substantial matter to ninety-seven of condensed vapor. Well might the old pasha, Mehemet Ali, consume a forty pound melon at a single sitting, and even treat it as an easy appendix to an excellent repast!

The second noticeable ingredient in bread will surprise the non-chemical reader almost as much as the first. He will find it difficult to believe that animal fiber may be extracted from muffins or biscuits, and though he admits figuratively that all flesh is grass, he may object to regard it literally as flour. Wheaten bread, however, contains six per cent. of a substance called gluten, which, when analyzed, is found to exhibit the same ultimate elements as the fibrin of muscle.

But besides the materials demanded for the

repair or enlargement of the tissues, and which may, therefore, be called the body-building principles, others are needed for the purpose of providing a constant supply of animal heat. Our food must contain a quantity of fuel, and not a little either, for as the temperature of the body is considerably higher than that of the atmosphere, averaging, in fact, about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, we are plundered of our caloric continually. Now, every grain of wheat includes, if we may so speak, its own little stock of oil and coke; that is to say, it is equipped with a quantity of fat, starch, gum, and other substances, which, by combining with the oxygen inspired, are burnt within the body on the same principle, but not with the same fiery manifestations, as tallow or coal are burned without it. The proportion of fat contained in wheaten bread is indeed very small, not amounting to much more than one per cent.; but the starch, sugar, and gum exist in comparative abundance.

It would be impossible for us to refer particularly to the mineral matters, which bread, like all other perfect food, must include. Still less would it be practicable to follow the author while analyzing one substance after another, and indicating the properties wherein they excel. He concludes that our food should contain a due admixture of vegetable and animal substances in which the proportions of the three most important constituents, fat, starch or sugar, and fibrin or gluten, are properly adjusted. It is here that the wonderful instinct already mentioned, which leads mankind to mingle various articles of diet, so as to obtain all the necessary elements, comes into conspicuous play. Without possessing any chemical knowledge whatever, the stomach appears from time to time to have given strong hints to its owner, which have led to combinations as subtle and efficient as if they had been prescribed by the profoundest science. Why, for instance, should bread or potatoes form an indispensable accompaniment to beef? On analyzing the latter substance, it is found to consist of seventy-eight parts of water, nineteen of fibrin, and three of fat. These principles appear, as we have seen, in bread; gluten there being equivalent to fibrin here. But there is no starch in your steak, while there is much in your loaf. The fat, it is true, may to some extent represent this combustible material, but it will not supply as much fuel as is needed to keep your corporeal furnace in adequate action. Hence, by a natural impulse we resort to bread when attacking beef, or take the latter in flank with a dish of potatoes, these tubers—subtracting the water—containing

almost ninety-two per cent. of starch. So, again, when the quantity of fat in any animal substance is insignificant, it is astonishing what tricks we employ to obtain a sufficient supplement from other sources. Thus, we eat along with those varieties in which it is small, some other food richer in fat. Thus, we eat bacon with veal, with liver, and with fowl, or we capon the latter, and thus increase its natural fat. We use melted butter with our white fish, or we fry them with fat; while the herring, the salmon, and the eels are usually both dressed and eaten in their own oil. If the reader will take the trouble of consulting any popular cookery book, he will find that sausage and other rich mixed meats are made in general with one part of fat and two of lean; the proportion in which they exist in a piece of good marbled beef. Art thus unconsciously again imitating nature.

CORN BEER.

Chica, or maize beer, is a drink which is excessively popular among the mountain Indians on the western coast of South America. The mode of manufacturing it, however, would surprise us if prescribed in any civilized manual of cookery. The receipt is this. Assemble all the members of the family, and, if you like, catch a few strangers to assist at the operation. Let them seat themselves on the floor in a circle, and place a large dish in the center. Around it deposit a quantity of dried maize. Then let each individual take up a handful of the grain and chew it thoroughly. Spit the maize into the dish. Proceed till the entire mass has passed through the jaws of the company, and thus been reduced to a mass of pulp. Let it then be mashed in hot water and allowed to ferment. In a little time the abomination will be fit for use. So highly is it esteemed, that a polite native could offer no higher compliment to a traveler than a draught of the liquor thus villainously brewed. Strangely enough, the same process is employed in the Pacific, in the extraction of an intoxicating liquor from the ava root. Captain Wilkes gives an amusing account of the formalities with which the disgusting potion is prepared, the masticators, however, being required to possess clean, undecayed teeth, and prohibited from swallowing any of the juice under pain of chastisement. But it is highly interesting to note the chemical principles involved in these nauseous operations. Corn, as we have seen, and other grains contain a large quantity of starch. In order that fermentation may occur, this starch must be converted into sugar. Commonly the change is effected through the instrumentality

of a substance called diastase, which is developed during the process of malting. It happens, however, that the saliva possesses a similar power of transforming starch into sugar. Of course, neither the Indian nor the man of Feejee has the slightest conception of the chemical influences which are at work in his jaws, but, that people living at such a distance from each other, and acting in complete ignorance of the scientific bearings of their processes, should have adopted the same practice in order to obtain the same results, is one of the many curious and remarkable facts which the volumes of Professor Johnston on the "Chemistry of Common Life" have brought prominently into view.

OPIMUM.

The effect of opium varies, to a great extent, according to the temperament and race of the individual. Its influence upon a man of obtuse faculties or inferior susceptibilities, is simply to remove sluggishness, and make him "active and conversable." Upon excitable people, like the Javanese, the Negro, the Malay, it exerts a terrible power, sometimes rendering them perfectly frantic. The well-known phrase, "running a muck," is derived from the Javanese practice of sallying out, when inebriated with opium, and killing any body who comes to hand. De Quincey speaks of the "abyss of divine enjoyment" which was suddenly laid open to him when he quaffed his first dose of laudanum. He thought he had discovered a panacea for all human woes. Happiness might thenceforth be bought at the druggist's shop, and bliss to any amount kept in an apothecary's vial. But terrible was the retribution exacted. The dose must not only be repeated, but increased, to keep down the giant craving which was continually acquiring strength. At one period the English Opium-Eater took three hundred and twenty grains of opium a day. Coleridge says Cottle has been known to swallow a whole quart of laudanum in twenty-four hours! And the result? "Conceive," says the latter, "whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. . . . You have no conception of the dreadful hell of my mind, and conscience, and body!" "Think of me," says De Quincey, "even when four months had passed—after renouncing opium—as of one still agitated, throbbing, palpitating, shattered, and much in the situation of him who has been racked." Verily, if the Turkish traveler carries with him opium lozenges, stamped on one side with the words, "Mash Allah," the gift of God,

the obverse might bear with equal truth the inscription—gift of the devil.

COCA.

There is another narcotic, and it is but one out of many described by the author, to which a passing glance may be allowed. This is the coca of the Andes. Rarely is a native of these regions to be seen without his little pouch of leather to hold the leaves of this remarkable plant, and a small bottle of vegetable ashes or unslacked lime. The purpose of the latter material is to excite a flow of saliva, and bring out the taste of the leaf in all its pungency. Repose being essential to the full enjoyment of the process, the consumer lies stretched in the shade, deaf alike to the commands of his master, to the roar of the predatory beasts, or even to the approaches of the flames which may have been kindled in his vicinity. Taken in moderation it produces a gentle excitement, induces cheerfulness, and seems by no means unfavorable to health and longevity. Taken in excess, however, it soon weakens the digestion, occasions biliary affections, destroys the appetite for natural food and creates a craving for animal excrement, disorders the intellectual faculties, and drives the patient to brandy—if he can procure it—to assuage his bodily pangs. Fortunately the use of coca is principally confined to the natives, whose gloomy and monotonous existence is undoubtedly relieved by its perilous juice; but occasionally a resident European is tempted into the vice, and becomes as pliant a victim as the Indians themselves.

"Young men of the best families in Peru become sometimes addicted to this extreme degree of excess, and are then considered as lost. Forsaking cities and the company of civilized men, and living chiefly in woods or in Indian villages, they give themselves up to a savage and solitary life. Hence the term, a *whito coquero*—the epithet applied to a confirmed chewer of coca—has there something of the same evil sense as 'irreclaimable drunkard' has with us."

Coca is remarkable for two properties which are not known to coexist in any other substance. First, it enables the consumer to dispense with food to a marvelous extent, by retarding, as is probable, the waste of the tissues; and, second, it obviates the difficulty of breathing which is usually felt in ascending acclivities, so that a traveler, duly primed with coca, may climb heights and follow swift-footed animals, as Von Tschudi observes, without experiencing any greater inconvenience than if engaged on the level coast. Hence its value in mountainous districts.

ARSENIC.

Arsenic—the arsenious acid of the chemist—is known in this country as a tonic and alterative when administered in very minute doses, but, when swallowed in larger quantities, as a rank poison, and, therefore, a particular enemy to rats and men. But what will the reader say when he learns that there are localities where this virulent material is employed as an article of diet, and that its effect is to produce plumpness of form, sleekness of skin, beauty of complexion, and a general improvement in appearance? Yet such is the fact. In some parts of Lower Austria, and in Styria in particular, the old stories of philters and love-potions seem to be more than realized. When a peasant maiden has fixed her affections upon a youth who may be insensible to her natural charms, she often proceeds to heighten them by the use of arsenic. If the poison is used with caution, never exceeding half a grain at a time, and gradually accustoming the system to its action, the effect is perfectly magical. It adds “to the natural graces of her filling and rounding form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning luster to her sparkling eye.” Occasionally, however, the damsel may be in too great a hurry to extract beauty from the drug, and by augmenting the dose immoderately, she may fall a sacrifice to her passion or her vanity. Its use, however, is by no means confined to maidens. Though incapable of exciting the mental pleasure which opium and certain other narcotics produce, it is consumed very largely among the peasant population without occasioning any evil results, provided the doses are adapted to the constitution of the individual. But if the practice should be abandoned, symptoms of disease such as would ordinarily follow the reception of arsenic by uninitiated persons, immediately appear, and the patient is compelled to renew the habit in order to obtain relief from the ailments which spring up to torment him. It is the same with horses. Arsenic is given to these animals to secure a plumpness of body and a sleek, glossy skin; but if they pass into the hands of masters who do not patronize the practice, they lose flesh and spirits and gradually decline, unless the custom is resumed, when a few pinches in their food will render them perfectly convalescent. Like coca, too, this substance possesses astonishing powers in enabling persons to ascend hills without suffering from want of breath—a small fragment placed in the mouth before the attempt, and allowed to dissolve slowly, being sufficient to qualify a man

for very elaborate undertakings in this line. Is it not marvelous to find that a deadly material like this should yet be a strengthener of respiration, an exciter of love, and a restorer of health? Mithridates is famous for the facility with which he digested his poisons, but we never understood that he took them to improve his body, and work himself up into a handsome, fascinating gentleman.

SMELLS.

There is a possibility of compounding smells infinitely more terrific than any which nature produces, and of employing them in warfare either for purposes of defense or annoyance. Some substances are sufficiently atrocious in themselves. Swallow a small pellet of powdered sulphur, and it will diffuse a noisome atmosphere around the individual for many days. Take a quarter of a grain of a preparation of tellurium, and, though in itself inodorous, it will impart such a disgusting fetor to the breath and perspiration, that the dearest friend of the victim will be ready to indite him as a public nuisance. If a single bubble of seleniureted hydrogen gas be permitted to escape into a room, it will attack the company with symptoms of severe colds and bronchial affections, which will last many days. Indeed, it is only necessary to read what is said about a ferocious compound, known as the cyanide of kakodyle, to obtain some idea of the resources of the chemist in the elaboration of detestable smells. The vapor of this terrible substance is decomposed on coming in contact with air and moisture; and two of the most deadly poisons known to exist—white arsenic and prussic acid—are instantly engendered and dispersed through the atmosphere.—*Review of Professor Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life, in British Quarterly Review.*

MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION.

Nothing is more steadily pursued, or more adroitly managed, than the artful policy of making a good impression. We hide the worst and show the best, even before friends. But it is not by public displays that we are truly to be judged. If the public gaze could but penetrate the privacy of domestic life, it would perceive little to admire in those who are most ambitious of showing off. The shrew, the despot, and the hypocrite, divested of disguise, would then be seen in their true colors, with none of those attributes and graces which belong to the real gentleman or lady, who are always such, whether in the presence of company or alone by themselves.

THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

BY ELVIRA PARKER.

UNREGARDED—unrevealed,
Mystic, hidden, as if sealed;
In the heart forever flowing,
Though no trace of outward showing
Tells how fraught with gentle healing,
Is the tide and ebb of feeling.

Even I, although immortal,
Still a *dreamer* at life's portal—
Lured, perchance, from paths of duty,
By each fleeting gleam of beauty—
Feel, when'er this bliss is slighted,
Weary, mournful, and benighted.

O, my soul! misguided sadly,
By each impulse swayed so madly—
Turning, as if with affright,
From these waters of delight—
Where, O where, in Time's dominions,
Wouldst thou lave thy dusty pinions?
For when passion, sin-defiled,
Hath Love's purity reviled;
When the erring soul, once blameless,
Quaffs from founts no longer stainless—
Then we turn from God's creation,
Sorrowing in our tribulation.

Yet, amid this heart-life dreary,
We may find, when worn and weary,
'Mid sweet hopes forever blushing,
In their purity outgushing,
Founts of love, with richest blessing,
All our cares and woes redressing.
As the bird, with tired wing roaming,
Hastens back at twilight's gloaming,
So, my spirit, to the fountain
Flowing from the sacred mountain,
Haste, that, when earth's ties are riven,
Joys celestial may be given!

THE WORLD ABOVE.

BY REV. C. HARTLEY.

THE world above is not like this,
So dark, so sad, and drear;
O, no, for there the years of bliss
Roll on without a tear!
No gloom, no night, nor cloud of grief,
Can ever cast a shade
Across those sunny plains of peace,
In light and love array'd!

The world above is not like this—
Here death's dread power is seen,
And serpents 'round our pathway hiss,
And poison many a scene;
But death's dark form is not reveal'd
Amidst the ranks on high—
No hissing serpent lies concealed
In bowers beyond the sky.

The world above is not like this—
No parting tears are shed,
Nor sweet affection's lingering kiss
Bestow'd upon the dead;
There sever'd hearts unite again
In love around the throne,
And far beyond this world of pain
Take up their crown and home!

The world above is not like this—
There, 'mid unfading flowers,
The buds of hope destroy'd in this
Expand in heavenly bowers;
There blending perfumes from the fields
And landscapes of the blest,
Ungingled joy and pleasure yields,
With love's ecstatic zest.

O, for a harp in that bright world,
Far from the tears of this!
Here death's black banners are unfurl'd
To shade each hour of bliss;
But there each spirit-harp will thrill
With music's endless tones,
And Jesus' smile forever fill
With light our angel homes.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

BEAUTIFUL snow-flakes, so pearly and white!
Silently dropping on earth's cheerless breast;
Fairy-like jewels, of radiant light,
Nature arraying in pure robes of rest;
Wreathing a crown for the dark wintry night—
Beautiful snow-flakes, so pearly and white!

From your cloud-home, with a velvety tread,
Swiftly ye come with the deep moaning breeze;
Garlands ye've wrought for the rock's hoary head;
Downy plumes hang from the dark forest-trees;
All things are clad with a soft, peerless spread,
From your cloud-home, with a velvety tread.

Brightly ye flit over garden and lane,
Draping with festoons the bare vine and bowers;
Tracing anon on my low window pane
Delicate prints of your beautiful showers;
Mystical forms on the upland and plain,
Say ye have cloth'd them with winter again.

Light be your footfalls at penury's door;
Softly, pass softly each lowly cot by;
Seek not to enter the homes of the poor;
Lo, in your path is the mendicant's cry;
Smiles they have none, but in tears evermore,
Oft ye may find the lone, penniless poor.

But the pale moon, through her snow-vail to-night,
Lights my sad vision to yon little mound;
When last ye lay on the earth's dreary blight,
Safe on our bosom *her* sweet rest she found;
But ye are weaving a shroud, cold and white,
O'er the chill'd breast of our *lov'd one* to-night.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

A BRIDGMENTS are notoriously profitless, meager and jejune; the attempt to sketch in a few pages the characteristics of a whole century of intellectual production must always be unsuccessful and unsatisfactory, and the more fertile the age the more inadequate must generally be the portraiture. Yet it can not be doubted that generations and epochs have for the most part certain distinctive features, at once salient and pervading, which, as they belong to the political circumstances or the social condition of the period—to those influences, that is, which most powerfully modify the intellect of the time and country—are traceable in all departments in which that intellect exerts itself, and give a peculiar cast and coloring alike to the poetry, the fiction, the oratory, the philosophy, and the controversy to which that age gives birth. More powerful still, perhaps, are they in deciding on what departments the intellect of the time shall be most active; determining its bent sometimes toward religion, sometimes toward speculation, at one period toward the realms of fancy, at another toward those of practical life.

The seventeenth century was one of vast mental activity and vigor. Few eras present such a galaxy of great names in nearly every walk of literature—great preachers, great poets, great dramatists, great moralists—Bossuet and Massillon, Pascal and Fenelon, La Bruyere and La Rochefoucauld, Corneille and Racine, Moliere and Descartes. These were men of various genius, of discrepant opinions, of irreconcilable tastes. Still, certain qualities and certain negations characterize all their productions. Their age was pre-eminently the age of settled, though not of earnest convictions, of unquestioning but scarcely of stirring faith. It was an age of *obedience*—when the yoke of authority weighed upon every channel of intellectual pursuit, but was not yet felt to be a yoke. The literary world then embraced but a narrow circle, and on that circle the influence of the court rested with a pervading pressure that was scarcely recognized as pressure, because never resisted. Philosophers speculated energetically, but always with submission, under correction, and within the limits which the Church prescribed. Literary talent was never more active, but it expatiated under the overshadowing authority of the ancients, and according to the conventional rules of polished society. All the productions of the times bore the classic stamp. They were “correct” above every thing. It is

impossible to call them shallow, yet they were scarcely profound. They did not stir the secret depths of the inner man. They contain no aspirations after the Infinite, no pictures of a soul in conflict with the primary mysteries of its being, no subtle questionings and gropings about the roots of the Tree of Knowledge, no “thoughts that wander through eternity and find no resting-place.” On the other hand, there is nothing wild, nothing morbid, nothing extravagant. The age has all the characteristics of a classic, as distinguished from a romantic epoch.

Other features, too, distinguish it notably from the age which followed. The subjects selected by men of letters were different, their interests ran in a different channel, their ambition was directed to a different aim. They were more purely *literary* than their successors. They were immeasurably more exclusive in their social sympathies. They wrote for court circles, and spoke of citizens only in the way of ridicule. Of **THE PEOPLE**, their wants, their pleasures, their interests, their sorrows, they knew little and cared less. The problems of social life, dark, sad, and disturbing, never troubled them. They never perceived that the world was out of joint, or fancied they were born to set it right. They aspired to no political influence; the only politics with which they had any concern were those of court intrigue—the miserable strifes of personal ambition; the government of the country was the business of the monarch—they did not aspire to share either his labors or his prerogative; practically to influence society, to modify or meddle with the destiny of nations, to put forth thoughts which should agitate, convulse, or reorganize the world, was a presumption which never visited them even in dreams. Their highest aim was to instruct, to amuse, to interest, to melt, to sway, the cultivated, and the great.

The seventeenth century threw its shadows so far over the eighteenth, that it is not till about 1746 that the peculiar features which we are accustomed to consider as characteristic of the latter epoch began to be prominently developed. The change which then became manifest, and grew more and more marked till the outbreak of the Revolution, had, however, been gradually preparing. Its seeds were sown before the seventeenth century was ended. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantz had operated as a narcotic on the religious spirit and religious literature of France. All the vitality which had of late so distinguished it died out. The Gallican Church had gained a triumph as ruinous as the victories of Pyrrhus. She had silenced or exiled

all her enemies and critics. But what was the result? "Where after this period," says Robert Hall, "are we to look for her Fenelons and her Pascals, where for those bright monuments of piety and learning which were the glory of her better days? As for piety, she perceived that she had no occasion for it, when there was no luster of Christian holiness surrounding her; nor for learning, when there were no longer any opponents to confute, nor any controversies to maintain. She felt herself at liberty to become as ignorant, as secular, as irreligious as she pleased; and amid the silence and darkness she had created around her, she drew the curtains and retired to rest." She became more exclusive, more narrow, more oppressive, as she became more unenlightened and unintelligent, till shrewd and reflecting minds could tolerate her irrationalities no longer; and Thought, thrust out from her gates with suspicion and dislike, inevitably took service with her rival. Philosophy, finding that religion would not own her or converse with her, became irreligious, naturally, and in self-defense. Nor was this all. The writings of the exiled Protestants, now free from any terror or restraint, penetrated, though partially, into literary circles; and among the refugees was one whose wit and learning secured him a partial and attentive audience, and had a vast influence in stimulating the skepticism of the coming age. This was Bayle, the very incarnation of the spirit of placid, relentless Doubt; to whom nothing was sacred, for whom nothing was certain; essentially a critic and a questioner; probably the only one who ever breathed freely in an absolute vacuum of faith.

Another cause operated simultaneously to liberate men's minds from the trammels of authority. The respect, the enthusiasm, the sincere but servile loyalty with which the monarch had been long regarded, melted away under the disasters, the follies, and the scandals of his later years. The great image which the nation had set up and worshiped so devoutly was at length discovered to be made of clay—and scarcely of finer clay than ordinary men. While young, gracious, imposing in demeanor, royal in his tastes, victorious in his wars, endowed and surrounded with every thing that looked like greatness, it was easy for courtiers to fancy him omnipotent and infallible, and to transmit their fancy to the nation. But when success abroad, and wise policy at home, began alike to fail him; when he endeavored to atone for the criminal and shameful license of his life by puerile austerities at least as shameful, and barbarous per-

secutions incalculably more criminal; when he exacted from those around him, who felt none of his compunction, his own rigid penances and his own formal asceticism, and prescribed a hypocritical and gloomy puritanism as the sole path to court favor among a keen-witted, laughing, mocking, pleasure-loving tribe—the overstrained cord gave way; the sacred prestige of royalty was gone; and power, ceasing to be venerated, soon ceased to be feared.

At the same time, a long reign of lavish luxury and splendor had done its work in other directions. Abuses of all descriptions crept into every branch of the administration, and were rife and riotous in every hole and corner of the land. The state of matters became too scandalous and too notorious to be endured in silence by any in whom patriotism and a sense of justice were not utterly extinct; the prodigality, both political and personal, of the Regency was such as to place the whole weight of public sympathy on the side of *frondeurs*, investigators, and reformers; and the same circumstances which stimulated assaults on the excesses and vices of authority rendered such assaults comparatively safe.

All these causes combined to render the eighteenth century as nearly as possible the intellectual opposite of its predecessor. It was essentially an era of reaction, of doubt, of inquiry, of antagonism. Literary activity took a wider range; literary men addressed a wider audience; the circle of readers extended, till something like "a public" began to be formed, and it became both the fashion and the interest of writers to address the public instead of the court. The wit and epigrammatic taste of the French aided this change. Royalty and religion, as they then exhibited themselves, offered too tempting subjects for stinging sarcasms and conversational brilliancy, to be spared even by men belonging to the government or the Church; those who profited by the malversations and administrative iniquities of the period were yet among the first to hold them up to ridicule; statesmen, generals, and nobles preferred to be considered men of wit and letters rather than men of quality; and, for the first time, literature became a *puissance* in France. Intoxicated with power and adulation; excited more and more by the indefensible abuses and the grotesque anomalies which every fresh investigation brought to light; surprised, too, and delighted to find how easily what had once been so powerful yielded to their onslaught, and how astoundingly what had once been so sacred grumbled beneath their logic; goaded also

by compassion for a down-trodden people and a zeal for the public good which, in some, was pure and sincere, in others, mingled with much alloy of baser sentiments—they became daily more daring, aggressive, and indiscriminate; they aspired not only to govern society, but to reorganize it.

Hence, the literary spirit of this age is in a most marked degree practical, utilitarian, and analytic. Hasty pamphlets took the place of elaborated works, and poetry was discarded for philosophy. It is remarkable that the eighteenth century produced no poet of eminence except Voltaire; and poetry was neither his especial forte, nor his principal title to renown; and much even of his poetry was didactic and polemical. The philosophy which prevailed was coarse, materialistic, and destructive—made for the special occasion—devoted to a special purpose. The reaction against despotism, which showed itself in literature as much as in life, was rather a hatred of restraint than a pure love of freedom: it cleared away many noxious and entangling weeds; but it grew no matured or wholesome fruit. It was the inspiration alike of Voltaire, of Montesquieu, of Rousseau; but in Montesquieu alone is it genuine, rational, and sober.

Literature itself, too, in becoming a means and not an end, lost its purity and completeness. It ceased to be an art, and was degraded into a weapon; and, as a natural consequence, style was far less regarded than of yore, for men do not sedulously polish swords which are needed for the rough, prompt use of actual warfare. The Encyclopedists it was who, with inferior weapons, and in a rougher, harsher, colder style, completed the work which their three far greater precursors had begun, and gave to the century its peculiar repute as an atheistic and destructive era.

"They made themselves a fearful monument—
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time."

Assuredly it was not an era on the intellectual phenomena of which the human mind can look back with either pride or gratification. Its philosophy was shallow; its insight was partial; its temper was cynical, bitter, and ungenial. Even in its most beautiful productions, there was a pervading tone of the meretricious and unsimple.

We are yet too close to the era we would judge, too much involved in its partialities, too agitated still by its wild storms and crowded catastrophes, to be able fully or fairly to paint its intellectual portrait. A few of the more marked and abiding features are all that we can

hope successfully to catch and delineate. And, first, we must observe that when we speak of the literature of the nineteenth century in France, we mean, with scarcely an exception, the second portion of that century—the interval from 1815 to 1848. During the iron but skillful despotism of Napoleon, there was scanty literary achievement, because there was no mental freedom; the whole period of the Empire produced only two celebrities in the arena of letters; and though these were unquestionably about the most brilliant and influential geniuses of the whole country, yet both wrote under persecution and in exile. They were in the age, but not of it. Of the thirty or forty authors belonging to Napoleon's reign, two only in no degree bore its features or submitted to its impress; and these two alone have survived—Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand.

It was otherwise with science, especially with the exact sciences. These flourished under the Empire. Researches into nature occupied spirits that might otherwise have been turbulent and dangerous; they mooted no menacing or disturbing questions; the knowledge which they brought to light might even be made profitable to the purposes of conquest and oppression. Scientific men, therefore, were honored, and science was pursued in a more laborious temper, in a more conscientious spirit, and with far severer exactitude than heretofore. There was less of brilliant description, less of mere poetic speculation, but far more of patient inquiry, of minute observation, of close logic, of comprehensive study. Buffon came to be read no longer as a naturalist, but as a consummate master of a fascinating and seductive style; and the contrast between him and Cuvier, Le Placé, Fourcroy, Arago, and Llacepede, marks a notable change and a vast advance in the intellectual development of the nation.

A second peculiarity of the epoch is the revival of historical literature. In this respect the present century is greatly distinguished from the past. The whole of the eighteenth century produced only three French historians—Rollin, Voltaire, and Raynal; and none of these either are or deserve to be read now.

The historians of the present era have been far more numerous, and of a far higher stamp. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The circumstances of the age are sufficient to explain the strong tendency of its literature in the direction of history. Times so thronged with astonishing events and startling convulsions; so fertile in great deeds and great men; so rich in harvests

to be traced back to their seeds; so rife in characters to be analyzed and in problems to be solved; so palpitating with every intensest human interest—offered irresistible temptations to every reflecting and artistic spirit. Grand models for the portrait-painter; stirring strifes and agonizing catastrophes for the scene-painter; profound and subtle questions of a character to task the utmost sagacity of the philosopher; hopes, illusions, vicissitudes, and ruins to furnish the saddest and sublimest texts that ever moralist had to preach from—all these were scattered in the most lavish and bewildering confusion over the annals of a single generation. The only difficulty lay in the *embarras des richesses*. The wonderful wealth of materials was like that which Clive described in the treasure-vaults of the Indian prince. Those who loved to flatter national vanity and to depict national triumphs saw wherewithal to satiate the most ravenous appetite for glory. Those who looked with a cynical eye on human enthusiasm, on dreams of perfectibility and schemes for a regenerated universe, never had a scene of such awful disenchantment to gloat over. Those who believed in a supreme Governor of this earthly chaos, and who loved to trace the finger of retributive justice in the vicissitudes of history, could be at no loss for examples of the most righteous chastisement for the most terrific crimes. Those whose mental ambition took a wider range, and who aspired to construct a philosophy of cause and effect out of the chronicles of states, might not unreasonably flatter themselves that now at length they had a basis of fact wide, varied, and complete enough to enable them to build their edifice without the charge of rashness and presumption. While polemic writers of every predilection—the conservative and the progressive—those who believed in a realizing future as well as those whose faith was rooted in an irrecoverable past—might alike fancy that history could be made to speak their language and to combat for their creed, according as they fixed their partial gaze on the undeniable advances made, or on the fearful price at which every step forward had been purchased.

A period in which history was enacted on a scale of such unparalleled magnificence could scarcely fail to create a strong bias toward historical pursuits. Accordingly, among a cloud of lesser names, we find the eminent ones of Michelet, Mignet, Thierry, Guizot, Thiers, and Lamartine, as having produced, in this department of literature, works which after times will not willingly let die. The last three of these his-

torians, if not the most intrinsically valuable, are unquestionably the most renowned, though the fame of one of them may possibly be only transient. Each is distinguished by certain strongly marked characteristics. Guizot, a perfect model of profound and conscientious erudition—never taking his facts at second-hand, but preparing himself for every enterprise by the most laborious research into original and cotemporary documents—masterly in his *resumes*, comprehensive in his speculations, and unrivaled for the luminous ease and consummate skill with which he collects and arranges all the premises out of which his conclusions are to flow—is yet singularly wanting in one of the first qualifications for his noble calling: he is unreadable except by students as laborious and conscientious as himself. He is, in truth, less a historian than a professor of history—less of a narrator or painter than of a disquisitionist. His *dramatis persone* do not live; he understands them to the core; he analyzes them with an instrument of singular subtilty and finesse; but he can not make them exhibit and expound themselves. His penetration and sagacity are those of a superior, not of a sympathizing creature; his impartiality has in it something of repellent coldness; with great dignity of style and a sustained moral elevation, he manifests no emotion, and can, therefore, excite no enthusiasm. Nevertheless, his account of the English Revolution, or what we term the Great Rebellion, will always maintain its place—but a place, we fear, rather on our shelves than in our hands; and his two Histories of Civilization, in France and in Europe, are works of such surpassing and enduring merit that every one ought not only to read but to study them: it is a pity that any defects of style should have been suffered to make so instructive and indispensable a perusal a task and not a pleasure.

These defects are of a kind rather to be felt during a perusal of his writings than to be pointed out by the critic or illustrated by special examples; and we can scarcely avoid a constant self-reproach for feeling them so strongly when engaged in the study of such masterly and luminous productions.

The "*Histoire de la Revolution Francaise*," and the "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*," of M. Thiers—the one the production of his early youth, the other of his mature manhood—are both brilliant performances. M. Thiers is as free as it is possible to be alike from the peculiar merits and the peculiar defects of his great countryman and rival. His worst enemy can not deny the singular fascination of his flowing, incisive,

and pictorial style. His blindest admirer could scarcely venture to claim for him the praise of impartiality or scrupulous exactitude. He writes often like a statesman, oftener like a partisan; rarely like a grave and far-seeing philosopher, never like a frigid or honorable judge. He has, indeed, and pretends to have, nothing of the cosmopolite about him. He is emphatically and before all things a Frenchman. He sees every thing from a French point of view; he relies on French authorities; he draws almost exclusively from French sources; he overflows with French prejudices; he writes to immortalize French achievements and to exhibit French trophies. But his personages live and move; he sheds his own overflowing vivacity both over events and over scenes; he knows admirably how to narrate, to paint, and to discuss; and though no philosopher, he is a sagacious, acute, and thoughtful politician. His reflections, his speculations, his analyses of influences, his tracings-out of causes, are among the most interesting portions of his work. The interest of the narrative never flags for a moment, and even the disquisitions which he frequently introduces are so brief, so much to the purpose, and so admirably interwoven with the events out of which they spring, that they are never felt as interruptions. His summaries are wonderfully lucid; and his political science, though often shallow and fallacious, is so pointedly, brilliantly, and epigrammatically worded, that we are dazzled and delighted too much to demur and doubt as often as we ought. There is a precision, a sparkling vigor about his periods that scarcely ever fails to enlist us on his side. Macaulay himself is not easier reading. He possesses, in fact, nearly every qualification for a historian—except the chief of all—fidelity. No writer of our day, has been more resolutely willful in seeing every thing through the colored and distorting medium of his own personal and patriotic predilections. As he would trample upon every principle of right rather than that France should be baffled or eclipsed, so he would distort every fact, and repudiate every authority, rather than admit any thing that records her humiliation or dishonor. In his moral code, the love of country reigns paramount alike over the love of justice and the love of truth.

M. de Lamartine, by his "Histoire des Girondins," achieved a vast reputation, which has not been increased certainly, if even it has been confirmed, by his more recent work, "L'Histoire de la Restauration." Few works at their first appearance produced a more instantaneous or remarkable sensation; but it is more than doubtful

whether the next generation will ratify the verdict of the present. In any case it is not from the Muse of History that M. de Lamartine will receive his laurel crown. His writings, though dealing with historical characters and times, are not histories, in any accurate or fitting signification of that word. The first is a gallery of portraits; the second is a series of episodes. The portraits are magnificent specimens of word-painting, it is true; but the coloring is gaudy, excessive, and sometimes even coarse. The episodes are narrated, and their scenes described, with an eloquence at once imposing and seductive; but wearying from its monotonous and meretricious splendor, and paining from its frequent inflation and bad taste. An imagination so vivid and a vocabulary so rich as M. de Lamartine's are dangerous gifts, and need the especial control of the strictest moral and æsthetic rules. Unhappily this discipline has been signally wanting. M. de Lamartine is as unscrupulous as M. Thiers, and far more inaccurate. He evidently considers facts as of so little consequence that he gives himself no pains to ascertain them. Thiers distorts them under the temptation of a false patriotism, Lamartine under the temptation of a false passion for effect. In the delineation of his characters, in the selection of his scenes, in the concoction of his maxims and reflections, he has one object and only one in view—to produce a telling impression, to create an effective picture. Under his pen the Girondins and their adversaries assume colossal dimensions, both as to their talents, their virtues, and their crimes; when he approaches Brissot, Murat, Robespierre, or Danton, his thought is not, "What was the real character or career of these men?" but, "what sort of heroes of romance can I most successfully make out of them?" When he comes to the history of the Restoration, the case is still worse. He does not scruple to revive the old practice—long since condemned by our severer standard and abandoned by every writer with the slightest pretensions to fidelity or taste—of putting speeches into the mouths of his heroes, and even goes so far as to give *verbatim* the magniloquent conversations between royal personages at interviews which were strictly secret and *toto-a-toto*. Puerilities like these are unworthy alike of the gravity of history and of a genius like M. de Lamartine's; and we scarcely know which is the most surprising, that he should stoop to them, or that his readers should tolerate and applaud them.

Beautiful images, delicious fancies, fond languishing emotions, brilliant and exquisite expressions, are not scattered through his poetry—it is

crowded with them in overflowing and cloying abundance; they form its substance. An imagination so rich, a sensibility so keen, a lyre so sweet, has seldom been seen in any land; never, we think, in France. But his undefined and evanescent mistiness is even more remarkable. There is a nebulous haze about his verses which, beautiful as it is, is often disappointing: it is sentiment and thought not yet condensed into ideas. In reading him we feel a sort of somnolent delight, as if we were basking in soft sunshine, floating over smooth waters, and cradled by the gentlest of all rippling waves.

If want of masculine vigor and a healthy tone characterizes nearly all Lamartine's poetry, it is not so with Beranger. He is always lively and charming, alike whether his topic is patriotic, amatory, or bacchantic. Generally simple, nearly always gay, sometimes bitterly sarcastic, he is always plain, easy, and manly; we wish we could say that he was always decent. He is only a *chansonnier*, but a *chansonnier* of unrivaled merit. Unhappily, there are many of Beranger's *chansons* which are neither quotable nor readable.

Beranger has two or three characteristics which distinguish him from every other writer of his age and nation. One of these is the peculiar tone of his amatory verses. He treats and understands love as it was treated and understood in France before the publication of the "*Nouvelle Heloise*." It is with him not a passion, scarcely a fancy, but a pleasure. He is never sentimental: all is gay, lively, piquant, pretty. Nothing is morbid, but, on the other hand, nothing is serious, in his representation of human tenderness. Again, patriotism, not passion, is the source of his inspiration. He is essentially, like Burns, the poet of the people; he speaks their language—he shares their feelings—he gives utterance to their ideas and emotions. His style is wonderfully concise; every word is well chosen, every word is clear, and there never is a word too much. He owes, probably, much both of his popularity and his merit to the circumstance that he is an unlearned man, and knows no language or literature but his own. Certainly of all the French poets, he is the only one of whom we never tire, and whom it is never an effort to read.

In no particular of its literary life does the period we are considering present a greater contrast with its predecessor than in the astonishing number and still more startling quality of its romance writers and novelists. Of prose writers of fiction the eighteenth century produced only four who survive or deserved to survive—Le

Sage, the Abbe Prevost, Rousseau, and Bernardin de St. Pierre; and each of these was satisfied with giving birth to one, or at most two works. "*Gil Blas*," "*Manon Lescaut*," "*La Nouvelle Heloise*," and "*Paul et Virginie*," are all that they have really bequeathed to us. The nineteenth century, on the contrary, counts its novelists by the score, and their productions by the hundred. Not to mention Madame Cotin, Mlle. Sophia Gay, Alfred de Vigny, and others, who were moderate both as to quantity and quality, there is Madame de Stael, whose Delphine will live long, and whose Corinne can never die. There is Chateaubriand, whose fictions, however, are rather poems than romances. There is Victor Hugo, whose power of harassing delineation is almost as unequalled as his flagrant and exuberant abuse of it. There is Eugene Sue, whose "*Atar-Guill*," "*Les Mysteres de Paris*," and "*Mysteres du Peuple*," have unhappily become notorious even here; whose conceptions and descriptions, powerful as they are, are regarded even among his own countrymen as having often transgressed the limits of permissible monstrosity. There are Balzac and Paul de Koch, Jules Janin, and others, whose numerous romances are strange exhibitions of genius wallowing in the mire—

"Of talents made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines."

There is Alexander Dumas, with all his insane extravagance, perhaps the most readable of them all, whose marvelous fecundity resembles that of the rabbit or the Cochinchina fowl; a manufacturer rather than an artist; the stream of whose inspiration, though exhausted by the production of at least fifty volumes, dribbles on, still—a pump, no longer a fountain. Lastly, there is far the greatest of all since the author of "*Corinne*"—the lady who writes under the pseudonyme of George Sand—one of the most prolific authors of the day; the sterling stamp of whose genius is attested not by the number or the beauty of her tales, their deep thought, their still deeper tenderness, or their polished and perfect style; but by that characteristic which seems to be the exclusive prerogative of the highest order of intellect, by the fact that the current of her thought has become purer, profounder, serenest, as it has flowed on; that she has gradually worked herself free from much of the turbid and unlicensed sensuality which disfigured her earlier productions, and that a manlier tone, a better taste, and a higher morality have grown upon her year by year. There

is yet a wide gulf which separates her from what we should wish to see her, and what she might yet become; but the woman who has traversed the space which separates "Consuelo" and "La petite Fadette," from "Leone Leoni" or "Indiana," need despair of no other progress.

But the fictitious literature of the age in France is marked by another feature far more distressing than its exuberance. It is diseased to its very core. Never before was so much talent perverted to such base uses. It is not only that the tone of sexual morality which it preaches is lax and low; that it expatiates with such complacency in equivocal positions and voluptuous delineations; that its whole tendency is to deaden the sense of duty and impair the vigor of the will; that every-where *sentiment* is extolled and brought prominently forward while *principle* is ignored or thrust ignominiously into the background: of all this we have had examples before in literature far less morbid and less dangerous. It is that it addresses itself consciously and glaringly to palled appetites and distorted imaginations; that it proceeds on the assumption—which, of course, it thereby helps to realize—that all relish for what is chaste, simple, and serene is extinct in the hearts of its readers; and that recognising a demand for what is unnatural, extravagant, and bad, it sets to work to provide a supply without compunction and without stint. It is a banquet consisting solely of unwholesome stimulants and more unwholesome sweets. Each writer strives to surpass himself and to eclipse his rivals in the novelty and extravagance of the incidents which he heaps together; in his daring violations of every rule of taste, art, and morals; in his delineations of whatever can most startle, horrify, and shock. No situation is too grotesque, no combination too improbable, no picture too revolting, to be admitted. "*Cela émeut: cela fait éprouver une sensation,*" is the language of praise, by which such writers are rewarded. Now, it is some inconceivable monster of iniquity, who passes in the world's eye as a saint, and receives the "prize of virtue," as in "Atar-Grull." Now, it is some character utterly and desperately vicious, made interesting by some single virtue or some redeeming human affection, as in "Le Roi l'amuse," and "Lucrecia Borgia," which, however, are not novels, but dramas. Now, it is some angel of purity brought up in a brothel and a cabaret, as in "Les Mysteres de Paris." Now, it is some scene of prolonged and minutely pictured agony, as that of the priest hanging by the leaden spout from the turret of Notre Dame, which slowly bends

under him for many pages. And so on through a catalogue of monstrous, harrowing, unnatural conceptions, fitted for nothing, designed for nothing, but to rouse an exhausted fancy or goad a jaded sensuality.

In one most important and significant respect the tone of French literature in the present century has undergone even a greater modification than its form and direction—in all, we mean, that relates to the religious sentiment. The prevalent spirit of the last age was that not of simple skepticism, but of hard, cold, aggressive infidelity. The unbelief of the men of that time was something more than a negation: it may be said to have amounted not only to a positive creed, but to an inspiring faith. Now, all this is changed; and without any close analysis of the difference, no one can pass from the study of Voltaire, Raynal, Diderot, Helvétius, and their collaborateurs, to the perusal of Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Guizot, Lamartine, or even of George Sand, and not be conscious that they are breathing an altogether different atmosphere. It is not that skepticism has become extinct or unfashionable. It is not that these writers or their imitators are believers, in our sense of the word: scarcely one of them belongs to any sect, or would be owned by any Church; but though a creed may be wanting, the religious sentiment is there. The poet felt it stirring in his soul; his muse was arid and cold without it; the historian read indications of its undying vitality in every page of the world's annals; the thinker, now that strife and passion had passed away, discerned how shallow, barren, and incomplete was the philosophy which sought to banish or deny it. But with the great majority of these same writers, even those whose tone is reverential and devout, religion scarcely reaches a more definite form, or a firmer foundation, than a vague instinct, or a strong emotion; it is poetical, not theological; it is the result of impression, not of reflection or research. "J'ai pleuré, et j'ai cru," says Chateaubriand. "J'aime: il faut que j'espère," says Lamartine. The religion of this last great poet is a sort of type of that which pervades the better portion of the literary life in France. It is an emotion of the heart—not the guide of life.

The improvement, as compared with the last age, is unquestionable. The feelings and convictions of rational devotion are not outraged as before at every turn: if there is not much more to satisfy, there is infinitely less to shock; and the gain that has been made good may be a step to further progress.

We must conclude this rapid enumeration of the principal distinctive features of the French literature of our day, by calling attention to one of the most obvious and striking—its exuberant, and, what Burke would call, its *quadrumane* activity. For one writer of the last century we have a score now. The pen is the sword of the age, which every one considers himself entitled to wear and to wield—often, no doubt, feebly enough; often clumsily; often in a bad cause.

Perhaps, of all the characteristics of the time this tendency is not the least sad or sinister. A restlessness of spirit that knows not what it wants; an ignorance of self that knows not what it can do; a rebellion against wholesome restraints that shrinks alike from mental toil and mental discipline; a boyish vanity, that burns to gain the ear and influence the feelings of the public without preparation and without capacity—these are ill auguries for the peace and progress of the nation. Whence help and rescue are to come we confess we do not see. It is hopeful to know that there still exist many Frenchmen keenly alive to the dangers and defects of their intellectual position, and courageous enough to analyze and stigmatize them.—*Edinburgh Review*.



DEATH.

BY F. W. TARKER.

A WILD bird by a streamlet sung,
And on the wilds its warblings flung;
And as in echoes died away
Its deeply wild, impassioned lay,
It shrieked, and, fluttering from its rest
Its life-blood stained its downy breast.
The quivering wing, the glaring eye,
The heaving breast, the gasping sigh,
The look that spoke imploringly,
Were past, and lone the wild bird lay,
And noiseless as the silent spray,
That wreathes the waves upon the stream
That sparkles in the sunset's beam.
No more, sweet warbler, shalt thou sing,
Or greet the sun with upward wing!
No more shalt cleave the ambient air
Or woo thy mate from deep despair!
No more! no more! thy race is run!
Thy song, thy spirit-song, is done!
And still I gazed, and wondered where
The gushing life which struggled there,
And where the spirit that had been
The living principle within.

I saw a child—a fairy boy:
His look was love—his smile was joy.
The curl that nestled on his cheek
Seemed fondly, lovingly, to seek

Communion nearer with the soul,
That lit with most seraphic grace
The heavenly beauty of his face,
And yet had known no ill control.
Again I saw the child—he lay,
As sunset tints departing day;
The breath of summer gently moved
The flowing curls his mother loved;
His breath came quick, his eye was wild—
The mother bent upon her child.

When man is sealed in youthful bloom
An early victim for the tomb,
While fond, vain dreams of future fame,
An honored and undying name,
And ere requited love's sweet flame
May lance afresh the bleeding heart,
But comfort none can more impart;
The flashing eye can scarce restrain
The gushing tear's unbidden flow,
Which speaks of hopeless, silent woe,
In signs that pride forbids, in vain,
From others' ken should all remain.

The maiden kneeling by the grave
That holds whom deep love could not save,
Hath tasted well the bitterness,
The lonely heart's deep wretchedness,
Which, soon or late, is known to all
Who wear life's ever-deepening pall.
But who shall paint the mother's pain,
While kneeling by her dying child?
She marks his eyes grow strange and wild,
And feels she never more shall strain
Her treasure to her heart again.
And thus the fondly loved was lying;
Thus watched the mother o'er the dying;
O death! thou dread and holy thing,
Which prophets preach and poets sing—
Thou deep and dark inanity,
Strange guide to immortality—
What eye can know thee, who can trace
The mystery of thy dwelling-place?
Thou silent messenger between
Two worlds which own thee still unseen,
Say, is thy mission here of pain?
Shall mortals still the goblet drain?
And shall the bitter tear flow ever?
And shall the wounded heart rest never?
Say, art thou not of mercy sent,
To bring the soul from banishment—
To purify from earthiness,
And guide it to ethereal bliss?
And when, with intuition wise,
It joyous treads the upper skies,
Will it not love to linger still
Where mortals strive with human ill?
And will the child not come again
To soothe the mother in her pain?



MAN may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. COWPER.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOVERNOOK."

THERE lived once, in a valley all fenced round with green hills, and beautiful with fountains and flowers, a maiden whose name was Myrtala. She was exceedingly beautiful, and rich in gold and silver, and precious stones, and gorgeous apparel, but she was not rich in wisdom. But Myrtala was a princess, and was held in great esteem by the people of the country in which she lived. Some, alas! were so dazzled by the splendor in which she dwelt, as to fancy whatever she said and did was perfect. To have been permitted to carry her train as she walked abroad would have been esteemed a great privilege by maids as fair as she and much wiser. But though she was a princess, and wore gowns with borders heavy with golden flowers, and had looks of admiration following her wherever she went, she was perhaps as far from happiness as the humblest child in the beautiful valley where she reigned, for in all things she had her will; so that it might be truly said she reigned, though the government was nominally in the hands of another. Nevertheless, Myrtala was sad, discontented, positively wretched sometimes. From all those who fall down and worshiped her, her eyes wandered dissatisfiedly away—the desire of her heart was toward the king's son, but he staid in his own dominion contentedly enough, never so much as sending a message to the beautiful Myrtala.

At last her cheek grew pale, and she feigned an importunate errand into the country of the prince, that she might be assured for herself whether the stories of his wit and wisdom were based in truth. "If I can but see him," she said, "I will bring him home captive;" for she believed herself unrivaled, both for beauty and wisdom; "for who would dare measure herself with a princess?" she said.

There were great preparations in the house of the princess, and after a long time, and the expenditure of more gold than would have bought all the poor of that country a house and an acre of ground, she set forth, accompanied by many attendants and maids of honor to serve as a background to her brilliancy.

All went well: the journey was safe and prosperous, and to crown her expectancy, the young prince, whose name was Salathiel, no sooner heard of the presence of Myrtala in his dominions than he went forth to meet her, and proffer entertainment befitting her condition. The civility might have grown out of self-respect and

propriety; it might have been a ceremonious show of the highest regard for the princess. For the first days of her entertainment Myrtala could not but repeat, "I came, and saw, and conquered," but the feeling of triumph subdued itself by degrees; for though Salathiel was in all things respectful, he was far from yielding her the homage she desired. When he plucked a flower for her she felt that his heart was not in its bright cup, and vexation gave harshness to her voice and a color to her cheek that was like angry fire, and, speaking as the foolish women speak, she said, "He shall not escape from the net I have spread for him; he shall see what authority I have in my own land, and that shall make him love me;" for she was devoid of that simple wisdom which knoweth that love can not be bought nor sold; that it must be won—not compelled. She never once thought, "I will strive to appear more lovely and more excellent in his eyes, and by continual kindness secure his regard." She never thought there was any thing for a princess to do except to receive admiration and flattery.

So the time of her departure came near without the accomplishment of that for which the journey had been undertaken. The prince had said many pleasant things, but he had not once said he could not exist without her; they had walked in the moonlight gardens and conversed in the glittering palace; they had listened to music and joined in dances together; yet Salathiel sighed not that the day of the fair one's departure drew near.

"I have had a dream," said Myrtala, "and I dare not return to my own country alone;" for she thought if Salathiel could see her at home, where she was courted as a queen rather than princess, he would fall down with the rest and worship.

"Five hundred strong men and five hundred armed men shall go with you, the half preceding and the half following," said the prince, but it would not do; the dream of Myrtala was a strange dream, and ten thousand warriors could not guard her so well as the prince alone.

Salathiel was a courteous prince, and when he saw that she would not be otherwise content, he made ready and himself attended her, as her strange dream required. Even yet the princess was not satisfied, for Salathiel talked, now of the beast eating grass by the wayside, and now of the bramble-flower leaning out into the sun; sometimes of his own land, and sometimes of the unseen land—the country from which no traveler returns—a clime Myrtala had thought but little about. In short, though the princess was carrying

Salathiel home with her, she was not carrying him captive, as she had designed to do. She tried to persuade herself, however, that when he should see what power she exercised in her own country, he would be desirous of forming an alliance with her.

The beautiful valley in which she lived was reached at last, and for a few moments the princess experienced something of the rapture of "a conqueror's mood." With proud satisfaction she pointed to the different locations of beauty as they went along, now close beside a winding river, now beneath trees coming out in the tenderest foliage, and now through a meadow where the grass was speckled with daisies.

The prince was delighted with the valley, for it was like a garden whichever way he looked; but when they turned aside, and, by the margin of a soft, full brook, went noiselessly on, he grew silent, too, and, locking his hands together, gazed earnestly, almost reverently, upon the glorious summer prophesies April was making; for it was April, and all the air was fragrance and melody.

Suddenly there came into the cheek of the prince a color brighter than the redness of a June rose, and the smile on his lip was as if a beam of the sunshine lay there. Sitting in the faint shadow of a tree that grew on the bank of the brook, her straw hat beside her, her bare feet in the water, and her shining hair dropping in half curls down her cheeks and neck, was a young girl minding a small flock of sheep. Among them, and nearest the girl, was a ewe with three lambs, two of which were white as snow, lively and bright-eyed as lambs may be, but the third was black with a white speckle in its face, altogether inferior to its fellows, both in size and beauty.

Myrtala was vexed, for such light had not once come into the prince's face as he gazed upon her. "I will spoil her pretty pastime," thought she, and directing her postillion to stop, she called to the girl and in harsh tones inquired her name and occupation. The girl replied that her name was Mary, that her mother was a widow who lived hard by, and that her only wealth was the sheep she was tending.

"Give me the two white lambs," commanded the princess, "and go straightway to your home, and should I ever see you sitting immodestly by the highway again, I will punish you with the loss of your silken curls and your head into the bargain."

Pale and trembling with fright the watcher of the lambs took the two white ones up in her arms, and as they lifted their meek faces toward hers in trustful fondness, the tears fell upon them

thick and fast. She dared not delay, however, and averting her face gave the pretty lambs into the keeping of the princess. So the little black one was left with the mother sheep alone.

The prince frowned, and watched the young girl as she went lonesomely home mourning for the innocent pets she had tended each day of their life till now. He frowned, but said nothing, and the face of Myrtala grew black with anger.

"He shall not escape me for all his frowning," said the willful princess. "I will show him that my wealth is as unbounded as my personal power." Then in her heart she formed a plan about the lambs. She would cause one of them to be fed on pearls and rubies, and the other should live in a garden and eat lilies and all flowers that were dainty and fair, and in her foolishness she thought that by such keeping the wool of the one would grow soft as silk and white as snow, and that the other would have its common lamb's fleece changed to a fleece of gold. She said nothing of this silly device, for she wished to surprise all her household with the metamorphosis of the lambs, and more especially did she wish to surprise the prince.

Accordingly she gave orders that the one should be fed upon pearls and rubies, and all precious stones and gems, and that one of the most beautiful of all the gardens should be set apart as pasture for the other; and after three or four days were gone she invited the prince to walk with her in the garden, that he might see and be pleased with the silky softness of the lamb's fleece. Past beds of tulips they went, and by roses hanging down their red cheeks, through neighborhoods of white lilies, and along walks bordered with flowers more than I can name or know, and at last near a fountain on a little patch of green grass they found a lamb, not with a silken fleece and cropping daisies, but lying stiff and dead. When Myrtala saw it she passed it hastily by and beckoned Salathiel to follow, but he stooped down and softly smoothed the wool of the lamb, and looked upon its dead beauty with a tender pity. Then to excuse herself the princess was fain to explain the royal manner in which the lamb had been fed and kept, and that the little brute owed its death to its own stupidity, and that never a princess in the world gave lamb such excellent and bountiful pasture as she had done. And when she beckoned him a second time he followed her, but with downcast eyes and a thoughtful brow.

Next they entered a chamber with a floor of marble, and ceilings and walls rich with elaborate paintings, and with tall arched windows of so

many dyes that they were like rainbows set in the walls. A golden basin full of wine was in one place, and silver plates were in others, on which shone nectarines and apples, mixed with diamonds and pearls; and, besides the golden bowl of wine and the dishes of fruits and gems, there was a bed of white satin spread softly and sweetly as if for a royal infant, and far away from the bed, lying on the marble floor, was the mate of the dead lamb—another dead lamb.

It needed not that the princess should, a second time, speak her foolishness. Salathiel understood the meaning of the rubies and the wine, and turning to the maiden he said, "Know you not that milk is for babes and meat for strong men, and that for the lamb of the field God provideth? There is no knowledge and no device that will change a dove to a raven, or make the crow cease his crying, or the wren complain like the owl. Learn of the dead lambs that you can not go before nature and say to the beast that looketh down, forego your instincts and gaze at the stars.

"Even men, who are made a little lower than the angels, are not able to let go the natures God gave them at first; for to one he hath given the capacity to handle nimbly the stringed instrument, and to another the power to search, and to reason, and to know. As one field brings forth grapes and another thorns, one flowers and another thistles, so are our souls, and only beneath the showery miracle of grace are their barren soils turned to fruitfulness."

Myrtala—being greatly displeased, first, that her lambs had not flourished upon her royal feeding, and next, that they had not yielded fleeces of silk and gold, and last and most, that Salathiel had spoken to her as though he talked to a child and not to a princess—turned away, saying secretly to her heart, "Thou shalt not be thus thwarted and vexed forever."

It was near the sunset that the prince heard, as he walked alone in the beautiful valley, a low lullaby song that wooed him like the voice of love—an untaught melody, but passing sweet. It was not like his dreaming of fairy or angel, but exceedingly human as well as sweet. He thought of the voices heard by Milton's benighted lady, but the song linked itself to good and not to evil. So he went forward forgetting the beautiful valley, and walking in a vision of poetry. At length he found himself close by the same brook-side where he had seen the maiden, whose name was Mary, tending sheep, and looking up he saw the ewe with her one black lamb, and close by the pretty shepherdess singing, and, like a rose, blushing at her own beauty. When she

saw Salathiel she was afraid, for she had seen him with the princess, and knew that he was like her in power. As she retired fearfully and modestly the flowers seemed scarcely to bend under her step, and the black lamb played round her gently and lovingly, and they both looked like a picture in a green ground. The princess, with her two white lambs seemed like an ugly shadow compared with her, having only one black lamb beside her, and being dressed with natural grace and modesty.

When she was quite out of sight the prince sat down on the bank by the full flowing brook, and mused till the roseate shadows of twilight grew purple and then black, but the valley was not beautiful any longer after the maiden was gone. The following day at the same hour he sought the brook-side again, and this time learned that the wisdom of the shepherdess equaled her modesty and beauty. There were gossips in that valley as well as in countries less lovely, and the knowledge of the prince's admiration for the shepherdess was soon brought to Myrtala's ears.

Then it was that her vexation was kindled to wrath, and working secretly as before, she caused the young girl to be seized as she tended her one black lamb, and directed that all her golden curls should be clipped off, and that she should wash and bleach the linen of her royal household. "We will see how the prince will like the seeming of his lady's hands and head," said Myrtala, and as much as she might in her anger, she pleased herself with the thought of his disenchantment.

Sure enough, as she had thought, he went forth on the morrow and found the poor maiden spreading down linen by the brook-side to bleach. To conceal the loss of her curls she had wound a wreath of lilies about her head, her pretty arms were bare, and the blush that came into her cheek when she saw the prince, made her appear even more lovely to him than she had ever appeared till then. But when he knew why it was that she was bleaching linen, and why she wore the crown of lilies, his pity grew to a tenderness that was not pity at all; and taking both her hands in his he told her that she who could be meek, and good, and beautiful in spite of all, deserved a queenly crown in place of a lily wreath, and, despite all the fretting and fuming of the foolish Myrtala, he carried her away to his own country, and after awhile, when he was himself king, she sat by his side dressed in royal robes, as she was with wisdom and modesty while tending the sheep.

We may not all be rewarded as was Mary, the shepherdess, but her story encourages us to per-

severe in the path of duty in spite of obstacles that stand in our way. In her natural gracefulness, tending her one black lamb, and after that bleaching linen, and her pretty curls all gone, she appeared more lovely to the wise Salathiel than did Myrtala in the midst of all her splendor. Ah me! one living black lamb, that has eaten only clover, is better than a thousand dead white ones starved on pearls and lilies.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

Out among the starry islands—
Out into a shoreless sea,
Thou my friend art floating forward—
Floating to eternity.

Hast a signal? See yon land there?
Show it to us if there be.

Are the islands pearly stranded?
Are they lit with song like ours?
Flow the rivers there to music?
Are there golden-fruited bowers?
Are there silvery falling fountains
Sheening through the vernal hours?

Hand in hand we've trod together
Nature's devious winding maze;
Thou wert quick to find her meaning;
Thou wert first the clew to raise;
Tranced wert thou to follow thither!
What new wonders fix thy gaze?

We have bent together over
Rare old books with words so wise;
Meet you there such unflushed raptures
In the library of the skies?
Are there lofty, solemn meanings,
Boaring fancies, ecstasies?

O how idle every question
Asked by mortals of the skies;
Earthward never stoops the spirit
When its seraph wings it tries!
Are the silly questions answered,
Asked by worms of butterflies?

O thy mind was purest crystal
Can I half its trueness tell!
Like the magic of the diamond,
Cutting sharply, truly, well;
Or into the depths of knowledge,
Cleaving like a diving-bell.

Few of earth's best joys hadst tasted,
Ere away thou'rt quickly borne.
All too fair the spirit's mantle,
Which on earth by thee was worn—
Like the tway-leaf's snowy blossom,
Falling midst the dews of morn.

SITTING MUSING BY MY WINDOW

BY MRS. E. O. SAMPSON HOTT.

Sitting stitching by my window,
Half the clouded, wintry day;
Sitting shivering by my window,
From the cheerful fire away;
Sitting musing—half complaining,
Long I noted not the sight
Of the beauteous snow descending,
Of the brown earth robed in white.

O'er the dimly outlined hill-tops,
Streets, valleys, woodlands wide;
Far as faded out the vision,
Far as stretched from side to side;
From the zenith heights above me
To the meanest nook below,
Swiftly as a bannered army
Swept the white-winged muffled snow.

Soon the winter's spoils were hidden;
Craggs and scars were folded up;
Blighted nature meekly drinking
From her crystal-cruised cup.
On the new baptized creation
Such a sense of beauty fell;
On the new baptized creation
Seemed a hush of peace to dwell:

Sitting musing by my window,
Long I noted then the sight
Of the beauteous snow descending,
Of the brown earth robed in white;
Then my thoughts were lifted higher;
Then I left the world within;
Then from off my spirit's lyre
Swept the clouds had gathered in:

Mused upon the bright revealings
Of the earth so brown and bare,
While I murmured, all unheeding,
The without—so passing fair!
O'er the dimly outlined future,
Real half and half in dreams,
Far as faded out the omen—
All that is and all that seems—

From the zenith heights above me;
From the world of better things,
Armed with strength and crowned with beauty
Came the love-infolding wings.
Soon the soil of life was hiddden;
Cares and sorrows folded up;
Musing murmurer meekly drinking
From her heaven-appointed cup.

On the newly baptized spirit
Such a sense of beauty fell;
On the newly baptized spirit
Seemed a hush of peace to dwell.
Sitting musing by my window,
Now the night infoldeth all;
Still the white-winged beauteous snow-flakes,
Falling, falling, still they fall.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.—"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"—*Psalms lxi, 2.*

A few years since some travelers were journeying in the vicinity of the Pyrenees. Terrific storms are common to that region; and these travelers were alarmed by the sudden appearance of huge masses of clouds in the angry sky, betokening the approach of no ordinary tempest. While viewing these omens with sensations of terror, a sharp voice broke upon their ears, shouting, "To the rock! to the rock!" Looking round, they saw the speaker, a French peasant, pointing to a mass of rock near by, which overhung the road, and offered them a place of shelter. They hastened to this friendly cave. Just as they reached it, the thunder boomed athwart the sky, the rain poured down in torrents, and the storm came rushing from the hills, sweeping every thing from their path. Securely placed beneath the shelter of their friendly rock, our travelers, though trembling at what they saw and heard, escaped the danger. When the storm was overpast, they renewed their journey with hearts swelling with gratitude for their preservation.

In this incident we see how the presence of danger impressed those travelers with so profound a sense of their own weakness, as to qualify them to fully appreciate the value of the sheltering rock to which the peasant directed them. In like manner it would seem that the royal Psalmist, beset with difficulties, threatened by storms, and circumvented by the malicious schemes of bad men, felt himself unspeakably impotent. He had no confidence in the adequacy of his own power to overcome the dangers frowning upon him. Hence, casting aside all self-dependence, he lifted his beseeching eyes to God. Gazing on the divine Omnipotence, he beheld Jehovah under the image of a vast rock, whose foundations and summits were alike lost in the Infinite, and within whose shelter he would be absolutely and eternally safe. The idea met his soul's aspiration, and he poured forth his prayer, "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." God heard his prayer. He became conscious of the all-surrounding presence of the Infinite. His fears subsided; his heart grew quiet; and, confident of safety, he poured forth a tide of triumphant song, in anticipation of eternal participation in the joys of the Lord.

And what David did we may also do. When we are threatened by storms too terrible for our puny strength to brave; when disaster rolls like a mountain-flood upon our path; when fierce lightnings gleam angrily from our social sky; when adversity stripes us of property; when unfeeling malice shoots poisonous darts at our reputation; when enemies misrepresent and friends misunderstand us; when death lays the darlings of our affection low; when we are left desolate and unfriended in the wastes of life—then, O, then should our eyes be uplifted,

and our voices heard, crying, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!" For, in such hours, all strength of mind, all human confidences, are vain. The mightiest minds can not stand erect amidst the desolations of life, if unsheltered by the Rock of ages. Even Napoleon, though intellectually a giant, reeled and staggered like a tottering infant when he saw the hand of Providence uplifted against him—when he heard the storms of retribution howling around him. Then, though his will had always been like iron, he became weak and infirm of purpose; he hesitated, resolved, hesitated again, and finally fled—a melancholy spectacle of the helplessness of man when he dares the perils of life unprotected by the Rock that is higher than himself. His example is a lesson to all ages. It teaches every man to shun his proud habit of self-dependence; to learn the way to the shelter of the eternal Rock; to cry, with David, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"—*The Harp of David.*

A LESSON FROM THE FLY.—"Eat thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for thee."—*Proverbs xxx, 16.*

The fly, too greedy to be wary, sometimes falls into a dish of sweets, and crawls out, drooping, dispirited, and unable to use his wings. Long and industriously he plies his brushy legs, before his pinions are again fit for flight. Be sparing and cautious, Christian, in thine earthly enjoyments, lest thou clog the wings of thy soul. One incautious plunge into carnal delights may leave thee crawling in the dust, unable to rise into the atmosphere of spirituality, full of self-reproach, and loathing the mess of pottage for which thou hast degraded thyself, and diminished thy happiness here and hereafter. A single act of immoderate self-indulgence may render necessary long and diligent seeking for spiritual cleansing, before thou canst be free, and use thy wings, and again soar heavenward.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.—It is a rare and precious privilege to sit down and listen to the language of a Christian pilgrim who has walked with Christ many years, struggling through trials and temptations, sometimes almost despairing, sometimes rejoicing in hope, always trembling lest he should not be among the number who endure to the end, but at length brought safely forward to the threshold of the heavenly kingdom. With what calm, deep-toned gratitude does he survey the past! It stretches away dim and distant to the retrospective view, but it is far from being a trackless waste.

Here and there, through all the course, Ebenezers arise and greet the sight, "like stars on the breast of the ocean," awaking fresh gratitude, and hope, and trust, and enabling the spirit to say, "Thou wilt guide me unto death, and afterward receive me to glory." Glory! ah, what does it mean? An endless existence at the right hand of God. *Fullness* of joy. The pilgrim in the early and the midway path obtains but few and faint glimpses of his future inheritance. His "Father's house on high" seems far away; he has yet much to do with

earth and its inhabitants; he must still be girded for the conflict, and ever on the standing watch.

To the privileged one who is *surely* near the goal, the noise and turmoil of life have passed away. The hopes it once inspired have long since departed. He looks on infancy and childhood with a placid smile, and says, "I shall soon know what the childhood of a new existence is;" on youth, and says, "I shall soon put on immortal youth;" on manhood, and says, "I shall soon attain to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. O, to Him who hath loved me, and hath given himself for me, to him be glory now and evermore!"

"Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey."

THE WORD "SELAH."—The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and, of course, the English reader often asks his minister or some learned friend what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning *eternally, forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence*! Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocheer regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*—up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah. They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, 'Hear, Jehovah!' or 'Awake, Jehovah!' and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear," etc. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. *Selah* itself he thinks an abridged expression used for *Higgaion Selah*; *Higgaion* indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and *Selah* a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

THE TREE IN WINTER.—The roots of a tree are never stronger than in winter, when it bears no fruit, when it is clothed with no leaves; the sap then runs down into the roots, instead of being wasted in leaves. If it was always summer with the Church of God—if she had no trials to encounter, no troubles to endure—the hearts of its members would grow luxuriant and proud, and run much into showy leaves and specious fruit; but when the winter of adversity nips and pinches them, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall, then is there a clinging close to God, then is there a fleeing for refuge to him "who hath been" and still is "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a covert from the storm, and a shadow from the heat."

CARNAL ENMITY STIRRED UP.—"The carnal mind is enmity against God."—*Romans viii, 7*.

We read of a viper which hides its teeth in its gums, requiring good sight to detect them. *Simplicity* might

conclude them *harmless*. Provokes the viper: the teeth are instantly seen, protruding in battle array! It is thus with the carnal mind not only in some special instance, but the world over.

This *enmity* is not apt to slumber in a revival. It is like the American snake, seldom caught napping in hot weather. In cold weather, when the thermometer is below zero, there is no danger from snakes; bring them to the fire, however, and life and enmity will soon appear. It is like fire smoldering under a heap of ashes—that is, carnal enmity; stir it up, and it shows red life sufficient to kindle a conflagration that many waters could not quench.—*Earnest Christianity*.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PEACE.—"The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance forever."—*Isaiah xxxiii, 17*.

You can not touch the deep foundations of the Christian's peace. When the winds are up and raving loudly, you see the trees torn up by the roots, the waves of the sea boiling, and ships dashed to pieces upon their surges. You are, perhaps, inclined to say, How tempestuous it must be a thousand fathoms down! Ah! the winds have never reached those waves—there all is peace. There is a large mass of waters the wind can not reach—it is all on the surface. And so let wealth depart, let political influence decline, death come—let all the winds from hell be unloosed—you can not touch the deep foundations of the Christian's peace. You have only seen the surface; in the deep within all is peace, peace.—*Dr. Beaumont*.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.—"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head."—*Matthew xxvii, 29*.

Those who have seen them tell us that the thorns of Judea are much larger and much stronger than those of our own country. Does not this impress our minds with a fuller idea of the intensity of Christ's sufferings? The crown of thorns affords the Christian much instructive matter for contemplation. Throughout Scripture, thorns are symbolical of the corruption of the human heart. Our sins were all left at the Savior's door, and he was crowned with thorns, to teach us that we can alone be delivered from the awful penalty due to our transgressions in consequence of our sins being heaped upon him. He wore the crown of thorns upon his head, to take the thorns of natural corruption out of our hearts—"He bare the sins of many," that by his stripes we might be healed—"He was made a curse for us, that he might redeem us from the curse"—"He was a man of sorrows," that those who believe in him should become heirs of joy. It was the custom at Rome to bring criminals to the top of the Tarpelan rock, and to hurl them down headlong: thus does Divine justice bring sin to the summit of the Rock of ages, and then cast it down into the abyss of infinity!—*Dr. Hoveel*.

THE SAND ON THE MOUNTAIN.—While the sand is lying on the mountain-side, it is a vile and refuse thing, trodden under foot of man and beast. It is carried to the laboratory, submitted to the fire of the furnace, molded into form, polished by the hand of the workman, and becomes a noble mirror, the most splendid ornament in the palaces of kings. Thus it is with the sinner—God raises him from the rubbish of the fall, vitrifies him by the power of his word, polishes him by the graces of his Spirit, and places him in the zenith of glory, the noblest mirror, in which are reflected all the perfections of God.

Editorial Disquisition.

PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Dr. SMOUD, an eminent English physician, has published a treatise upon the physical cause of the death of Christ. The work is full of interest as to its matter, and especially valuable for its physiological details. To use his own language, he proposes first "to demonstrate an important physical fact connected with the death of Christ," and, secondly, "to point out its relation to the principles and practice of Christianity." When we read the work some years since, then newly from the press, it struck us as embodying important facts in relation to the death of Christ, and also as elucidating points that had been not very clearly defined. Under this impression our views of the work were then given in *extenso* through another medium.^o In the present article we propose to discuss, in a popular form, one single principle in relation to the death of Christ; namely, its *physical cause*.

In the very prime and vigor of life, and in the full possession of all his faculties, the Savior entered upon the scene of his last sufferings. The last supper, the departure of Judas, the discourse of the Savior, the agony of the garden—are so many striking acts in the drama. His mortal agony upon the cross was of six hours' duration. The Divine presence, restored to him after his agony in the garden, was again withdrawn upon the cross, and the anguish of his spirit led him to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" His death was sudden. Nor was his strength exhausted, for he had just cried with a "loud voice." The centurion could hardly believe that he had so soon died; and yet the fact was so evident that his legs were not broken, as were those of the two thieves. But a soldier pierced his side with a spear, whereupon, says St. John, who was an eyewitness, "immediately there came forth blood and water." Here was evidently a combination of mental and physical causes attendant upon, if not producing, his death.

Having assumed, then, the death of Christ upon the cross, the question arises, whether his death was superinduced by the agony and exhaustion of crucifixion. In order to the determination of this question, a brief inquiry into that mode of punishment and its effects will be necessary.

Crucifixion, as a mode of punishment, prevailed among many nations from the remotest antiquity. The first instance of it on record, probably, is that of the chief baker of Pharaoh, who, Josephus says, was crucified; which by no means contradicts our authorized English version of the Bible, which says simply that he was "hanged," the two words being interchangeable in the Scriptures. The Greeks and Romans were accustomed to inflict this punishment upon criminals, especially upon slaves. It was not, as many have supposed, a Jewish mode of execution. The only instances of crucifixion allowed among them was that of the dead bodies of those who had been stoned for blasphemy; hence it was that the "nailing to the tree" was regarded by them as so peculiarly "accursed." And even in that case the Mosaic law required that the body should be taken down before sunset of the day on which the criminal had been slain. The instigators of the death of Christ were indeed Jews, but he was

condemned by a Roman tribunal, and executed by a Roman law. His death was, therefore, most ignominious. Under sentence for alleged sedition against Caesar, he suffered the death the Romans were accustomed to inflict upon their slaves and the vilest of malefactors; and then, also, being "nailed to the tree," in the eyes of the Jews he suffered the most execrable of deaths—the punishment for blasphemy.

By the Emperor Constantine, punishment by crucifixion was abolished throughout the Roman empire, because he deemed it indecent and irreligious to punish upon the cross the vilest criminals, while at the same time it was used to symbolize that religion which was the hope of the world. From that time forward, a period of fifteen centuries, crucifixion has been rarely witnessed in Europe; and the prevalent ideas of it were derived from painters, poets, or devotional writers, who followed imagination or tradition rather than the evidence of facts. For correct notions upon this subject, the Christian world is greatly indebted to Salmasius and Lipsius, two eminent scholars of the seventeenth century, who, with great industry and perseverance, collected and brought together the authentic records of antiquity upon the subject. From their researches, we learn that the cross consisted, in addition to the upright and transverse bars, of a short bar projecting from the upright post, on which the crucified person was seated. "The structure of the cross," says Irenæus, "has five ends or summits, two in length, two in breadth, and one in the middle, on which the crucified person rests." Justin Martyr also speaks of the "end projecting from the middle like a horn, on which crucified persons are seated." Tertullian, a still later authority, speaks of the "projecting bar which serves as a seat." This important part of the cross has been almost entirely overlooked, and the crucified individual described as having his whole weight suspended on the nails which pierced his hands and his feet.

The process of crucifixion is thus described: "The criminal condemned to this dreadful mode of death, having first been scourged, was compelled to carry the cross to the place of execution—a circumstance which implies that the scourging was not excessively severe; and that the dimensions of the gibbet did not much exceed those of the human body. On arriving at the spot he was stripped of his clothes, and, after a cup of wine—sometimes medicated, with a view to impart firmness, or to alleviate pain—was speedily nailed to the cross, either before or after its erection. In either case he was made to sit astride on the middle bar; and his limbs, having been extended and bound with cords, were finally secured by large iron spikes driven through their extremities, the hands to the transverse beam, and the feet to the upright post."

In this condition, intense and generally protracted suffering was endured, before death came to the relief of the victim. Indeed, crucifixion was a very lingering punishment, producing death generally by the slow process of nervous irritation and exhaustion. The duration of its agonies would, of course, be more or less protracted according to the age, sex, constitution of the individual, and other circumstances connected with the case. "In many cases death was partly induced by hunger and

thirst, the vicissitudes of heat and cold, or the attack of ravenous birds and beasts; and in others, was designedly accelerated by burning, stoning, suffocation, breaking the bones, or piercing the vital organs." Instances have occurred in which individuals, after being for some time upon the cross, were taken down, and, by careful medical treatment, restored to health. The usual duration of life under the torture inflicted by crucifixion may be set down as from two to three days; and cases are on record where life was protracted to five, and even nine days.

Jacobus Bosius, in his "*Cruz Triumphans et Gloriosa*," says that Victor, Bishop of Amiterna, though crucified with his head downward, survived two days. He also gives an account of a married pair, crucified in the Diocletian persecution in 286, who hung alive upon the cross nine days and nights, mutually exhorting and encouraging each other, and both expiring on the tenth day. In the year 297, under the Emperor Maximian, seven individuals, after being subjected to protracted and cruel tortures, were crucified at Samosata. Of these "Hipparcus," a venerable old man, "died on the cross in a short time. James, Romanus, and Lollianus expired the next day, being stabbed by the soldiers while they hung on their crosses. Philotheus, Habibus, and Paragrus were taken down from their crosses while they were still living. The emperor, being informed that they were yet alive, commanded that huge nails be driven into their heads, and by them they were at length dispatched." These are horrible details, but they give us light upon the real nature of crucifixion, and the amount of suffering, as well as the length of time it was endured before death came to the relief of the unhappy victim.

The following instances are of modern date, and have been selected from a number of cases fully authenticated. Captain Clapperton, writing in 1824, says, "The capital punishments inflicted in Soudan, are beheading, impaling, and crucifixion; the first being reserved for Mohammedans, and the other two practiced on Pagans. I was told, as a matter of curiosity, that wretches on the cross generally linger three days before death puts an end to their sufferings." The Rev. Mr. Ellis, when describing the punishments inflicted in Madagascar, says, "In a few cases of great enormity, a sort of crucifixion has been resorted to; and, in addition to this, burning or roasting at a slow fire, kept at some distance from the sufferer, has completed the horrors of this miserable death." Bishop Wiseman gives an account of the execution of a young Mameluke, who was crucified under the walls of Damascus for the murder of his master. His hands, arms, and feet having been nailed to the cross, he remained alive from midday on Friday to the same hour on Sunday, when he died. From these instances it will be perceived that death, by crucifixion, was a slow process, protracted in ordinary cases to two or three days, and in some instances to many more.

Jesus died within six hours after he was nailed to the cross. We are, therefore, compelled, in view of the facts above developed, to conclude that, in whatever degree the ordinary sufferings of crucifixion contributed to his death, they were not its immediate cause. The bystanders and those engaged in the dreadful tragedy were evidently surprised at the suddenness of his death; and even Pilate, when applied to for his body, "marveled if he were already dead." The fact also that he "cried with a loud voice" at the very moment when life departed, plainly shows that his death could not have been occasioned by exhaustion, as is the case with those who die from cruci-

fixion. Commentators have always felt the force of this, as being "utterly irreconcilable with the idea that life was at its last ebb, from the extinction of vital energy." Matthew Henry says, "Now this was a sign that his life was whole in Him, and nature strong. The voice of dying men is one of the first things that fails. With a panting breath and faltering tongue, a few broken words are hardly spoken, and more hardly heard; but Christ, just before he expired, spoke like one in his full strength." We are compelled, then, to seek elsewhere the cause or causes of his sudden death.

After putting the various theories that have been devised to account for the suddenness of his dissolution, into the crucible of careful analysis, we find that all which require our serious attention are reducible to two; namely, that the Savior, "by an act of his own divine will, yielded up his life;" or that "some mortal lesion of a vital organ of his human frame suddenly supervened, and was the immediate and, so to speak, the physical cause of his death."

The former of these two opinions has probably been most generally received; but on that account we are by no means to remit our examination of phenomena of such transcending importance. The question is, which will best accord with the teachings of the Bible and the physiological facts in the case?

The hypothesis that Christ "yielded up his life," that is, dismissed his spirit from the body by a voluntary act, is probably derived mainly from that remarkable passage in the Gospel of John, where Jesus says of himself, "I lay down my life that I may take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself." Now, if we collate this passage with those which positively declare that Christ was slain by his enemies, that he died "the death of the cross," "became obedient unto death," that the Jews were his "betrayers and murderers," that they "crucified and slew" him by the hands of wicked men, etc., we shall hardly fall of reaching the conclusion that the meaning of this expression is simply, "that in fulfillment of the divine plan of human redemption, Christ voluntarily submitted to a violent death, which he had it in his power to avoid." How perfectly in accordance with this conclusion is the discourse of the Savior to his disciples in his last journey to Jerusalem, when he took them aside and began to say, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall *crucify* him; and the third day he shall rise again." Christ, then, voluntarily submitted to a violent death; *he was led as a lamb to the slaughter*. This, then, is the sense in which "Christ laid down his life for us." To place this matter beyond a doubt, the same apostle who made this record of Christ's saying, declares that as "Christ laid down his life for us, we ought also to lay down our lives for the brethren;" not, of course, by committing suicide, but by submitting to persecution, and even death, if called to make the sacrifice for the cause of Christ, which sacrifice the apostle Paul often declared himself willing to make. And further, in all the Scriptural allusions to the death of Christ, it is not represented as self-inflicted, but as penal and vicarious.

It has also been argued, that the words employed by St. Matthew, *ἀφῆκε τὸ πνεῦμα*, rendered, "yielded up the ghost," and those employed by St. John, *πᾶρας τὸ πνεῦμα*, translated, "gave up the ghost," imply a voluntary dis-

mission of his spirit, as the actuating cause of his death. To this it would be sufficient to reply, that the other two evangelists employ the word *ἀπέθανον*, literally, *died*—rendered, however, in both of them, “gave up the ghost.” But, aside from this fact, there is no force in the argument; for we might draw the same conclusion concerning the patriarchs, because it is also said of them that they “gave up the ghost.” Bishop Pearson, in his “Exposition of the Creed,” employs the following forcible language, having a relation to the point at issue: “Should we imagine Christ to anticipate the time of death, and to subtract his soul from future torments necessary to cause an expiration, we might rationally say that the Jews and Gentiles were guilty of his death, but we could not properly say they slew him. Guilty they must be, because they inflicted those torments which, in time, death must follow; but slay him actually they did not, if his death proceeded from any other cause, and not from the wounds they inflicted.”

That it was in the power of Christ to avoid the death of the cross, had he chosen to give up the object of his mission—the redemption of the world—is perfectly obvious from the fact that he was very God as well as very man. What could all the powers of earth or hell avail against the “legions of angels” he might have summoned to his aid? He says even to Pilate, “Thou wouldst not have had any authority against me had it not been given thee from above.” In all this we see voluntary submission to an inferior power, but nothing more. And it is remarkable that in all the Scriptural allusions to the Savior’s death, although represented as being voluntary, it is never represented as being self-inflicted, but as penal and vicarious.

These arguments, we think, clearly evince one point; namely, that the death of Jesus was voluntary, only in the sense of having willingly submitted himself into the hands of his betrayers and murderers, that the great dispensation of mercy might be revealed and man be redeemed.

But if the shortness of the time he was upon the cross precludes the idea that his death could have resulted from the crucifixion alone; and if we may fairly question the soundness of the doctrine that the Savior released himself from suffering by dismissing his spirit before his physical nature had reached the last point of human endurance, to what are we to attribute his sudden and seemingly premature death? Without employing oracular language, or speaking with dogmatic authority, we say there is good reason to believe that there must have been some immediate and physical cause of his sudden death.

We have already seen that our Savior was undergoing extreme mental as well as bodily agony. After his agony in the garden, in which his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, he seems to have had a short respite from overwhelming agony. But what can more fully evidence its return upon his soul than the bitter wail that gushed forth from his riven heart? “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” This burst of agony immediately preceded his sudden and unexpected death. Now, it is not a little remarkable that the prophecies which speak most plainly of the Savior’s agony upon the cross, and the scorn with which he was treated, connect these events with the very manner of his death. While in the 22d Psalm we have our Savior personified, giving utterance to his sorrows, making complaint that his hands and his feet were pierced, specifying the very lan-

guage with which his foes would tantalise him while upon the cross,* and also the disposition that should actually be made of his garments and his vesture; how closely connected with all is the complaint, “I am poured out like water; my heart is like wax; it is melted in my bowels!” Also in the 69th Psalm, where the Savior is again personified and is giving utterance to his anguish, in close connection with the gall given him for meat and the vinegar for drink it is said, “Reproach hath broken MY HEART;” and if we turn to the evangelist again, we find that it was just after the vinegar had been touched to his lips that he gave up the ghost.†

Again: the Savior is represented as enduring the extreme agony of death; *he trod the wine-press alone*; “he poured out his soul [or, as Michaelis and other distinguished Hebraists render it, *his life’s blood*] unto death.” Then, too, it gives us a more exalted idea of the grandeur of the Savior’s suffering and the completeness with which he bore our sins, to know that he shrunk not from the burden till his humanity, unable longer to endure it, was crushed beneath its load. No other idea, we think, can so fully convey this grand impression as that which has been suggested; namely, that our Savior actually died of a broken heart.

Physiological facts, as well as Scriptural prophecies, figures, and types, all point to this conclusion. Let us look at the physiological question. Two facts here are worthy of our attention, and if we mistake not they strongly corroborate the general idea that the immediate physical cause of the Savior’s death was rupture of the heart. The first is the natural tendency of great grief to produce this result; the second is the phenomenon of the “blood and water,” which can be rationally accounted for on no other supposition.

Let us note, then, the tendency of great sorrow to produce this result; that is, rupture of the heart. Dr. Crichton says that “the general corporeal effect of all the modifications of grief and sorrow is a torpor in every irritable part, especially in the circulating and absorbent system; hence the paleness of the countenance, the coldness of the extremities, the contraction and shrinking of the skin and general surface of the body, the smallness and slowness of the pulse, the want of appetite, the deficiency of muscular force, and the sense of languor which overspreads the whole frame. As the action of the extreme branches of the arterial system is greatly diminished, the heart and aorta, and its larger vessels, and the whole system of the pulmonary artery, become loaded and distended with blood. The painful sense of *fullness* which this occasions gives rise to the common expression, which is in some degree descriptive of what really exists. In sorrow the heart is said to be *full*, and in deep sorrow it is said to be *like to burst*. A sense of oppression and anxiety, a laborious and slow respiration, and the remarkable phenomena of sobbing and sighing, naturally arise from this state of torpor and retarded circulation.”

We have not space now to describe the heart, further than to say it consists of two principal sacs, the right and the left, which lie side by side, and adhere firmly together so as to form a strong middle wall, but have no internal communication. Each of these is subdivided into two connected chambers, termed auricle and ventricle, and the whole heart is inclosed in a loose bag or mem-

* Collate Psalm xxii, 7, 8, 16-19, with Matthew xxvii, 35, 48, and 49.

† Collate Psalm lxix, 20, 21, with Matthew xxvii, 48 and 50, and the other evangelists.

brane, called the pericardium. Returning from all parts of the body, except the lungs, blood of nearly a black color, and unfit for the purposes of life, is poured into the right auricle, whence, after a momentary delay, it is transferred to the corresponding ventricle, its reflux being prevented by a membranous valve interposed between them. By the powerful contraction of the ventricle it is transmitted through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, where, by minute subdivision and contact with atmospheric air, with which the lungs are inflated with each breath, it is purified and acquires a bright crimson color. Returning from the lungs by the pulmonary veins, the renovated blood passes into the left auricle, and thence in a similar manner, and at the same time, as on the right side, into the left ventricle, by the contraction of which it is distributed with great force through the aorta to the remaining parts of the body.

Dr. Stroud says that the immediate cause of rupture of the heart is "a sudden and violent contraction of one of the ventricles, usually the left, on the column of blood thrown into it by a similar contraction of the corresponding auricle. Prevented from returning backward by the intervening valve, and not finding a sufficient outlet forward in the connected artery, the blood reacts against the ventricle itself, which is consequently torn open at the point of greatest distension, or least resistance, by the influence of its own reflected force. A quantity of blood is hereby discharged into the pericardium, and, having no means of escape from that capsule, stops the circulation by compressing the heart from without, and induces almost instantaneous death. In young and vigorous subjects, the blood thus collected in the pericardium soon divides into its constituent parts; namely, a pale, watery liquid called serum, and a soft clotted substance of a deep red color, called crassamentum; but except under similar circumstances of extravasation, this distinct separation of the blood is seldom witnessed in the dead body."

The physiological truth developed here has been recognized by all people, and every language has its terms to express it. For, "although the term *broken heart* is not always used literally, it was no doubt originally derived from the literal fact."

From the description we have given of the heart, the reader will at once perceive, that in case of rupture, the contents of the vessel ruptured would be poured into the pericardium, or sac surrounding the heart. Its condition here, and whether it actually separates into the serum and crassamentum, must be ascertained by facts. The reader will perceive the important bearing of these facts on the question now before us; for if this be so we have a natural solution of the phenomena of "blood and water" that flowed from the pierced side of the Redeemer, and one that amply vindicates it alike from the foolish traditions that have been connected with it, and the unfounded cavils that have been heaped upon it.

We can only cull a few from the multitude of facts that are directly to the point. Bonet gives an account of a soldier who died suddenly after long-continued grief. While all the other viscera were healthy, the pericardium was found to contain, not only water, but also much coagulated blood. And this water was only the serum of the blood separated from the coagulated part. Dr. Thurnam mentions a case of rupture of the heart, in which the pericardium was found to contain several ounces of serum and coagulated blood. Dr. Townsend, of New York, mentions the case of an unfortunate female in that

city who "literally and truly died of a broken heart, as was found on dissection. . . . The sac of the pericardium was found filled with about ten ounces of coagulated blood, and two of serum." A case is furnished by Dr. Williams, of Southampton, in which an individual, after suffering ten years of great despondency of mind, died also of a *broken heart*. In the post-mortem examination, the pericardium being penetrated by the knife, "a pint at least of transparent serum issued out, leaving the crassamentum firmly attached to the anterior surface of the heart." At the coroner's inquest on the body of James Brown, who died suddenly of rupture of the heart in Manchester, in 1834, the surgeon who performed the post-mortem examination stated that "the pericardium contained about a quart of blood and water." A large number of cases like the above are found in the medical journals, but these are sufficient for our purpose.

We must now note another fact, and that is that the separation of blood into serum and crassamentum seldom if ever takes place so long as it remains in its natural vessels. This conclusion is based upon the statements of Mr. Paget, after an examination of one hundred and sixty-four cases; and of Dr. John Davy, who furnished a tabular statement of thirty-five cases of post-mortem examination, made in the general hospital of Fort Pitt, Chatham, from January to September, 1838—in only one of which the phenomena of "transparent serum" was discovered; and also upon the general observation of surgeons. Two conditions, then, only seem to admit of the transformation of the blood into its solid and fluid constituent parts. The first is when the heart and the vessels are radically affected in their conformation, as in cases of aneurismatic enlargement, etc. The second, and more general case, is when by rupture or lesion the blood is poured out of its natural receptacles; then it seems very generally to be speedily changed into serum and crassamentum, or, to use popular language, into blood and water.

In the case of our Savior we can not suppose, for a moment, that any disease of the heart, or of any of the vital organs, existed. The only possible physiological solution of the issue of blood and water from the wound made by the soldier's spear, is that rupture of the heart had taken place; and this would be a full and satisfactory physiological solution of the phenomenon. For, as we have already seen, if a rupture of the heart had taken place, the blood would naturally be emptied into the pericardium, and there its separation in "blood and water," or serum and crassamentum, would take place. Then if the pericardium was pierced, "blood and water" would literally flow from the wound.

Now, let us apply these facts and reasonings to the phenomena connected with the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The sufferings here experienced by Christ, in his mortal agony, were less bodily than mental—his soul was exceeding sorrowful—nor were they inflicted either by men or devils; but he then received "the cup which the Father had given him," and then was fulfilled the declaration, "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief." The agony upon the cross was identical in nature with that in the garden, only more intense, and longer protracted. This is evident from the affecting exclamation, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" The first agony lasted one hour, and terminated with the bloody sweat; the other lasted three hours, and terminated his mortal life. The suddenness, as well as

all the circumstances under which that life was terminated, abundantly show that his death was the result, not of exhaustion, but of some latent and destructive agency. The bloody sweat was a natural promontion, and precursor of that more mortal result—the breaking of the heart. Dr. Streed thus reasons upon this point: "The death of Christ can not be ascribed to the ordinary sufferings of crucifixion, because, far from destroying life in six hours, they often allowed it to be protracted to three or four days; nor to miraculous interposition, because he was slain by his enemies, and died the death of the cross; nor to original feebleness of constitution, because, as the priest and victim of an atoning sacrifice, he was perfect in body and mind; nor to temporary weakness, resulting from his recent agony, because his strength was sustained by angelic agency. That his mental sufferings were, on the contrary, adequate to the effect, is evident from their influence in Gethsemane, where, had he not received supernatural aid, they would apparently have proved fatal without the addition of any others; and if in a lower degree they excited palpitation of the heart so violent as to occasion bloody sweat, it is equally evident that, when aggravated and longer continued, they were capable of producing rupture of the heart. That the sufferings endured in both instances, arose from a sense of the Divine malediction, is proved by his referring them in both to the immediate hand of God, by his allusion in the garden to the cup given him by his heavenly Father, and to the ancient prophecy, 'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will be scattered,' and by his final exclamation on the cross, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!'" It would seem, from these views, that the conclusion that the immediate physical cause of the Savior's death was the rupture of his heart, is not only warranted, but absolutely demanded by the phenomena attendant upon his death.

The quantity of blood and water must have been considerable, to have attracted such distinct notice, and thus been made a distinct matter of record. And this, we find, accords with the observation of physicians in cases of severe rupture and sudden death. Mr. Watson mentions a case in which the rupture was nearly three-fourths of an inch in length, and where a quantity of coagulum and serum was found in the pericardium, amounting to about five pounds. In the case of Sir David Barry, who died suddenly, the quantity of serum and clotted blood

amounted "to full five pints." This, then, only tends to confirm the general view we have taken of the subject.

Another question arises here—had sufficient time elapsed after the death of our Savior for this separation of the blood to take place? The death of our Savior occurred about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In less than three hours from this time, that is, before the evening sacrifice, at 6 o'clock, the bodies were taken down from the cross, according to the Jewish law. When the soldiers came to discharge this duty, the thieves were evidently still alive, and were, therefore, dispatched by breaking their legs, according to the Roman custom; "but on coming to Christ, as they perceived that he was already dead, they did not break his legs; one of the soldiers, however, pierced his side with a spear, and immediately there came forth blood and water." Now, here had elapsed a period of nearly three hours, while Hewson, Paget, and other eminent physicians assure us that "the process of separation will often commence in a very few minutes after death, and the complete separation of the serum and crassamentum will occur in an hour."

We have now dwelt upon the phenomena connected with the death of Christ as fully as our limited space would admit. These phenomena, we think, can be harmonized with the facts and the Scripture on no other hypothesis so well as that we have suggested; namely, that the immediate physical cause of the death of Christ was a broken heart, produced mainly, at least, by the agony of his soul.

To us there is something grand and impressive in the idea that our Savior actually suffered to the extreme point his humanity could endure. The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all, and so fearful was the burden of that iniquity, that not only was his soul agonized, but humanity was crushed beneath its intolerable weight. Well may we tremble to think what our condition would have been had the full weight of our own iniquities rested upon us. Here, then, is absolute demonstration that the sacrifice of Christ was not a mere show—a mere form for effect, but a real vicarious sacrifice; and if a real vicarious sacrifice, then is the atonement real. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; His soul was made an offering for sin; He bore our sins in his own body upon the tree; and we are truly redeemed by his precious blood.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

IS ITALY WAKING UP?—A work is now going on, sanctioned by the Neapolitan government in 1863, as important in some respects as the drainage of the Lake of Haarlem. About half way between Rome and Naples, in a basin of the Apennines, lies a large expanse of water, known as Lake Fucino. The soil around it is extremely fertile, but liable to be flooded—the differences of level varying, according to season, from twenty to forty feet. Besides swamp and drowned land, there are the ruins of three ancient cities somewhere beneath the waves; and antiquaries, not less than agriculturists, are watching for the result of the scheme for the drainage of the lake. The works are taken in hand by a company who are to have them completed in eight years, when 33,000 acres

of the most fertile land in Italy will be laid dry, and the whole of a large district ameliorated. The undertaking was first talked about in the days of Julius Cæsar; next Claudius attempted it, and employed 30,000 men for eleven years in driving a tunnel through the mountains, which answered its purpose for a time, but subsequently became choked by neglect. This tunnel is now to be greatly enlarged, and provided with sluices to regulate the flow of the water.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF FRANCE.—The French Minister of Public Instruction has issued a work on the public libraries of France and Algiers, from which it appears that, excluding Paris, there are in all the libraries 8,733,439 printed works, and 44,070 manuscripts. Bordeaux has

123,000; Lyons, 130,000; Rouen, 110,000; Strasbourg, 180,000; Troyes, 100,000; Avignon, 80,000; Dijon, 80,000; Versailles, 56,000; Tours, 57,500; Grenoble, 80,000; Marseilles, 51,000; Nantes, 45,000; Amiens, 53,000; Toulouse, 50,000. In 1852-3 there were expended for all these libraries 407,781 francs, of which sum only 184,227 francs were for the purchase of books and binding. There are 238 public libraries.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF STUDENTS IN COLLEGES.—The Society of Inquiry, of Amherst College, Massachusetts, thus classifies the students in the various colleges enumerated below:

COLLEGE.	Students.	Preparating for Ministry.	Preparating for Ministry.
Bowdoin, Me.....	170.....	52.....	26
Middlebury, Vt.....	80.....	34.....	23
University of Vermont.....	100.....	24.....	12
Amherst, Mass.....	231.....	156.....	101
Harvard, Mass.....	340.....	33.....	8
Williams, Mass.....	251.....	110.....	52
Brown University, R. I.....	252.....	73.....	45
Yale, Conn.....	450.....	152.....	45
Trinity, Conn.....	97.....	45.....	25
Wesleyan University, Conn.....	123.....	92.....	41
Genesee, N. Y.....	49.....	83.....	8
Madison University, N. Y.....	148.....	147
Union, N. Y.....	227.....	74.....	46
Marietta, O.....	62.....	32.....	10
Total.....	2,568.....	910.....	546

The total number mentioned as preparing for missionary work is 40. The number of conversions during the year is 45.

BUSINESS OF THE NEW YORK BOOK CONCERN.—The sales of books for the year 1854 amounted to \$295,298.85; periodicals, \$96,956.19; total, \$392,255.04. Being an increase of \$48,050.11 upon the sales of 1853, and of nearly \$130,000 upon the sales of 1852. The business of the Concern is rapidly outgrowing the capacity of the building; additional accommodations must soon be provided. The tract enterprise, to a large extent, deserves the credit for the increased sale of books. This new organization has infused new life into our great publishing establishment, and is rapidly modifying its character, and adapting it to the exigencies of this stirring age.

DENOMINATIONAL WEALTH.—The number of the principal religious denominations in the United States is 20. The whole number of edifices of worship is about 36,000, capable of accommodating 14,000,000 of people. The total value of Church property is \$36,416,639. The average value of each church and its appurtenances is \$2,400. The most numerous denomination is the Methodist. The Baptist comes second, Presbyterian third, Congregationalist fourth, Episcopalian fifth, Roman Catholic sixth. The property of the Methodists is estimated at \$14,636,671; that of the Presbyterians at \$14,369,880; Episcopalians, \$11,261,970; Baptists, \$10,931,382; Roman Catholics, \$3,973,838; Congregationalists, \$7,973,962.

MINISTRY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The number of members and probationers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the close of 1854, was 783,358. The number of effective traveling preachers was 4,814. These figures show that the Church has an average of one effective traveling preacher to every 163 members. Besides this goodly array of itinerant ministers, however, we have a body of local preachers numbering 6,139. Not a few of them constantly supply appointments of considerable importance, and nearly all of them, it may

be safely presumed, do more or less valuable service. Add them to the effective traveling ministry, and we have an aggregate of 10,963 preachers to preach the Gospel to our 783,358 communicants. Average these numbers, and it appears that we have one minister to about every seventy-one members of our Church. The Minutes for 1854 show that 579 preachers were admitted on trial in the annual conferences last year. The number of deaths and locations amounted to 130, leaving a net increase of 449. Comparing this with the increase in the membership, which was 30,782, we find that for every 68 persons added to the Church, one new preacher was added to the traveling ministry. The ratio of increase in the membership was 4 per cent; in the ministry it was about 10 per cent.

HERVEY, THE POET.—J. K. Hervey, of England, recently deceased, was possessed of poetical talents altogether above mediocrity. His poem, entitled "To One Departed," in ten four-line stanzas, is exquisite in its conception and versification. We give three verses:

"I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where Love has put off in the land of its birth
The stains it had gathered in this;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still."

Beautiful, indeed, to our view, is the conception in the two lines:

"And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss."

Can any professor of English literature furnish us with any thing more exquisite?

MONTGOMERY AND SOUTHEY.—A life of James Montgomery, the poet, has appeared in England from the pens of Revs. J. Holland and James Everett. It is spoken of as finely gotten up. Mr. Montgomery was born at Irvine, a seaport of Ayrshire, Eng., November 4, 1771, and died in 1854. His father was a preacher of the United Brethren or Moravian connection, and, in company with his wife, left England in the year 1783, when James was only twelve years old, for the West India Moravian missions. Mrs. Montgomery died in the year 1790, and her husband in June, 1791; but young James never saw either of them after bidding them farewell in 1783. Mr. Montgomery never married, but for what reason we can not say. He amassed in his long life a fortune by his own individual exertions, amounting to about \$45,000. Robert Southey and the poet Montgomery were intimate friends, and the latter part of the second volume of his life has several letters of decided interest from Southey's pen. In early life Southey was a Deist, but subsequently became a Socinian. He was peculiarly a domestic man. This passage concludes one of his letters: "The keenest sorrow which I ever endured was for the loss of an only child twelve months old. Since that event I have had five children, most of whom have been taken from me. Of all sorrows these are the most poignant; but I am the better for them, and never pour out my soul in prayer without acknowledging that these dispensations have drawn me nearer to God."

THE MORAVIANS AND THEIR OPERATIONS.—It was in the year 1731 that Dober and Neitschman, Moravian missionaries, embarked for Germany to preach Christ to the poor negroes of St. Thomas's, while Stach and Bornisch set out for the icebergs of Greenland. According to their last report, they have at present 69 missionary stations in 13 different countries. On these stations there are 297 missionaries, male and female, and 70,612 heathens, either converted or under the religious instruction of the missionaries. These stations are thus distributed: Greenland, 4 stations, 24 missionaries, 2,101 hearers; Labrador, 4 stations, 29 missionaries, 1,390 hearers; North America, 5 stations, 15 missionaries, 491 hearers; Danish India, 8 stations, 27 missionaries, 10,224 hearers; Jamaica, 18 stations, 34 missionaries, 12,800 hearers; Antigua, 7 stations, 22 missionaries, 8,008 hearers; St. Kitt's, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,743 hearers; Barbadoes, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,690 hearers; Tobago, 2 stations, 6 missionaries, 2,128 hearers; Mosquito Coast, 1 station, 6 missionaries, 53 hearers; Surinam, 8 stations, 55 missionaries, 19,519 hearers; South Africa, 8 stations, 54 missionaries, 6,595 hearers. All these stations were founded successively, from 1733 to 1853; that is to say, in a space of 120 years, during which this little Moravian Church has never allowed the missionary spirit to abate within her. The last station was established in 1853 among the Chinese of Mongolia; two missionaries set apart for this work are now staying on the Himalaya Mountains, with other of their brethren, so as to learn the language of the country. A large number of these 69 stations completely defray their own expenses, either by the labors of the missionaries, or by the contributions of the new Churches themselves. This immense machinery, it will be seen, is kept in motion with an expenditure of 9,000 thalers a year. It is not this world's riches that accomplishes these labors; the love of Jesus Christ suffices to inspire them.

DIFFERENT DAYS FOR WORSHIP.—By different nations, every day in the week is set apart for public worship; namely, Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Grecians, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

PERPETUAL SNOW IN THE ALPS.—The height of perpetual snow in the regions of the Alps, as deduced by observations made by M. Roret in the years 1851, 1853, and 1854, is thirty-four hundred meters, or seven hundred meters above the height stated in many works on physics and meteorology. A meter is thirty-nine and thirty-seven-hundredths inches, and thirty-four hundred meters make about ten thousand, five hundred feet.

TOMBS OF THE BRITISH POETS.—The burial-places of the most celebrated British poets are these: Chaucer, at Westminster Abbey; where also are the remains of Spenser, Cowley, Beaumont, Dryden, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell. Shakspeare, it is well known, was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon; Shirley, at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlowe, at the Church of St. Paul, Deptford; Massinger and Fletcher, at St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, at Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, at Beaconsfield; Milton, in the church-yard of St. Giles, Cripplegate; Butler, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Pope, in Twickenham church-yard; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, at St. Peter's, Bristol; Farnell, at Chester; Dr. Young, at Welwyn, Herts; Thomson, at Richmond, Surrey; Gray, at

Stoke Pogis; Collins, at St. Andrew's Church, at Chichester; Goldsmith, in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Churchill, in the church-yard of St. Martin's, Dover; Kirke White, at All-Saints, Cambridge; Cowper, at Dereham; Chatterton, in a church-yard belonging to St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, at St. Michael's, Dumfries; Byron, in the church-yard of Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, at Dryburg Abbey; Southey, in Crossthwaite church, in Keswick; and Shelly and Keats, side by side, near the tomb of Cestius, at Rome.

PULSE-RECORDING MACHINE.—A German professor by the name of Bierordt, and residing at Frankfurt, has recently invented a machine to record the beatings of the human pulse. The arm of the patient is placed in a longitudinal cradle, and screwed down sufficiently to keep it steady. A small erection on one side holds a sort of lever worked on a hinge, at the end of which a pencil is inserted, the point of which has been dipped in Indian ink. This goes into a cylinder upon which paper has been stretched. The lever rests upon the pulse, and at every movement records the action upon the paper. If the pulse is steady a regular zigzag line is drawn on the paper; but in cases where the pulse is rapid and jerking, the line goes up and down, making long and uneven marks.

JAPANESE INTELLIGENCE.—In a recent sitting of the Natural History Society of Bonn, M. Von Siebold, an eminent naturalist, read an interesting paper "on the state of the natural sciences among the Japanese." Their knowledge of these sciences is much more extensive and profound than is supposed in Western Europe. They possess a great many learned treatises thereupon, and an admirable geological map of their island by Buntajo. They are well acquainted with the systems of European naturalists, and have translations of the more important of their works. They have a botanical dictionary, in which an account is given of not fewer than 5,300 objects, and it is embellished with a vast number of well-executed engravings. The flora of Japan is described in a work by the imperial physician Pasuragawa.

LIGHT UNDER WATER.—Want of light, often a detriment to diving operations, is now likely to be remedied by a happy application of the electric light. The apparatus, for use under water, consists of a glass cylinder, fitted with a lens emitting parallel rays, and inside with the requisite appliances; the whole hermetically closed, and of sufficient strength to bear the pressure at a depth of two hundred feet. It is not heavy, and can be easily carried in the hand from place to place, without disturbing its connection by wires with the battery. When it is to be lighted, the diver turns a fine screw, which brings the coke points near each other; they immediately become incandescent, and give out for two hours a steady light, powerful enough to illuminate a circle of forty feet radius. One of the public baths on the Seine, France, is illuminated by a light fixed thirty feet above the water, in connection with Deleuil's apparatus—a Fresnel lens; and the effect is such, that a swimmer can be seen ten feet below the surface.

THE NEW YORK PRESS.—Of 119 newspapers published in New York city, only 24, or one-fifth, are professedly religious; while of the remainder, 7 desecrate the Sabbath by appearing on that day, 7 are the organs of German infidelity and Rationalism, and 8 of Popery. Of 84 periodicals and magazines issued, only 26 are religious.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

HARPER'S STATISTICAL GAZETTEER. *New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. Royal 8vo. Pp. 1,932.*—We have not space to notice this magnificent work as we could wish. A Gazetteer is indispensable in every family library; and this is unquestionably the most complete and authentic work of the kind to be had in the country. The Harpers are beginning to develop their old energy. Success to them. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

ORATORS AND STATESMEN. *By D. A. Harsha. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855. 8vo. 517 pp.*—This work contains sketches of the lives, specimens of the eloquence, and estimates of the genius of Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, Grattan, Fox, Erskine, Curran, Sheridan, Pitt, Canning, Brougham, Henry, Ames, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Everett. Mr. Harsha is quite appreciative of his subjects; but having selected such subjects as are found in his noble list, how could he be otherwise? Adulation becomes a virtue; panegyric a necessity. In reading these sketches, one would be impressed with the effort of the author to find terms that might fitly express the merit of his oratoric heroes. Yet the sketches are life-portraits, drawn with much discrimination and life; and the interspersing of illustrative anecdotes and specimens of eloquence is admirably done. On the whole, the volume is one of rare interest. Moore, Wiltach & Co., Cincinnati.

THE HARF OF DAVID is a charming little miniature volume, from the prolific pen of Rev. Daniel Wise; a most appropriate "present to my Christian friend." For sale in the Methodist bookstores generally.

THE MIND OF JESUS is an excellent production by the author of "Morning and Night Watches." The series produced by this anonymous author ranks among the choicest sentimental and instructive religious productions of the age. They are republished by Carter & Brothers, of New York; and on sale by Moore, Wiltach & Co., Cincinnati.

PRACTICAL LANDSCAPE GARDENING, with reference to the *Improvement of Rural Residences, giving the General Principles of the Art; with full directions for planting shade-trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and laying out grounds.*—The above is the full title of a work issued in splendid style from the press of Moore, Wiltach & Co., of Cincinnati. Its author—Mr. G. M. Kern—is a practical gardener of high scientific acquirements, so far as relates to his peculiar department, and also of much experience. We thank God that the love of the beautiful in nature is so rapidly developing among us; and that shade and fruit-trees, as well as shrubbery and flowers, are beginning to be considered as things indispensable to a country home. The excellent manual before us will not only promote a fuller development of that feeling, but will be an indispensable guide to the attainment of the object. It should be in the hands of every intelligent farmer in the country.

In quite a sturdy square 16mo., the Harpers have issued Volume I of their new series of story-books. It embraces a series of narratives, dialogues, biographies, and tales for the instruction and treatment of the young. This volume contains: "Bruno, or Lessons of Fidelity,

Patience, and Self-Denial taught by a Dog;" "Willie and the Mortgage, showing how much may be accomplished by a boy;" and "The Strait Gate, or the Rule of Exclusion from Heaven." The work is finely got up and illustrated. It is worthy of an immense circulation, and we think will hardly fail to attain it. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL. *By the Author of "Morning and Night Watches." New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Co. 1855. 12mo. 416 pp.*—The Christian will find food for the soul, and the Bible student instruction in this volume. It is no mean compliment to say, that the author has added fresh interest to this well-worn subject. Though much had been said before, he proves that something was still left for him to say.

THE MINISTER'S FAMILY. *By Rev. W. M. Hetherington, LL. D. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. 304*

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH makes an octavo pamphlet of one hundred and eighty-eight pages. Receipts for the year 1854, \$277,077.23; disbursements, \$241,794.06. The missions shared in the disbursements as follows: the African, \$37,000; foreign German, \$28,000; Oregon and California, \$3,776; China, \$3,000; New Mexico, \$1,000; Buenos Ayres, \$2,900; home work, including missions to the foreign population, \$143,800. In the domestic work there are 600 missionaries and 54,218 members; in the Indian, 10 missionaries and 871 members; in the missions to seamen, 6 missionaries and 861 members; among the foreign population in this country, 220 missionaries and 13,373 members; in foreign stations, 81 missionaries and 1,995 members. In addition to this, there are 145 local preachers, 35 teachers, 17 assistants, 6 interpreters, and 825 scholars.

THE PROMPTER is the title of a new serial commenced by the enterprising editor of the Sunday School Union, and of which numbers one and three have been received. It is designed to encourage, stimulate, and direct efforts at self-improvement. Success to it!

FROM L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York, we have received:

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for February, 1855. Contents: 1. The Continent in 1854. 2. Finlay on the Byzantine Empire. 3. The Vaudois and Religion in Italy. 4. Curiosities of the Census. 5. The Oxford Reform Bill. 6. How to Stop Drunkenness. 7. Old English Songs. 8. Diet and Dress. 9. The Electric Telegraph.

LONDON QUARTERLY, for January, 1855. Contents: 1. Fires and Fire Insurance. 2. Life of Dalton. 3. Pictures of Life and Character. 4. Psychological Inquiries. 5. Clerical Economics. 6. The Open Fireplace. 7. Provident Institutions. 8. Campaign in the Crimea. 9. Corsica. 10. The Conduct of the War.

The above, and also "The Westminster," "The Edinburgh," and "Blackwood," republished by the same house, are for sale by the periodical sellers generally.

We have space only to mention the following pamphlets:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF THE STATE OF OHIO, for the Year 1854. 8vo. 46 pp. Columbus.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY. 8vo. 56 pp. Washington, D. C.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND, for the Year 1854. 8vo. 19 pp. Columbus, O.

CATALOGUE OF ARMENIA SEMINARY.—Principal, Rev. A.

Hunt, A. M., assisted by 8 teachers. Students—gentlemen, 207; ladies, 148: total, 355.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. 8vo. 122 pp.

NEW YORK SENATORIAL QUESTION.—Speeches of Hon. C. C. Leigh and others. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 8vo. 62 pp.

DISCOURSE ON ART. By Hon. Horace P. Biddle. Lafayette, Ia. 8vo. 32 pp.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL, for 1854. 8vo. Pp. 16.

Notes and Queries.

WHENON THE SALTNESS OF SEA-WATER?—"Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, why it is that the water of the great oceans and of some seas is salt? and, also, why some lakes are not salt? I have asked sundry individuals, but am in the dark somewhat yet."

Answer.—In his "Physical Geography of the Sea," recently published, Lieutenant Maury has the following: "Rivers which are constantly flowing into the ocean contain salts, varying from ten to fifty, and even one hundred grains per gallon. They are chiefly common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime, magnesia, soda, potash, and iron; and these are found to constitute the distinguishing characteristics of sea-water. The water which evaporates from the sea is nearly pure, containing but very minute traces of salts. Falling as rain upon the land, it washes the soil, percolates through the rocky layers, and becomes charged with saline substances, which are borne seaward by the returning currents. The ocean, therefore, is the great depository of every thing that water can dissolve, and carry down from the surface of the continents; and as there is no channel for their escape, they, of course, accumulate. Lakes without any outlet, except evaporation, are invariably salt lakes; and it is curious to observe that this condition or saltiness disappears when an artificial outlet is produced for the waters."

A CURIOUS EPIGRAPH.—This epigraph is said to have been taken from a tombstone in Germany, and was published, some years ago, in the London Times:

O quid tua te
be bis bla abit
ra ra ra
et in
ram ram ram
i i i
Mox eris quod ego nunc

A lady correspondent of the New York Observer gives the following solution and translation of it:

SOLUTION.

O superbe, quid superbis! tua superbia, te superabit.
Ter-ra es, et in ter-ram i-bis
Mox eris quod ego nunc.

TRANSLATION.

O man of pride! why dost thou boast?
Thy pride will surely vanquish thee:
For thou art dust—shalt go to dust,
And what I'm now, thou soon shalt be.

The English reader will observe that the word *super* means above, *ter* thrice, and *bis* twice. The *O* is above the word *be*, *quid* above *bis*, *tua* above *bla*, and *te* above *abit*; *ra* is repeated thrice, *ram* thrice, and *i* twice. "O

superbe" signifies, O proud man; "superbis," why do you vaunt or boast; "superbia," pride; and "superabit," will overcome, subdue, or vanquish; "terra" means earth or dust; "in terram," into dust; and "ibis" signifies you will go.

HALCYON DAYS—WHAT ARE THEY?—The halcyon was the ancient name of the kingfisher, which was falsely said to lay its eggs in the sea during the calm weather, about the winter solstice. Hence came the proverbial expression "halcyon days," denoting the seven days before and as many after the winter solstice, when the weather was calm. Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," volume two, page 433, makes the following remark: "All creatures know not only the means, but the times of their preservation; and, therefore, the halcyon, knowing that at winter solstice there is such a calm, chooses that time to hatch his young, as the crows did in 1652, when the mildness of January was such that they, supposing the spring was coming on, did build their nests, and, as I was credibly informed, some did hatch their brood."

BEAVER HATS.—"Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, the origin of the word beaver as applied to hats? Is it derived from the animal of the same name, the fur of which is used in the manufacture of them? CRITICUS."

Answer.—Etymologists tell us that *beaver* is derived from the Italian word *bevere*, to drink; and the appellation is said to have had its origin in the practice followed by the knights formerly of converting the helmet into a drinking vessel, when more suitable cups were not at hand. Our English word *beverage* is also said to be from the same Italian root. We will not, however, vouch for the correctness of the views of the etymologists in this case.

QUERY.—"If we pronounce *been* as though it was spelled *bin*, why not pronounce *seen* as though it was spelled *sin*? Please answer, or request some of your literary correspondents to do so." [Will some of our critics relieve us of this job?—EDITOR.]

WINDFALL.—The origin of this term is said to be the following: Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees in the forests upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado was, therefore, a perfect godsend, in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests; and the *wind/fall* was sometimes of very great value.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

A D. D. UPSET.—When Dr. Beecher was President of Lane Seminary, he had a carriage and a white horse, and could be seen very frequently making his journeys from Walnut Hills to Cincinnati and back again. One dark night, as he was driving home with his wife and daughter—Mrs. H. B. Stowe—in the carriage, the party were upset over a bank about fifteen feet high. They had no sooner extricated themselves from the wreck than Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, who were unhurt, returned thanks for their providential escape. "Speak for yourselves," said the Doctor, who was feeling his bruises; "I have had a good many bumps any how."

PARTICULAR AND GENERAL SINS.—James Russell Lowell, who was a short time since elected to a professorship in Harvard University, enjoys a reputation for satire as well as solemnity in verse. Here is a capital hit from him at a certain class of men altogether too abundant in community:

"I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for that kind of wrong
Is allers unpoplar an' never gets pitied,
Because it's a crime no one ever committed;
But he mustn't be hard on partiklar sins,
Cos then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

THE BOY WHAT GOD MADE.—An instructor of some extremely ignorant children was desirous that they should make a good appearance before visitors who were expected. She, therefore, placed them in a row, and taught them by rote the answers to a few questions, so assorting them that each one could answer correctly only the interrogatory that was addressed to himself. Time did not admit of any thing more, and she supposed them sufficiently drilled for the occasion. The questions were simple and direct, beginning with "Who made you?" "Of what were you made?" etc.

The company arrived. The class was marshaled. The first question was put, and the reply given at the top of the voice:

"Out of the dust of the earth."

Observing the teacher's disconcerted look, the boy hastened to explain.

"Ma'am! ma'am! I'm the second boy, and was to say, 'Out of the dust of the earth.' The boy what God made an't here. He warn't well, he said, and so run'd home."

GOOD-NIGHT, MOTHER.—Death came for a fair, little one. He struggled with pain, and then grew still. He noticed little that passed around him, and his lisping voice seemed hushed forever. At length, opening his large eyes for the last time, and probably receiving no light, he said, in the sweetest cadence:

"Good-night, mother!"

Once more—when pulsation had ceased, and it would seem as if the pure spirit were gone—there was a faint murmur, scarcely stirring the white lips:

"Mother! mother! good-night."

Will not their next greeting be the "good-morning" of heaven?

TWO MOTHERS IN HEAVEN.—A second mother was introduced to her new home. Earnest desires to fill wisely this responsible station, especially as regarded the one little child committed to her care, inspired her heart,

and gave life to her prayers. He was an intelligent boy, full of thought and love. He drew near to the new friend who sought his welfare, for there was none to sow prejudice in his innocent mind.

She was once speaking to him of that happy world, where the good are gathered. He had been accustomed to hear it mentioned as the home of his departed mother.

"What will we do when we get up there?" said the sweet disciple. "I shall want to be with that ma some, and with you some."

Then musing a moment, he seemed to find a happy thought as a solution of the difficulty, and asked, with a radiant smile:

"Can't we all sit up close together?"

AN ARITHMETICAL OPERATION.—In "Smith's Federal Calculator" an amusing anecdote is given, to the following purport: A first-rate class was undergoing a close examination in mental arithmetic, and in reply to a question concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time, the class responded, "Twelve men and two-thirds." But one bright fellow, more discerning than the others, instantly added, "Twelve men and a boy fourteen years old," fourteen being the two-thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood. A student of decided "parts," that!

A DIFFERENCE.—In ancient days the celebrated precept was, "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and every thing about him."

THE TEACHER STUMPED.—It happened in a school-room one day, while a class of boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

"Five from five leaves how many?" asked the teacher of a little girl of some six years of age.

After a moment's reflection, she answered, "Five."

"How do you make that out?" said the teacher.

Holding her two hands out to him, she said, "Here are five fingers on my right hand, and five on my other. Now, if I take the fingers on my right hand away from the fingers on my left hand, won't five remain?"

The teacher was "stumped," and obliged to "knock under."

MEMORANDA OF AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.—The Buffalo Republic says, "We recently picked up the following memoranda, which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an embroidered velvet Talma, an exquisite Honiton lace collar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated flounces:

"I must get a—Vail, Broun hoes,
Sarceknet, Laise,
Glufs, Shimmyzet,
Kulona."

"We confess we were startled at the last item, but think it means cologne. The whole simply proves that wealth and intellect do not always hunt in couples."

POLITENESS.—An officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of the soldier who stood behind him. "You see that a man never loses by politeness," said he.

Editor's Table.

OTWAY CURRY.—The beautiful tribute to Otway Curry in this number was designed for our April issue, but was not received in time. In the death of Mr. Curry one of the bright literary stars of the west passed away from our horizon. He had been for many years a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and his Christian probity, as well as gentlemanly demeanor, won for him the confidence and respect of all who knew him. His dying language was, "I know in whom I have believed." He died at Marysville, O., February 15, 1855, aged fifty-one years. He was a lawyer by profession, had been repeatedly a member of the state Legislature, and was for some time editor of the *Scioto Gazette*, one of the oldest and best-established papers in the state. In former years he has contributed some beautiful poetic gems for the *Ladies' Repository*, as well as several prose articles of sterling value. One of the former may be found on the "Excelsior" page of the October number, for 1848, and another on the "Excelsior" page of the December number for the same year. There are few poems of equal sweetness, depth, and power in the English language. It is so appropriate to this occasion, and will be new to so many of our readers, that we insert the latter:

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.
When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The Great Hereafter lies.
Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers, like a golden robe,
Around the emerald isles.
There in the blue long distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowering groves
Of old Beulah's land.
And far beyond the islands
That gem the waves serene
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy heaven is seen.
Unto the Great Hereafter—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now and gladly give
Of life the wandering bark.
And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

GHOST STORIES.—Alice Cary closes in this number a series of articles under the above title. A few have, perhaps, been scared from the reading of them by the "ghost" title. All that is very natural. There are some people who are always imagining there are "ghosts" where there are none, and thus get frightened out of their propriety at a shadow. These articles, by the way, we think, are admirably calculated to rectify many foolish errors, and at the same time they inculcate many useful lessons.

VIEW OF BUFFALO.—Buffalo occupies a commanding position in Western New York, and is a place of great commercial importance. It is situated at the mouth of Buffalo creek, upon the shore of Lake Erie, and is connected with the Hudson river and New York city by the Erie canal and the Central railroad. Though laid out by the Holland Land Company as early as 1801, it was a place of little importance till 1825, when the completion of the Erie canal gave it an impulse under which it has grown up to be a city of 75,000 inhabitants, with real and personal estate valued at over \$27,000,000. Its commerce for a lake port is immense—amounting in the year 1853 to nearly \$369,000,000, and the number of arrivals and clearances from the port were no less than 8,298. Between seventy and eighty steamers are owned in the city, and about one hundred and fifty-four sail vessels. The only harbor of which Buffalo can boast is the little creek represented in the foreground, which skirts the southern part of the city, and empties through a confined channel into the Lake. The ground on which the city stands rises gradually to the height of fifty feet above the Lake, and then spreads out into an extended plain. The city is well laid out—the streets for the most part crossing each other at right angles. Main-street is one hundred feet in width, and extends four miles. On the extreme right a train may be seen approaching the depot of the Central railroad; near the western part of the city may be seen the train starting for Niagara Falls; still lower down appears the canal; and in the extreme left we have a view of the Lake shore stretching toward the outlet, which is by the Niagara river.

"**THE DEAD ROBIN**" introduces us to a domestic scene. The little girl has picked up the dead bird, and, with a heart full of sympathy and sorrow, runs with it to the mother. Her little brother most deeply partakes of her sorrow and sympathy, as his countenance clearly shows. We almost hear the mother exclaim, as she raises her hand, "Poor thing! where did you find it?" Innocence and sympathy are beautiful and inseparable. "Tower"—why is it that we always associate different names with dogs of different appearances?—don't take the matter quite so gravely; he evidently looks upon the whole thing as a rather pleasant "business transaction."

CORRESPONDENTS AND ARTICLES DECLINED.—We are obliged to omit this list for the present month; but our correspondents will hear from us after awhile.

Will the author of the "Soliloquy of a Poor Student" favor us with his address?

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—Few of our engravings have spoken more directly to the hearts of thousands than "The Mother's Dream" in the December number of the last volume. Among the many testimonials of its power we have received is the following:

"When the December number of the *Ladies' Repository* came my little daughter was afflicted with a very sore eye. She was pleased with the 'Mother's Dream;' would point and say, 'Poor baby sick;' 'Got a sore eye, baby?' 'Mamma's sleep;' etc. But I did not see its true beauty till the 'angel' came and took her; then I felt and could realize what it all meant. I now keep it with her miniature, and look at it as often. It helps me to

believe that she is in heaven, and it is only the beautiful casket that we have laid in the grave."

We are pleased to receive from a literary friend the following notes upon Mrs. Sigourney's writings. They were written before our articles appeared, and strongly corroborate our estimate, and, at the same time, give definite information concerning the nature and objects of several of her works which may be of service to many of our lady readers:

"Though Mrs. Sigourney is undoubtedly a writer from the impulse of genius, yet that element of power, so often allied to ambition or waywardness, has, in her case, been remarkably subjected to the claims of utility, benevolence, and piety. It is interesting to see how her half a hundred volumes have touched almost every grade and condition of human life, especially the routine of duty that devolves upon her own sex.

"In the 'Child's Book,' and some other eight or ten juvenile works, she gives a gentle, guarding hand to the new-born stranger; the 'Girl's Book' and 'Boy's Book' were assistants in the home education of her own children; 'Letters to Young Ladies' unfold the important bearings of life's blossoming season; 'Letters to Pupils' and 'Whispers to a Bride' contemplate still more definite responsibilities; 'Letters to Mothers' reach the climax of womanly duty and happiness; and 'Past Meridian' girds the pilgrim who journeys toward the gates of the west.

"Some fifteen years since, when those elegant illustrated annuals were new and popular favorites, she believed she saw in them a channel for salutary sentiment among the more refined circles of her country, and consented to become the editor of two volumes of the 'Religious Souvenir,' replete with high and hallowed literature—writing herself as many articles, and probably devoting more time and labor, than if all their pages had been filled by her own pen.

"The traveler in foreign climes finds a companion in her 'Pleasant Memories,' and the patriot in 'Scenes of my Native Land;' the 'Voice of Flowers' charms the lover of nature; the 'Weeping Willow' sympathizes with the mourner; 'Water-Drops' flow in the cause of temperance; 'Olive Leaves' wave with the breath of peace; the neglected mariner is remembered in 'Poems for the Sea;' the joyous parent by the cradle side reads her 'Sayings of the Little Ones;' and the weeper at the grave is soothed by her 'Faded Hope.'

"In all her variety of poems, biographies, tales, and miscellanies, more than twenty volumes of which are in active circulation here, as well as on the other side of the ocean, the object is evidently not to shine, but to do good; not to win fame, but to cultivate the affections, and impress those lessons on the heart that fit for Christian duty in this life, and a blessed acceptance in the next."

MISCELLANY.—Dr. Morrison and the Child.—When Dr. Morrison was on his way from England to China, he visited New York, and called on an old friend there. This friend received him gladly, and not having expected him, and a bed not being ready, gave up his own bed to him. Beside this bed was a crib, in which a little girl, the daughter of the Doctor's friend, slept; and she being in bed when the Doctor came, was left undisturbed. Early in the morning the little girl awoke, and, as usual, turned herself round toward her parents' bed; but, to her great surprise and terror, she saw, instead of her own dear mother, a strange man in the bed, with

his eyes fixed upon her. The little girl raised herself up in the crib, and looking the Doctor hard in the face, said, "Man, do you pray?" Dr. Morrison immediately answered, "Yes, my dear child. I pray to God every day of my life; he is my best friend." Satisfied that all was well, since the stranger was a man of prayer, she turned around and fell asleep again. Was not the little girl right in trusting herself near even a strange man who loved and feared God, and prayed to him every day?

A Graceful Compliment.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

The Money or the Man; or, the Choice of Themistocles.—The daughter of Themistocles being courted by one of little wit and great wealth, and another of little wealth and great goodness, he chose the poor man for his son-in-law. "For," said he, "I will rather have a man without money, than money without a man, reckoning that not money, but worth makes the man."

STRAY GEMS.—The Life Struggle.—Stop not, loiter not, look not backward, if you should be among the foremost! The great Now, so quick, so broad, so fleeting, is yours; in an hour it will belong to the eternity of the Past. The temper of Life is to be made good by big, honest blows; stop striking, and you will do nothing; strike feebly, and you will do almost as little. Success rides on every hour; grapple it, and you may win; but without a grapple, it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon will never triumph.—*Reveries of a Bachelor.*

Truth, Charity, Wisdom.—A Christian in all his ways must have three guides—truth, charity, wisdom. Truth, to go before him; charity and wisdom, on either hand. If any of the three be absent, he walks amiss. I have seen some do hurt by following a truth uncharitably; and others, while they would save up an error with love, have failed in their wisdom, and offended against justice. A charitable untruth, and an uncharitable truth, and an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be carefully avoided of him that would go with a right foot in the narrow way.—*Bishop Hall.*

One Side of the World.—Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who tell us only of our merits, so it silences our enemies, from whom we alone can learn our defects.

A Beautiful Thought.—A shepherd lost a sheep with its lamb. He went in pursuit of them. He found them far off in a lonely valley. He tried to drive them home, but was not able. At length he picked up and carried off the lamb, and the mother followed. Thus the Savior brings a mother to himself, by taking away the little child from her bosom.

How We should Live.—So live with men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every man heard thee. Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask, or God's honor to grant.

Begin Early.—It is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle than to sing a psalm at a bad man's death-bed; better to have care while the bud is bursting to the sun than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded bosom.



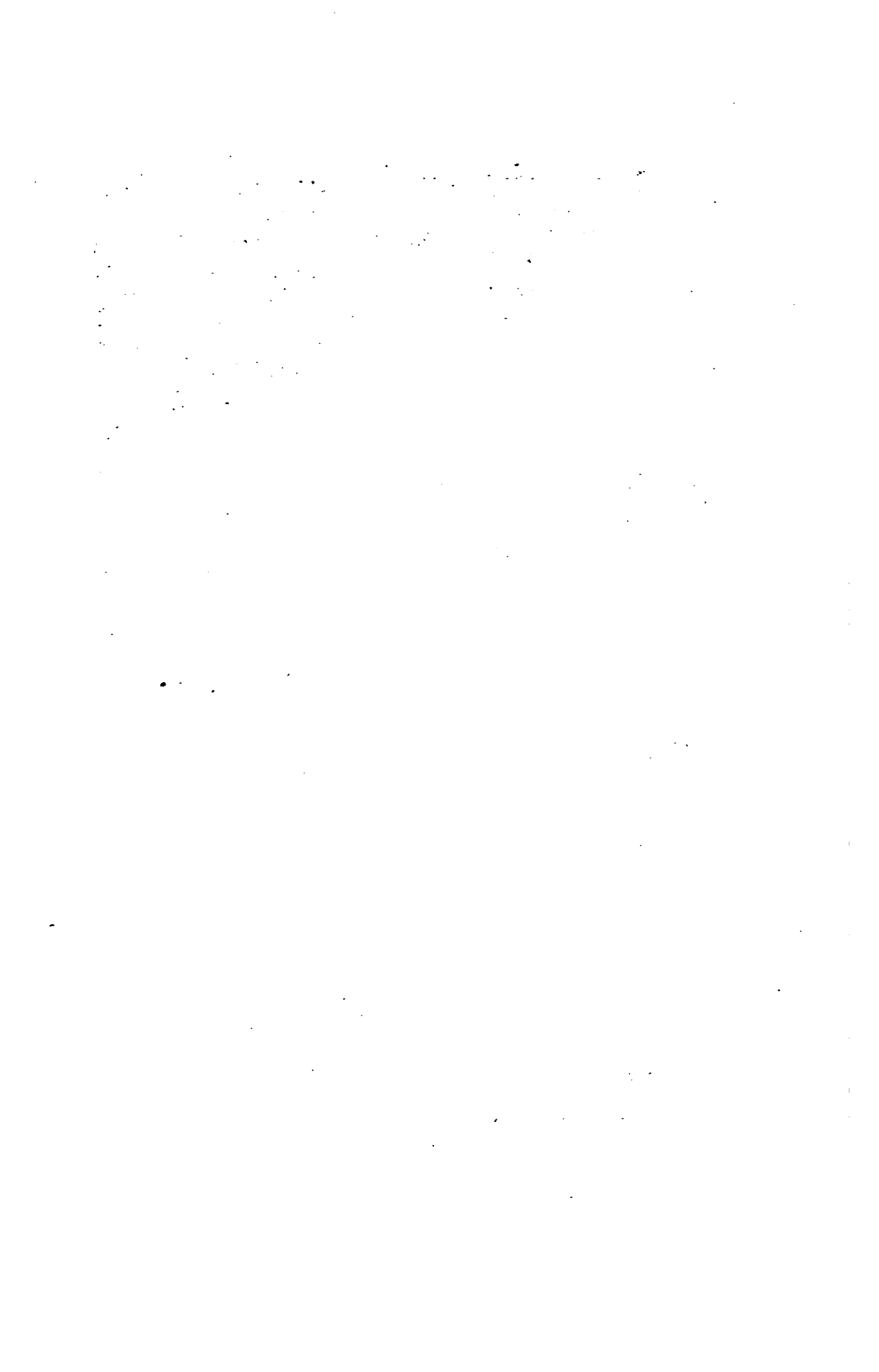


R. H. L. L. L. L.

1845



RECEIVED FOR THE RECORD - 1960-1961





PAINT BY ALBERTUS

1840

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE OF ST. JOHN.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE OF ST. JOHN. 1840.

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1855.

GERALD MASSEY, THE CHARTIST POET.

BY REV. D. CUNRY, D. D.

LIKE all the other productions of genius, and like genius itself, poetry is exceedingly capricious both as to the times and the conditions of its growth. Sometimes it seems to linger only along the borders of a nascent civilization; at another time it soars boldly upward in the noontide radiance of an Augustan age; and again it gives forth its mellow cadences among the fading beauties of an effete and decaying refinement. In their personal favoritisms, also, the Muses are equally capricious. That they often bestow their favors most bountifully where Fortune has been most parsimonious, is true to a proverb; and yet it is certain that the genuine poetic inspiration has occasionally manifested itself where the hard hand of adversity has never prepared its way. But though the Muses do sometimes sing in the bowers of pleasure and recline on the lap of luxury, it is nevertheless quite evident that ease and excessive refinement are unfriendly to the growth and exercise of the true poetic spirit.

The love of poetry is among the universal susceptibilities of our nature—the want of it indicates either the absence of culture or an abnormal condition of the mind. So likewise most persons have at some period of their history offered an oblation at the shrine of the Muses, in the form of an attempt at poetizing. A large portion of our race only breathe out their offerings in words that perish with the uttering; and the productions of another portion are written like lines upon the sands, to be swept away by the passing breeze. But a persistent effort to achieve a poet's renown implies, as an essential condition, that he who makes it shall have less taste than genius. It is no matter how small a share of genius he may possess, if it

be relatively greater than his taste, he will most probably set himself up for a poet, and unlearn his mistake only by the public verdict against him. Doubtless a too severe critical judgment—a taste that could not tolerate mediocrity—has often stifled in its birth what might have grown to be exquisite fruits of true genius.

Much has been said and written about the injustice of critics and the severity of criticism; but what would literature be without them? True criticism is both a liberal and a useful art. It is liberal and refined, for only cultivated minds can exercise it, and such will always appreciate true merit. But it is especially useful since its province is to detect and destroy—or, rather, doom to destruction—the prolific broods that false tastes and uncultivated or feeble geniuses send out upon the world of letters. It is the winnowing fan that separates the wheat from the chaff—the mercury which gathers up the grains of pure gold found in the mass of base materials, but rejects all else.

We ran off into the above train of reflections and remarks upon sitting down to write a notice and critique of a volume of poems of recent date, which we deemed worthy of a passing word. "There is a new poet," exclaimed a friend of ours, whose lively appreciation of true excellence is only equaled by the heartiness of his disgust against inanity and false taste, as we entered his office, and sat down among his books and papers. Had he said a *new planet* or a *new law* of physics, the announcement might have been passed over without attention; but a new poet is, indeed, a rare bird, and must be attended to. Our friend then produced a paper-covered octodecimo volume, from which he proceeded to recite some specimens of verses that evidently contained sparks of the true poetic fire, and forcibly suggested thoughts of Shakespeare and Burns.

That volume was an English copy—it had not

yet been published in this country—of “Poems and Ballads, by **GERALD MASSEY**.” A few months later it was republished by J. C. Derby, of New York, “with several new poems never before published.” From a copy of this issue we derive most that we are now about to write about both the author and the book. In its American dress the plain little volume has become a very respectable book, having grown in size to a fair duodecimo, of fine paper, with clear typography and broad margins, and clothed in a neat muslin covering. But the reader will, perhaps, desire to know something more of this new son of song, as well as of his productions—a desire that we will proceed to gratify.

GERALD MASSEY is the son of a canal-boatman of Herts, England; born in May, 1828, and is, therefore, now twenty-seven years old. The place of his nativity was a stone hut, in the hamlet of Tring, and rented at a shilling a week; the roof of which—it had no ceiling—was so low that a man could not stand erect in it. Like most of his countrymen of the same social condition, the elder Massey was without education, being unable to write his name. The son enjoyed but little better opportunities than had been afforded to his father—though a penny school in the neighborhood afforded the least possible advantages to those who could indulge their children in so great luxury as the knowledge of letters. But this could be enjoyed only so long as the child was yet too young to be capable of being put to service. At eight years old young Massey went to the silk mill, where he worked his twelve hours daily—seeing the sun or the green earth only by stealthy glances through the factory windows, and breathing the oily vapors and confined air of his prison, while his ears were perpetually stunned with the din of machinery; and in return received a shilling per week. The burning of the factory—over which he rejoiced like some time-worn prisoner at the destruction of the Bastille—only transferred him to another form of labor—straw-platting—equally toilsome, and even more unwholesome. For three years he suffered beyond account from alternate chills and fevers, which at length settled into the form of a tertian ague. With his own bold hand this nursling of misery has sketched the state of things in which he spent his early days—childhood it may not be termed—and pointed out their fearful moral tendencies:

“Ever since I can remember,” he writes of himself, “I have had the aching fear of want throbbing heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks,

would have passed unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from the heart and brow, and, day by day, the child recedes devil-ward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony.”

But bad as was this state of things, its difficulties were braved and partially overcome chiefly by the aid of the unconquerable spirit of his **MOTHER**. She saw to it, that while her children were yet too young to begin the drudgery of infantile labor, they should enjoy the slender advantages of the penny school till they learned to read their mother-tongue. This constituted the whole of Gerald Massey's school-training; and this sufficed to open to him the gates of knowledge, into which he felt an irrepressible desire to enter. The **BIBLE** and **BUNYAN**—what better could have been chosen?—were at first his whole library: with the contents of the first he stored his tenacious memory, while the other was devoured as a veritable and most wonderful history. Then came Robinson Crusoe, the counterpart of the latter; while some Wesleyan tracts served to give point and energy to the lessons of the former.

At fifteen years old he left his native hamlet, and came up to London, that great receptacle and consumer of all that the country produces—men not excepted—to serve as an errand-boy. Here a new world burst upon his astonished vision, and new facilities for the acquisition of knowledge were multiplied upon his hands. Books were now readily obtained and greedily devoured by him; and he confessed that while in the fruition of his newly attained pleasures he first conceived the notion that life might become a scene of real pleasurable enjoyment—hitherto it had been only a struggle with want and wretchedness.

But this happy state of affairs was of but short continuance. If it is true generally that “man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,” that truth is greatly intensified when applied to

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eaten the accustomed luncheon that day, and the wife had been busy and earned what she had seldom had before—an appetite.

The next day came a new trial—some trifling articles must be bought, and Mr. Dexter must drive the small open carriage himself. "I will wear my morning dress and veil," said Mrs. Dexter, for she saw that her husband was mortified for her sake; so they set forth together. The sun shone brightly, and the fresh air and various shows of the streets and windows were so exhilarating in their effect, that Mrs. Dexter soon threw back her veil, quite regardless of the astonished looks of the ladies she might meet. It was a new sensation of delight to the husband to manage the horses, and both felt what superfluities coach and coachman had been. Affairs went on very well for a time; they felt as if rid of a great burden, and in earnest and hopeful labor experienced no depression and no pain. But so deeply involved were they that even another coming down must be made. Horses, and carriage, and house must be sold, and themselves be left with nothing in the world but their hearts and hands.

"My dear sweet wife, what can I say to comfort you?" said Mr. Dexter when he had made the confession of their extreme poverty. And he added, sighing and sinking down helplessly, "Things could not be worse than they are."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Dexter laughing outright; "for as nothing remains stationary in this world, our affairs must grow better from necessity."

"But, my dear, what can we do?" sorrowfully ejaculated the husband.

"Why," she replied, "begin to live, independent of burdens and restrictions. For my part, I just begin to see something to live for."

And drawing the easy chair to the fire, and placing the baby on his knee, she proposed to make for her husband a cup of tea and a piece of toast, in the hope of reviving his spirits.

There was no bread nor tea in the house, and, worse than all, no money. "Surely, then," said Mrs. Dexter, looking earnestly in the sad face of her husband, "there is no time to be lost;" and putting on shawl and bonnet she was presently gone from the house. When she returned, it was with a glow on her cheek that heightened her beauty far more than paint or powder had ever done. She had been selling her diamonds, and had brought home money enough to buy a cottage and ten acres of land within a few miles of the city where they had always lived.

A year went by, and as Mr. Dexter looked

about his neat, well-ordered house, as he sat before the blazing hickory logs, a pitcher of cider and a basin of shining apples on the table beside, and saw his wife, in a pretty chintz, making the tea, and his boy, bright-eyed and healthy, rocking himself in the cradle with a look of pride that he was already able to do something for himself, he was surprised at his own happiness, and exclaimed, "Really, my dear, I should never have learned half your excellent qualities, and, consequently, never have loved you half so well, but for our coming down."

"Coming down, indeed!" she replied, and, putting down the smoking teapot, she wiped the happy tears from her eyes; "I was never so happy in my life. It is as if we had removed a great heap of rubbish, and had struck a vein of pure gold; for what were all our useless forms, all our servants and equipages, but so many obstacles in the way of our knowing each other? Then there was nothing that I could do for you—now I can do every thing;" and almost sobbing, she continued, "if you call this coming down, I thank God for it, for it has, in truth, been coming down to usefulness and happiness. With what our friends called misfortunes, we were the gainers every time. Was it not pleasanter to ride in the open carriage, to see what was about us, and feel the air and sunshine, than to be shut up in the old, lumbering coach? And then to walk, and have the advantage of exercise as well as air, was better still; and now to work, and so get air and exercise, and be useful at the same time, is best of all. One room darkened another when we had a great house; now the light and sunshine comes in all round. Our expensive furniture required careful keeping; so I had the care both of furniture and servants; now I can keep the little we require myself, and what was before wearisome is pleasure. I have no ceremonious calls to use the time which I can pass in friendly interchange of thought and feeling, with neighbors who come to see me, and not my house or my dress. Believe me, my husband, we have enough—a house to shelter us, and one that is withal tasteful and pretty, and ground that gives us bread and fruit, and water and flowers—all for a little work; and that is the blessedest of our provisions, for through no other means can we obtain rest."

"You are the best and noblest woman in the world," exclaimed the husband, interrupting her, "and but for you I should have come down in verity. Now I am convinced that, while we maintain honesty and self-respect, coming down is impossible."

It is sad to think of the great fine rooms, piled one over another, and darkening one against another—too costly for use, and too elegant for the free tread and merry laughter of inartificial joy—growing damp and moldy, and sending to the hearts of their inmates heaviness or stupidity, when we know they might be set up separately in bright green spots here and there, and make such little worlds of comforts. Pity it is that false notions of life, or, perhaps, the absence of any notions at all, are so enfeebling and degenerating our men and women! How shall I spend the time? and by what process shall I beat out my little gold so that it shall display the most glittering surface? are the first questions of the day.

THE GREAT SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

THE rock of Gibraltar, which among military men is regarded as the key to the Mediterranean, has been in the hands of the British for the period of one hundred and fifty years. It was in the year 1704 that the English, under Admiral Sir George Rooke, besieged and conquered it from the Spaniards, with the loss of about sixty killed and two hundred wounded. In the following year the Spaniards attempted to retake it, but in vain; they again attacked the fortress in 1727, when they lost three thousand men in an attempt equally futile. The great siege, however, which drew the attention of the whole world, owing to the magnitude of the operations carried on, and which by its result established the high reputation of the British as garrison soldiers, commenced in 1779, and endured till February, 1783.

The celebrated rock of Gibraltar—ancient *Mons Calpe*, one of the “pillars of Hercules”—forms a promontory connected with the continent by an isthmus of sand, and consists of a mass of gray limestone or marble, containing numerous caves, and about three miles in length, north to south, by from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in breadth; it rises abruptly to sixteen hundred feet above the sea, on all sides except the west, on which the town of Gibraltar is built. It is every-where fortified by works of amazing strength and extent; and besides these there are two galleries excavated in the rock, two miles in length, and of sufficient width to admit carriages; at its southern extremity—Europa Point—are a signal-house and a new light-house. Surface parched in dry weather, but after rain covered with vegetation. The town is built on the west

side, which shelves down to the bay; and here the fortifications have latterly been greatly improved and strengthened. Population—excluding garrison—about sixteen thousand. The principal street is one mile in length, well built, paved, and lighted, and many other thoroughfares have been widened of late; but the houses generally are unsuited to the climate, being constructed like those of England, and unfurnished with open courts and galleries, as in the Spanish town San Roque, five miles north-west. Principal edifices are the governor's house—attached to which are gardens—the admiralty, naval hospital, victualing office, barracks, cathedral, a modern semi-Moorish structure; and in the market-place, the exchange, with a library, club, and news-rooms. Here are a Roman Catholic church, Wesleyan chapel, and synagogue, and various subscription schools. Outside of the “south port” are the esplanade, the English cemetery, and a suburban residence of the governor. The harbor is good, and protected by two moles—one eleven hundred and the other seven hundred feet in length. Gibraltar was made a free port in 1704, and its trade is still considerable, though it has latterly suffered from the rivalry of Malta, Genoa, etc. Public revenue collected in the town about £30,000. Annual expense of garrison to Great Britain £200,000. Ordinances enacted by the governor alone, subject to the approval of the British sovereign through the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The salary of Governor and Commander-in-chief is £5,000, or \$25,000. His residence is in the fortress.

The court of Spain had never ceased to regret the loss of Gibraltar, and judging that a favorable opportunity for its recovery was presented by the war in which England was then engaged with France, they openly took part with that power, and declared hostilities by their ambassador on the 16th of June, 1779, closing the communication between Spain and Gibraltar a few days later. The force of the garrison under the command of General Elliot, then governor, amounted to little more than five thousand men, who were soon to be assailed by nearly seven times their number. Every thing was immediately placed upon a war footing, and every measure that could be devised was resorted to to procure provisions, which threatened to run short. The Spanish commodore, with a superior fleet, against which the small naval force protected by the guns of the garrison could attempt but little, was continually cruising in the neighborhood; and if supplies were obtained from the usual sources, it must be by the superior navigation,

gallantry, audacity, and good fortune of captains bold enough to make the attempt.

Soon after the declaration of war, the Spaniards, whose design appeared at first that of compelling surrender by famine, commenced the structure of most formidable and extensive works upon the isthmus, erecting tremendous batteries which commanded the town, the inhabitants of which, anticipating a bombardment, removed their most valuable property to temporary stores erected for its reception in places of comparative safety. The stolid patience and endurance of the enemy in the preparation of their enormous batteries augured ill for the garrison. The hostile army increased in numbers as their works advanced in extent; yet still, week after week, and month after month, although annoyed day and night by the fire of the garrison, which poured shot and shell upon their working parties, and repeatedly set fire to their works, they labored steadily on, in spite of the slaughter made in their ranks, without returning the fire, save in some very trifling and exceptional instances. In fact, six months passed before a single person on the rock was wounded, and, strange to relate, the first partaker of this melancholy lot was a woman. Toward the close of 1779 famine began to be felt, especially by the unfortunate townspeople, who had neglected to make provision for the siege. In January, 1780, one woman died of want; food of all kinds was sold at most extravagant prices; three hundred per cent. was the average profit reaped by the daring fellows, who, running the gauntlet of the enemy's fleet, succeeded in arriving with a cargo; but in making the attempt many lost their vessels and some their lives. About this time the Governor made experiments as to the minimum quantity of food upon which life could be sustained, and lived himself for some time on four ounces of rice daily! Fortunately toward the spring of this year, the Spaniards relaxed in their blockade, and supplies were more regularly obtained. During the whole of this year the enemy were employed in completing their works, under the occasional fire of the British, which was not continuous, from the fear entertained lest the ammunition should run short. This long interval was marked by many exploits on the part of the little navy co-operating with the Governor under the command of Admiral Duff, upon whose courage and devotion the beleaguered garrison were very greatly dependant for supplies.

The garrison had been partially relieved by the arrival of Sir George Rodney, in January, 1780, and it was reported that the Spaniards

had resolved to bombard the town by means of their newly erected works, in case a second relief should be attempted. The officers of the fortress placed little faith in this report, supposing humanely that, as the destruction of the town, though it would inflict indescribable calamities upon the inhabitants, who were non-combatants, would in no way assist or accelerate the fall of the place, the besiegers would from motives of mercy refrain from such an act. In this view, unhappily, they were mistaken. On the morning of the 12th of April, 1781, a fleet under the command of Admiral Darby hove in sight, leading a convoy of above a hundred vessels for the provisioning of Gibraltar. In spite of the opposition of the Spanish navy, the fleet and convoy came safe to anchor about eleven o'clock; but while the wretched and half-starved inhabitants were congratulating one another on this welcome supply, the Spaniards suddenly opened a tremendous fire upon the town, and from above a hundred pieces of heavy artillery at once poured in such a prodigious storm of shot and shell, as sent old and young, men, women, and children, flying in a panic of terror for the shelter of caves and holes in the rocks, leaving their property behind them. In this sudden calamity the sordid and avaricious suffered their deserts—the large quantities of food which they had hoarded in the face of the famine, to secure a higher price, being seized by the soldiers of the garrison and applied to their own use.

Notwithstanding the bombardment, which continued from day to day, the stores were all safely landed in the course of eight or nine days. Affairs began now, however, to wear a very different aspect to what they had hitherto borne. The cannonade from the Spaniards rarely relaxed, and only ceased altogether for about a couple of hours at noon, when, indulging their national habit, they took their siesta or midday sleep—a custom they observed throughout the whole of the siege. The result of this continuous fire was a sad series of casualties, or the distribution of wounds and sudden death among the soldiers and inhabitants. The range of the enemy's guns proved upon trial far superior to the estimate the British had formed of them. Shells were thrown to the very summit of the rock from immense distances; they entered the officers' quarters, and maimed and slew them as they sat in fancied security; they penetrated the hospitals, and killed and wounded the sick in their beds; the town soon became a heap of ruins, and the townspeople were compelled to encamp in tents on the south side of the rock.

To the fire of the enemy's land batteries was

now added that of a fleet of gun and mortar-boats, which came regularly every evening, and for an hour or two launched their contribution of two or three hundred shot and shell against the defenses of the place. These boats were a source of perpetual annoyance and loss to the garrison, and though their fire was returned, yet from the smallness of the mark which they presented to our gunners, they are supposed to have escaped with comparative impunity. In order to retaliate effectively, and possibly with a view of deterring the boats from their daily attack, the Governor began the practice of opening a smart fire upon the camp from one of his most formidable batteries, whenever the boats began their assaults—a plan which may have avenged the sufferings they inflicted, but did not abate the annoyance. The fire of the Spaniards upon the fortress underwent every possible variation throughout the summer and autumn of this year—sometimes amounting to above fifteen hundred rounds in twenty-four hours, and sometimes consisting of only three shots. In November it was observed to slacken materially, and it soon appeared that this was owing to the erection of new works of a formidable nature, which were advancing rapidly toward completion. The Governor resolved to destroy these works by a sortie—a step so audacious and apparently desperate, that the Spaniards had never conceived it practicable, and consequently were not on their guard against it. On the night of the 27th of November, a detachment of something over two thousand men marched out, under cover of darkness, in three columns, and preserving a rigid silence, came suddenly upon the guard, whom they assaulted with the bayonet, and, putting them to the route, took possession of the works which were the object of the attack. In less than an hour they had set fire to the whole of the works, blown up the magazines, and spiked the mortars and cannon, inflicting a loss upon the enemy of above a million of dollars, besides a considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The destroyed batteries continued burning for three days, and when they ceased to smoke nothing but a heap of ruins remained.

The Spaniards seemed panic-struck by this daring exploit, and made no attempt to extinguish the fire. The following month, however, they resumed their spirit, and commenced repairing the mischief, and soon after planned the construction of new works. It was their custom to labor by night, while it was that of the garrison to attempt to destroy in the daytime the work they had accomplished in the dark. It

was not only on the land side that the Spaniards sought to increase their besieging force. In the port of Algeiras, on the opposite coast of the Bay of Gibraltar, preparations were constantly making for additional means of assault by sea, and reinforcements of war vessels arrived from time to time. New gun-boats were built, and defensive works erected on the shore.

On the 23d of March, 1782, the "Vernon" store-ship arrived at Gibraltar, bringing gun-boats and ammunition for the garrison. She was followed shortly after by the Cerberus and Apollo frigates, with four transports, having the 97th regiment on board, numbering seven hundred men, a reinforcement greatly needed. During this spring and summer the bombarding on the land side abated considerably, and the Governor took advantage of this circumstance to put the whole of his defenses in an admirable condition of repair. It was evident, not merely from this comparative lull, but from the activity displayed at the port of Algeiras, that a grand and united attack was contemplated, and it behooved the British to be well prepared to meet it. They could see the large battering ships which were building, six of which were completed by the beginning of June, and others were in a state of forwardness. As they built new ships, the Governor erected new batteries, and having learned by experience the deadly effect of the enemy's fire, he caused covered ways to be constructed, shell-proof. On the 11th of June a shell from the enemy burst through the door of a magazine, which instantly blew up with an explosion so terrible as to shake the whole rock, fragments of large size being thrown by it to an incredible distance into the sea. Fourteen men were killed on the spot, and fifteen more badly wounded. A few days after this misfortune the camp of the enemy was augmented by the arrival of French regiments to the number of five thousand men, and every thing betokened the approach of an important crisis. On the 21st two Genoese prisoners escaped to the garrison, and brought news that the grand attack was fixed for September, but that all about to be engaged in it were much averse to the enterprise. On the evening of the following day, the Duc de Crillon, who had lately gained a brilliant reputation by the conquest of Minorca, arrived to take the command of the combined army, and to achieve, as was expected, the reduction of Gibraltar.

The plan of attack had been contrived by M. D'Arcon, a French engineer, and it was at his suggestion that the great battering ships were constructed, upon principles supposed to be both

impregnable and incombustible: they were of a strength and solidity hitherto unparalleled, and were completely roofed and walled in on the exposed side with defenses six or seven feet in thickness, consisting of green timber bolted together with iron, cork, junk, and raw hides, and made bomb-proof on the top. These would discharge shot and shell from between two and three hundred guns of largest caliber, and be seconded by a squadron of about thirty men-of-war, and a whole fleet of gun and mortar-boats, bomb-ketches, and floating batteries. This prodigious assault by sea was to be accompanied simultaneously by a grand attack from the land batteries on the isthmus, while an army of forty thousand men in camp were ready at any moment to take advantage of any opportunity for landing and carrying the fortress by storm. The effective strength of the garrison, although it had been considerably reinforced, consisted of barely seven thousand men; but, nothing daunted by the threatened destruction, the Governor calmly took his measures for the coming crisis. Toward the end of July the garrison were inspired by the news of Admiral Rodney's great victory in the West Indies, where the French fleet had been totally defeated, and suffered the loss of their admiral and his ship, the "Ville de Paris." An animated fire was now kept up upon the enemy's works, both by day and night, and it was known from the reports of deserters who came in that they suffered cruelly by it. As affairs drew to a head, the utmost activity prevailed on either side, the noise and bustle of preparation never ceasing for a moment. The Duc de Crillon assumed the command early in August, and chivalrously wrote a complimentary letter to General Elliot, his sturdy foe, accompanying it with a handsome present of fruit, vegetables, game, and other delicacies, of which he knew the General must stand in need. The General replied in the same courteous spirit, but cautiously deferred the establishment of a private friendship till the interests of his royal master should have been worthily vindicated.

By the beginning of September the enemy's works on the land side had advanced to a degree of perfection which the garrison regarded with feelings the reverse of pleasant. On the forenoon of the 6th Lieutenant-General Boyd proposed to the Governor to try the use of red-hot shot against the newly erected batteries. The Governor assented, and the necessary preparations being made, the attack commenced on the morning of the 8th. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations; in a few hours two

of the hostile batteries were on fire, and, in spite of all exertions to extinguish them, they were totally consumed before night. It is supposed that the Spaniards lost in this single cannonade above three hundred men in killed and wounded. This unlooked-for check galled the enemy, and provoked him to immediate retaliation. The next morning at daybreak he opened fire upon the rock from the whole of his line, and in the course of that day and the following night launched upon the British defenses nearly eight thousand shot and shell exclusive of those fired from the men-of-war and mortar-boats. This tremendous cannonade was continued with varying intensity, and amidst it all the utmost efforts were making for the completion of the formidable battering ships, to the instrumentality of which they looked for final success. On the morning of the 12th the combined fleet came in sight, and in the afternoon were all at anchor in the bay, ready for the assault. At seven in the morning of the 13th the dreaded battering ships got under weigh, and bore down to their several stations; and now commenced the fearful and decisive struggle which was to decide the fate of Gibraltar.

The huge floating forts took up a position at from nine hundred to twelve hundred yards from the garrison. When the first dropped her anchors, the British commenced their fire. In ten minutes the enemy were all moored, and then their fire became tremendous; from above four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery, including both land and sea batteries, descended a blinding shower of shots and shells, furnishing a scene to which no powers of description could do adequate justice, and no imagination realize unaided by the recollections of experience. The chief hope of the garrison lay in their red-hot shot, which, however, from want of timely preparation, they could not bring into general use till near two o'clock in the day. The battering ships were found truly formidable; the largest shells rebounded harmless from their roofs, and the heaviest shot made no impression upon their hulls; while from the effects of their fire the casualties of the British were serious and distressing. For many hours the attack and defense were both so well supported that success on either side hung doubtful, the solid construction of the ships seeming to bid defiance to the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, when the supply of red-hot shot became abundant, things began to assume a different aspect. Smoke appeared issuing from the flag-ship, and the admiral's second was also seen to be on fire. Confusion ensued,

their cannonade abated, and, save from one or two ships at a great distance, ceased altogether. Signals of distress were hoisted, and boats were seen to row to their assistance. Darkness came down upon their calamity, and as the artillery of the garrison poured in its iron storm upon the frenzied and helpless crews, an indistinct clamor of lamentable cries and groans arose from all quarters. Pieces of wreck, crowded with drowning wretches, floated to the shore, and others were dimly seen struggling for life in the troubled waters. About an hour after midnight the nearest battering ship burst into flames, and was soon in one blaze from stem to stern; the light she afforded enabled the garrison to fire with the utmost precision, and to consummate the awful ruin of which she was an example. Between three and four o'clock six others of these huge vessels were on fire. The Governor now ordered Brigadier Curtis to sally out with his gun-boats, to complete the confusion of the enemy. He made a capture of two boats filled with men endeavoring to escape, and learning from them the horrible condition of their friends on board, devoted the remainder of the night to saving as many as he could from their impending fate. He succeeded in bringing off three hundred and forty-five men from the burning ships. Notwithstanding his efforts, however, vast numbers were left to perish; and the scene now exhibited was one of the most heart-rending description—men crying from the midst of flames for pity and assistance, and others imploring relief with the most frantic gesticulations.

On the morning of the 14th six of the battering ships were in flames; three of them blew up before eleven o'clock; the three others burnt to the water's edge, their magazines having been flooded. It was thought that the other two might be saved as trophies; but one of them blew up suddenly, and the other, from motives of caution, was burnt by order of the Governor. Thus, in a few short hours that tremendous armament, which had cost so much to prepare, and to which the enemies of England looked exultantly for her humiliation, was annihilated. The loss of the combined forces in this attempt was not less than two thousand men, while that of the garrison was but fifteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. The men who were saved from the burning wrecks complained bitterly of the conduct of their chief officers, who had abandoned them to their fate so soon as the danger became imminent. They had been led to believe that the battering ships were invulnerable, and had been further taught that the garrison

would not be able to fire many rounds of hot balls.

This defeat, the most remarkable to be met with in the history of besieging forces, though it did not terminate the siege of Gibraltar, may be said to have established that fortress in the permanent possession of the English. Though the Spaniards continued to annoy the garrison from the isthmus, they never afterward entertained the hope of success. News of peace arrived in February of the following year, when both parties, weary of the woes and miseries of a protracted war, were but too glad to meet once more on terms of friendship.

The above is a short summary of what may be termed the military history of the siege of Gibraltar. If we turn from its warlike and historical aspects to contemplate the social and individual miseries of which it was the fruitful occasion, we shall see helpless women and children reduced to the last straits of famine, dashed to pieces by cannon shot, or blown to atoms by the bursting shell, and driven to holes and caves of the rocks for shelter from the ruthless storm beneath which their homes were crumbling into dust. We shall see the timid and helpless, frenzied with the roar of the thunderous artillery, and the sight of the ruin descending upon them, purchasing shelter from the Jews and ruined tradespeople, who, having lost all other property, made a capital of these rude strongholds, and at the hazard of their lives insured their safety by covering with wet hides the fallen shells ere they had time to explode. We shall see the closest social bonds rent asunder by abject misery and still more abject fear; and sordid avarice grimly at work amidst the infernal wreck and din, gathering a rich harvest from man's despair. Worst of all, we shall see human life reduced to a terrible discount, and all that makes life instrumental to the happiness of man or the glory of his Maker banished from the scene.

Of the extreme personal misery endured by both sides during the protracted and horrible struggle, some faint idea may be formed from the numerous desertions which were constantly taking place. Almost daily deserters came in from the enemy's lines, and these described the fearful carnage produced by the fire of the garrison, and the unbearable fatigues they were compelled to endure in repairing the mischief it occasioned; to escape these horrors by desertion, they ran the most fearful risks, and numbers of them were shot dead by their own comrades in making the attempt. On the other hand, desertions from the garrison were only less frequent

because more difficult of accomplishment. The only mode of escape was down the precipitous front of the rock which faced the isthmus; the attempt was nothing short of madness, yet numbers, cutting their clothing into strips, trusted their weight to that frail support, and were dashed to pieces; their mangled bodies, when found, were brought into the garrison and exhibited as a warning to others. Sometimes a poor wretch would succeed in getting as far as a cavern about half way down, and after starving there till the pangs of hunger and thirst compelled him to cry for assistance, would be drawn up with a rope and led off to execution.

As a relief to these revolting details, it is pleasant to recur to some of the many acts of noble and self-denying courage afforded by the records of the siege. Thus, when an officer of artillery, observing a shell falling toward the place where he stood, leaped into an excavation to avoid it, and was followed into his retreat by the shell itself, a man of the name of Martin dragged him out, at the imminent risk of his own life, but an instant before the shell burst! Another man, named Hartley, was engaged in the laboratory filling shells, when by some unaccountable accident one of them took fire; had he followed the natural impulse, and ran away from the danger, the whole laboratory would have blown up, numbers of lives would have been sacrificed, and the loss of ammunition to the garrison would have been irreparable. With astonishing coolness he seized the lighted shell, carried it in his arms to a place where it could do no mischief, and had not parted with it two seconds before it exploded harmlessly!

A somewhat singular feature observable in the whole conduct of the attack and defense of Gibraltar was the maintenance of a certain spirit of chivalry and honor on both sides, contrasting advantageously with the merciless details we read of in connection with sieges of an earlier date. Prisoners were constantly exchanged, without much reference either to number or grade; intercepted correspondence, not relating to the war, was politely transmitted under a flag of truce; the wives of soldiers taken prisoners were well treated, and forwarded, when opportunity offered, to their husbands; and when the body of a Spanish gentleman was washed ashore on the rock, his gold watch and purse of pistoles, found upon him, were conveyed to his friends after he had been buried with the honors of war. This astonishing defense of the fortress cost the British less than a thousand lives.—*London Leisure Hour.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I SAW the temple reared by the hand of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain: the stream beat upon it—the god of nature hurled its thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in its hall—the gay, the young, the happy, and beautiful were there.

I turned and the temple was no more—its high walls scattered in ruins, the moss and ivy grass grew wildly there, and at midnight hour the owl's cry added to the desolation of the scene—the young and the gay, who had revelled there, had passed away.

I saw the child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his father. I returned, and the child had become old. Trembling with weight of years he stood, the last of his generation—a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw an oak stand in all its pride on the mountain; the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned—the oak was leafless and sapless—the winds were playing their pastime through the branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—vailed the moon in blood—yea, when he shall roll the heaven and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot upon the land, and one upon the sea, lift up his head toward heaven and heaven's Eternal, and say, 'Time is, Time was, Time shall be no longer!'"—*Paulding.*

ARAB ODDITIES.

AN Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks their cows upon their left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its head, while its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left, but figures are read from left to right. He eats almost

nothing for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but, after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal, swimming in oil, or, better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides his donkey when traveling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating a seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, and fireplaces may be put in the same category. If he be an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Is rarely seen drunk, too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred. Has little curiosity, and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

THE AFFLICTED FLOWER.

BY SKENNA BALDWIN.

Saw I in a garden walk,
Bending low upon its stalk,
Bending low, a lovely flower,
Beat down by a sudden shower.
Bathed in tears, upon her bed,
Mournfully the flow'et said,
"O, I had much rather die,
Than in such distress to lie,
With my leaves and flowers so torn
By the wind and pelting storm!
I had watched, with growing pride,
One bud of beauty by my side,
Till its silken vest was seen
Peeping through its coat of green;
And now to have it rudely broken,
Just as it began to open!
Never was a bud so fine—
Never was a grief like mine.
Here in stateliness and pride,
With its branches spreading wide,
Stands a rank, luxurious weed,
Full of blossoms, buds, and seed,
While my little tender flower
Must be broken by a shower.
What is now the world to me,
Dew or sunshine, bird or bee?"
* * * * *
Soon the gard'ner pass'd along,
Took the weed with hand so strong,
Pulled its root from out the ground,
Lest it should scatter seed around;
Lifted up the flow'et's head,
Fixed her root firm in the bed;
Then there came a cooling breeze,
Fanned and lifted up her leaves,

And the sun sent down a shower
Of beams to cheer the drooping flower.
Soon there seemed an added grace
Beaming sweetly from her face:
Then a gentle whispering gale
Bore her fragrance down the vale,
And many snuffed the scented air,
Rejoiced to find such sweetness there;
And much they blessed the cooling shower
And the sweet incense of the flower.

A I L E E.

BY KATE BRADFORD.

Sweet as the breath of midsummer air,
Grateful as answer of peace to prayer,
Brighter than isles of the southern sea,
Come to my spirit dreams of Ailee.
Pure as the lily kissed by the wave,
Sparkles the snow-sheet spread o'er thy grave;
Purer than lily, as snow can be,
Glitter thy robes, love-shrouded Ailee.
As the white mist round the trees stealing,
Lends to each grace sweeter revealing,
So through the death-vail thrown over thee
Shineth strange beauty, peerless Ailee!
Warbles canary, trills thy guitar,
Aaks thy rosebush of sunbeam and star,
Sigheth each breeze to the lone elm-tree,
"Where can have stray'd our gentle Ailee?"
When, as a blushing, beautiful bride,
Spring from the bosom of Winter shall glide,
Forest, hill-side, and flowery lea,
Will miss thy glad step, angel Ailee.
Where the archangels lowest bow,
Sweep thou the harp-strings ungrieving now;
'Mid the beatified evermore free,
Praiseth the spirit of ransomed Ailee.

SONNET.

LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET OF WORMS.

"Here I stand; I can not change: God help me!"

BY MARY E. FREY.

BROKE ever words from lips of mortal one,
Clothed with such earnest might and power,
As thou didst utter in that soul-tried hour
When all thy earthly work seem'd well nigh done!
O had thy soul no secret fears to quell
When summons came to meet that august throng,
Whose nod thy life could shorten or prolong!
Ah, no! to Him "who doeth all things well"
Thy steadfast soul in living faith was bow'd.
Here lay to skeptic man the hidden source
From whence sprang all thy greatness, all thy might
To brave earth's tyrants, and roll back the cloud
Which strove to shroud the world in moral night,
And close between man and God free intercourse.

WOMAN AND FLOWERS.

BY ORLESTIA RICE COLBY.

"Blessed be God for flowers!

For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours!"

"NO marvel woman should love flowers." A taste for flowers and a love for the beautiful, as exhibited in the wonders of creative power, are evidences of a refined and sensitive nature, and peculiar traits of character which distinguish man from the lower order of animals. The ox or horse may roam at will among earth's fairest scenes—may graze among flowery vales and cultivated fields, or browse in the wilderness, and be alike unconscious of nature's charms. The beauty of the landscape inspires within them no thrill of delight; they turn not aside to admire the blushing rose or inhale its fragrance, and crush without emotion the gay cowslip and meek-eyed violet beneath their careless hoof, and nip the grass and daisies, too, in their eager haste for food. This single desire gratified, they lie down in the green pastures, not to enjoy the fair scene stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and bounded only where the blue sky embraces the green hills, but to a dreamless slumber. The changing seasons, with their panorama of beauty, have no peculiar charm for them. The melody and fragrance of spring find no inlet into their darkened understanding, and awaken within them no responsive echo.

"But man superior walks,
And muses lively gratitude."

Though the love for the beautiful and a taste for flowers may be modified by circumstances, and varied by the ever-varying shades of character and mental culture, yet the lowest intellect and most sensual mind are at times susceptible to the sweet influences of these silent teachers. True, all may not gaze upon them with a poet's rapture, nor contemplate their loveliness with a philosophic eye; yet we think there is no being who bears the impress of humanity upon his brow that is wholly incapable of appreciating the silent influence of flowers. They are God's own missionaries; and they speak to a fallen race of peace and purity, and faintly shadow forth the glories of the "better land," where no blighting frosts mar their beauty. They come to us in mercy; and happy is he who heeds their gentle errand, and opens his heart to their instructive lessons. They come to *all*; the high and low, the rich and poor, the bond and the free,

feel the sunlight which they fling freely and constantly around them.

Even the idiot is sometimes charmed with their beauty, and a ray of light penetrates the darkness which envelops his soul—a ray from the fountain of light whose source is God. The raving maniac is often calmed by the inspiration of their presence, and gazes with childlike wonder and affection upon their fairy forms and delicate tints, and crowns herself with fresh garlands, and converses with them as with the friends she has known and loved, and lost. The oppressed slave, the rude, untutored son of the forest, may feel an indefinable thrill of pleasure as their eyes rest upon the verdant beauty of spring, and behold Nature's emerald robe embroidered with buds and blossoms of every form and hue; and the hardy sons of toil who labor for their daily bread will pause to admire the single wild flower which springs up along the dusty wayside, and an influence, pure, subtle, and ethereal as the aroma of its breath, may silently leave its impress upon their souls.

Thus the love of flowers seems to be a universal sentiment of the human heart, more or less developed in different individuals; yet the living germ exists in every mind. Man may admire them for their beauty and fragrance; but *woman loves them* for the poetry which they breathe, the glowing thoughts they bring. To her they have a language expressive of the loftiest thoughts of the intellect, the noblest sentiment of the heart, the deepest emotion of the soul. To her listening spirit their "voiceless lips" are eloquent teachers, silently proclaiming the wisdom and goodness of Him who has clothed the earth with beauty as with a garment, who has made the waste places and the desert glad with his presence, and caused the wilderness to bud and "blossom as the rose," and the vernal grass, and gay dandelion, and modest violet to adorn the dusty wayside of daily toil, to cheer the desponding soul with a glimpse of heaven.

It is woman's province to multiply the sources of beauty and pleasure around her home, and this may be effectually performed by cultivating the rich and fragrant flowers which nature has strewed with lavish profusion over the earth. No desert is so barren that it is not graced by their presence; no vale so fair that its beauty is not enhanced by their loveliness. If her home is one of luxury and refinement, they may minister to her pride, and costly exotics and rare blossoms from sunny climes may reward her fostering care, and flourish as luxuriantly in her parlor or conservatory as beneath the genial sun

of the tropics, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who behold their marvelous beauty.

If her sphere is among the poor and lowly, her daily life one of toil and poverty, even here countless blossoms deck the sward and perfume the passing zephyr with the rich odor of their breath. Here the blue-eyed violet springs up among the withered leaves like hope among the ruins of the past, and turns its trusting eye heavenward, like Faith smiling through her tears, and silently whispers to the saddened hearts of earth's weary wanderers of a home of purity and joy. Here, too, the "lily of the field," arrayed in its robe of more than imperial splendor, arrests her attention, and leads her to "consider" the sublime lesson of trust and dependence upon that Power which has clothed even the flower of the grass with the most delicate form of beauty, and given the whole floral race a voice which thrills her inmost soul with emotions unutterable. Her cottage-home may boast of no attractions to gratify the eye of taste and refinement; though naked walls and uncarpeted floors greet her eyes, instead of the rare paintings and rich Brussels of the more fortunate; yet the warm sunlight and balmy air comes with a blessing to her humble home, and she fills her simple vases with fresh flowers, glistening with the pearly dew, nor sighs for a more costly ornament either for kitchen or parlor. At eventide she sits by her open window, and her heart sends up the incense of praise to her heavenly Father, as her pleased eye rests upon the glowing outline of a landscape more beautiful than mortal artist has ever traced upon the snowy canvas. She watches the fleecy drapery of the skies, as the gorgeous tints of sunset one after one disappear and fade away into the somber hues of evening, and hails with delight the coming of the first star that twinkles on the "ebon brow" of night; the evening zephyr is wafted by her on its health-giving mission, freighted with the perfume of the night-blooming flowers—

"From timid jasmin buds that keep
Their odors to themselves all day;
But when the sunlight dies away,
Lets the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about;"

and she feels a buoyancy of spirit which the votary of fashion seldom enjoys.

Her life may be spent in a secluded vale, shut out from the privileges of civilized life, and far from the "sound of a church-going bell," where the voice of no living teacher has proclaimed the existence of a God, or spoke of his wisdom and goodness; yet even there, in the solitude and

silence of the untrodden forest, she may lean her ear in the "secret places," and his *works* shall praise him—the lofty trees of the forest shall "clap their hands" and rejoice, and the sweet wild flower spring up at her feet, and whisper of the power, wisdom, and benevolence of nature's God, and her soul shall respond in accents of grateful praise to the great Author of all good.

Was it a mere poetic fancy which ascribed to flowers a mystic language expressive of the changeful emotions of the human heart? or has the God of nature made them messengers of his love, and given them a voice to proclaim his truth? The wayward fancy of man has not only ascribed to them the sentiments of goodness and purity, of love and tenderness, but has also given them a voice expressive of the baser passions of our nature—of anger, pride, and jealousy. Not thus does the unsophisticated heart of nature's child translate their unwritten lore. To her they are the *poetry of earth*, pure and unsullied as the Author. Is she happy? They are her companions—God's smile of universal benevolence, given to bless every human being. Does her spirit sink beneath the pressure of adverse circumstances, and give way to doubt and despondency? They come with the balm of sympathy to her wounded heart, and hope is born anew, as even from the flower of the grass comes up the cheering tone, "Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" And she treads the thorny path of life with a firmer step, grateful for the wayside flowers which refresh her weary soul like a gleam of light from the far-off land.

Has she seen her cherished "olive plants" wither and decay beneath the blighting touch of disease, and laid their precious forms in the silent tomb? "She goes to the grave to weep there;" and from the dark mold which covers the pulseless heart the violet and amaranth proclaim the *resurrection*, and typify the immortality of the soul; she feels assured that she shall be reunited with the dear ones who have gone before, and greet their happy spirits in the realms of endless bliss, and her tears of sorrow are mingled with the pearls of rejoicing, as she looks forward to a reunion in heaven.

God gives riches to the world, but stores up his treasures of wholesome afflictions for his children.—*Wesley*.

TREATMENT OF BOOKS.

WHAT is a book? such a book as we are willing to make, and do make, the companion of our solitary and reflecting hours? If it be good for any thing—if it be really worthy of the name of a book—it can be nothing less than the intellectual or spiritual part of some man, or of some woman, excelling in some way, more or less remarkable, the mass of other men and women in the world. In cases, happily for mankind almost numberless, a book is some gloriously great or good man—all except the merely material and corruptible part of him—redeemed from the conditions of decay and death, and commissioned henceforth to dwell among us, like a beneficent angel from heaven, an ever-present minister, it may be, of usefulness, or of brotherly love and divine charity. What a world is the book world! what an illustrious companionship does it offer for the gratification of our social and spiritual instincts and likings! The great, the brave, the self-sacrificing—the oppressed and their deliverers—the sages, the instructors, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, live again in books, and reveal to us, in the seclusion of our chambers and firesides, what were the thoughts and motives of their secret lives—why they lived laborious days and spurned the tempting delights of sense—what was the spiritual atmosphere in which they breathed—what the secret source of endeavor, never slackening till the goal was won.

Books, like men, have a twofold nature: paper, print, and binding are their bodily substances, and the thoughts that breathe along their pages may be called their spirit. And since we would be loth to abuse our living friend and benefactor, or his dead remains, we ought not to abuse a book—which brings us to the subject of our paper—the treatment of books—the treatment, be it understood, not critically by rules of logic, or analytically by rules of criticism, but commonsensically by rule of thumb.

Dr. Johnson rarely read a book without thumbing, twisting, pulling, hauling, and crushing it into a state of dislocation utterly hopeless, as though he had determined to wring its essence out of it, as men do perfumes from flowers, by squeezing them to death; so that those who had the misfortune to lend him a volume rarely knew it again after it had escaped the tortures of *his* inquisition. We do not think the example of the great lexicographer, in this particular, worthy of imitation; and to those who presume to follow it, in regard either to their own books or those of their friends,

we would suggest that they are in fairness bound to write a folio dictionary before they lay claim to the privilege. The whole Chinese nation have a reverence, almost amounting to a religious sentiment, for even the slightest scrap of written or printed paper, and would account it, if not as a species of criminality, at least as a sign of moral depravity, that any man should willfully injure a book. We must confess to something approaching to Chinese in our feelings on this matter. The sight of a dog-eared treatise brings on the symptoms of melancholy, and the spectacle of an unfortunate volume with its back broken and half its sheets "started," or of one crippled into a state of rickets by a lazy, one-handed reader, or of one which has been knocked or kicked about till its corners are all uncornered, arouse our resentment against the perpetrators of the injustice.

Some persons never lose the habit they acquired at the dame-school, where they learned to spell a, b, ab; and b, a, ba; and to the end of their lives hold their books by sheer force of thumb pressed between the margins at the foot of the page. If this class of persons read much, which they never do, their books would perish by the tortures of the thumb-screw.

Books suffer from neglect as well as ill-usage. Damp is a great destroyer, and often works irretrievable ruin while not at all suspected. Rows of volumes get put away, and shelved in cupboards, in bed-rooms, or stair-closets, against the party-walls, and when they reappear show as if struck by leprosy—being sprinkled through with moldy, saffron-colored spots: this is particularly the case with such as are illustrated with copper-plates—the plate-paper, which is but a thick kind of white blotting-paper, having a strong affinity for latent moisture.

Books should be handled tenderly; it should be remembered that their nerves and sinews are but sewing-thread and thin glue, and that they are not brick-bats. They should never be forced open too wide—should not be swung by a single cover—not thumbled like a child's primer—not folded down at the corners to mark where the reader left off—not ground beneath the elbow—not consigned to the mercy of pitch-and-toss accidents. If they be good books—and if they be bad their owner is a bad man, and the sooner he gets rid of them the better—they have a solid right to good treatment, and should have it.

We are justified in presuming that the generality of our readers are lovers of books, and, therefore, that they will take these hints in good part, and profit by them.

PICTURES WITHOUT FRAMES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

THE countenance is the title-page to the book of the soul, and it may also be regarded as the *preface*—a portion of the work which we should, by no means, leave unread.

As without the sun there could be no sunlight, so without Christ there can be no Christians. And as the sun's rays enlighten and enliven the world—although they are not the sun—so Christians, too, are the light and life of the world.

A noble mind weighed down and obscured by suffering, may be likened to one of the plain wooden clocks of our forefathers' days. A glance at the outside discloses nothing brilliant or beautiful; naught strikes the eye but the dark heavy weights which give it motion. But for usefulness these are the best of clocks.

With our finite understandings we comprehend sacred things just as a child, which has just acquired a knowledge of the alphabet, might be supposed to read a volume. What manner of insight into its contents would it have?

How frequently, in the course of our lives, do we gain an experience by the loss of a pleasure?

As we may notice, even in a calm, by the inclination of the trees in a forest, from which side come the fiercest and most frequent blasts of the storm, so an attentive observer of men may easily distinguish from what quarter have set the heaviest gales of passion.

Beneath what a load of worldliness and worldly cares is the soul of the Christian often buried; and how anxiously and perseveringly he struggles to penetrate the mist to return again into the bright, clear light of heaven! Yet, at other times, how easily and by what trifling matters we allow ourselves to be led away from God!

A noble person needs but a plain garment to set it off; a beautiful picture requires but a simple frame; a great thought is best dressed in the simplest language. But all these need a spirit of understanding to be appreciated.

Our thoughts should depend from our souls as leaves from a tree—so natural, so unconstrainedly ornamental, so easily stirred, so closely connected, so entirely one in nature. And like leaves upon a tree, when the storm-wind rushes through them, we shall see only the sickly, the pale, and the dead fall to the ground.

Why does the irresistible hand of fate lay such numbers prostrate in the dust? Is it not because it finds so many endeavoring to stand up—so few upon their knees?

The soul which loves the Savior enjoys the beauties and bounties of this life to a degree and with a relish unknown to the worldling. It is as if the talented author of a beautiful work should present to a friend a copy of his book as a gift of love. The latter would enjoy the rich contents in common with the great public. But aside and beyond this, would he not have another and especial joy in feeling himself the possessor of the author's love? And the last is surely the greatest pleasure.

Men of great genius but little heart, are they not like unto the aurora borealis, whose magnificence awes the arctic voyager to silence? But for what are they good? With all their splendor they cause no flower to bloom; in all their light there is no life.

The evils of life may be likened to comets. Like these they bear after them a long train. Like these, too, they seem to wander through the boundless space of our being, pathless and objectless, creatures of chance. Yet are they both alike in the hands of the Creator.

Men of great erudition and immense acquirements may be likened to the ocean, the receptacle into which flow the waters of many noble rivers and extensive lakes, but which is not, after all, itself a living fountain or spring. They are living halls, within whose recesses are gathered together the facts of the world. But a walk within their silent precincts is for the Christian, often enough, a walk amid the dead.

When the life of the oyster sickens and suffers it is turned to a precious pearl. So with the Christian; through much suffering and tribulation he enters the kingdom of heaven, to become a precious jewel in the crown of the Savior.

What an abyss we find between knowing and doing, and how frequently do we find ourselves standing midway, like marksmen, seeing our aim fairly, yet never hitting it!

Our journey through life may be compared to the ascent of a mountain. We aim high, but how frequently with, at first, but indistinct ideas of the goal which we are attempting to reach! And, accordingly, when we have reached what, to our human understanding, appears a very gratifying elevation, and begin to look about us for a fine view to reward the arduousness of our efforts, alas! at once we find ourselves surrounded by clouds, and lost in fog and mist. And then what longing, wishful looks we cast back toward the green valleys of our childhood, when the soft warmth of the sun, the sweet perfume of flowers, the music of the gurgling brook filled us with peace and gladness! But onward is the word.

Our goal is not of sweet memories or soft longings. Onward, ever onward, and upward, over rock and brier, through storm, and mist, and clouds, till we have placed all beneath us! We may not have intended to go so far when we commenced. Neither did the first disciples of our Savior. Yet he that endureth to the end shall receive the crown of everlasting life.

A soul at the point of departure from the body is aptly likened to a little boat afloat in mid-ocean. Below is naught but the vast expanse of water, above the heavens, to which the lonely boatman casts his anxious looks. At such a time he feels the most important question to be this, whether the sky of purest azure offers a prospect clear, bright, and peaceful; or if it is beset with lowering clouds, in which the vivid lightning's flash portends the approaching storm.

If one should cause a continual shower of water to fall upon a flowering tree for the purpose of washing off the parasites which infest and injure the blossoms, would not the result of such a measure, in all likelihood, be, that blossoms as well as parasites, the needful as well as the injurious, would be destroyed? So it is in education if too many rules are laid down, too many barriers and restrictions placed about the daily walks of life.

BURNS IN TEARS.

WHEN quite young Robert Burns, the poet, visited, in company with others, the house of the philosopher, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Scotland. In the midst of the conversation Burns turned away to examine a painting hanging on the wall, representing a dead soldier on the ground, with his wife and child lamenting over him, and these lines inscribed below:

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept for soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Sad, mournful presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears."

As he read these beautiful lines, written by one Langhorne, the eyes of Burns filled with tears, and one of the company remarked that a man could not be a man, nor a poet, till he had a heart and could feel. A true remark, indeed; for he who can weep at misery, can "feel for others' woes and lend the helping hand."

Man without tears or feeling is like a tree in winter, barren, though strong and stately. It is feeling that robes it in beauteous foliage and makes it efflorescent and fruitful.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C. M. BROWN, A RECENTLY APPOINTED MISSIONARY TO AFRICA.

BY REV. D. D. BUCK.

THIS young lady has long felt a deep solicitude to be useful to the Church in the great work of evangelizing the world. She has finally consented to go abroad as a missionary, and has expressed a preference for the mission in Africa. In consenting to go to that field of labor, she seems to have considered the difficulties and dangers which she might expect to encounter; yet love for souls, and deep convictions of duty have had greater influence over her than desire for ease, or fear of suffering and death. Many have spoken most discouragingly and tried to persuade her not to go. She has been told that it would be throwing her life away to go to Africa. But, notwithstanding all, she has fully determined to yield to her convictions of duty and leave the consequences with God.

This address, in its original form, was of necessity very hastily written, and read to Miss Brown in the presence of several ministers and a large company of friends, on the evening of her departure from Elmira to New York. The address designedly keeps in view the well-known dangers of a residence in Africa; and the effort is to show, that even if it were as likely to be fatal as it has been represented to her, still it would be apostolic and Christ-like to go where duty and religious solicitude lead, even if it be to suffering and death.

The author has reason to believe that his address, however imperfect as a composition, was not without its good influence upon the young missionary, at a time when she needed encouragement and counsel. But, in the circumstances of the case, this could not be done by denying or lightly estimating the real hazards of a residence in that climate which has proved so fatal to American missionaries. It was deemed more consistent with Christian candor duly to consider the difficulties before her, and endeavor to derive consolation in view of all the facts in the case, even allowing the possible truthfulness of the gloomiest representations.

The publication of this address may possibly encourage others to devote themselves to the missionary work in Africa, or in some other part of the wide field of evangelical labor.

Go, Mercy's messenger, with angel speed
To Afric's bleeding heart. The Gospel balm,
That healeth spirit wounds, with haste convey.
And let poor Afric know—though hard the task—
That all is not cupidity and hate
Where human face puts on its fairest hue.

Let Afric know that love for human souls
May have a mightiness to move the heart,
Great as the lust for gold, or thirst for praise.
Can robbers go to steal their fellow-men?
Can thrifty commerce whiten Afric's waves?
Can greedy Avarice sift her golden sands,
Or dig for gems through all her desert wastes,
Or hunt her ivory from hill to hill,
Unscared by death? And may not holy love,
That brought a Savior from his blissful throne,
Impel a pious soul this land to leave,
To show poor Afric that a Christian's love
Can brave as much of danger and of death
To carry healing to a bleeding heart,
As lust of gold to open wide the wounds?

Then go, if God hath bidden, go to die,
If such a price may save one precious soul.
Did Paul his life reserve when duty called
Through perils, pains, and deaths to bear his cross?
Did Jesus come for pleasure to our earth,
Or look for lengthened years in midst of death?
He came to die! upon the cross to die!
For us to die who well deserved the death;
Why not for him, if dying be the means
Of richest blessing to the ebony race?

For Afric it were better far to die,
Than be partaker of the bloody guilt
That crushes all the manhood from the man,
And legislates the human to the brute.
I would prefer myself to be the slave,
Than forge one link of Afric's galling chain.

'Tis due to Africa from Christian lands
That Gospel freedom now be freely sent
To her ill-fated and ill-treated race;
For robbers, chains, and daggers have been sent
In Christian ships, with banners boldly spread,
And Christian symbols gleaming thro' the skies;
And myriads of her children have been torn
With bloody violence from her own breast,
By hands that handled Inspiration's page.

Then go, redeeming Love's embassadress,
With proclamation to that wretched race,
Of immortality and bliss obtained
For dying Ham, through Jesus, son of Shem.
Let Japhet's daughter brave a thousand deaths
If she may be a messenger of life,
To carry hope and gladness where Despair
Hath reigned with rayless midnight o'er the land.
Go e'en to death, if that be Afric's life;
'Twere glorious thus to die, if Heaven ordains,
And so to live, if he by grace sustains
Thy fragile form amid so many deaths.

Can aught befall thee but as God permits?
Can Death approach thee without his consent?
Thou art immortal till thy work is done.

Then go to Africa, with power divine,
As shield and sun, to comfort and defend.
Stand up in Africa, by grace divine,
As strong to labor and as firm to endure,
As here, with labor less, and less of grace;

For God is there, as near to praying Faith,
When supplication meets a vertic sun,
As here, where Faith may kneel at costly shrines.

Go forth in Africa, divinely led
Through various paths of usefulness and peace.
Who led his people through the wilderness,
By day defended, and by night secured,
Thy steps shall order with unerring skill,
Thy soul protect with never-failing power.

When day departs and weary night comes on,
Lie down in Africa beneath the wings
Of guardian cherubim, as safely there
As in the bosom of thy kindred here.

To die in Africa, if Heaven direct,
In faithful labor for that dying race,
Like an apostle choosing bonds and death,
If bonds and death may life and freedom give,
Is dying like our Lord, and wins a crown.

To die! Why not? Is it more far from thence
To thrones of bliss, than from these favored shores?
Is it less easy for an angel's eye
To see a Christian on his dying couch
Beneath a palm in Afric's torrid clime,
Than 'neath the palms that shaded Judah's hills?

Then go, if God hath called thee; go in peace,
To live and labor long as Heaven may please;
Or die, if need be, in that far-off land,
That lies as near to Paradise as this.

THE BLIND CHILD'S REQUEST.

BY ELLIE MILLS.

SISTER, give me thy hand, and lead me now,
Through the smooth walk, to yonder cooling bower;
The air of evening fans my cheek and brow,
I hear the rustling of the leafy bough,
And breathe the sweet perfume of many a flower.

And, darling sister, sit beside me here,
And take my hand within your own and tell—
Not of the many flowers blooming near;
Not of the flowing streamlet, bright and clear;
Not of the birds, whose songs I love so well—

Speak not to me of earth—of skies of blue,
Of the pale moon and countless stars that shine,
And rosy morn—all beautiful to you;
They are forbidden to my longing view—
All, all is dark to me, for *I am blind*:

But talk to me of heaven, O sister, dear!
And of the fair, bright beings dwelling there;
Often, in dreams, to me they do appear,
And woo me from this world, so dark and drear,
Away with them, unto a clime more fair.

Yes, sister, tell of heaven; there would I go;
There, to that happy place, I long to flee;
All must be very lovely here below.
This earth is beautiful, for you have told me so;
But O in heaven, dear sister, *I can see!*

THE HORRORS OF EVIL COMPANY.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, SCOTLAND.

"The way of transgressors is hard."

EDWIN was one of my earliest school-fellows. Thoughtful, quick, and naturally ingenious, he made rapid progress in his studies. We were nearly of the same age, and as our paternal residences were in the same street, a mutual attachment was soon formed, and we became almost inseparable companions.

His father was a pious man and devotedly attached to the ordinances of religion. He had for many years established family worship in his house. On several occasions I was present during that important service, and always received benefit to my soul. His instructions to the members of his family were communicated in the most pleasing yet impressive manner. When he conversed with them, the *parent* and the *friend* appeared to be united.

At the age of fourteen Edwin was taken from school and soon after apprenticed to a respectable tradesman in the town. Being of an active mind he acquired, in a very short time, a competent knowledge of his business.

The same openness of disposition, and the same gentleness of spirit, which had so long secured him the affection of his school-fellows, were still the prevailing attractions of the amiable youth. At "early dawn" and "silent eve" we often perambulated the fields and woods, the hills and valleys, contiguous to our native town. On such occasions, having a reciprocal feeling, and possessing a corresponding taste for the beauties of nature, our minds were involuntarily led from "nature up to nature's God."

But it was in the sanctuary, while sitting under the sound of the Gospel, that we experienced the most delightful elevations of soul—here, that the fire of devotion was kindled in our hearts. One Sunday evening we went to hear a funeral sermon. The chapel was crowded with attentive hearers, and a solemn feeling appeared to pervade the minds of all while listening to the affecting discourse. Never shall I forget that evening. At the close of the service a prayer meeting was announced. We both remained, and were both deeply affected.

Time rolled on, and Edwin had accomplished about four years of his apprenticeship, but the tide of his affections was evidently turned. I had, indeed, for some months previously, felt misgivings as to the altered state of his mind. He had frequently neglected the public worship of God, and his conversation had assumed a less

serious tone. I several times called to see him, but could easily discover, from a peculiar reservedness in his manner, that he wished to shun me. The secret was soon disclosed. He had formed an acquaintance with two or three young men, who were well known in the town to be loose characters. I often remonstrated with him, but in vain. The connections he had chosen, and the evil habits into which they were daily hurrying him, had rendered him impregnable to reproof. But though I felt keenly on his account, yet when I saw him "running to the same excess of riot," and plunging deeper into sin, I considered it disreputable to be seen in his company.

There was a public house in the adjoining street, into which I occasionally saw him enter at the close of the day, and from which he would often return in a state of intoxication. At other times I saw him wandering in the vicinity of the town with the publican's daughter; while those who knew him in his school-boy days would cast upon him a look of mingled pity and reproach. This state of things continued till the period of his apprenticeship expired. But though he had a perfect knowledge of his business, and was an excellent workman, yet owing to the irregular habits he had formed his master would no longer employ him.

Being now out of a situation, he loitered about the neighborhood for some weeks, when, on a beautiful morning in May, as I was taking a solitary walk to inhale the pure breezes of the country, and to feed my eyes upon the lovely scenery which I had been accustomed to admire, my attention was suddenly drawn to a concourse of people assembled near a stage-coach which was on the point of starting for London. I soon recognized Edwin among the group; and as I stood for a moment gazing on his wasted frame and pallid features, his eye caught mine. He approached, and, grasping my hand, exclaimed, "Farewell, Mr. Barr, we may never meet again!"

"But where are you going?" I said.

"I am going to London to make my fortune," and a forced smile played upon his countenance.

"But are you sure of that?"

"Why, what can I do? There is no employment to be obtained here."

"Would not a reformation in your conduct insure you employment? Abandon the society of those who have brought you to this humiliating situation, and you need not leave your native town to seek employment."

"It is too late; I am resolved to go."

"If so, then take the advice of one who feels interested in your welfare. When you arrive in

London shun the society of evil-doers; avoid them as you would the plague. Otherwise they will be your ruin."

"I know you have ever been my friend, though I have rendered myself unworthy of your esteem; and if I had listened to your counsel—"

Here the horn blew, and without waiting to finish the sentence Edwin took his seat on the coach and was soon out of sight.

I resumed my walk, but it was with a heavy and dejected heart. I listened to the music of the birds as they caroled to each other in the hedge-rows; but their warbling failed to produce that soothing, hallowing influence, which I had experienced in my former rambles. The image of my school-fellow was constantly fitting before my mental vision. I was painfully apprehensive that the same propensities which had already blighted his expectations at home would, if still indulged, accelerate his final ruin in the gay metropolis.

Year after year passed away, but I heard nothing of the unhappy youth; and I was almost led to conclude that his own words would be verified, that we should never meet again.

I was now called to the work of the ministry, and in the prosecution of its arduous duties I thought but little of Edwin. Amidst the multifarious changes, both of scene and of society, which I was destined to experience, the remembrance of our early friendship was gradually fading from my mind.

In the spring of 1834, when I was stationed in the Colchester circuit, I received an appointment to preach in London on a missionary occasion. At the close of the evening service, a stranger presented me with a note. I immediately broke the seal and found it was from Edwin. The following extract will show the purport of it: . . .

"I wish much to see you. Will you favor me with a call? I am not worthy of it; but I feel my life to be drawing near to its close, and I shall soon be numbered with the dead. I am a poor unhappy sinner. Your counsel at this time may be of service to me. The bearer will inform you of my lodgings. Pray for your unfortunate EDWIN."

Whether it was owing to my surprise at receiving so unexpected a communication, or whether it arose from the distressing intelligence it conveyed, I can not tell; but immediately on finishing its perusal my whole frame became exceedingly agitated. Having obtained the necessary information, as to his residence, I dismissed the messenger with a promise that I would call on the following day.

I slept but little that night. The morning at length dawned, and I arose unrefreshed. After partaking of a slight breakfast I proceeded in the direction of his lodgings. As I passed along the bells of St. Savior's Church were ringing a merry peal. Their sweetly-musical tones, as the fresh breeze wafted them across the Thames, seemed to compensate for the dullness of the morning. The sun was not visible, but a dense fog, so common in the metropolis, rendered the atmosphere damp and oppressive.

I now arrived at the house which corresponded with the instructions which I received on the preceding evening. A member of the family directed me to a small apartment in an upper story, on entering which I beheld my poor school-fellow seated in a corner of the room, with a small round table before him, on which were scattered a few books. He was the same individual who had shared my early friendship; but O how changed! The bloom of his manly cheek had faded, his form was wasting away under the latent workings of disease, and his eye shot from its sunken orbit a glance of despondency and grief. The extreme difficulty that he felt in breathing, the altered tone of his voice when he rose to address me, and a cough, which was evidently occasioned by an affection of the lungs—all these external symptoms convinced me that he was laboring under pulmonary consumption. Seating myself by his side, I expressed the pleasure I felt in once more seeing him in the "vale of tears."

"And to me," he said, "it has been indeed a *vale of tears*; and doubly so from the fact that most of the sorrows I have experienced have been the effects of my own misconduct. The advice which you gave me when I left my native town proved, at first, a check to my dissolute habits, and for several months after my arrival in London my evenings were spent in the retirement of my own chamber. I had no companions, nor did I desire any. I had obtained a good situation, and one that afforded many pecuniary advantages. My mind, however, became restless. I felt tired of such a sedentary mode of life, and once more sighed after the pleasures of the world.

"In an evil hour I, one Sunday afternoon, strayed to one of those tea-gardens, with which the suburbs so greatly abound. Here I became again entangled with the workers of iniquity, and commenced a course of folly and dissipation, which has undermined my constitution and burdened my conscience with an accumulated weight of guilt and misery, which has become almost intolerable.

"On that occasion I met with several young men of respectable appearance, and passed in their company, what I then thought, a very pleasant evening. We did not separate till a late hour, and agreed to meet again at a certain inn on the following night. Regardless of the future, I only thought of present enjoyment—sung the drunkard's song and laughed the hours away. Indeed, the society of these young men, and others to whom I was subsequently introduced, became almost indispensable to my existence.

"But I need not recount the many scenes of iniquity which I have witnessed, nor the lengths of folly to which my foolish head led me to run. My health rapidly declined, so that I had scarcely sufficient physical energy to pursue my daily labor. Frequent exposure to the cold midnight air, after being seated for several hours in a densely heated room, brought on a violent cough and a difficulty of respiration.

"About two months since, when returning home from Drury-Lane theater, I felt a peculiarly painful oppression of the chest, and on going into my room I discovered that the expectoration I had discharged was that of clear blood. As these distressing symptoms continued I became extremely alarmed. In vain I courted 'nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep'—I dared not close my eyes, for I was apprehensive of the rupture of a blood-vessel. I, therefore, lay in a state of feverish excitement. I thought of the course of sin which for so many years I had been pursuing, and wept to think that I should soon have to appear before a holy God. My sins were arrayed before me in all their deformity, and I experienced the agonies of a troubled spirit.

"I had for some time previous to this felt some compunctions of soul, which sometimes induced me to pause before entering the chambers of intemperance, but nothing equal to what I then experienced. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my awful condition, and involuntarily cried out, 'O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!' 'Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.'

"These convictions, though not perhaps so powerful, continued to follow me for several weeks, during which I never entered a public house, nor even saw any of my dissolute companions. One evening I was returning to my lodgings, after the labors of the day, when, passing through Bedford Square, my ears caught the sound of music—soft, mournful, and plaintive. Being passionately fond of music, I was attracted to the spot, and for some time listened with considerable emotion to the delightful strains. But

it was the subject of one of the pieces that most affected me, namely, the popular air of 'Home, Sweet Home.' It brought to my recollection the home of my childhood—the scenes of my juvenile days. I thought of my father, whose pious counsels I had despised, and of the many happy hours that I spent under his roof, ere my follies and vices had brought a reproach upon my character, and I turned aside to wipe away the tears which began to fill my eyes. At this critical moment I recognized among the crowd one of my old companions. I instantly left the spot, but it was too late. He had seen me, and was soon at my side. 'Edwin,' said he, 'what is the matter with you? And where have you been for so long a time?' I told him I felt unwell and was fearful I was in a decline. He laughed heartily, and, taking my arm, dragged me violently along till we arrived at the door of a tavern. For some time I resolutely withstood the temptation. 'Come in, you silly fellow!' he exclaimed, 'a few glasses of brandy and water will soon restore your health.'

"Alas! I suffered myself to be enticed, and found myself once more seated in a public house. On rising to depart I found Davis—the name of my companion—to be unusually elated by the effects of what he had been drinking, though I had cautiously taken but little. As we passed along the street he became quarrelsome, and made use of the most abusive language to some persons whom we encountered, till at length a policeman came up, and in the struggle that ensued Davis escaped, but I was taken to the Gilbertspur Compter, and there confined for the night. And O, what a night!

"But I will not attempt to describe the agony I then experienced. On the next morning I was taken before a magistrate, and after receiving a sharp reprimand and paying a small fine was discharged. Being now at liberty I was determined to make the best use of it, and as I was becoming more and more disgusted with London life, I wrote to my father, begging him to furnish me with a sufficient sum of money to defray my expenses home. I have already received a favorable answer, and to-morrow is fixed for my departure. My life has been a scene of sin and wretchedness. In the pursuit of pleasure I have found sorrow and disappointment, and daily experience has confirmed the truth of Scripture, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"A few days since I saw an advertisement announcing that you would preach at — Chapel. I longed for an interview with you previous to my departure, and for that purpose sent the note

which has once more brought us together. I have a solemn impression on my mind that this will be our last meeting on earth. My disease is rapidly gaining ground, and my strength diminishes daily. O that I could say, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain!'

He thus finished the story of his woes and his griefs, during the delivery of which he appeared greatly excited, and several times raised his handkerchief to his eyes to stem the briny torrents which his lacerated feelings produced.

While giving expression to the closing sentence I looked upon him with tenderness and pity. At length he appeared more composed, and I availed myself of the opportunity to direct him to the Savior of sinners. I spoke of the efficacy of his divine atonement, and of its adaptation to the case of a penitent sinner. Then referring to the promises of the Gospel, so sweet and so precious, I said, "Now, my dear Edwin, can not you venture on this foundation? What hinders? It is true you have sinned, but Christ died for the ungodly; you are groaning under the burden of guilt, but Christ died to remove it; you are seeking salvation, and Christ says, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' Will you not take him at his word? Will you not rely upon his merits? O be not faithless, but believe! Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation!"

"O that I had yielded sooner!" he sobbed, "and torn myself from those vile associates, who led me into sin!"

"You have at length yielded," I said, "and it is not too late. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

"There is one thing," said he, "with which you are probably unacquainted, and to which I attribute much of that indifference to religion which I began to feel even previous to my being seduced into vile company. My father, for many years, attended to the duty of family worship; but soon after my apprenticeship I discovered a growing laxity in the exercise of that essential part of Christianity. It was occasionally neglected under the pretense of business, till at length it was altogether laid aside. The consequence was, he became worldly-minded and I became careless about my soul. I have heard, however, since I left home, he has most painfully felt this dereliction of duty."

O that the heads of families would lay this to heart!

I continued with Edwin for some time, and having given him the best advice in my power

engaged in prayer on his behalf. On taking my departure tears began to fill my eyes. I was leaving my earliest companion—my school-fellow—and it was more than probable that we should never again meet till the day when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God.

"Adieu!" I murmured, and was making my way toward the door. "Stop!" he exclaimed, and again seizing my hand, which he literally bathed with tears, said, in a faint tone of voice, "I am going home—to die. Pray for me, that when I am called I may be found ready. *Vale, in æternum, vale.*"

Poor Edwin! we parted, and I never saw him more.

On visiting my native town a few years subsequently I met with several of his relatives, from whom I learned that he had long since been removed to a better world. He had been enabled, in the eleventh hour, to cast himself on the mercy of God, through faith in a crucified Savior; and having obtained an assurance of forgiveness, at length exchanged a life of suffering for a life of glory.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND GOD.

A MERRY little girl, just turned of four, wandered into a vacant room of her house, with a singular look of solemn adventure in her face, and closed the door behind her. Her mother, who had caught a passing glimpse of the countenance, followed softly after, and paused before the door in listening. Presently she heard a timid little voice say, "God!" "God!" Then came an interval of silence. Then the voice again somewhat louder, "God!" "God!" Another pause—longer. Once more the voice, earnest but faltering—and very entreating in its tone—"God!" "God!"

The mother entered the room.

"What is it, Anna?"

"O, I wanted to see—"

"To see what?"

"If—if—"

"Well."

"If God would speak to me. You told me God was every-where. You said I could talk to him and he would hear me. I was trying if he would only say 'Anna.'"

There was room in that little brain for one or two more lessons about God, which the young mother did not fail to impart. Very often curiosity is excited in the juvenile mind, and then it is left to work out its thoughts as best it can. Parents should always be ready and willing to attend fully to their children's inquiries.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

BY J. D. BELL.

THE booksellers of America, almost with one accord, declare that there is but a single comprehensive dictionary of our vernacular tongue, which every mechanic, student, and learned professor should adopt as his daily directory and standard, and that this chosen one is Webster's Unabridged.

But the voice of the booksellers can not, of course, be allowed to go for much among thinking men in these times of frenzied book-speculation. Indeed, it may be asserted, with a good deal of reason, that one would not miss much of real worth in print, nowadays, were he to pass stoically along through the public marts, taking it for granted that every flaming advertisement, or gilt-edged commendation, that catches at his eye from the street-corners, is but a copy of what Ben Johnson would have called,

"The most unprofitable sign of nothing."

Most certain it is, that in this way he would escape being humbugged, many a time, out of his wits as well as his dollars, by the specious emptiness put up in book-form, and advertised into notoriety by speculators in the Fanny Fern and Barnum literature, every-where so marketable at the present day.

So, setting aside entirely what the booksellers say, let us see if we may not reach the same conclusion as to which they pretend to have come by way of better premises.

In the first place, then, we observe that every lexicographer may be viewed in two lights: first, as to his peculiarities; and second, as to his comparative merits. Let us now glance at Noah Webster in each of these aspects, in order to determine in what estimation we should hold his dictionary. Well, then, we may ask, what and of what account are Webster's peculiarities?

If the great lexicographer were living to-day, and were to be questioned as to the changes he endeavored to make in the structure and use of our tongue through the medium of his system of lexicography, we may conceive, very nearly, what his response would be. He would say that from his earliest years our language was the theme of his thoughts and his studies; that his interest in its history and development grew with the growth and strengthened with the strength of his mind; that to a clear understanding of its origin and structure he labored indefatigably and not without success; that as he pushed forward his inquiries he made new discoveries with regard to the analogies and tendencies of our tongue; that he

came to see the truth of Quintilian's observation, that "speech was not formed by an analogy sent from heaven," but was the fabrication of men, and, as a consequence, must be ever liable to corruption by the extravagances of ignorance and the caprices of innovation.

He would say that he found our language, in his day, exposed to many and great dangers; that the practical tendencies of the age, as well as the spirit of the American people, were against its continuing longer in a state of even tolerable purity; that there was no standard dictionary adapted to the circumstances and wants of our growing and already great republic; that Johnson's was too old, and Walker's too full of impracticable rules and ideal distinctions; that from a thousand influences, peculiar to our country alone, we were verging upon dialectical diversities, which, if not counteracted, would, sooner or later, operate fatally against a unity of national feeling; that by the influx of foreigners, new and heterogeneous elements were constantly creeping into our language and tending to reduce its power; that from the want of a proper standard of lexicography the growth of our literature had been stifled, and etymology, orthography, and orthoepy had been sadly neglected; that, as a consequence, bad idioms and odious provincialisms had gained, and were gaining, the credit of polite usage; and that, under these circumstances, he undertook the toilsome task of compiling a dictionary which should be adapted to the character of the American people; and which, while it contributed largely to preserve the purity of our vernacular, and to foster that unity of feeling so essential to our success as a nation, should, at the same time, tend to keep warm the tie that binds us to the land where our language had its birth.

He would say that in forming the plan of his work he laid it down, in the onset, as a principle, from which there should be as little departure as possible, that analogy and its claims should be superior to all individual authority, and subject only to one unvarying rule of uniformity; that accordingly he was led to classify all words of like formation, and for analogy's sake to give them, as far as practicable, like orthography; that, therefore, he determined to leave out the *u* in such words as honor, labor, inferior, and their derivatives; to omit *k* in such words as music and public; to substitute *er* for *re* in such words as center, theater, luster, and scepter; to spell defense, expense, and the like, with *e* instead of *c*; to omit the *e* in high; to write all words formed from the Greek and Latin *iso* with the termination

ise instead of *ice*; to spell all such words as *blamable*, *movable*, *salable*, etc., without *e*, except after *c* and *g*; to preserve *ll* in all the derivatives of *dull*, *full*, *skill*, and the like; and to spell all the derivatives of verbs of two or more syllables, ending in a single unaccented consonant, preceded by a single vowel, as *traveler*, without doubling the consonant.

He would say further, that his vivid apprehension of the wants of an eminently practical age led him to bestow peculiar care on the etymology and explanation of words; that he determined to exhibit more fully and accurately than had ever before been done the true genesis of our language; that, to accomplish this important object, he spent days on the history of single words, tracing them up, from nation to nation, and from age to age, and gathering from the tradition of intermediate tongues the features they had lost and gained in their meandering pathway down to us; that he aspired, too, after full, forcible, satisfactory, and complete definitions—a department of lexicography, before his time, strangely neglected; that, in this respect, he made it his aim to aptly meet the necessities of every profession of life, from the lowest to the highest, from that of a common counting-house clerk to that of a learned and critical expounder of jurisprudence; that he also endeavored to present a true system of pronunciation, one that should conform to a pure and manly taste, and which, while it answered every purpose of a polished literary education, should, at the same time, be as simple and easy to be apprehended as possible; that he, therefore, avoided all those extremes of affected orthoepy into which Walker, and others before as well as after him, unwisely suffered themselves to be misled; that he deemed it worse than useless to incumber words with a multiplicity of marks and figures, and utterly impossible to express on paper the nice distinctions which the ear recognizes in a rapid enunciation of slight sounds; and that, finally, with these peculiarities of orthography, etymology, explanation, and pronunciation, he bequeathed his work, the product of sixty years of labor and of care, to his country and the world, "with the spirit of a man who has endeavored well," and whose trust is founded in the sure and unchanging tendencies of truth to an immortality of usefulness and fame.

Such, though perhaps in more full and forcible terms, would doubtless be Webster's own statement, could he speak to-day as to the peculiarities of his system of lexicography. And from it we may draw the conclusion that his grand object was, not merely to supplant other systems already

in use, by assuming to have made some slight improvements on them, but to give our language a securer drift and a more enduring strength, by instituting a tribunal of principle for settling its difficulties, and for swaying its tendencies. He sought to do away the bugbear of mere nominal authority which had so long hindered its progress, and to substitute the laws of analogy in the room of personal dictation. He not only introduced wise changes, by way of improvement, but he set the whole language on improving itself. He breathed into it, as it were, the spirit of democratic progress. He attempted to transform it into a republic of words. Nearly every lexicographer that had gone before him had only added new chains of local prejudice and caprice to bind it down, and to crush out its original life. It had only passed from one system of tyranny to another in coming down from Johnson's time to his own. He found it with its principles bleeding and its tendencies corrupted; and under its bondage of freakish and fatal innovation, to all human appearance, doomed, ultimately, to sink into a wild chaos of absurd and irretrievable anomalies. This process of oppressive transformation and dislocation Webster arrested. He set the language, in a measure, free from arbitrary authority; and by correcting its misdirected tendencies, and by infusing into it a new spirit of progress, he contributed greatly toward bringing it into harmony with the laws of its own being. And thus he began a new era in the history of the language.

The facility with which most of his proposed emendations and improvements were almost at once carried into general practice, attest the wisdom with which they were adopted by him and recommended. It is true his system of lexicography has had to pass its ordeal of opposition. And well it might if there be truth in Hooker's remark, that "change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better." Nearly every reformation he proposed has been severely contested; but not one has yet failed to make its own defense with triumphant success. A few have not yet been generally accepted; and the only reason why they have not is, because they have not been contested with sufficient earnestness and vigor to make their real consistency apparent to careless and indifferent minds. You can not find one of his peculiarities that has not a firm foundation for it in reason or nature. Webster proposed no whims. He sought rather to put a stop to an endless multiplication of whims. Every change he recommended is in keeping with some great principle, and can not

but challenge the keenest inspection and defy the most stubborn opposition. Take, if you please, one which, as yet, seems to have been slower than any other in becoming generally current: we mean the substitution of *er* for *re*, in a certain class of words derived from the French, among which are center, theater, and luster.

Now, the reason for this substitution seems to most persons, at first sight, to be obscure and capricious. But a moment's examination may convince any disinterested inquirer that this is not the case. The design of Webster in making the change was to heal a wounded principle of analogy that had been long neglected, and, as a consequence, was occasioning a bad disorder in the language. He saw that the correct English spelling of that class of words was with the termination *er* instead of *re*; that a large proportion of the class—such as diameter, chamber, disaster, disorder, charter, tiger, and number, and many others—had already conformed to it, and, moreover, that there had been a tendency, indicated in the highest usage of our language, ever since the time of Sir Isaac Newton—for he, as well as Pope, and Camden, and Milton fostered it—to bring the whole class under the same regimen. Such being the circumstances in the case, what more or less could any reasonable man do than make the change at once, and thus do away a needless group of anomalies? We might go on, in this way, and review other changes proposed by Webster, which have, as yet, only come into partial use, owing to the fact that the wisdom and consistency with which they were suggested and advised, have not yet been properly sought after and duly appreciated; but we deem such a course of procedure entirely irrelevant to our present undertaking, as well as unnecessary, since any one who will take the pains may find an abler defense than we can give of the whole system of the great lexicographer near at hand. We hasten, therefore, to view Webster as to his comparative merits.

In every field of mental labor that involves classification, we find a series of great systemizers, each of which has followed his predecessor with a new and peculiar cluster of improvements. The names of these illustrious men stand alone in history; and while those of other men, who figured in the successive lapses of time between the different epochs they represent, have almost faded away from the memory of mankind, these seem but to have been gaining new brightness at every step of human progress. Thus in tracing the history of metaphysics we meet with Plato, and Aristotle, and Bacon, and Locke, and the

various schools that bear their names. Thus, too, in the history of poetry we meet with Homer, and Pindar, and Horace, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, and the several epochs of style with which the names of these poets will ever stand connected. There has been, to some extent, a similar succession of great projectors and systems of improvement in the progress of lexicography. The first lexicographer who identified his name, as a true reformer, with the use of our language was Johnson. With him there commenced a new era in letters. He found the language, in his time, to use his own words, "copious without order, and energetic without rule." He set himself on reducing this chaos to order, and in a measure succeeded. With his immense learning and unequalled skill he corrected many erratic tendencies, and gave our language a new disposition and character. His spirit moved upon the wild waters and they obeyed him. But considering the state in which he found our vernacular, it is evident that with all his improvements he could not have left it perfect.

After the time of Johnson there followed a train of superficial modifiers—such as Sheridan, Kenrick, Walker, Jones, and Jameson—none of whom can be said to have made any radical and lasting improvements, and some of whom, particularly Sheridan and Walker, must be regarded rather as corrupters than improvers of our language. For even if it be admitted that some parts of their several systems are changes for the better, yet these, as Walker's clearly shows, are so mixed in with palpable whims and perversions, as to make it fairly a matter of doubt, on the whole, whether they did more good than hurt. Thus was the pathway of lexicography thronged with sickle innovators down to the time of Webster. It remained for him to take up the language nearly as Johnson left it and make a radical reformation. He found disorders and tendencies to disorder, which Johnson, amid the confusion of dialects that surrounded him, was forced to leave unremedied and unrelieved. He found inconsistencies and anomalies that had arisen, and were continually multiplying, from needless violations of the principles of analogy. These he endeavored to do away by a wise method of purification and reconstruction. With him our whole language, like the science of astronomy when Galileo made his appearance, assumed a new aspect. He substituted nature for art, reason for caprice. Happy had it been for our vernacular tongue had no superficial modifier followed in his wake! But regret it as we may, such has been the case. A train of would-be

reformers, similar though not so numerous as that which followed on the heels of Johnson, have been essaying, ever since Webster's Unabridged was issued, to supplant it by their own whimsical modifications of its great plan. We can not speak of them all but in general terms; and speaking thus, it is not too much to say that they have, without exception, proved themselves corrupters instead of improvers. This could not have been otherwise, considering the nature of the attempts which they made. Their chief claim is in the matter of pronunciation. They insist upon having done wonders here, when in fact they have only done damages. It requires but a brief inspection of the system of any one of these second-hand lexicographers to detect the extreme weakness of its pretensions.

It was a wise observation of the great man whose dictionary we are considering, that "the multiplicity of books for instructing us in our vernacular tongue is an evil of no small magnitude. Every man has some peculiar notions which he wishes to propagate, and there is scarcely any peculiarity or absurdity for which some authority may not be found. The facility of book-making favors this disposition; and while a chief qualification for authorship is a dexterous use of an inverted pen and a pair of scissors, we are not to expect relief from the evil." Now, if we bear in mind the fact that the system of Webster lies at the bottom, and is the very *sine qua non*, so to speak, of every system that has been projected and circulated since his was put forth; and, moreover, that his dictionary can not, at most, be supplanted but over a limited area, how can we come to any other conclusion than that nothing short of a universally acknowledged necessity in the case would justify any attempt to supplant it? That there has been no such necessity, and will not be for decades of years yet to come, it is needless for us to assert. Every one knows that Webster's Unabridged has been for the last score of years not only adopted as the great standard of our language, but cherished as a book next in importance to the Bible itself, by the larger part of England and nearly the whole of the American republic. We make no extravagant assertion, but one which can not be doubted, when we say that the majority of our people would to-day pronounce it impossible to prove that dictionary deficient, in any important respect, as a national standard, without putting pretension and sophistry to the utmost stretch. In what other light, then, can we view those whose aim is to supplant Webster's Unabridged by their own systems, than as mere propagandists of insignificant notions and

predilections? To show that we may rightly view them thus, let us specify some of the pretended merits of their dictionaries. And we will take for an example that of J. E. Worcester, which, we are sorry to say, has, by dint of extraordinary exertion in its behalf, been adopted as a standard of our tongue, to a limited extent, in certain portions of our country. Now, it requires but a glance to see the folly of the claims this lexicographer urges as an apology for attempting to supersede Webster's Unabridged. His whole system is but a modification of Webster's, with the addition of a few boasted improvements in orthoepy. In the preface to his dictionary he observes, that "in the preparation of this work pronunciation has been made a leading object, and as a pronouncing dictionary it will be found to possess peculiar advantages." Now, let us see what these advantages amount to. In the first place, he claims an advantage in having exhibited a great many different authorities in every case of doubtful, various, or disputed pronunciation. But what has he gained in doing this? Any reasonable person must see that it can be of no service to our language or to those who speak it, in this age, to append a list of superannuated and superseded modes of pronunciation to words. It is but the exhibition of an unmanly and self-abusing attachment to the past, for a lexicographer of these times to go to the fickle English orthoepists, that succeeded Johnson, to find standard decisions in pronunciation. It would be just as reasonable for an American President to cross the ocean and consult the monarchs and despots of Europe as to the best methods of carrying out the various ends of republicanism. It is time the principles of orthoepy were rescued from the crushing wheels of this Juggernaut of authority. Our language has been tortured long enough by personal caprice and arbitrary dictation. The man who would seek to perpetuate this bondage of names can not be regarded as an improver. He stands in the way of the progress of our language, and, what is worse, gives it tendencies backward rather than forward. By dooming himself to be controlled by nominal authority, Worcester has been led to adopt and recommend some of the most intolerable inconsistencies of pronunciation. Take, for example, his change of the sound of *s* in *possess*, *disable*, *disinterested*, etc., into that of an ugly and unwarrantable *s*. Take also his perversion of the sound of *ak*, *no*, or *neh* into the disgusting nasal sound of *agk* in such words as *twinkle*, *concord*, *function*, and *anchor*, and his preference for the corrupt sound of short *e* instead of *æ* in the word *deaf*. So much for

Worcester's pretended advantages on the score of authority. His next claim is in regard to his manner of notation. He pretends to have realized a long-desired advantage in exactly discriminating the different sounds and varieties of sounds of the letters. Now, it was demonstrated long ago, by the almost perfect failure of Walker's system of pronunciation, that all attempts at representing slight sounds, in a manner adapted for practice, must be entirely abortive. It were a thing very much like attempting to reduce to constellations those myriads of undiscoverable stars that constitute the whiteness of the milky way. There are certain distinctions of sound that no method of notation can reach, much less settle upon for general use. Take, for instance, the sounds of *e* and *i* in the unaccented syllables of most words that contain them. What speaker of the English language is there that would ever think of going to a dictionary to find out how the *e* should be sounded in the final syllable of blessedness, or the *i* in the third syllable of severity? Webster considered this matter of notation well, and he expressly asserts that the true pronunciation of unaccented vowels is best caught by the ear, and that it is worse than useless to incumber words with a multiplicity of marks and figures.

We might point out many other egregious weaknesses as well as absurdities in Worcester's system of lexicography did we think it appropriate to do so in the present connection.

The so-called phonographic pronouncing dictionary, put forth by William Bolles, lies open to somewhat similar exceptions as that of Worcester; and so we find it to be with every dictionary that has been brought into competition with Webster's Unabridged. All these would-be improvers carry the point of notation to an absurd extreme, and tend to thwart the tendencies of our language to true progress, by reviving and reinforcing defunct or superseded authority.

From the foregoing considerations we are forced to the conclusion that there is truly but one dictionary of the English language justly entitled to be adopted and cherished by us as a national standard. We regard Webster's Unabridged as the most precious as well as noble boon that American genius has ever conferred upon our republic. Who can open that great work and not be awe-struck with the vastness of its plan and the triumphant completeness of its execution? It is a sublime achievement of human perseverance and thought. Look back over the history of our country and point, if you can, to any single work, more grand and more powerful, that

has been performed since the framing of our national Constitution. You can not point to one. As a nation we have built great cities, enlarged our territory immensely, founded powerful institutions of religion, benevolence, and learning, and almost annihilated time and distance by converting the swift-winged lightning into a faithful message-bearer; yet, as a people, what higher boast can we make than that a man of our own American spirit and blood has planned and wrought out for us a national dictionary of our tongue? Think of a great nation, the greatest in the world, depending for the very essence of its power upon one chosen and cherished book, holding this as the book next in value to the Bible itself, and even renewing its structure from the rich and exhaustless quarry of thought it contains! Such a reflection, we fancy, can not fail to awaken in the dullest soul the most sublime emotions. Webster's Dictionary has done more toward promoting our prosperity as a people for the last score of years than any other single agency that can be named. By that we have secured a high standing among other nations in the literary world. By that all attempts at capricious innovation have, in a great measure, been checked, and we have been preserved from being reduced to babble a language deformed by heterogeneous dialects and provincial peculiarities. By that the various branches of our national school system have been bound into one beautiful community of letters, and made to drink the bright waters of one glorious fountain of intelligence. Webster has been the great teacher of our republic. He has educated it and guided its successful march of literary progress. In the fine words of a late writer, "not a man has sprung from its soil, on whom he has not laid his all-forming hand. His principles of language have tinged every sentence that is now or will be uttered by an American tongue. His genius has presided over every scene in the nation. It is universal, omnipotent, omnipresent. No man can breathe the air of the continent and escape it. . . . When our republic rose he became its school-master. There had never been a great nation with a universal language without dialects. The Yorkshireman can not now talk with a man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Apennines drives his goats home at evening over hills that look down on six provinces, none of whose dialects he can speak. Here five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. Around every fireside and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Webster. He has done

more for us than Alfred did for England, or Cadmus for Greece."

And now, in conclusion, let us hope that such noble achievements will not soon be lost sight of by a people that has shared so bountifully in them. No, no. We will not forget our great schoolmaster. We will not suffer his unequalled book to be rudely shoved from our tables to give place for another. Through a long lapse of time we will continue to consult those richly-freighted pages, and draw instruction from them. Far hence, it is true, an age will come when that dictionary will need to be revised and enlarged; but in behalf of the genius and refined scholarship of him who laid its enduring foundations, may it never, never cease to be called Webster's Unabridged!

MY FRIEND CARRIE.

BY NEROY NOBY.

WHEN we place our affections on the things of this world without any regard to the future, how apt we are to be deceived—how sure to be disappointed! Things of earth are fading and sure to decay. The objects on which our affections are placed are the first to vanish.

As I mingle with the world I am often led to think of an early acquaintance of mine—Carrie was her name—that was born and raised in the town where I once lived. She was the third, and, to appearance, the most promising daughter of affectionate parents, whom the mother looked upon as the support of her declining years. She married the man of her early choice and settled in a beautiful little cottage but a few rods from her parents' dwelling; was surrounded by every thing that could make home a paradise or life desirable—peace, love, and contentment reigned in their dwelling, the fashionable and gay courted their society, and by both words and actions fostered their worldly ambition. In two or three years after her marriage, I, together with a more intimate friend of hers, called to spend a few hours in social intercourse. The afternoon passed pleasantly and rapidly away. In the course of the afternoon she led me around to show me her house, which was constructed in quite a modern style and different from any I had then seen. As we went from room to room I every-where saw specimens of her industry, economy, and ingenuity, which struck me at once with admiration. I said to her, "How pleasantly you are situated, Carrie! I see nothing to prevent you from enjoying life." As I spoke my eyes rested upon

her. Hers brightened with a peculiar luster. She gave her head a significant toss, and replied with something more than her usual gayety, "No body so happy as I." Her words were indelibly impressed upon my mind. I looked upon her with a kind of foreboding sorrow which I could not erase from my mind, being somewhat older than she was, and having been called to experience some of the ups and downs of life, the deceitfulness of worldly hopes, and the danger of trusting too much to earth's treasures for happiness. We parted that evening, she gay as the gayest, but I more than commonly reflective.

A few weeks from that time Carrie was taken sick; her mother was sent for. All that a devoted mother, an idolizing husband and other friends, together with the skillful family physician, could do was done, but nothing could arrest the progress of the disease. At first she thought it hard to die so young, when life was so desirable, so full of pleasure. Her sickness was protracted. She was enabled to see her delusion and seek for happiness of a more durable substance. She lingered some weeks, then fell a victim to the great destroyer, which lays all ranks and conditions of mankind upon a common level. She left an evidence that she had obtained pardon before her death and died tranquil. I was there when her spirit took its departure. It was heart-rending to hear the heavy groans of her mother, and see the despondency of her husband and other friends. I could but mark the contrast between the spirit that prevailed in the little cottage that night and the afternoon I spent there a few months before, when Carrie said, "No body so happy as I." We trust she was happy then; but what a change in worldly circumstances! What a gloom filled the house and neighborhood, for Carrie was beloved! Thus, with all her anticipations of earthly bliss before her, she was snatched away, hopes were crushed, visions fled, and earthly happiness proved to her but a dream—a phantom that allured but to deceive.

Reader, are thy hopes and prospects all of an earthly nature? Hast thou not yet laid up a treasure that is not perishable? one that flatters not to deceive? The Holy Spirit invites thee now to participate in the joys of the redeemed; to raise thy heart and affections above the delusive charms of earth. Like Carrie, thy soul may soon be required of thee. Art thou ready?

If you would properly erect the edifice of personal improvement, the foundation must be laid in moral purity.

WONOMSCOPOMIC.*

BY H. N. POWERS.

THE dainty ripples lisping summer speech,
Tease pearly blossoms nestling near the shore;
On slopes of sunshine robins sit and teach,
In undertones, the happy air their love.
A purple cloud hung in voluptuous blue
Waits for some mystic message from the pines;
Shades drowse sweet nooks, and odors waft
through
The glossy ringlets of luxuriant vines.
Their golden bosoms leaning round and round,
The harvest fields a ripe contentment know;
Through ancient groves and o'er low meadow ground
A murmurous gladness ever seems to flow.
Far off the circling mountains stand and doze,
With vistas opening into shimmering haze,
And the low clouds which, on bald peaks repose,
Seem like the fire of some half-smothered blaze.
Before me, in this quiet, sleeps the lake,
Like some pure heart where heaven deep-mirrored
lies,
And still so winning that its friendships make
All that it loves more lovely in our eyes.
I muse along the margin, where the joy
Of Beauty thrilled me with delicious pain;
But deeper in my heart than when a boy,
Streams the calm glory of the scene again.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE, 1854.

BY GARRIE MYER.

ANOTHER New-Year's eve! What wizard sprite,
Or light-winged fairy, charms December's moon,
That she doth smile so pleasantly to-night?
Our thoughts turn truant back to rose-cheeked
June.
I close my eyes and dream, though not asleep;
Would mine were all such rainbow-tinted dreams!
Then life would be a river, tranquil, deep,
Serenely flowing with the crystal streams
That wind, like silver threads, thro' summer vales,
When stars burn fervently in Even's bowers,
And blue-eyed Morning trims her dewy sails
To bear afar the spicy breath of flowers.
The spirits of the night march sadly now
To see the old year yield his weary breath;
Dark shadows gather on his wrinkled brow;
Weird midnight groans shall chant the song of
death.
Not like the moon that, slowly, toward the west
Shall journey all night long without a cloud;
He travels on to his eternal rest:
Not only have the coffin and the shroud
Of peaceful death brought fear to stalwart men
And fragile women—trembling at a frown—

* The Indian name of a beautiful lake in Salisbury, Connecticut.

Lips wailed and shrieked more fearfully than when
The Arctic, with her precious weight, went down.

Dark was thine onward pathway, dying year,
With wreck, and storm, and pestilence; but yet
Ere summer's leaves had fallen, faded, sear,
A darker seal was on thy forehead set!

The fires of war athwart the crescent's path,
In redness streaming, broke the Moslem's ease—
The sounds of battle mingled with the wrath
Of tempests raging on the orient seas.

They sleep—at Alma, Inkermann, and Kara,
Osmanli, English, French, and Russian, sleep
On gory pillows, watched by fiery Mars—
Heart-broken thousands for the fallen weep.

Is this the last? or did the prophet's eye
See darkly through a veil, delusive, dim?
The last of human strife, ere to the sky,
From earth, ascends the great millennial hymn?

The sullen power that sits in sunny fanes,
In triumph, rising, lifts his flaming spear—
A kingdom added to his wide domains,
'Twas thine and ours to see, O dying year!

'Tis said where Kansas' glorious sunsets flame,
A river glides in many a silvery coil—
"The Weeping river"—'tis a fitting name
For all that water young Nebraska's soil.

The very streams should mourn that these fair
lands,

With such a curse so marred and stained should be,
That men should fetter hearts, and souls, and
hands

Where float the starry banners of the free!

Behold, the old year dies! The golden bells
Of Hope fall, tinkling clearer, on the ear,
While wide throughout the moonlit ether swells
A merry welcome to the glad new year.

ICE-DROPS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

SEE the mimic blossoms hanging
Thick on every bud and spray;
When the sun shines out a moment
They will melt and drop away.

Hark, the wind is breathing gently
Through the ice-incrusted trees,
And a sweet enchanting music
Floateth on the morning breeze

Thus along life's frozen valley,
Oft we hear some pleasing sound;
But perchance it ends as sadly—
Ends with branches falling round.

Now the gems of joy are shining
All along our youthful way,
But, alas! like these frost blossoms,
They are destined to decay.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

CLEMENCY is one of a sovereign's noblest qualities, and its exercise must to himself be as delightful as its exhibition is to beholders endearing and impressive. But it is not always that his office as administrator of law and guardian of the public welfare, allows him to indulge his private or personal disposition: for, by a false leniency, by being too soft and facile, and so making pardons too frequent, a sovereign may multiply crimes, and may bring his laws into contempt; while, by letting loose on society a host of miscreants, for whose reformation no means have been taken, he may contaminate the virtuous community, and may inflict on his dominions an injury more grievous than if he broke up a pest-house and scattered its contagious inmates through all his provinces.

Of the arrangement to which we owe our amnesty we do not know the entire details, but we know such things as these: 1. It was no suggestion of a third party, much less was it a device of the culprit's own; it was "a mystery of godliness," an extrication which Wisdom, moved by tender Mercy, found out, and which God alone could propose to God. 2. It was an expedient which amply vindicated the broken law, and held forth no encouragement to a repetition of the first transgression. The eternal Son of God became man, and taking a nature that could die, he offered an atonement for sin, exhaustive and complete, and brought in a righteousness everlasting and redundant, which is counted as the righteousness of all the second Adam's family. And, while thus magnifying the law and justifying the ungodly, the magnificence of the sacrifice was the best security against a pardon so purchased encouraging a spirit of levity or lawlessness. It is as much as said, These are the lightest terms which Justice can accept. No ransom less costly can release from the desert of sin. And if a new race fall from innocence to guilt, or if any member of the human family pass away from earth contemptuous of Calvary, there remains no more sacrifice for sin. In order to obtain remission we must procure a substitute greater than Immanuel—a victim who is more than Divine. 3. It was a plan which abundantly guaranteed the restoration and progressive improvement of the rescued offender. In other words, it insured that the pardoned should not be moral pests, but epistles of goodness and patterns of every excellence sent forth to circulate in the midst of society. And this not merely from the force of generous and grateful emotion, but from

a peculiar feature in the scheme of mercy: from that condition in the covenant of grace which secures to the redeemed of the Savior the new-molding and inspiring influence of the Holy Spirit the Comforter. When Demetrius starved into surrender the insurgent city, and assembling the inhabitants in one place, surrounded them with his soldiery, they expected to die; but the conqueror said, "It is not an enemy whom you have refused, but a prince who loved you, and still loves you, and who wishes to revenge himself only by granting you pardon and being still your friend. Return to your homes. While you have been here, my people have been filling your houses with provisions." In the first gush of gratitude, in the first ecstasy of admiration, there would be no lack of loyalty; and yet in the lapse of months and years that loyalty might have died away, and the fickle Athenians might have been in danger of revolting again. And so when God undeceives the arrested transgressor—when he tells him, "I am not your enemy. I so loved the world as to send it a Savior. I grant you a free pardon, and I only seek to be your Friend. And during this interval, while you have been harboring such hard thoughts, and rebelling against me, I have been preparing a feast of fat things for you;" in the first burst of astonishment there will be no want of devotion. "What shall I render to the Lord? Mine ears must be bored. Behold the Lord's servant forever!" But the bones which rejoice grow used to health. The deliverance ceases to be recent; and when early motives lose their freshness, there is a danger lest, along with waning gratitude, obedience grow stunted and formal. But the same economy of grace which confers on the sinner believing an instant pardon, secures to the believer the teaching and quickening of the Holy Spirit: and though his blessed influences may not always be the subject of a vivid consciousness, they are none the less real; and they are so kindly continued and so effectual, that notwithstanding corruption within and temptation without, the believer is enabled to hold on to the last, not only a new and altered man, but most usually a rising and improving character.

"Seeing, then, that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, . . . let us come boldly unto the Throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." The graciousness of God is an unchanging perfection. Among our weak and fallen brethren we are accustomed to caprice and uncertainty. The last time we parted with the friend nothing could

exceed his frankness and fervor; but as we met him yesterday, all was coldness and unaccountable reserve. The last time we were in the presence of this superior, he was so affable and so confiding that we hoped to rise high in his favor; but as we return to-day, we know not the reason, but his answers are sharp and short, and his face is dark with frowns. You remember the eastern despot. If any entered the presence-chamber unbidden, the monarch might extend the golden scepter, and as the suppliant touched it, he was safe; but if this token were withheld, it was death to the intruder. And the doubt was dreadful. Should the autocrat be in a genial humor, the suppliant's suit is granted and his fortune is made; but just as likely a sleepless night or some vexation has left its thunder on the haughty visage, and when the prostrate petitioner implores the remission of a heavy impost or a reprieve for some doomed kinsman, he is answered with a flash of fury, and, withering like a worm, is carried out to die. But from that caprice and inconsistency which so embitter earthly friendships and so darken human governments, the character and the administration of the great I AM are sublimely exempted. Infinitely exalted above the circumstances which influence ourselves, he is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever—as just, as true, as benevolent, as gracious, as when he opened Paradise to the dying thief, and answered the first petition urged in the name of his holy child Jesus. And—for even here we may get helps to our faith in our earthly experiences—just as there have been men in whom there was a lovely reflection of a loftier excellence—men who had so learned of Jesus that to a goodly degree they exhibited his constancy—men who were not creatures of impulse, but under the guidance of goodness—men who were governed not by personal likings or dislikes, but by great judgment-proof first principles: and you could count on them. The reception which they gave you yesterday, you could rely upon to-day; the award which they had delivered in the last submission they would repeat in its present counterpart: so, in the case of him with whom we have to do. He changeth not. All his decisions and all his doings in past conjunctures have been the best which infinite Wisdom could pronounce, or infinite Goodness could perform; and when similar exigencies occur, or similar pleas are offered, like interpositions will occur and like answers will be returned. God is no respecter of persons. His throne is founded on first principles, and all his procedure is that which boundless Benevolence would dictate, and which a Wisdom that

knows the end from the beginning would approve. So that we may safely say, that the most absolute of all governments is withal the least arbitrary, and that the scepter whose sway is the most resistless is the scepter under the completest control—the scepter whose movements we could most infallibly calculate if in each case we knew beforehand what equity and kindness required; for it obeys no fitful fiat nor ever yields to passing impulses; but in its oscillations, however causeless or however the result of mere self-acting volition they may appear to us, it is still obeying the “good pleasure of” God’s “goodness.”

So constant is God’s grace that there is nothing on which we may count more securely. The throne which God has set up in this world of ours is a throne of clemency; and “grace reigns” is the purport of every Gospel proclamation. In other words, we are told, that in virtue of the satisfying work of the Savior, it is consistent with God’s holiness to yield to the promptings of his compassion; and now that it is no injustice to cancel expiated sin, it is a great joy to pardon the sinner.

In the exercise of God’s clemency there is nothing arbitrary, nothing capricious or uncertain. All is first principle; all is fixed and revealed arrangement; all partakes the constancy of him whose dispositions, amidst every various dispensation, know no shadow of turning. Nothing will ever alter God’s love for his beloved Son. Nothing will ever lessen his complacency in the finished work of the Savior, or lead him to give a colder reception to the sinner who pleads the merits of Immanuel than he gave to the blasphemer of Tarsus and the converted voluptuaries of Corinth. But as long as man’s Mediator keeps his station at the right hand of the Father—as long as the blood of our divine Brother retains its voice, and speaks better things than the blood of Abel—as long as the echoes of the upper sanctuary repeat that dying cry, “Father, forgive them”—so long will it be just in God to pass by transgression, and so long will it be a joy to all his generosity to bestow the pardon which penitence craves, and which justice no longer withholds.

In order to receive that pardon, we have only to come to God through Jesus Christ. There are no courtly punctilios prescribed, but there is a great principle laid down. That principle is, that whoso shall so far agree with God himself as to give glory to the work of Immanuel, shall benefit by that work; or, otherwise expressed, that whosoever shall subscribe his name to that petition for pardon which has already received

the signature of the atoning surety, shall never come into condemnation, but in the very fact is already passed from death to life. In such an event—in the case of such believing in Christ—in the case of such an adhesion to the scheme of mercy, there need be no more doubt as to the forthcoming pardon than there need be distrust in the laws of nature. To those who come for it to the throne of grace, God himself has taught us that his mercies are as sure, as it is sure that the thick cloud will be blotted out and melted away in the blazing beam—as it is sure that the sun will soon salute his expectant gaze whose eyes are turned to the serene and brightening orient—as it is sure that the rich round drops will not spin upward through the firmament and disperse through empty space, but will descend on the outspread, eager soil. If we return to the Lord, thus surely will he raise us up and cause us to live in his sight; for his going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come unto us as the latter and former rain comes down on the earth.

Reader! let each of us, then, take words and say, "O God, I am thy creature. Every moment I depend on thee; and if I am to lead a blessed life here and hereafter, it must be a heaven of thine own giving, and it must be given to one whose desert is hell. But I hope in thy mercy. Though it has taught me that thou wilt not connive at sin, the cross of Christ has taught me thy clemency. And encouraged by thine own invitations, I come to thee. I come in the name of him who, occupying the nearest relation to thyself, was so generous as to become the near relation and the all-sufficing representative of our fallen family. O Father of our Lord Jesus, for his sake have mercy on a miserable sinner. His sufferings do thou accept in lieu of my merited punishment, and let his spotless obedience earn my admission to a forfeited heaven. I believe thine own declaration that thou art a God ready to pardon, and I now draw nigh rejoicing to think that it is on a throne of grace that thou givest me this audience. From that throne I beseech thee send down the Holy Spirit the Comforter. May he increase and perpetuate those grateful feelings and devout affections which, I trust, he himself has enkindled, and conduct me to the end of my course a lowly but true-hearted follower of the blessed Redeemer! And whatever else I forget, may I ever remember that I have a great High-Priest who is passed into the heavens; and may I never forget the revelation of this hour; but always come boldly to the throne of grace, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need: for Jesus' sake! Amen."

THE WREATH.

BY REV. L. B. GURLEY.

LAURA K. was the best looking girl in the school at "Spear Grove," a school of by-gone years. And what man or woman, long after the bowers of youth have been left forever, can not look back and remember such a one—one whose name, and features, and history are still fresh in recollection, while others repose under the waves of oblivion!

Laura was bright as she was beautiful, and in such branches as were taught in that school at that day certainly she had no superior—so beautiful in penmanship, so accurate in arithmetic, so correct in pronunciation. In orthography she was at the head of her class always and ever, except once a week, when, for variety, the teacher reversed the class, making the foot the head. This was some encouragement to the dull ones; but as incompetency, when elevated by accident or circumstances, soon develops its real character, and, like water, finds again its own level, so with these, and Saturday would be sure to find Laura again at the head of her class. And then at the spelling school in the evening, where the 'squire and the deacon, and their wives and the young men who had "finished their education," and every body were expected to be present, Laura was peerless. If she "missed" a word, it was a subject for a week's conversation. Every one loved Laura, she was so kind. Little Orpha Brown would always sit beside her, because, as she said, "Miss Laura wouldn't let the other girls plague her on account of her patched dress and moccasins."

How often she was seen sharing her basket of brown, light "doughnuts" and dried venison with little Emma Roe, whose father was dead, and whose scanty dinner was often merely corn-meal cake! But a gay girl was Laura K. She loved to look fine, and to dress a little better than any of her associates. The first Leghorn hat that ever honored Spear Grove was on Laura's head; and the first wreath of artificial flowers known in those parts was on Laura's hat. The first time she wore the wreath was at an evening meeting, and for a time, at least, it seemed to attract more attention than the minister.

But I will not stop to describe how a whole bevy of girls looked at each other, and smiled and winked, and how the young men looked soberly, as if they were wondering whether Laura would ever speak to them again, and how, at the close of the meeting, when the deacon prayed that the "youth of the place might be saved

from the fading vanities of the world," all eyes were turned to Laura and her wreath. Even the "Prairie Bard," as they called him—a bashful boy of sixteen years—could not let so fine an opportunity pass without invoking the muses to aid him in giving utterance to his heart-felt emotions. So, musing on the subject he retired to rest. Long before the light of morning dawned he awoke, and after listening awhile to the distant murmuring of Lake Erie he rose, and lighting a lamp at the buried embers of the hearth, he re-ascended to his apartment in the cabin, and actually perpetrated a poem entitled, "The Artificial Flower." The rustic verses ran thus:

"Say, what are those on yonder head-dress hung?
Emblems of roses in expanded bloom;
Not such as nature's smile hath sweetly flung
In wild profuse to cheer the vale's deep gloom.
No, they are but the sickle, gaudy plumes
Formed by the mimic hand of human art.
In vain the wreath a rosy tint assumes;
Alas! no fragrance can those flowers impart.
Better go place them on the wrinkled brow
Of some lost fair—"

But enough for a specimen. Somehow without consent of the author the piece found its way into the county paper, and was circulated in the neighborhood. It was deemed pretty severe moralizing for a young rhymist of sixteen, and there was no small fluttering in the community of Spear Grove. Some said the Prairie Bard had no right to meddle with the matter, as he was no professor; others said it was just right, for "Laura was too proud." But the gay Laura took no offense; she even hinted to a friend that she was pleased with the verses. She smiled on, and studied on, and sported her rosy wreath, and cared for no body.

Years passed before any other girl in Spear Grove ventured to follow her example in superfluous decoration, and when they did so that first wreath was well nigh forgotten.

Now, what influence could that young girl, or her wreath of mimic flowers, have on the future life of that young man? Perhaps none—possibly much. A feather may turn a nicely-balanced scale. Let us see.

A few years on and that young rhymist became a member of the Church. People whispered that he would become a minister. Why they should think so was marvelous to him.

True, he had thought on the subject himself, and felt a strong desire to devote his entire life in publishing to others a Savior who had recently become so precious to him. But he had hinted to no mortal ear his feelings. Even his own de-

sires were rather repressed than fostered. Who was he that he should think of such a responsible position—a backwoods boy, unnoticed and unknown! With no competent education, no pretensions to talent, diffident in company, and shrinking from observation, was the thing to be thought of? And so he tried to banish the impression from his mind.

But in meetings for social worship, which were frequent in Spear Grove, he could not keep silent. Often the pent-up feelings of his soul would swell his throbbing heart and find utterance in burning words and gushing tears. Moreover, the repressed thought would not be exiled from his bosom, but as often as sent away returned again to his breast, like Noah's dove to the ark, and nestled there.

How much that thought followed and perplexed him I can not tell—how, when he sought the "bower of prayer" in the grove beyond the field, it met him there; and when some youthful associate was carried to the grave it met him there; or how, in meeting for social worship, held for want of better places, in groves and barns, as the tide of feeling rose in the audience, he was sometimes tempted to pledge himself publicly to the work of the Lord.

Sometimes when, at twilight hour, of summer eve, a female friend would sing at his request,

"Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's high and flowery mount
Behold her officers;"

the words would stir the deep fountains of his soul; and he would feel like grasping the standard and rushing to the battle-field of Zion. When he encouraged the idea that he was called to the work of the ministry he was happy; when he resisted it he was sad and gloomy. Slowly but steadily the conviction of duty gained upon him, till he came to the conclusion that to resist the impression longer would be to resist the Holy Spirit of God; and when, unsolicited, license was put into his hand, and a neat pocket Bible was presented to him by a friend, with these apostolic words written on the fly-leaf, "Study to show thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," he settled fully in his mind the question: he must become a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. But the time—here was a wide margin for expediency. Could he not wait to bury his father or to sharpen his sickle? though the harvest seemed ripe enough and the laborers were few. Yes, he might preach occasionally on the Sabbath and prosecute business

during the week, and thus lay a foundation for worldly competence; for Mammon whispered, "Else you will always be poor; get property first, and then go into the field."

At this juncture a tempting offer was made to him to engage in a business which promised to be lucrative, and to postpone to a future period what he felt to be immediate duty. A sore conflict of mind ensued, which lasted for some time; but he did not neglect the improvement of his talent; he studied books, held meetings in destitute places, and was encouraged by seeing some fruit of his labor.

One Sabbath afternoon he preached in his own neighborhood, surrounded by his young associates, whom curiosity, if nothing better, had collected in the old school-house. Laura K. was there, too. But the Leghorn hat and wreath had passed away, and, by most persons, probably was forgotten. That night the young preacher retired thoughtfully to rest in the same apartment where he had penned the "Artificial Flower," and the same murmuring of the distant lake lulled him to repose.

He dreamed—what? why, that a messenger came to tell him that Laura K. was dead! Quick as lightning the thought rushed to his mind, "Dead! Laura dead! O have I done my duty! Did I do all I could to win her to the Savior?" No satisfactory answer seemed to come, and he resolved to go at once to the house of death.

Proceeding to the place he entered noiselessly the familiar room, and there he beheld, robed in snowy white and laid out on a bed, the once gay and lovely Laura. Silently approaching the bed he bent over her pale and still beautiful face, when, to his great amazement, the corpse opened its eyes and looked earnestly at him.

"She is not dead!" he exclaimed, and placing his hand beneath her head, as if to raise her to a sitting posture, she seemed light as a feather, and glided like a spirit from his hand to a distant corner of the room, where she stood upright, assuming a stature of extraordinary magnitude and angelic appearance. Her robes were of dazzling brightness, but in singular contrast with her unearthly aspect. On her head was that forgotten hat and wreath of flowers. An awful and majestic sternness settled on her countenance; her eyes seemed charged with lightning, and were fixed with steadfast and mysterious gaze on the youthful preacher. No words can describe the look of those piercing eyes; their burning glances went like daggers to his heart, and for a moment the young man stood petrified and speechless. Her look was an accusing one, and he felt it. At

length he exclaimed, "In the name of heaven, Laura, why gaze thus at me!" She replied sternly, "You are guilty of murder." Now, thought he, this is terrible to be accused of such a crime, and that, too, by one just risen from the dead. Surely I am guilty of no such a deed; but she will be believed and I shall be disgraced, condemned, perhaps executed. Then turning with agitated countenance to the accusing spirit, for such it now seemed, he cried, "Tell me, I adjure thee, this moment, whom I have murdered, and if guilty I will frankly confess."

Slowly the specter raised her pale hand, and pointing with her finger directly at his heart, she uttered in such tones as never came from mortal lips, in slow and measured accents, these burning words, "Thou art guilty of the blood of souls in not warning them to flee from the wrath to come." Suddenly, as if struck with the lightning's bolt, the young man fell prostrate on the floor, exclaiming, in tones of anguish, "Guilty! guilty!"

At that moment he awoke, trembling with excitement and bathed in tears. It was but a dream, but those burning words followed him and sounded in his ears, "The blood of souls." What if his Savior should, at some future time, reiterate them in his hearing!

A rosy morn succeeded to that troubled night; but all day long that accusing spirit was before him; her white robes flashed before his eyes. That piercing look—the unutterable anguish of that moment—what if it should become a verity! During that day he was not thoughtless, and as the last beams of the setting sun lingered on the tall tree-tops of the forest, God heard, from a sequestered bower, a vow which has never been recalled. That dream was never decided to have been supernatural; but no matter, it was suggestive and illustrative of a condition of mind which for worlds he would not endure. A short time for preparation, and the "Prairie Bard" forsook his rustic harp and rural home for the itinerant field; and although a quarter of a century has rolled over him he has never regretted his vow nor forgotten that "wreath of flowers."

VICE.

A SOCIETY composed of none but the wicked could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society is virtue. Where there is no integrity there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence there can be no unanimity.

THE SEA BOY'S GRAVE.

"All tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky."

AS we drew near the end of our voyage from the West Indies, the weather became squally, and we had occasionally a good deal of sea, which made things very uncomfortable on board. A sailor, who had behaved very ill at the outset of the voyage, and with whom the men had declined keeping company, had been seized with a fever; and although it had been in some measure subdued, yet the poor fellow was in a very dangerous state. He had been a bad and wicked man; and now that he was apparently drawing near to death, it was desirable that some care and kindness might be shown him in regard to his soul. The captain and crew were very indifferent upon the subject; and I had been so ill, that I was scarcely able to get out of my berth. There happened, however, to be a boy on board, who went among the sailors by the nickname of Pious Jack; or what was, perhaps, equally to his honor, or to the honor of the philanthropist from whom he derived it, they used to call him Jack Raikes, from his having been educated in one of the Sunday schools of "Robert Raikes, of Gloucester;" of which city the boy, John Pelham, was a native. Poor Jack, however, cared very little for the sneers and scoffs of the seamen; and the meekness, patience, and temper with which he endured the jibes and jeers of many on board, often gave me occasion to say, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy."

When Williams, the poor sailor, was dying, and indeed all the time he had been ill, no body had shown him any kindness except little Jack and a negro woman who was on board, the attendant of a child, whom she was bringing over to some relations in England. This woman, who was always called Cleo, ministered to the wants of the dying seaman, nursing him with great tenderness, and preparing with her own hands whatever she thought would be likely to tempt his sickly appetite.

The little Creole, whom Cleo had in charge, was a sweet child, about four years old. I saw her very seldom, for she generally amused herself on deck, when the weather would permit, playing with a pet kid which had been spared for her sake, and which followed her wherever she went. She had taught it to go down and up the companion ladder, and she would bring it in her arms into my cabin, almost every morning, when she came to ask me how I did.

This excellent negress was kind and attentive to the sick and young, for we had two or three of both on board; and though she had little idea of the profounder doctrines of Christianity, she yet possessed some knowledge of the truth, and she had a deep sympathy for the soul of the dying man. She could not read herself, but she knew that the Bible revealed the Christian's God, and taught the way to heaven; and she would sit with devout attention, listening to every word which the dear boy, Jack, read from that holy book, not only from day to day, but whenever he could persuade Williams to hearken to it.

Things had gone on in this way for some time, when one day Jack came into my cabin, his face bathed in tears, a look of horror on his countenance, his whole frame trembling with agitation, and himself unable to speak; I thought from his appearance that poor Williams was dead, and that he had left poor Jack no "hope in his death."

"What's the matter, Jack?" I said, starting up on my elbow in bed. "What has happened? Williams—is he dead?"

"Dear sir," said the boy, regardless of my question, "Williams—poor Williams! he is in agony of soul; he says he is lost—that he is a ruined sinner—that he must, sir—he must—O! I can not say the word—he says God will cast him into the place," continued Jack, in a burst of inexpressible anguish, "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth! O! what shall I say to him?"

"Dear boy," I said, "do not afflict your soul so bitterly. It is well that Williams feels all this; take it, my child, as a token for good from the hand of your heavenly Father, who is not unmindful of your prayers and labors of love for this trembling penitent. Go to him again, bid him call upon his God; he has said, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee!' Tell him that God is, indeed, as he believes him to be, a just God, who will by no means clear the guilty without an atonement; bid him believe in the blood of that atonement already made for the sins of many; tell him God can be just, even while he pardons all his sins, if he throws himself upon his mercy in Christ Jesus. Say to him, it is not too late to believe—neither is it too late for God to have mercy; the Lord delighteth in mercy; only let him seek repentance at the throne of grace, and faith in the blood that cleanseth from all sin. O, say to him, God waiteth to be gracious!"

"Sir," replied Jack, "I have told him all this already; but he says he can not believe it. He says every body's sins are forgiven but his. I have told him the history of the thief on the

cross—of the laborer called at the eleventh hour—of the lost sheep—and all the parables about God's love to sinners—and how Christ came into the world on purpose to save sinners, even the chief. But he says he can not believe it; and he will not pray!"

"Nevertheless, go to him again, my dear, good boy; read to him, and I will come and pray with him." This I said, not knowing that the boy was able of himself to pray for another.

I rose with difficulty, and found my way into the way where Williams was sitting up in his hammock, his face pale and ghastly, his eyes sunk in his forehead, and his bosom laboring with the heavy respiration of death. Jack and Cleo were both on their knees beside his berth; and the little child, not well knowing the meaning of what she did, had covered her face with her hands; but she was evidently looking through her half-closed eyelids. Jack was reading the office for the sick; Williams, deeply, agitated, his hands clasped, and his emaciated fingers convulsively compressed against each other, was now and then attempting to pray. After every petition, the little sea boy paused for the dying man's response, saying, he would read no further if Williams still refused to pray to God.

"Open thine eye of mercy, O most gracious God!" said the boy at last, closing the book, and speaking, I suppose, from memory, or perhaps out of the abundance of his own heart, "Open thine eye of mercy upon this dying man, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness, but will not pray for it."

"O, earnestly!" exclaimed the wretched man, with a voice so full of the bitterness of death that it sent back the blood in a cold shiver to my heart.

"Renew in him, most loving Father," continued the little intercessor, "whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud or malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will; O, impute not unto him the guilt of his former sins!"

The boy here paused again and looked with an eye of supplication upon Williams, beseeching him, as if with the whole tenderness of his soul, to reiterate the petition; but Williams replied only with a look of horror.

"For the sake of Christ," resumed the little suppliant, "who bore our sins in his own body upon the cross, show thy pity on Harry Williams!"

The boy again paused, and taking the hand of Williams, attempted, by an act of kind compulsion, to raise it into an attitude of supplication.

"He has no hope, O Lord, but in thy sweet

mercy! O, visit him with thy benign salvation!"

"I have no hope!" at last exclaimed the man, wringing his hands in despair; "I have no hope!"

"O, look down from the height of thy sanctuary, and hear the groaning of this poor prisoner, and loose him who seemeth now to be appointed unto death!"

"O, I am appointed unto death!"

"O Lord! wilt thou not regard the cry of the destitute? behold, he is destitute! we can do nothing to help him—help thou him, O our God!"

"Help me, O my God!"

"O Lord, save! save this poor dying man; O, save Harry Williams!"

"Lord, save Harry Williams!" was uttered by all present, even by the little child; and Williams, softened by their affectionate sympathy, and doubtless also by the power of that word which is both spirit and life, melted into tenderness, and, falling back on his pillow, shed a torrent of tears.

These tears, the first that had moistened his burning brain since the commencement of his sickness, evidently brought relief to his overburdened spirit. As drops of rain to the bruised reed, or as the evening breeze to the smoking flax, they were just what nature required at this moment of deep extremity. I sat by him till the emotion that swelled his heart and filled his eye had somewhat subsided; and, commending him to the Father of mercies, withdrew to my cabin.

I did not see him again for many days after this, my own indisposition having increased, but I heard of him often, both from Jack and the negro woman. Every moment the boy could spare from the duties of his station on board, was occupied in reading the Scriptures to Williams, who was now often seen engaged in prayer for himself; and he began by degrees to talk less of the *justice* of God, a subject which had always filled him with alarm, and more of his *love*.

After a few days, being considerably better, I told Jack that I would see Williams to-morrow. Cleo, however, said that she thought Williams was now too near his end for me to delay my visit; I, therefore, arose in the evening and went again to his berth.

The horror, so strongly marked in every feature the first time I saw him, had dwelt upon my mind, and, on entering the little place where he was lying in his cot, I dreaded the idea of looking on him again. But how sweet was my surprise when I beheld in poor—no, in happy

Williams, a countenance of the most touching complacency, and of a placidity so soft, that one would have thought that death, which was evidently upon the very threshold, was the object, not of fear, but of long-desired approach! He had suffered much in the interval between my former visit and this from many doubts and fears; but now they seemed to have been all subdued; and he said to me, with the triumph of one deeply conscious to whom the glory was due, "I am a conqueror through Him that loved me. O, that wonderful love!"

I spoke to him for some time of the grounds on which he built his hopes, and was much satisfied with all he said in reply. He heard me with all the attention and courtesy which the subject demanded; but he seemed as if he thought—so grateful was he—that he wronged his young friend, in deriving consolation from any one's conversation but his. Every word the boy now uttered was as much a source of joy to Williams as it had formerly been of horror. He said to him, two or three times that night, referring to the struggle he had had in the morning, "It is calm now, Jack—all calm. Is this peace?"

"Yes," replied he, "I trust it is peace, the peace of God, which the Bible says passeth all understanding."

"Who has given me this peace?" said Williams, as if he delighted in the ascription of praise to his divine Redeemer, "Who hath given me this peace?"

"Christ," said the boy, in a voice so solemn and so soft, that it seemed like the breathing of some ministering angel, rather than the articulation of a human voice. "Christ is our peace; he hath made peace for us."

"Yes," said Williams, "by the blood of his cross."

Whether it was that the near presence of death naturally tends to unnerve us, or that my spirits were weak from long confinement, I can not tell, but I felt compelled, at this moment, to steal away, to hide the emotion gathering round my heart, which I was unable any longer to repress.

I lay awake all night, meditating on the things I had seen and heard in poor Harry's berth. No sound disturbed the repose of all on board, except the man at the helm, as he chanted, from time to time, some doleful ditty. In the midst of this calm the spirit of Harry Williams winged its flight aloft, entering into the presence of Him whom the heaven of heavens can not contain, and mingling with the thousand thousands of ministering spirits which, "thick as stars, surround him."

The next day but one the body of Williams was committed to the mighty deep. The poor boy, on this occasion, seemed to feel as if, for the first time, that his friend and pupil was indeed no more. But when he heard the heavy plunge of the corpse in the water; when he heard the waves, with a gurgling sound, close over the body, and shut out forever all that remained of dear Harry Williams, the boy, unable any longer to control the violence of his feelings, uttered a piercing cry, and, so infectious is unfeigned sorrow, that many an iron countenance, that gave little indication of a kind heart within, was that day bedewed with tears.

I looked upon the whole circumstances of this day's scene as a merciful and providential preparation for what followed; for, three days after, as we drew near the Land's End, a strong gale of wind from the west south-west sprung up, and missing the port in the Channel for which we were bound, we made for the Downs, expecting to have come to anchor there; but the wind shifted, and, continuing more boisterous than at the first, we were glad to stand out to sea. We sprung a leak, and were driven at the mercy of the winds and waves for three days and three nights, till we knew not well where we were. It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the feelings of those on board. The moment of danger is not the time for any one to seek peace with God; and that which ought to be the object of every day's labor should not be left to hours of peril and sickness to accomplish. Now, indeed, is always an accepted time, and God forbid that I should dare to limit the mercy that is measureless; but they who have neglected the great salvation in the day of sunshine and of calm, come with a load of aggravated provocations before God, when they draw near to him only in the whirlwind and the storm.

The wind being somewhat abated, in the course of the fourth day from our leaving the Channel, we made the Firth of Forth, and came to anchor. But the storm, which during the last two or three hours had subsided into a sullen calm, burst out again, toward sunset, with a tremendous fury, and driving us from our moorings, it carried us among the islands of the Firth. At half-past eleven o'clock, in the absence of moon and stars, and amid cries of "Breakers ahead!" we struck upon a sunken rock, the mainmast coming down with a fearful crash.

In the midst of all this outward misery and distress, I felt a keener edge set to my own sufferings by witnessing the affliction of the affectionate negress, and the anguish with which she

gazed upon her "Massa's child." Her own fate she seemed to meet with heroic firmness, sustained, I hope, by her confidence in God, and her confidence in the Redeemer. "But Massa's child, my Missis' little girl!"—she wrung her hands over her in unutterable agony. Her deep despair was strangely contrasted by the infantine composure of the child. For the last half hour she had held her little bleating pet in her lap, saying she would not have Nanny to be drowned; and when she saw Cleo, and Jack, and I, and all, I may say, engaged at intervals in prayer, she would try to imitate us, saying, with a most solemn look, "Lord, let me die with Cleo, and Jack will pray for me to Jesus Christ."

As the flood-tide set in, the breakers on the rock became more and more tremendous. The boat was hoisted out, but the shore presented no hope whatever of safety, for it was one unbroken reef of rocks and shelving stones, on which the sea was dashing with a noise like thunder. I determined to abide by the wreck; and, seeing I could but die, while I had life I left no means of self-preservation unimproved; so, lashing myself to a spar, I silently witnessed the embarkation of Cleo and her child, dear Jack, and some others of the sailors, in the boat. With much difficulty the men were enabled to set a little bit of sail, and made for the shore, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, who were looking with anguish upon our miserable situation. When they put off from the wreck, they went pretty well for about a quarter of a mile or so, the sail keeping them buoyant, and the boat standing with her head against the waves. But as she drew nearer and nearer the surf, a tremendous squall involved them all in darkness, and torrents of rain quite shut them out from our view. But, O, how shall I relate what followed!—the sky cleared almost as suddenly as it was overcast—the squall subsided—the sun shone out—we looked, and looked again, till our eye-balls were almost bursting from their sockets—we strained our vision again to look; and the cry, "Where's the boat?—where's the boat?"—the shriek from the spectators on the cliffs, and the groans from my fellow-sufferers on the wreck, came at once with a louder and more fearful sweep than even the wildest ravings of the tempest. Again it returned, in one simultaneous burst of anguish. The sea, indeed, answered the demand, and gave up the boat; but she gave not up the dead—the boat appeared, driven with her keel above the waters; but her interesting freight was gone forever!

O the horrors of that moment! And yet, amid

them all, while I clung shivering to the shrouds of the vessel, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by the merciless sea, I felt, as it were, a beam of light cross my soul as I followed in spirit the sailor boy, and beheld him, with his ransomed companions, enter into the joy of his Lord.

The wreck, contrary to all human calculation, continued to hold together till next morning, when, the storm having been succeeded by a calm, that smiled, as it were, on the ruin its predecessors had accomplished, my fellow-sufferers and myself were brought, by the kind care of the fishermen on the coast, safe to land.

Being much exhausted, I went to bed in a little cottage, whose generous owner hospitably opened her door to receive me. In the evening I arose, and went to view the bodies of those who had been washed ashore. On the low but decent bed of the little village ale-house, Cleo and her "Massa's child" were lying. They were clasped together in an inseparable embrace—the child's hand reposing on the bosom of her nurse; and the swarthy arms of Cleo were locked around her little darling; while death itself, which severs the dearest and fondest ties of human tenderness, here appeared only to have rendered their communion more indissoluble. They were buried in each other's arms.

I was turning away from the last view of their remains, when I perceived that poor Nanny, the pet kid, who had survived by swimming ashore, and who had followed me into the room, had climbed with its fore-feet upon the bed, and was licking the dead hand of its sweet little playmate.

Poor Jack—less honored, but surely not less worthy of honor—was laid out on a sheet on the floor, a blue checkered shirt his only shroud. On his hands and face a few scratches were visible, which he had received from the rocks. Yet his countenance wore a heavenly expression; and, stooping down, I robbed his dear head of a little lock of auburn hair. His effects—alas! how poor! and yet how rich!—were spread upon a table in the room, and consisted of a little leathern purse, in which was a well-kept half crown and a solitary sixpence. His Bible was placed by his side. I took it up and observed engraven on its clasps of brass these words: "The gift of Robert Raikes to J. R. Pelham, Glo'ster." O Raikes! this is one gem of purest light; but it is but one of the many thousand gems that shall encircle thy radiant head in that day when the Lord of hosts shall make up his jewels! For they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.—*True Tales for Spare Hours.*

EXTREMES IN RELATION TO DRESS.

"This is no time to encourage superfluity of apparel."

BY REV. L. A. EDDY.

IN selecting the above from a little book which is not as well known as it should be, as the basis of a few remarks on personal ornaments, I propose to show how superfluity in dress is sometimes encouraged, and why it is now no time for us to give such encouragement. Before, however, we consider these questions, there are two or three preliminary ones which should be settled.

The first is, whether this subject is really worthy of our serious attention. There are some professed Christians who look upon such discussions as very puerile business; and when their pastor makes pointed allusions to this topic, if they do not actually turn his instructions into ridicule, seem to wonder how any sensible, well-bred man can so far degrade the dignity of the pulpit as to expatiate on matters so trifling. Do such persons realize that thoughts like these not only seriously reflect upon their pastor, but his divine Master, the almighty Governor of the universe, who has seen fit to incorporate these *small* things into his statutes, which he has expressly required his ambassadors to publish, and by which all mankind are to be judged at the last day? Do they realize that human life is chiefly made up of what are called little things, and that the neglect of or attention to really small matters often furnishes infallible tests of character? Such persons would do well to consider the pithy answer of a minister to a lady, who, when he advised her in relation to certain points of practical piety, said she thought he was rather too precise: he replied, "I serve a precise God."

Another question is, whether there is, at the present time, *occasion* for the agitation of this subject. There certainly is not if the evil has only an imaginary existence in the Church, or, if real, is gradually disappearing. But is either of these suppositions sustained by facts? I think not. Without reference to those times when some of our fathers leaned to the extreme not merely of simplicity, but of Quakerish singularity of dress, has there not been within a few years past an obvious tendency toward excessive show and extravagance, and with certain classes an eagerness amounting almost to a mania for the display particularly of jewelry? If not, I shall be happy to be convinced of my mistake; but if I am correct, should we not avail ourselves of every means to enlighten errorists on this subject, and shew that, although almost inexhaustible mines of gold have been discovered in California, the

Divine prohibition against adorning our persons with it has not been repealed?

But the most important preliminary query is, what are we to understand by superfluity of apparel? This question confessedly is not so easily answered. Even Mr. Wesley is not as explicit upon this point as is desirable. For instance, in his Sermon on Dress—Vol. II, page 259—he tells us, that, while the Bible manifestly "forbids ordinary Christians, those in the lower or middle ranks of life, to be adorned with gold, or pearls, or costly apparel," he doubts whether "any part of the Scripture forbids those in any nation that are invested with supreme authority to be arrayed in gold and costly apparel, or to adorn their immediate attendants, or magistrates, or officers, with the same." Now, if the reader will turn to Volume VI, page 549, of Mr. Wesley's Works, he will find an entirely different and, I think, more consistent view of the matter. He says, "Our Savior once occasionally said, 'Behold they who wear gorgeous [splendid] apparel are in kings' courts;' but he does not say they ought to be even there; he neither enjoins nor countenances it."

Whether this last is his more mature view of the point in question, I am unable to say, but, I repeat, it seems more consistent and Scriptural than the former; for if we admit that one class of Christians, whatever their position in society, may, without sin, array themselves in gold or pearls, we must of course allow those "in the lower or middle ranks of life" to do the same. Indeed, is it not more important that Christian simplicity should characterize those of highly cultivated minds, and who occupy influential positions in society, than those of more limited advantages? The truth is, whatever may be the meaning of the apostolic interdictions on this subject, they are of universal application. Though specifically addressed to females, the principle involved applies to both sexes and to all classes. Still it must be admitted that the culpability of the use of what are usually termed superfluous ornaments depends much upon circumstances. Gold is not, in itself, an evil. It is not the use, but the abuse of gold that is forbidden. We have no proof that it is impossible to wear this or other precious metals about our persons without an infraction of God's law. But there can be no doubt of the sinfulness of their use when we "adorn" ourselves with them, and wear them as mere *ornaments*.

As trivial a matter as we may affect to view this subject, individuals never purchase jewelry and put it upon their own persons or their children

without some motive in so doing. The pleas of custom, fashion, education, pecuniary ability, or position in community are of no avail, when conscience, on being closely interrogated, unequivocally, though perhaps reluctantly, answers that these things are worn not for utility, but only for show, for personal adornment. And is it not to be feared there are too many who, anticipating the condemnatory verdict of conscience, studiously avoid bringing these "trifles" before this tribunal, and, hence, heedlessly follow the multitude to do evil?

Although it is clearly sinful to wear gold and other ornaments when our hearts condemn the pride or other unholy passion which prompted their use, let us not infer that the practice is innocent in all cases when we can not reproach ourselves for being influenced by such motives. There are other methods of learning our duty in relation to this subject, if this is really our desire. Let us then ask ourselves these questions: 1. Do we allow ourselves to wear those things that, before we made a profession of religion, we clearly thought were unbecoming the followers of the meek and lowly Savior, and which lessened the influence of such wearers upon us? Have we the right in this way to disqualify ourselves for usefulness to the irreligious? 2. Do we indulge in ornaments which we think improper to be worn by those who make a *high* profession of religion? But have not *we* made a high profession? Did not we, at the sacred altar, solemnly renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of this world? 3. Do we dress in such a manner as to give no occasion of offense or stumbling to others? Are we not to avoid the very *appearance* of evil? We may not, perhaps, be vain of our apparel; but will not others have reason to think we are? I say, have *reason* to think we are; for it must be admitted there are unreasonable persons who, being destitute not only of good taste, but of neatness and decency, are perpetually declaiming against those who are not as negligent, rustic, or antiquated in their personal habiliments as themselves. Indeed, such querulous people we can not, and we ought not to satisfy by yielding to their demands. For if, as Mr. Wesley says, neatness is a duty, and slovenliness a sin, we are not at liberty to sacrifice the former and adopt the latter to please any body. But there are those who, not with a captious, but teachable spirit, look to us as examples, and are prompt to tread in our footsteps. Can we with confidence say to all such, "Follow us even as we follow Christ?" In a word, do we act in these

matters with a single eye to the glory of God as proprietors of nothing, but as stewards of his manifold grace? By earnest inquiries like these, sincere searchers after duty, it is presumed, will not long remain in doubt as to what constitutes superfluity of dress, at least so far as they personally are concerned.

But in what manner is encouragement given, or can it be given, for such superfluity? Let us examine into the question.

It is sometimes given by openly advocating the use of external ornaments. It is hoped not many are guilty of this impropriety. Still there have been, and yet are, those who either ignore those passages in the New Testament which forbid their use, or so explain them as to make them of no force or effect. Thus even the pious Burkitt, in his note on 1 Peter iii, 3, says, "This text doth not absolutely forbid the wearing of ornaments or costly apparel by such persons whose quality will answer it, but only forbids pride and vanity, affectation and ostentation, in the wearing them; it is not only lawful to cover the body, but to adorn the body. Abraham had never sent earrings and bracelets to Rebecca had they been sinful in their use." The fallacy of referring to the example of an Old Testament patriarch to explain away a positive New Testament precept, in which even the "quality" are not excepted, is too obvious to require enlargement. Such pleas, together with those which point to the floral and other embellishments of nature, as justifications of gorgeous and expensive apparel, are only alluded to as proof that *direct* encouragement is occasionally given to this indulgence.

Superfluity in dress is more frequently encouraged by *example*. Whatever, for instance, may be the private views or public teachings of a minister of the Gospel, if he personally follows close at the heels of capricious Fashion in the color or fabrication of his apparel, especially when showy, expensive, and inconvenient trappings are demanded by this goddess, his influence, of course, is on the side of worldly vanity; for "while precept whispers, example thunders." I know not, indeed, but that a clergyman might preach against superfluous ornaments with some degree of confidence while he has a gold watch in his pocket, and gold spectacles on his nose, as watches and spectacles are sometimes very useful articles for ministers—though some think that silver ones are equally serviceable—but how a man without blushing could declare the whole counsel of God on this subject with an enormous gold ring on his finger, such as I recently saw conspicuously

displayed in the pulpit, is a mystery that I shall not attempt to solve.

While on the subject of ministerial example, I must not omit the remark that preachers encourage excessive indulgence in dress when they allow it in their own family. It is a bad state of things when a pastor has occasion in the sacred desk to dilate on this form of pride, if one glance from his auditors at the brilliant display of jewelry upon the persons of his own wife and children is sufficient not only to neutralize all he says, but to turn his instructions into ridicule. It is, indeed, a sad affair when it is truthfully gossiped, "Our minister's family are more gayly attired than any other in the congregation." For if the preacher fail in the government of his own household, what confidence can he have of success in administering wholesome discipline to others?

In this connection perhaps allusion should be made to another source of encouragement to this indulgence. I refer to the patronage too commonly extended by Christian parents in behalf of that numerous class of *Lady's Books* and periodicals, in which the "latest fashions" are pictorially paraded and studiously commented upon, with elegant engravings of eminent literary, and even pious, females represented in an excessively ornate, if not really immodest costume.

Again, this practice may be encouraged by *silence*. Let a daughter spend a large portion of her precious time at the toilet, and habitually decorate herself with tawdry ornaments, without one word of remonstrance from her father or mother, or other token of disapprobation, and is it strange if she construes their silence into approval? So if a minister, mingling with his people, sees the members of his Church running into the extremes of fashion and extravagance in dress without either public or private reproof, it requires no labored argument to prove that he thus certainly, though indirectly, encourages such unchristian practices. For although the maxim, "Silence gives consent," may not be applicable in all cases, it does apply to those whose special business is to instruct the people in every thing, great and small, which has a bearing upon moral and religious culture.

I must not omit to remark that superfluities have sometimes been encouraged by the injudicious conduct of reformers. As one extreme begets another, the natural tendency of fanatical measures to remove this, as well as other evils, is to aggravate it. If in former times there were zealots who, in correcting violators of the rules

of the Church in this respect, violated the still more important rules of Bible courtesy themselves, and abused instead of reforming transgressors, there is little occasion of complaint in this direction at the present day. In these days we very seldom, if ever, hear of ministers so far overstepping the bounds of propriety as to lay violent hands upon the head-dresses of ladies at the door of the love-feast; to rudely and censoriously reprove individual females in public places, as though any means, even the sacrifice of the charity that thinketh no evil, and is not easily provoked, is justifiable in a crusade against trinkets and ribbons; or to arrest the character of a brother minister because he can not see it his duty to wear a collarless, buttonless coat and a low-crowned, white hat. Those one-idea men are now scarce who imagine that a good disciplinarian implies chiefly a regulator of female costume, and who seem to think that the grand business of a spiritual "watchman" is gold-hunting and pearl-fishing. Few if any Christians of such extravagant views are to be seen in these times; indeed, it is to be feared the tendency is quite the opposite. We are more in danger of conniving at this sin than in manifesting improper zeal in arresting it. Both extremes, however, should be avoided, as overaction and inaction are generally followed by a similar result.

But why is it now no time to encourage superfluity of apparel?

1. The Scriptural rule on this point is applicable to all times. I can not sympathize with the views of those who seem to think that the narrow way marked out by the Savior is too contracted for these enlightened times, and that the rules of holy living which were adapted to the rude age of the apostles are too stringent, if not too vulgar, for this day of refinement. The Bible is made for man, and is adapted to all times and all classes of society. He who is too wise to be taught by the Scriptures has yet to learn that he is a fool; and he who is too refined to obey the word of God will ascertain, sooner or later, that, unless converted and imbued with childlike simplicity, his false refinement will exclude him from heaven.

2. The tendency of the age is strongly toward luxury, display, and extravagance. This is admitted to be the leading cause of the present pecuniary distress at least in our country. What, then, is the duty of the Church? To increase this evil by obsequiously imitating the world, and competing with the votaries of fashion? or to raise a standard against the corrupting tendencies of the times, and, as the salt of the earth

and light of the world, show that there is a more excellent way, and purify all classes of society by the elevating truths of the Bible, illustrated by a consistent example? Surely it is now no time to encourage gayety in dress, especially as the work of reform is beginning to develop itself in what is called the *fast* society. As great as is the rage for other forms of extravagance, a profusion of jewelry and other gaudy ornaments is, we learn, becoming quite unfashionable in the highest circles. It is becoming untrue that they who wear gorgeous apparel are in *kings'* houses. The Queen of England, it is said, usually dresses with remarkable simplicity, and the Empress of France is following her example. Shall Christians, then, eagerly snatch up and put on the cast-off ornaments which the princes of this world have either a conscience too tender or a taste too pure to wear?

8. We now have special opportunities to make infinitely better investments of God's gold and silver intrusted in our hands than to adorn our persons with it. We live in a day of peculiar needs, and peculiar light as to our obligation to the physically destitute at home and the morally benighted abroad. Missionaries who are now toiling in the darkest places of the earth tell us that one of the most debasing and inveterate passions of the heathen is for splendid apparel in general, and jewelry in particular; and that in some cases females carry their vanity so far as not only to fasten gold in some form upon their ears, their bosoms, their wrists, their ankles, and around their necks, but even in their nose, and upon their *toes*. Hence, missionaries in their letters frequently beseech Christians in this country to set these poor pagans a better example, and use their surplus gold in sending more Bibles and laborers to them, rather than in adopting the barbarous and idolatrous customs which the former are trying so hard to extirpate.

Finally. We are not exempt from sickness and death in these times; hence, it is now no time to give loose reins to indulgence in personal decorations. However fantastically and brilliantly some persons may be inclined to appear while in the enjoyment of health and in the prospect of a long life, none wish to leave the world with their bodies loaded with meretricious ornaments. These things are found to have no tendency to soften the pillow or extract the sting of death. A wealthy lady, a few years since, met a terrible death by her clothes taking fire. Almost the first favor the dying woman asked of her attendants was the removal from her crissed fingers of the richly jeweled rings, which, though valued

at several thousand dollars, now looked so hateful to her that she insisted upon having them immediately taken off.

If we do not wish to die as the fool dieth, let us not live as the fool liveth. Let us, then, guided by reason and the word of God, give prayerful attention to this subject; then shall we be enabled to find and keep the happy medium between monastic austerity or pharisaic singularity on the one hand, and Parisian splendor and princely extravagance on the other. Let us remember that we are not only at liberty, but it is our duty, to conform to the customs of the world, even in our costume, when those customs are in harmony with Bible principles; but when Fashion imperiously commands us to trample under our feet the positive teachings of Scripture, we are unhesitatingly to repudiate her claim, and do right, though a thousand scornful lips be curled at us, and we compelled to stand alone as the mark for ten thousand fingers of derision.

"CHARITY NEVER FAILETH."—ST. PAUL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE sparkling eye that ruled the heart
Hath lost its magic beam,
And in the socket, heavily,
Like warning lamp doth gleam.
The wearied ear remits its toil,
Rejects the music-strain,
And with the folly of the world
No longer loads the brain.
The hand that with untiring deeds
Did mark the days of old,
Now trembleth in its feeble grasp
The water-cup to hold.
The foot no more o'er hill and dale
Doth keep its vigorous way,
But on the cushioned sofa rests,
A prisoner day by day.
Even Memory, with a wrinkled brow,
Is faltering o'er the page,
On which she registered her gains
From infancy to age.
And Fancy faileth in her skill
O'er fairy-land to soar,
And sadly folds a broken wing
To ride the blast no more.
But the sweet spirit's love to man,
In God its fearless trust,
Its zeal to keep a Savior's law—
These fade not into dust—
These perish not with time—but grow,
Like beaten gold, more bright,
The deathless children of the skies
That heavenward take their flight.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THE AUTHOR OF "SUNNY SIDE."

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME time since a young woman, who was fond of intellectual pursuits, and somewhat accustomed to use the pen, but mainly for her private gratification, conceived the idea of sketching the character of a deceased friend. The sketch was completed, and afterward lay neglected several years in her desk. Subsequently it was rewritten, but still with no definite object beyond personal gratification. Some of her friends then suggested its publication, and the manuscript was at different times offered to five different publishers, and was as often rejected. The author's friends, however, nothing disheartened by these rebuffs, got up an edition of *five hundred* copies as a sort of venture. Such was the origin of "The Sunny Side," which two years from the date of its first publication had attained a circulation of forty thousand, and had thrown its charm over the hearts of hundreds of thousands.

Thousands of our own readers have already been touched by the deep pathos and charmed by the beautiful delineations of that little work, and also of its companion—"A Peep at Number Five." To such a graphic sketch of their lamented author, we are sure, will not be otherwise than acceptable.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was the daughter of the celebrated American philologist and Hebraist—Moses Stuart, of Andover, Mass. In that place she was born in 1815. She strongly resembled her father, and derived from him some of her most striking bodily as well as mental peculiarities. Among her Reminiscences of her childhood occurs the following beautiful allusion to her eminent father:

"One thing made a powerful impression on me; it was my waking early on cold winter mornings, and looking from my western window into the wood-house chamber. There was father, sawing wood by the dim light of his lantern. I used to wonder, as I lay snug in bed, dreading to hear 'the first bell,' how father *could* force himself out *so* early when it was *so* cold and *so* dark, to *saw* wood. When I grew older, and learned that he often did this after a wakeful night full of tossings to and fro, with snatches of unquiet and dreamy sleep, and when I saw him coming in to the breakfast-table exhausted and nervous, it taught me how high a price he set upon those golden morning hours."

With all her deep reverence and affection for

her father, as well as her resemblance of him in her temperament and in many of her mental traits, she had none of his predilection for the study of languages. Indeed, that study was rather disagreeable to her than otherwise. "Her favorite department in childhood was that of the 'belles-lettres;' and in this her childhood was marked by uncommon mental activity. She very early exhibited a desire to originate trains of thought, rather than to accumulate the treasures of others; and this was characteristic of her mental habits to the end of life. As early as the age of ten years, she developed a *talent* in narrative composition. She was accustomed at that period to amuse the domestics of the family and their friends with her extemporaneous stories; and among the relics of her writings at that time are found little volumes of narratives which she composed for the entertainment of her younger sisters. Her own earliest recollections of her mental history were those of the tales she wrote, or the materials for them which she was constantly inventing and arranging in her mind." She was passionately fond of painting, and statuary, and music. The predominancy of the nervous in her temperament gave intensity to all her emotions, and also led to a strong and decided development of all her natural traits of character.

At the age of sixteen Miss Stuart was placed under the tuition of Rev. Jacob Abbott, then Principal of the "Mount Vernon School" in Boston. Here she prosecuted her studies with great ardor and success. Mr. Abbott, himself a writer of rare excellence, especially in narrative and descriptive composition, perceived the strong bias and natural talent of his charge in that direction, and encouraged the development of that talent. He encouraged her to write for a magazine he was then editing; and several of the contributions she then made, under the signature of "H. Trusta," were twenty years later wrought into the descriptive and narrative scenes of "Sunny Side."

"Her highest and almost only ambition in her first efforts was to write something that should attract the notice of her father. It is doubtful whether any subsequent success ever gave her keener pleasure, than she felt when she first received from his lips the hearty 'Well done,' after the publication of one of her simple stories. But a few weeks before she went to join him in heaven, she recalled, with filial pride, the occasion, the hour, the trepidation she felt, the quick look of surprise followed by the smile on her father's face, when she put into his hands the

few small bills she had just received as a remuneration for her first toils of authorship; and the playful indignation with which he tossed them back to her over the dinner-table, saying, "I want none of that." "Her heart," she said, in speaking of the occurrence, "was as full as it could hold; she was happier than a queen." The narration of this little incident brought back the life to her pale cheek, as the four hundred thousand readers of one of her late productions could not do it."

Several incidents at this early date served as incitements to the use of her pen. One of them is thus given in the "Memorial" of her prefixed to the "Last Leaf from Sunny Side:"

"One of her fugitive pieces, published while she was a member of the Mount Vernon School, was very extensively circulated in various forms, being republished in England, and returned to this country accredited to an English authoress, and afterward published also in France. For many years it was a standard article in reading-books for children, and it still reappears occasionally among the selections in the 'Children's Department' of our religious newspapers. Little instances of success of this kind were not fitted to induce the youthful authoress to lay aside her pen. Indeed, from that time it was never idle, till, at Death's bidding, it was laid down forever."

While under the tuition of Mr. Abbott, also, her early religious impressions received a more definite form and developed a more decidedly religious character. Her own narrative of this event she has thus given:

"The course which Mr. Abbott adopted was entirely the reverse of that to which I had been accustomed, and that which I expected. Instead of urging God's claims upon me, as others had often done, he preserved an unbroken silence on the subject of personal religion. This surprised me, and after awhile made me uneasy. I brought myself at length to ask him for the cause of his silence toward me on that subject. He told me that he considered the circumstances under which I had been brought up to have been such, that every motive which could influence me had been already urged, and that I had deliberately made my choice; and, therefore, that it remained for him only to fit me for happiness as far as it could be had in this world. This startled me, and led me to look more earnestly into my heart. From this beginning I was led on gradually, and to myself almost imperceptibly, till I began to dare to hope that I had become a child of God, and to wish to take upon myself the name of Christ. I was conscious of a great change in me.

Thoughts of God no longer filled me with horror; but a view of his holiness and purity was granted to me, which filled me with inexpressible joy. I felt that *life* was an 'unspeakable gift,' because *there was a God*. I desired most earnestly to approach as near to his holiness as I was able, but many struggles taught me how strong a hold sin had in this heart. Here the atonement of Christ first met me with power. I felt driven to it; and in view of it, even such a sinning heart still dared to look up and struggle on, feeling that its heaviest burden Christ himself bore. I began to desire to give myself wholly to God in Christ. I wished to live and die for him. I longed to lose myself in him. I wished to indulge no plans, nor purposes, nor feelings, nor thoughts, of which love to him was not the guiding spring. To live for his glory seemed all that rendered life worth possessing. If I must cease to do this, I would also cease to live. This was a great change from my former self, and I have dared to hope that it was God's own work."

In 1842 she became the wife of Rev. Austin Phelps, then pastor of the Pine-Street Congregational Church in Boston. Here a new scene of activity, of usefulness, and of happiness opened before her. Of the effect wrought upon her by this change in her relations we must let her biographer speak:

"It introduced her to new varieties of human nature and to new modes of life. She was brought by it more constantly than before into contact with *life*—with men, women, and children, as they are in a busy, and, on the whole, a happy world. It added to the lessons of seclusion those of society, and to the discipline of study that of action. It was a change of moral *climate*, which, just at that time, her constitutional temperament greatly needed. She felt it through her whole being, and was happier and better for it. She began soon to be sensible of an increasing sympathy with human life. Even her tastes as respects the fine arts were insensibly modified. A fondness grew upon her for those works of art which represented living *character*, rather than for those which represented only material nature. In a letter written from her birthplace, a few years after her removal to Boston, she writes: 'Andover is looking most delightfully. The birds sing, and the cool winds are refreshing, and the eye is filled with beauty. As I looked out last evening on these arching elms lighted up by the moon—forming a bower fit for a poet's home—I could not resist the feeling, that the scene had become to me like

only a gorgeous picture. I could appreciate it, I could love it, but there was a *soul wanting*."

"Very similar to this was the effect of the change upon her religious character. The ordinary experience of Christians in the humbler walks of life was new to her; and she became much interested in observing it. She found her own soul insensibly sympathizing with it. She would often speak of its simple-hearted manifestations with a glad surprise, as if in the plain, unlettered stranger whose words were of the Savior, she had suddenly found a friend. 'It does me good,' she would frequently say, on returning from the weekly prayer meeting, 'to hear these people talk. They speak so feelingly and so honestly what they think and what they want.' Respect for the common developments of Christian character and modes of Christian speech became a very positive feature of her own piety. Few things could rouse her indignation more quickly than to hear them spoken of slightly. More than once has her eye lighted up and her cheek glowed with the zeal she felt in vindicating them from undeserved contempt. She made no secret of her own readiness to sit as a learner at the feet of any who seemed to know the love of Christ. So strong did her sympathy with the common Christian mind become, that she acquired an enthusiasm bordering upon reverence for the work of the pastoral office. It was a severe trial to her feelings when her husband exchanged that office for a professorship at Andover."

Her residence in Boston was also fruitful in another respect. It was marked by a fuller development of her tastes and power as a writer. "Previously to this time she had written much in the form of articles for newspapers and magazines, and children's books. She had invariably published her writings anonymously; and when they were once published, she thought little more of them. There are scattered through several periodicals, and on the shelves of the American Sunday School Union and the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, many of the productions of her pen, which it is impossible now to identify as hers. She herself was often unable to recognize with confidence her own volumes, after years had passed since she wrote them. She has several times been seen bending over the counter of a bookstore in perplexity as to the authorship of some little book which she held in her hand, seeming to detect some familiar traces of her former self, and yet unable to decide whether she were the author of it or not. Her own account of her earlier writings, as given

in subsequent years, renders it probable that not more than one-third of the little books she has published can be now distinguished as hers."

Most of her earlier productions were designed for children, and in adapting her thoughts and style of composition to them she possessed an admirable faculty. But subsequently her productions had more special reference to older readers. The scenes of every-day life seemed to suggest her themes for composition; and hence the life-like naturalness of her characters and pictures. "She kept a journal of the infancy of her children, preserving thus all the little incidents which usually form the materials of 'Mother's Stories.' Distinct from this was her 'Family Journal,' consecrated to the more private experiences in which her family shared. This journal was subjected to review on certain choice anniversaries, and in her affections stood next to the Family Bible. If she lost a friend, she loved to express her sense of the affliction by writing something which should portray that friend's character. She tried her skill in several of these modes without at first entertaining any idea of publishing what she wrote."

She was unceasing in effort to improve her mind, to store her imagination and memory with pictures of life and character, and to fathom the deep mysteries of nature and of mind. Her great aim was to improve her taste and skill in writing, and also to store her mind with the material of thought. For this double purpose she applied herself to the study of books as well as things. "At one period she read largely the works of several popular writers of fiction. She did this with the eye of a critic, intent on discovering where lay the secret of their influence. The results of her criticism, as she has recorded them among her private papers, are exceedingly interesting, as exhibitions of her industry in disciplining her own mind. With the same intent, she devoted much time to the study of the old English poets. During one winter she read with great enthusiasm Spenser's 'Fairy Queen;' and displayed daily at her tea-table the gems she had selected during the day from the royal treasury. For several winters in succession she enticed her husband from his study, at least one evening in each week, for the reading of Shakespeare at their fireside."

Mrs. Phelps was not the mere literary woman. "In her own house she strove to spread around her an atmosphere of cheerful piety. This was an object of much solicitude with her. It was a matter of most sacred principle in her plan of life, to suffer nothing to come between her and

her family. 'She would be a true wife and mother, if nothing else.' Her literary pursuits, and the gratification of her taste for the fine arts, were religiously subordinated to her duties 'at home.' This was not a mere sentiment in her mind—it was her daily study; it cost her thought and labor, and was achieved only by an indomitable resolution. With her feeble health, to perform with her books and her pen and her pencil, all that was necessary to satisfy her own mind, and yet to preside over the household of a pastor, was not—a pleasant song. She accomplished it by the most rigid systematizing of her duties from morning to night. She remembered the 'wood-house chamber' as seen from the 'western window' in her father's house. Every hour had its allotted duty, and the duty was done. Her plans for weeks in advance were all recorded with her pen. Among her manuscripts are now found, 'Memoranda of Housekeeping,' in which are written her plans for the work of her servants and for her own—even weekly 'bills of fare,' in which are arranged the order of every meal for the week. There are found, also, fragments of journals in which are recorded the history of experiments in housekeeping and their success or failure. The result was, that she accomplished her design. She for many years could reserve habitually two hours each day for her writing-table, and keep in constant progress her studies and her miscellaneous reading, and find her recreation in her pencil, and yet the order of her house was like clockwork; her children never showed the want of a mother's care; her home was never the less a home on account of her passionate attachment to literature and art. The sincerity of the religious convictions which she carried into these household plans, she has undesignedly illustrated in her little New-Year's Story—'The Angel over the Right Shoulder'—and her jealous vigilance over her own tastes, lest they should encroach on the comfort of those who were dependent upon her, is intimated by another of her home sketches—'The Husband of a Blessing.' "

In 1848, Mr. Phelps having been elected professor in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mrs. Phelps returned to her native place to reside. Two things rendered this change by no means agreeable to herself. She had become strongly attached to her Boston friends, and the separation from them was like sundering the cords of life. Another cause of this reluctance grew out of the ravages of death in her father's family. Writing about her return, she says: "One thing, in particular, hangs over me like

a pall, too often oppressing me with its black shadow; it is, the breaking up of my father's family. I do not know that I can have strength enough to live here cheerfully, when I have only their graves to visit."

Her magnanimity of spirit, as well as her nice and delicate sense of propriety, led her to conceal in a great measure the reluctance she felt to returning to Andover, lest her husband should be unduly influenced in a question of duty. But when it was determined that he should go, it cost her a long and severe struggle before she could bring her mind to submit to the change. In this trial her refuge was the "throne of grace;" and the effect of her oft-repeated and long-continued intercessions there are well expressed in a letter written some time after: "As to the great point of contentment with life, I really think I have gained upon it. It has been a thing for which I have struggled and prayed; and for the most part, my mind is at rest, and my heart contented. I think I can say this; and what is equally true, a feeling of habitual gratitude has gained ground within me. I do carry about with me, a great deal of the time, a thankful heart. I am so grateful for the bright rallying-points around which my thoughts cluster; I make a great effort to keep them constantly in view. I feel that I should be guilty not to do so; and month after month I think I can see that it becomes more and more natural to me to look on the bright side of things."

From this time her piety assumed a still deeper and more holy cast. "The change," says her husband, "was, visible in her softened eye, and in the increasing gentleness of her tones. The doctrines of the Gospel were evidently becoming more precious than ever to her heart. During the last year of her life she rewrote entirely one of her Sabbath School books, because the story at the first writing had not clearly and precisely shadowed forth the views of regeneration on which she had intended to construct it. Little evidences, which can not be recorded, disclosed her deepening love to the person of the Savior. She would often speak of him in terms of personal endearment, and yet with a reverence for his divine nature, which was but feebly expressed by the opinion she held, that no painter should attempt to portray in full that countenance to which, as she thought, no human imagination could do justice. The books she chose for her devotional reading indicated her sympathy with some of the higher forms of Christian experience. Although she felt little respect for any exclusive model of Christian character, yet she found much

to which her heart responded in the written experiences of Madame Guyon and Catharine Adorna. These, together with 'Bridges's Exposition of the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm,' and her long-loved favorite—'Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying'—were her constant companions."

About this time an incident occurred which beautifully illustrates her character. A sister in the Church had become involved in a difficulty which threatened to subject her to Church censure. "All the ordinary efforts for a happy adjustment of it had failed. One, and another, and another of her friends had withdrawn their sympathy from her. Mrs. Phelps requested at last that she might be permitted to visit the unfortunate woman. It was proposed that she should go as a committee of the Church. She promptly refused. 'No,' said she, 'I shall be no committee. Let me go as a woman to her sister.' She went. Her woman's instinct and her Christian heart accomplished what a sterner fidelity had not done. A single interview restored the erring one to confidence, and she still lives beloved for her Christian virtues."

By the publication of "Sunny Side" Mrs. Phelps first became known to the public as an author. "Its unexpected success," says her biographer, "increased her desire to improve to the utmost whatever talents she might possess, in the preparation of books for the young. She wrote in rapid succession 'The Kitty Brown Series,' for the American Sunday School Union. Her fugitive pieces were scattered through various periodicals. 'The Peep at Number Five,' which she regarded as her best production, she wrote and published but a few months before her death. In less than one year from the time of its publication, it had reached the sale of the twentieth thousand. At the suggestion of an unknown correspondent in Ohio, she gathered and arranged the materials for another narrative, to be entitled the 'Minister's Widow.' It was designed to be a twin volume to 'The Sunny Side.' She had also in mind the materials and plan of a work in similar style, designed for young ladies in the advanced stages of their education. Upon these last two works her mind was intent when her failing health obliged her to desist from the use of her pen. It was one of the trials of her long confinement that she could not commit to paper the characters and scenes which crowded upon her imagination. When a temporary suspension of disease caused her strength to rally a little, she for several days dragged herself to her writing-table for one half hour each day, that she might finish the revision

of a collection of her miscellaneous narratives, which she had promised to the publishers for republication. Her mind seemed to find no rest but in incessant activity.

"It had long been her practice to write much simply for her own gratification or improvement. During the years of her final residence in Andover she wrote much for her *children*, without any design of publishing what she thus wrote. Such was her solicitude in regard to the earliest impressions made on their minds, that she could not at all times find in the common collections of children's books just such reading as she wished to put into their hands. Some truth for which their minds seemed to be in waiting, she could not find so stated or so illustrated as to meet her views of their wants. When such was the case, she was accustomed to write books for them, which should realize, as far as was in her power, her own idea of what they needed. Several of her published volumes, with much material that is yet in manuscript, were written with this design. She often wrote in the morning the chapter which was to be their entertainment when they retired for their evening meal, before going to rest. At the hour of twilight she habitually went with them, and gave them her personal attendance at their bedside. 'She did but bathe the weary feet of her little children, but the angel over the *right shoulder*—wrote it down.' 'These duties and cares acquired a dignity from the strokes of that golden pen.' That hour was as dear to her as a Sabbath hour. It was called in the family dialect, 'The children's hour.' Her own countenance was as radiant as theirs, when their beaming eyes and forgotten meal testified to the interest with which they listened to their mother's stories."

Some fifteen months before her death her health began gradually to fail, and the sudden death of her father gave a shock to her system from which she never recovered. Her vision of death drawn some years before was soon to be realized. We insert it here not only as fitting to the subject, but also as an illustration of her style: "I have had a dream. I was in a darkened chamber, and there lay before me a pale sufferer. I could see her face distinctly, for above her hovered an angel from whose form light radiated. This, I saw, was the Angel of Death; and yet he was *not* terrible. He looked earnestly with mournful and yet loving eyes on her pallid countenance, and words seemed to come from him without breath. 'Then, choose, my child; I have here for you a crown. Come with me, and it is surely yours. Your sins are blotted

out forever.' One stepped up, and reached to her her first-born. She gazed at it long—she touched its innocent forehead—she looked at the angel—her lips moved, as if she would say, 'What, *alone* in the world?' 'And God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' was the reply. Then her dark blue eye turned on one who stood weeping by her side. Her lip quivered; a stern struggle was in her heart. That breathless voice spoke again, 'Life has rich gifts of love for you; but sin is here. Will you leave with me for heaven? Choose, my child.' And the struggle convulsed her frame with mortal agony; then it ceased, and all was calm. Without a tear, her eye turned on death. She placed her hand in his. Music and light, such as angels love, filled the air; and Death took his gift. Yet, I saw that he left a form, cold though it was, whose expression was still so radiant with rapture, that, as we looked, our hearts were comforted. I awoke in tears, but they were not for the departed; they were for the solitary mourner who was bending over her."

Late in the fall of 1852 it became painfully manifest that disease was gradually but surely acquiring the mastery over her physical system. Medical advice was in vain, and her physicians soon regarded her case as hopeless. "Now," says her biographer, "commenced one of the most striking exhibitions of her character that her life witnessed. It was, her calm, deliberate, conscientious, determined *struggle for life*. She had scarcely reached life's meridian. Her powers as a writer, after twenty years of faithful discipline, had but just come to their maturity. The judgment of severe critics had assured her that a sphere of public usefulness was opening before her. She felt eager to enter it, and grateful for the privilege. Her home, too, called loudly for her. She was a wife, and a mother. An infant family seemed to say to her that she *must not* die.

"She had long known the power of the mind over the health of the body. The resistance of disease by force of will had been a habit with her for years. Her resolute purpose and fidelity in self-discipline had often kept in check the malady which now threatened to lay her in the grave. After meditating long in silence upon the extremity to which she seemed now to be brought, she called her husband to her side—her voice was calm—her whole manner self-possessed—every thing betokened the collected purpose of her soul. As nearly as her language can be now recalled, she said, 'I do not wish you to speak to me of death, nor tell me of any discouraging changes in my state. Talk to me

of God, and give me pleasant thoughts of heaven, but not as if you expected me to die. Be as hopeful as you can be, and help me to hope. You need not feel anxious about my religious state, nor ask me about it. That is not necessary. I am at rest. . . . When the time comes for me to go, you shall know it. I shall not die without being able to say to you all that you will wish to hear. God will take care of that, and he will take care of me. *Now, my duty is, to live; and you must help me.*'

"This calm conviction of *duty to live* from that moment appeared almost incessantly to be active in her mind. She concentrated the whole strength of her being upon the last struggle for life. Never before had she exhibited so noble an effort of Christian principle as now. She watched in silence the signs of her failing strength, but expressed continually her strong hope that she should yet recover. When temporary improvements took place in her condition, she rallied her spirits, and threw herself back into life, and formed plans, and conversed blithely, and even amused her friends with her pleasantries.

"Her silent thoughts of her own family would sometimes break from the restraint she imposed on them. In one instance, when her infant child was taken into her room, it seemed to unloose her imprisoned affections—her face lighted up with tenderness, her eye assumed that depth of meaning which none but a mother's eye ever has, and for a few moments she poured forth her love in the dialect which only mothers know how to use—then fell back, as if to renew more resolutely the struggle against the disease that consumed her. There were occasions of extreme and immediate peril, when she would herself give directions as to the various remedies she needed, and would mark the time, minute by minute, at which the remedy should be repeated. On such occasions there were moments when, as if to proclaim its own immortality, the soul seemed to come forth from that dimmed eye, and in almost visible presence, to *strike* at the unseen foe.

"For more than thirty days she maintained the unequal conflict. At length her hope began to waver. 'If it were not for my children,' said she, 'I would not struggle any longer.' It was not till the evening of the twenty-ninth of November that she became convinced that the struggle was a hopeless one, and that God was calling her to himself. She then gave up all, with scarcely a moment's agitation. 'Without a tear her eye turned on Death. She placed her hand in his.'

"The closing scene was just like *her*. Her whole manner was so self-possessed—her words were so truthful—her spirit so self-distrustful, so severe in judgment upon her own infirmities, so penitent, so hopeful, so thoughtful of those whom she was leaving, so full of love to that Savior who was waiting for her coming—that it did not seem like dying. It was rather life drawing to its close with a beautiful *naturalness*. She took her husband by the hand, and after speaking of the path they had trod together, as none but she could have spoken, she said, 'You must not think I have been unhappy during this sickness—I have not. I have done the best I could do to live, but I have not been unhappy. The Savior has been around my bed. I do not *know* that I shall be saved, but now I can only *trust*. He gave himself to die for *sinners*, and why should I *not* trust him?'

"Some passages from the Scriptures were repeated to her, which appeared to give her comfort. Among others, the following; namely, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' The speaker paused here, and she instantly took up the passage, and added in tones of most touching emphasis, '*of whom I am chief.*' And after a few moments' silence, she continued in the same earnest tones, '*I do believe;*' and again, in answer to the inquiry, 'You *know* that you love the Savior, do you not?' she replied, '*I do love him. I do trust in his atoning blood, and in nothing else. I give myself to him.*' As life ebbed fast away, the thought of the holiness of heaven again oppressed her, and doubts clouded the prospect; and nothing seemed to satisfy her longing for a full assurance, but the very words of God, 'He is able to save unto the uttermost, seeing that he ever liveth to intercede.' 'He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' 'I go to prepare mansions for you.' 'I will not leave you comfortless.' 'I will come again and receive you unto myself.' 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' These, and many others of like character, buoyed up her fainting spirit. For several hours before she vanished out of our sight not a cloud rested upon her vision. She desired to depart. Her last words were, 'How long? how long?'

Since her death several of her then unpublished sketches have been gathered and published in a little volume—"The Last Leaf from Sunny Side." To this volume is prefixed a beautiful "Memorial" of the author, to which we are indebted for most of this sketch. In a

future number we may give some few specimens of her writings.

We close this sketch, already protracted beyond our design, with a single selection:

"Once, at the hour of twilight, I sat at my western window, and watched the dying out of day. To me the scene is always suggestive of the fading away of this life. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse beyond the dark horizon. But the distant mountain and nearer hill and valley faded into the gray twilight, and my thoughts turned from the world without to the world within. All at once, from that spot where the red sun went down, arose a bright cloud like a new sun. Soon I seemed to be bathed in its light. The ebbing and flowing waves bore up before me a shining mirror. I looked upon this mirror, and saw reflected in it my own image. It was a truthful mirror. What a heart it revealed to me! How divided between earth and heaven, between self and God! How feeble its best resolutions! How faint its noblest aspirations! How corrupt a heart it was! I wept, and through my tears I saw that the intellect, too, was fettered by prejudice, enslaved by indolence, diseased by sin. Its enfeebled powers returned no 'usury' to the Giver. I wept more and more at this sight. I bent over the image, as if I would wash it out with my tears. As one struggleth for life, so struggled I for something with which I might blot it out forever.

"Again the sunlight waves ebbd and flowed, and again the shining mirror was before me. Far down in its silvery depths I now discerned a figure of glorious and yet familiar form and features. No trace of care was on that brow, the eye sparkled with beautiful intelligence, and peaceful beyond description was the smile on the lip. I looked within—the struggles of that heart had ceased, its warfare ended. Sin no more had dominion there—and now, like a pent-up fountain suddenly released, its pure affections came gushing forth. They needed a glorified body by which to express themselves. That intellect, freed also from mortal chains, how wondrous were its capacities! It sought out, and grasped, and appropriated to itself all truth. Free from doubt, and unerring in its decisions, it seemed like a giant armed. Something whispered to me that this image which I now saw was also my own. It was the image of that which, when I had passed the dim boundary of this life, I should be—a redeemed soul, with sanctified heart and illuminated mind. I gazed, 'lost in wonder, love, and praise.' I panted to be 'unclothed,' that I might be 'clothed upon.' "

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

HEROISM SPRINGING FROM FAITH IN GOD.—*"Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear. . . . For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion. He shall set me up upon a rock."*—*Psalms xxvii, 3, 5.*

He who bravely endures great sufferings, maintains a firm will amidst overwhelming perils, and whose intrepidity remains unshaken in dangerous extremities, is accounted a hero. Hence, history has written the name of Tarik, a Saracen prince, among its heroes, because, after his army had fought against superior numbers, and sixteen thousand of his men lay dead or wounded on the field of Xeres, near Cadix, he remained unconquered. Turning to the survivors, he cried aloud, "My brethren, the enemy is before you; the sea is behind. Whither would ye fly? Nay! follow your general. I am resolved to lose my life or trample on the prostrate king of the Romans."

Animated by this address, his troops rallied. The strife was renewed; the tide of battle turned, and the enemies of Tarik were cut to pieces.

The conduct of Tarik in this battle constituted him a hero. His brave soul stood unappalled amidst the terrors of that deadly strife. Unconquered and unconquerable, his firm will refused to yield, even when to hope for victory seemed madness. And however much we may feel disgusted at the cruelty and barbarism of war, we can not help our admiration of these noble qualities in the man. Such deeds are the attractions of history.

But the royal Psalmist exhibits a nobler and grander heroism than the Saracen warrior. Like Tarik, he could face a host with a heart of iron; but he drew his courage from a higher source. Tarik's heroism sprung from the dark depths of human passion. He was too proud to yield to a detested foe, and, therefore, he grimly resolved to fling his life away, preferring death to inglorious defeat. But David's heroism flowed from a heart brimful of holy trust in God. He drew the sword at God's bidding; he fought to accomplish God's purposes; he felt safe because of God's presence; he was assured of victory because God had promised it to his arms. Hence, not only his manner, but even his heart, was calm in the most critical moments of battle. "Though a host should encamp against me," he sings, "my heart shall not fear." But why? Because, like Tarik, he was too proud to yield, and too ignorant of the future to dread death? Nay, but because Jehovah was his friend: "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion."

The Christian Church has furnished a host of heroes fashioned after the pattern of the royal Psalmist; heroes, the least of whom was more glorious than Tarik. These heroes of Christianity compose the noble army of martyrs, and the records of war may be safely challenged to produce such lofty exhibitions of the heroic as are found on the pages of ecclesiastical history. The military hero marches to the field of his glory stimulated by the presence of his companions in arms, the clangor of the trumpet, the melody of martial music, and by all

the pomp and circumstance of war. The martyr moves to the scene of his suffering unsustained by the presence of his friends, not only without the stimulus of one favorable, visible fact, but amidst the hissings and jeers of a multitude of foes. The warrior is necessarily excited by his passions, which make him blind to all sense of personal danger; the martyr is calm, and the pains of a bitter death stand distinctly before his eyes. The soldier has the hope of coming from the strife unharmed; the martyr is sure that his fate is to suffer. The prospect of his country's approval, the smile of men, and the admiration of mankind, warm the heart of the former; while the latter falls with human execrations ringing in his ears. Visible honors await the first; the last must derive all his strength from invisible sources—from the promises of an invisible God, and the hope of an invisible reward. Yet, with all these advantages in favor of the warrior, the martyr has equaled, if not excelled him, in brave endurance of suffering, in intrepid defiance of danger, in unconquerable firmness of will.

We know no better example of martyr heroism than that furnished by Eusebius in his account of the death of the venerable Polycarp, the personal friend of the apostles, and Bishop of Smyrna. Placed at the proconsul's tribunal, he stood bowed beneath the weight of many years, in the fullness of patriarchal beauty, while a ferocious mob clamored fiercely for his blood. We love to picture him to our fancy with a few thin locks of whitened hair scattered over his head; a large, clear brow, rich in the wrinkles of honorable age; unclouded, mild eyes, beaming with devotion from beneath his arched brow; a venerable beard white as driven snow, and his aged countenance radiant with the light which streams from his happy soul, and beautiful for the benevolence of its expression. Thus he appears, that lovely old man, the fame of whose piety is as wide as the knowledge of Christianity, at the judgment-seat of his persecutors. The proconsul himself, despite his Roman firmness, is moved by his appearance, and appears anxious to save his victim's life. Addressing him, he says:

"Have a regard for your age! Swear by the genius of Cæsar! Swear, and I will dismiss you."

These look like easy terms. A few words, and Polycarp may live. Ay! but those few words would wound his Master, and render himself an infamous traitor to the best of sovereigns. And what is death compared to such infamy? Evidently death is nothing to Polycarp compared to dishonor. Hence, after calmly surveying the multitude a moment, he turns to the proconsul with words so full of simple affection, we wonder they had not broken even a Roman heart. Hear him:

"Revoke Christ!" he exclaims, as if that were a crime too base to be thought of—"revoke Christ! Eighty-and-six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; and can I now blaspheme my King that has saved me?"

The Roman still urges, but the noble old man replies, "I am a Christian! If you want to know what the

doctrine of Christianity is, grant me a day, and listen to me."

The proconsul, finding entreaty useless, now resorts to threats. "I have wild beasts at hand," he says; "I will cast you to them, unless you change your mind!"

"Call them!" replies the invincible old man.

Thinking to add terror to his threats, the incensed judge cries out, "I will cause you to be consumed by fire, should you despise the beasts!"

At this utterance a smile lights up the intrepid patriarch's face; and he calmly responds, "You threaten fire that burns for a moment; for you know nothing of the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the wicked. But why do you delay? Bring what you wish!"

Upon hearing this, the astonished proconsul proclaimed, through a herald, to the multitude, "Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian!" And then, amid cries and yells from innumerable voices, the glorious old patriarch is dragged to a pile of wood and straw, which is hastily thrown together by the blood-thirsty mob. With perfect self-possession, he lays aside his outer garments, and suffers himself to be bound to the stake. Thus bound, he lifts his eyes to heaven, but not, as common martyrs do, to seek strength to suffer. He had that already. He looked up to offer a sort of triumphal song to God—a loyal thanksgiving for being permitted the honor of proving his adhesion to his Master by a martyr's death. As the voice of his praises dies away, fire is applied to his pyre, and, a moment afterward, he is seen standing in serene majesty, wrapped in flames. A few moments of suffering succeed, and Polycarp is in heaven.

This is heroism in the highest degree, combining bravery, intrepidity, and firmness, under circumstances most trying to human courage. More nobly human nature can not deport itself; and there is no battle-scene which displays the heroic half so beautifully as this martyrdom of a Christian bishop.—*Shewd Bishop from the Harp of David.*

MANY MANSIONS.—"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."—*John xiv, 2, 3.*

In my Father's house. Most interpreters understand this of heaven, as the peculiar dwelling-place or palace of God. But it may include the universe, as the dwelling-place of the omnipresent God. *Are many mansions.* The word rendered *mansions* means either the act of dwelling in any place—verse 23, we will make our abode with him—or it means the place where one dwells. It is taken from the verb to remain, and signifies the place where one dwells or remains. It is applied by the Greek writers to the tents or temporary habitations which soldiers pitch in their marches. It denotes a dwelling of less permanency than the word *house*. It is commonly understood as affirming that in heaven there is ample room to receive all who will come; that, therefore, the disciples might be sure that they would not be excluded. Some understood it as affirming that there will be different grades in the joys of heaven; that some of the mansions of the saints will be nearer to God than others, agreeably to 1 Corinthians xv, 40, 41. But perhaps this passage may have a meaning which has not occurred to interpreters. Jesus was consoling his disciples, who were affected with grief at the idea of his separation. To comfort them he addresses them in this language: "The universe is the dwelling-place of my Father. All

is his house. Whether on earth or in heaven, we are still in his habitation. In that vast abode of God there are many mansions. The earth is one. Heaven is another. Whether here, or there, we are still in the house, in one of the mansions of our Father, in one of the apartments of his vast abode. This we ought to feel, and to rejoice that we are permitted to occupy any part of his dwelling-place. Nor does it differ much whether we are in this mansion or another. It should not be a matter of grief when we are called to pass from one part of this vast habitation of God to another. I am, indeed, about to leave you, but I am going only to another part of the vast dwelling-place of God. I shall still be in the same universal habitation with you; still in the house of the same God; and am going for an important purpose, to fit up another abode for your eternal dwelling-place." If this be the meaning, then there is in the discourse true consolation. We see that the death of a Christian is not to be dreaded, nor is it an event over which we should immoderately weep. It is but removing from one apartment of God's universal dwelling-place to another, one who will still be in his house, and still feel the same interest in all that pertains to his kingdom. And especially the removal of the Savior from the earth was an event over which Christians should rejoice, for he is still in the house of God, and still preparing mansions of rest for his dear people. *If it were not so, I would have told you.* Jesus had concealed from them no truth. You have been cherishing this hope of a future abode with God. Had it been ill-founded, I would have told you plainly, as I have told you other things. Had any of you been deceived, as Judas was, I would have made it known to you, as I did to him. *I go to prepare a place for you.* By his going is meant his death and ascent to heaven. The figure here is taken from one who is on a journey, who goes before his companions to provide a place to lodge in, and to make the necessary preparations for their entertainment. It evidently means that Jesus, by the work which he was yet to perform in heaven, would secure their admission there, and obtain for them the blessings of eternal life. That work would consist mainly in his intercession. *That where I am.* This language could be used by no one who was not then in the place of which he was speaking, and it is just such language as one would naturally use who was both God and man—in reference to his human nature, speaking of his going to his Father; and in reference to his divine nature, speaking as if he was then with God. *Ye may be also.* This was language eminently fitted to comfort them. Though about to leave them, yet he would not always be absent. He would come again at the day of judgment, and gather all his friends to himself, and they shall be ever with him. Hebrews ix, 28. So shall all Christians be with him. And so, when we part with a beloved Christian friend by death, we may realize that the separation will not be eternal. We shall meet again, and dwell in a place where there shall be no more separation and no more tears.—*Barnes's Notes.*

NEGLECTING A CLASS MEETING.—A few days ago I heard a good lady say that she had been a member of the Methodist Church forty-two years, and that she had never *willfully* neglected but one class meeting during the whole period. She had never been absent when it was possible for her to be present, excepting on one occasion. I was anxious to know what it could be that had sufficient influence to detain her from the means of

grace she so highly valued. Upon inquiry, she gave the following answer:

"It was some years ago, when I was single, at home. We had a very large wash; and myself and sisters did the ironing, as most young people did then. The class meeting happened to come on the ironing-day, in the afternoon; and, as we had a mile and a half to walk, we thought it would be such a tiresome interruption to go; it would hinder from two o'clock till five—just the best part of the day: therefore, we all agreed to miss it for once, and go on with our ironing.

"As soon as it was too late, we felt we had done wrong; and at the end of the week we were not so forward with our work as usual. We saw that no time had been gained; and we all resolved never to do such a thing again, but to make every thing give way to the cause of God and religion. From that day no work or business ever kept us from the house of God."

No wonder, thought I, that you have led such a devoted life, and been preserved and provided for amidst so many trials and bodily afflictions. You have honored God, and he has honored you.

Christian reader, has not the perusal of this short paper condemned you? Yee! You have often staid from class through circumstances ten times more trivial than the one mentioned above; nay, you have been glad to find some little excuse to screen your sloth and lukewarmness from your friends and yourself. Take shame to yourself; set out afresh; and may God help you!

"MY FATHER CAN MEAN ME NO HARM."—So said an afflicted servant-maid to the writer. He found her in a state of severe suffering; but the confiding utterance of her child-like heart was this, "My Father can mean me no harm."

Does the Christian reader know what it is to pass "through the waters," and "through the fire;" to have sorrow upon sorrow? But accredit your Father God with purposes of good. Is he indeed your Father; yours by adopting love; yours through Christ? Then he can mean you no harm. It is unlike a father to mean evil to his child; and especially is it unlike "our Father," our heavenly, pitying Father. The things which we have thought to be against us, only seem to be so. They are for us; they are greatly for us; they are for the good of our souls, for our present and eternal good. Away, then, our complaint! It is my Father who smites me; but he "can mean me no harm."

"BE INSTANT IN SEASON."—"I would not go to class meeting this cold morning," said some unconverted children to a pious mother, as she was about to leave her humble dwelling one stormy Sabbath in the month of February in the present year, to repair to this means of grace. "I must go, my dear children," was the reply: "how do I know? It may be my last opportunity." Although then in the full possession of health, yet so it proved. She proceeded; and while there, the Lord was pleased to reveal himself so graciously to her, that past manifestations were but little in comparison with this. She could say, with the Psalmist, "My cup runneth over," and was constrained to shout aloud for joy.

The next morning, when about to rise as usual, death laid his icy hand upon her. But all was well; and in the short space of four hours her redeemed spirit entered "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

THE NUMBERS SEVEN AND THREE.—The number seven is a mysterious number, emblematic of perfection; after six days' labor, the Lord rested on the seventh; seven

clean animals were sent into the ark; every seventh year was sabbatical, and after seven times seven years was the year of jubilee; for seven days the Israelites surrounded the walls of Jericho. We read also of the seven Spirits of God; and in many other instances the word seven seems to be quite a favorite number in the sacred volume.

The number three also appears very frequent in the Scriptures; it seems allusive to Christ's redeeming love, which brought him down from heaven, which nailed him to the cross, and raised him from the dead. The continual use of this number seems to point out the glory of the eternal Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Take a few examples: three days after leaving home, Isaac was laid on the altar. After a ministry of three years, Christ was nailed to the cross. Three were crucified together; and at the third hour of that memorable day, when Jesus yielded up the ghost, was observed, at one and the same moment, the most awful triumph of vengeance, and the most wonderful instance of mercy; one malefactor sinking into hell, another traveling with the Savior into heaven. On the third day Christ rose triumphant over the grave, to show that he was not only the Son of the Highest God, but also that he had atoned for sin, and fully satisfied offended justice.—*Howells's Remains.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Innumerable passages of Scripture der'ive fresh force in this country; for instance, in reading the first Psalm the other morning, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water," etc.—on raising my eyes I beheld every tree in the garden planted by a water course, without which in this burning clime it would not bring forth its fruit in due season, but its leaf would wither; and I felt how forcible an emblem it was of the absolute necessity of the never-failing supplies of the water of life, for the spiritual supplies of the Lord's vineyards.

The other day I saw for the first time the mode of watering an Eastern garden. The well is at some distance, at the top of a little rise; a bullock skin is drawn up by a pair of little oxen, who run down a short slope with much glee, and thus raise the water; they are then loosened from the rope, and walk up the hill again, while the water is pouring into a channel, from whence it flows down to the garden, and runs from one little sloping channel to another; the mali or gardener carefully removing all obstructions from the path. It makes one understand the expression, "He watereth it with his feet;" for with the feet you easily open a passage through the little ridges of earth, or bar the progress of the tiny stream.—*The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.—Dr. Cumming beautifully remarks: "The builder builds for a century; we for eternity. The painter paints for a generation; we forever. The poet sings for an age; we forever. The statuary cuts out the marble that soon perishes; let us try to cut out the likeness of Christ, to endure forever and ever. A hundred thousand men were employed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we are engaged in a far nobler work in constructing temples for the living God. In my humble judgment, the poorest parish school in our land, with no other ornaments than the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, and the sunbeams to shine upon it, is a nobler spectacle than the loftiest European cathedral, with its spires glistening in the setting and rising suns of a thousand years."

Editorial Disquisition.

DANCING AND THE CHURCH.

ONE of the most important moral questions, the practical solution of which is now forced upon the Methodist Episcopal Church, relates to the toleration which she shall give or not give to worldly amusements, especially to dancing. Shall she allow her members unrestrained to mingle in the social dance, the fashionable "hop," the cotillon party, or the public ball? Shall she countenance her members in allowing their children to attend dancing schools, and to mingle in private or public amusements of a kindred character?

"Why not?" says one; "the Bible says there is a time to dance." "Why not?" says another; "there certainly can be no harm in going through the graceful motions of the dance to the sound of music." "It is an innocent recreation," says a third. "It is a polite accomplishment—giving ease, self-possession, and gracefulness of manner, and, therefore, I approve of it," says a fourth. A fifth exclaims, "It is a healthful exercise, and must, therefore, be not only proper, but especially beneficial to those who have but little opportunity for exercise." Another pleads that "it is necessary to give life and spirit to social circles, and especially that it is much better for persons—whether young or middle-aged—to spend their social hours in dancing than in backbiting and foolish talking." Still another avers that "it is not worse than a great many other amusements introduced into social circles."

Now, friends, as you have thrown out your pleas and apologies for dancing before us, we will invite you to tarry with us a little, while we take an earnest and sober review of the subject.

What, then, shall we say for the Scripture authority for indulgence in this amusement? Why, at the very outset, it is so very doubtful that I fear you would never have thought of "wresting the Scriptures" to your support, had you not been sadly in want of some specious justification before the world, or some antidote to a troubled conscience.

The wise man, it is true, tells us, "There is a time to dance." But he also tells us there is "a time to kill," "a time to break down," "a time to pluck up," etc. Nor can it be made to appear that any thing farther is intended by him than simply the assertion that *there is a time when these things do occur*. If such be the case, to torture these expressions into a justification of the acts to which they refer, is a guilty "wresting" of the word of God, for which he will not hold us guiltless.

But suppose the Spirit of inspiration did mean to say that there was "a time" when it was fit or proper to dance; what right has the lover of pleasure to assume, as he joins in the unhallowed amusement, that his are the times and the circumstances designated as the fit occasion to engage in such amusements? May not the murderer, with equal ground of truth, claim that his was the "time to kill?"

The word *dance*, in its various forms, is found in the English version of the Old Testament twenty-one, and in the New five times. It would, however, be grossly absurd to study the signification of this word in the light of the modern amusement with which it has become connected.

Let us, then, even at the risk of being tedious, probe this whole Biblical question to its bottom, by classifying the entire twenty-six cases in which the word occurs in the whole Bible:

1. As an act of religious worship, it is spoken of in Psalm cxlix, 8, "Let them praise his name in the dance;" and also in Psalm cl, 4, "Praise him with the timbrel and dance." Whether any motions like those of the modern dance were intended in these passages is, to say the least, very doubtful. But, in any case, how absurd to claim, because we are instructed to worship or praise God by any particular act, that, therefore, the Bible warrants the performance of that act for amusement! that because we are to praise God with the dance, that, therefore, the Bible warrants dancing for recreation or amusement! Just as though God would tolerate mockery of prayer for amusement, because it is instituted a part of the worship of himself.

2. The word is sometimes used simply as antithetical to *mourning*: as when the Psalmist says, "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness," xxx, 11; and as when Jeremiah says, "The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning," Lam. v, 15. From the parallelism of the two clauses in each of the above verses, and from the fact that *dance* and *dancing* are placed in antithetical relation to *mourning*, it is obvious that they are used in these passages simply as equivalent to *joy* and *rejoicing*, and may not indicate any movements whatever bearing any semblance to the modern dance. Such appears also to be the case when it is said by the prophet—Jeremiah xxxi, 4—that Israel shall again "go forth in the dances of them that make merry," which certainly can mean nothing more than that Israel shall be joyful in their deliverance from captivity.

3. Once it is used to express the motions of wild beasts. Speaking of the desolations of Babylon, Isaiah—xlii, 21—says "satyrs shall dance there." The advocates of Bible authority for dancing are welcome to all they can gather from this quarter. And yet, we are not certain that there is not more under the surface than first appears. We are only to conceive that the ruins of Babylon find their antitype in the ruins of the Church of Christ—a Church shorn of its spirituality and completely carnalized—and then the "satyr" may not unfitly find its antitype in carnal-minded and jubilant members dancing amid those ruins.

4. Sometimes a mere allusion is made to dancing as a thing that had or might occur. Such was the case in Judges xxi, 21, 23, when the Benjamites carried off the daughters of Shiloh; and in 1 Samuel xxi, 11, where "the servants of Achish" told the king what the women "in dances" had sung of David and Saul; and in Jeremiah xxxi, 13, where the virgin rejoicing in the dance is spoken of, in Matthew xi, 17, and Luke vii, 32, where our Savior likens the generation to children calling to their fellows and saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced;" and such also is the passage, Ecclesiastes iii, 4, already discussed.

5. It is also referred to as a mode in which great joy for signal and public merces was expressed. We

find an example of this character in Exodus xv, 20, where Miriam "took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances," while the children of Israel were singing their song of triumph on the banks of the Red Sea. Such was the case when Jephtha's daughter "came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances," Judges xi, 34; and in 1 Samuel xviii, 6, when the women came out, "singing and dancing," to meet Saul; also in 2 Samuel vi, 14, also verse 16, and 1 Chronicles xv, 29, where, upon the restoration of the ark of God amid the rejoicings of Israel, "David danced before the Lord with all his might;" and also in Luke xv, 25, where the prodigal's return was said to be celebrated with "music and dancing."

6. In one instance dancing is mentioned in connection with Israel's sudden and fearful apostasy while Moses was in the mount with God. Exodus xxxii, 19. When he came down he found them dancing and worshipping a golden calf.

7. Again, it is a few times spoken of as being engaged in for amusement or pleasure. Such is the case in 1 Samuel xxx, 16, when the dissolute Amalekites, after having made a successful foray upon Ziklag, are represented as being, in the dead of the night, "spread abroad upon the earth, eating, and drinking, and dancing." Such is the case where Job—xxi, 11—represents the wicked—those who "say unto God, depart from us," and inquire, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto him?"—as sending forth their little ones, and having "their children dance." Such also is the instance given by the evangelists—Matthew xiv, 6; Mark vi, 22—when Salome showed herself to be the worthy daughter of Herodias, by illustrating one of the drunken revels of Herod by a lascivious dance. This was, indeed, an outrage upon all the rules of modesty and propriety in the east, where women are kept from public view; but it pleased the drunken and debauched ruler, and cost John the Baptist his life.

We must not be led astray by a word. The term *dance* or *dancing*, like many other words, has been applied to exercises widely different in character and object. It has been employed to express the indecent gestures and motions of dancing women in bacchanalian festivals, and also the savage gesticulations of the Indian warrior when he prepares to go forth to battle or returns a victor from it; and yet in *object* and *character* the two are altogether unlike. So also it was applied to the measured movements of those ardently engaged in the worship of God, and is likewise applied to the fashionable amusement of the present day; but the former bears as little resemblance to the latter either in character or design as the latter does to the exercises of a prayer meeting. Dr. Wilson said very pertinently of modern dancing, that it has its counterpart not in the graceful though un-studied movements of the sister of Moses, prompted by the impulse of pious emotion, but in the voluptuous pantomime of the daughter of Herodias, impelled by vanity and leading to crime; and that, as practiced under the tuition of French teachers and in waltzing parties, instead of being countenanced by the Scriptures, it unquestionably belongs to the forbidden category of "*chambering and wantonness*," which the Spirit of God has associated with "*rioting and drunkenness*."²

We invite him who apologizes for this amusement on

Bible grounds, to review the question, to examine it thoroughly; and we are sure if he does so, he will blush to think how unwarrantably he has "wrested the Scriptures" into the support of one of those evils that, like a cancer, is preying upon the very vitals of the Church. Plead whatever reason you may for the practice; but we would entreat you to honor God and also your own understanding by the frank confession, that the friends of the modern amusement of dancing must look elsewhere for its vindication than to the word of God.

And now, driven to a last resort, should any one fall back upon the assertion, that "dancing is not forbidden in the Bible," we must say, true, it is not forbidden by name, for as now practiced for amusement in promiscuous assemblages of both sexes it did not then exist; but who can doubt but that it is included in those generic sins, like "chambering and wantonness," so often and so strongly forbidden in the word of God?

But letting go the question of Bible authority, some plead for dancing and for teaching the young to dance, that it is necessary in order to give grace, dignity, and self-possession to young people. These accomplishments, so essential to fit them for elegant society, it is assumed can be acquired by no other means. The evils connected with dancing are here shut out from our view, and certain advantages are claimed for it. We take up the apologist on his own ground, and think we discover in his position two assumptions which are unsound and spoil the force of the argument. We question the assumption that true grace and dignity of carriage come from dancing; and also that other assumption, that they can be acquired by no other means. The "style and finish" acquired under the tuition of dancing men and dancing women, in our humble judgment, are adapted rather to the tastes and habits of light and vain associations, than to really refined and intellectual society. "We must avow, also, that we have known many young people, who never received a dancing lesson, quite as polished in their manners as any who have been trained to the highest degree of perfection in this art. It is not by any means clear that all desirable advantages of this kind may not be acquired by other and much more reputable means. If our young people must be trained and polished in this respect, why may not a good system of callisthenics far more creditably secure the object in view?"³ or why may not mothers and others who are charged with the education of youth, train them in the ordinary way, and thus lead them to acquire a proper carriage and polite manners?

But viewed in another light, this argument loses all its power, and its very sophistry, not to call it by a worse name, becomes apparent. If we are to look upon dancing simply as a discipline, a part of education, what becomes of it as an amusement? and if it is only designed to correct awkward habits, why is it continued after these are corrected? See that thronged assemblage; the very night is fretted away while they circle, and fume, and sweat in the mazes of the dance; are they aiming simply to correct their awkwardness of manner, and to acquire grace and dignity of carriage? That *white heap may be meal*; but we fear the presumptuous and reckless who try it, while they find "*meal*," will also find *something else*. Nay, this plea is the veriest illusion. What is the end of education, but to bring into use that in which we are educated? And so a large portion of

* Sermon on Dancing.

* Wesleyan Magazine.

all the evils of this social amusement—and they are many—are the legitimate production of the dancing school; this is the tree that bears the fruit.

Again, it is asserted that it is a *healthful exercise*. Admitting that it is, are there not many other less exceptionable forms of "exercise," that are free from the moral taint that rests upon this? But suppose the simple motions of the dance were healthful—as healthful as any other form of exercise—what shall we say of its healthiness, when practiced in crowded rooms and impure atmosphere, in scanty and tightly laced dresses, and through the livelong night! How many constitutions have been shattered, how many lives have been suddenly terminated, by this very healthy exercise! Mr. Fletcher says, with equal truth and pleasantness, "Follow those musical sounds mixed with a noise of stamping; and you find a company profusely perspiring, and violently fatiguing themselves, and skipping up and down a room for a whole night, and ridiculously turning their backs and faces to each other a hundred different ways. Would not a man of sense prefer running ten miles upon some useful errand, to this useless manner of losing his rest, heating his blood, exhausting his spirits, unfitting himself for the duties of the following day, and laying the foundation of a fever or a consumption, by breathing the midnight air corrupted by clouds of dust, the unwholesome fumes of candles, and the more pernicious steam that issues from the bodies of many persons, who use a strong exercise in a confined place?" Indeed, this plea that dancing is a *healthful exercise* is sufficiently disposed of by the fact it is rarely, if ever, practiced simply as an exercise. This fact shows the hollowness, if not the insincerity, of the reason urged.

But, says another, there surely can be no harm in dancing. So it is often said of many other amusements and indulgences, where "the harm" to which they lead will not only be obvious, but acknowledged by many who plead for this favorite amusement. Such is the plea made for the opera, the theater, the social card-table, the social wine-cup, and a thousand other things. But before we can admit the force or justice of this plea, we must inquire what is the general tendency of such amusements, what is their history, what is the general character of the people among whom they have flourished most, and what has been the general character of those most closely connected with them and most directly under their influence. A wise and judicious person, wishing to do right, and who is not controlled by mere appetite and passion, will not shrink from this scrutiny, and will be ready to yield to the force of conviction to be derived from it.

What, then, are the associations connected with dancing, and what do we learn from them? Whether it be innocent in itself or not, has it not ever been connected with causes of a deteriorating and downward tendency, and never with those that lead upward? Even among the ancient Romans, did it not descend to such corruption that in the later times of the republic it was considered disgraceful for a freeman to dance? Indeed, Cicero says that *no man dances unless he is drunk or insane*. Among the Greeks dancing became a profession, but of so degraded a character that the female dancers were almost invariably courtesans. In the most dissolute times, both in Greece and Rome, the *ladies of ease and dignity of carriage* were relied upon to give spice and variety at the splendid entertainments. At a *symposium*, or wine party, "the guests reclined on their couches,

draining immense cups of wine, while the performers, in costume of exceeding brevity and scantiness, went through their round of lascivious gestures before them."⁷⁰ These were undoubtedly the "riotings" and "revelings" so strongly condemned by St. Paul. And yet this amusement of a pagan country and a barbarous age—surrounded by such abominable associations and tainted by such revolting impurities—is revived to become the highest charm of elegant and refined society! And then, to crown the whole, professors of religion tell us, "Surely, there can be no harm in dancing." To what is the age, to what is the Church coming, if such views and practices are to prevail among us!

Dancing must have undergone a most radical transformation to have been so entirely purged from its evil associations. Through what medium has it percolated in order to attain its present purity and harmlessness? Under what immense obligations has the *polite world* been laid to Italy and France! In these two countries dancing and the theater are a consolidated power, having an almost unlimited ascendancy over the hearts of the people. What is the character of these people for morals and virtue, for purity and chastity? We hardly need reply. It is said that during the French Revolution—the most ferocious, heartless, and bloody revolution, perhaps, that ever shocked the face of heaven—the number of theaters in Paris alone increased from six to twenty-five, and balls and masquerades in nearly the same ratio. What a commentary upon the refining and elevating influence of the stage and the dance! Even now Paris has over twenty theaters in full blast, and sometimes between sixty and seventy balls are advertised to come off upon a single Sunday night, and at the same time private circles almost without number are engaged in the dance. The correlate of these facts is such a universal deprivation of public morals, that the city is literally flooded with prostitution and vice. More than twelve thousand public women have been registered in a single year, and nearly one-third of the children born are illegitimate. And yet these are the boasted schools of refinement and morals, tolerated, alas! even by too many professing Christians! And this is the country—this is the moral atmosphere from which our dancing-masters are imported to instruct our daughters in the polite accomplishment of the dance! I appeal to the facts of history and to present experience to bear me out in the testimony, that this amusement has always and is now linked into a chain of downward and deteriorating causes, and never to upward and more virtuous associations. This of itself is sufficient to stamp its moral character with reprobation. The fact is—the world over, among savage or civilized, and in all ages—dancing is one of the strong indications of the predominance of the animal passions over the intellectual faculties. Disguise it as we may by the superficial refinements of civilized life, the same principle lies at the bottom everywhere, and the same passions—whatever difference there may be in the external expression—are stirred up. The most fashionable dancing party, where every thing that intelligence, wealth, luxury, and taste can command give splendor to the scene, has its counterpart. This is but the higher and more polished link in a chain that reaches down to the dark and dissolute scenes enacted in the lowest grade of balls. Indeed, these latter are, so to speak, but gross imitations of the

*Crane on Dancing.

habits of higher life—changed only to suit the circumstances and the society, and appearing more gross and destructive because the restraints and securities of educated society are unknown. Then, just as the moderate drinker and the advocate for the social glass give indirect countenance to the most loathsome forms of intemperance, and by their influence, indirectly at least, contribute to multiply its victims, so does the fashionable dancer and the advocate or apologist for the amusement give at least indirect countenance to its lower and baser manifestations. We see not how this inference can be evaded, and it is enough of itself forever to settle the question of the rectitude and propriety of the practice. Nothing should ever be tolerated or practiced in the higher grades of society that may not be safely imitated in the lower.

The plea is sometimes made that young people can not be expected to sufficiently enliven their social gatherings by conversation, and, consequently, without the amusement of dancing, such gatherings would become tame and insipid. This plea implies but a poor compliment to the intellect of those concerned; and if it is to be admitted as having valid force, the dance is to be understood as a sort of animal substitute for the want of intellect. We are inclined to think, with Mr. Crane, that, under such a view, the invitation to dance conveys an insult. "Stripped of all its Marney," says he, "the proposition takes this form: 'Young lady, your conversation is exceedingly insipid, and I am weary of the vain effort to entertain you. Do let us try to do something in which you will be able to succeed better.'" But we can not admit the soundness of this plea; we have higher respect for the intelligence and social powers of the educated young people of our country. It may have force in relation to a certain class whose refinement is in their toes rather than in their heads; but we know that there are thousands of social circles all over the land where the interest never flags, and yet dancing is never so much as thought of in them.

But, to bring this matter more directly home, we say that the Christian can not engage in this amusement for the reason, independent of all others, that it is pre-eminently a *worldly amusement*. It belongs to men and women of this world by long prescriptive right. It can not be placed along side of those things, the doing or not doing of which in no wise marks the Christian from the man of the world. It is not to be classed with ordinary athletic amusements, much less with the ordinary sports of children which enliven the domestic circle. But it belongs to the same class of dissipating recreations as card-playing, horse-racing, and theatrical exhibitions.* Hence it is, that almost always he who pleads the innocence of dancing will also plead the innocence of playing cards, and of attendance upon the opera, if not upon the theater. And he who indulges in the one has, in a great measure, broken down the obstacles to indulgence in the others. He has gone very far toward the obliteration of the line which separates him from the world. Such a course can not do otherwise than deaden the sensibilities of the soul; the tenderness of conscience, the sweetness of Christian fellowship, and the delight of communion with God can not long remain where such views are harbored and acted upon.

But the wreck of Christian influence will be as com-

plete as that of character. What good can a member of the Church, who is a participator in social dances and a frequenter of balls, do? Is he disposed to exhort, or pray, or sing—who will be disposed to hear him? Can the Spirit of God accompany his message? Will the wicked feel its power? Will not religion seem to them a mockery when presented, if ever such should be the case, by such an advocate? It can not be otherwise. Says Dr. Wilson, in the sermon to which we have already alluded, and we wish especially to call the attention of Christian young ladies to it: "I can not well imagine a more speedy method of teaching a careless young man to despise the Christian name, than for some female acquaintance, whom he has seen at the communion-table, to become his partner in the dance. Nor is any thing probably more usual in such a case than for those who look on quietly to pass the ungracious whisper, 'See that pious dancer—why, she waltzes as if she had been accustomed to it—she seems to love it as much as any of us poor sinners—a pretty Christian, to be sure.' This is no fancy sketch; they know little of the world who suppose it to be so; for that which Cicero did not hesitate to call '*omnium vitiorum extremum*, a vice that no one would be guilty of till he had utterly abandoned all virtue, and *unbrum luxurip*, or that which follows riot and debauchery as the shade follows the body,' I take it, is now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, well understood by unconverted men not to consist with what ought reasonably to be looked for in the genuine Christian character."

Let me say a word to Christian parents; let me speak to you, Christian mothers—for you control in this matter. Can you exercise proper Christian influence over your children, while you send them to dancing schools, and allow them to attend balls and dancing parties? Can you? What will become of those seeds of truth and piety, of reverence and love for God and religion, that you endeavored to sow in the youthful mind of your daughters? Can they spring up and come to maturity in such an atmosphere as you are allowing them to breathe? Do you expect your daughter, after most of the night has been spent in the dance, to draw near to her heavenly Father and hold communion with him in her closet before retiring to rest? Will she—after she begins to drink in the spirit of these amusements—come with you in the spirit of prayer around the family altar? Will she any longer love the class-room, the prayer meeting? Will she delight in religion? Which, in after years, will she be most likely to become—an intelligent, active, benevolent, and exemplary Christian woman, enjoying the happiness of God's favor, and honored by all the pure and the good in society; or a lover of dress, a devotee of fashion—a worldly minded, pleasure-seeking woman? You certainly can not be so blind as to expect her ever to become a hearty Methodist. No, no. That can not be. She must go to Church, for it is not reputable to neglect Church; but then it must be "a fashionable Church," where such small matters as the people's pleasures are not intermeddled with—where there is not religion enough to offend the devil, and where worldly indulgences and fashionable sins are no bar to communion. Your parents, and grandparents, perhaps, were Methodists of the old stamp. They loved God, were outspoken for his cause; they prayed, sung, and sometimes shouted in meeting. You have come after them, are perhaps more wealthy and more refined; their labor, economy, intelligence, and religion have made you

* Sermon on Dancing.

so. You are also in the Church; but, alas! not of their spirit; long years have passed since you loved the class or the prayer meeting, or were happy in them. And especially since your daughters have had license to become dancers and to attend balls, has your testimony in relation to your individual experience become vague and inexpressive, till now, perchance, your very Church relation has become galling to you. No, no. Your children will not become Methodists. But their children or their children's children may possibly be brought back again into the fold. Miserable and dissolute, their paternal inheritance all squandered, they may, perhaps, be reached by the Methodist ministry and by the Spirit of God, and Methodism again appear in the line descending from you. Ah, Christian mother, shall this breakage in your family line be in the link succeeding you? Shall it be the result of your want of Christian integrity and firmness? When your family line through many generations stand up in heaven, shall that link—the dearest of all—the one next succeeding yourself—be wanting to its completeness?

But what! shall such a practice insidiously creep into the Methodist Church—a Church whose pioneer ministers, hardly a generation ago, were ranging like sons of thunder all over the land, preaching Jesus and the resurrection? We can not shut our eyes to the fact that in many places the inroads of this great evil are already beginning to be realized. And we hesitate not to predict,

that if Methodism is ever shorn of its spiritual power, one of the great causes of that loss will be the pernicious influence of worldly amusements. The spirit of religion and the spirit of dancing are as little alike as the Spirit of God and the spirit of the devil. It will paralyze our love to God, our love for the Church and her institutions, and our zeal for the cause of Christ. It will stagnate our spiritual energies, and paralyze all the agencies of the Church with the torpor of death. She will be a *living* Church no longer. *Ishabod*—the glory is departed—will be written on all her palaces. Timely and earnest effort on the part of the more active and spiritual members of the Church, decided and prompt action on the part of official boards, and of pastors to whom the administration of discipline has been committed, and an earnest seeking after the old spirit of Methodism would do much toward correcting and uprooting the evil. The pastor alone can not do it; he would be almost powerless without the hearty and concurrent action of the Church. When we consider these things, and especially when we remember that this evil comes on us generally through those who have wealth, position, and influence in the Church—those whose example is wide and potent; when we consider these things, we must confess that we tremble for the future of the Church.

Pointed as our remarks may be, we trust they have been made in the spirit of Christian love. We commend them to the conscience and candor of all our readers.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

STATISTICS OF OLD AGE.—The census of 1850 shows that the oldest person living in the United States was 140. This person was an Indian woman, residing in North Carolina. In the same state was an Indian aged 125, a negro woman 111, two black females 110 each, one mulatto male 120, and several white males and females aged from 106 to 114. In the parish of Lafayette, La., was a female, black, aged 120. In several of the states there were found persons, white and black, aged from 110 to 115. There were in the United States, in 1850, 2,555 persons over 100 years. This shows that about one person in 9,000 will be likely to live to that age. There are now about 20,000 persons in the United States who were living when the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. They must necessarily be near 80 years old now, in order to have lived at that time. The French census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over 100 years old; though their total population was near 36,000,000. Old age is, therefore, attained among us much more frequently than in France.

THE NEW YORK CHURCH TENURE LAW.—This law declares all future conveyances to priests, bishops, and other ecclesiastics in their official character or as corporations sole, void. It also declares void all future conveyances of lands consecrated to religious purposes, unless made to a religious corporation organized in conformity to the statutes of the state, which require such corporations to consist of at least three trustees, and not to have an annual revenue of more than \$3,000, excepting the ministers, elders, and deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York; the rector, Church-wardens, and vestrymen of Trinity Church,

New York; and the ministers, elders, and deacons of the First Presbyterian Church of New York. As to such lands at present held by individuals—bishops or others—it provides that they shall be deemed to be held in trust for the congregations who use them; and that they shall revert to those congregations on the death of the individuals who now have the title. In case the congregation do not organize a corporation to take the title, the land shall escheat to the state, to be held in trust by it till such a corporation shall be organized.

EXCITABILITY OF THE SKIN.—A paper recently presented to the Académie at Paris, by Messrs. Laurentius and Gilbert, carries out a physiological view suggested some years ago by a Scottish medical practitioner, as to the excitability of the skin. They have made a new study of the subject; and starting from the fact, that the hairs growing from the skin terminate in a bulb underneath, they show that by washing the surface with a solution of mineral salts, electricity is developed during their decomposition; "the hair then becomes a conductor, the negative electricity escapes by its free point, while the positive electricity becomes condensed in the fixed expanded extremity—the bulb." Action may thus be excited and localized in any part, and a weakened or paralyzed muscle may be restored by an afflux of nervous energy, which, telling at the same time upon the artery, invigorates the circulation. Even a "rudimentary hair," say the authors, "will thus recover its primitive vigor, and the color which accident may have altered," and the activity of the vital functions will be restored.

LOCATION OF HELL.—A gentleman of prominence connected with the Roman Catholic Church, in the vicinity of New York, gave a sermon to his congregation, early in April, about the location of hell. "It is," said he, "in my opinion, somewhere near the center of the earth, and its fires begin to be felt at about twenty-one miles from the earth's surface. It gets hotter as one goes down, and burns with terrible vengeance far toward the center." A great discovery this; and now we hope the same gentleman will take a rest, and then give us his views as to the location of purgatory. Perhaps it is midway between the surface of our globe and the alleged outer boundary of perdition—that is, ten and a half miles from where mortals live and move.

BRAN-STUFFED TROWERS.—An article in the Wesleyan London Quarterly, for April, states, in a critique on dress, that in England, during the sixteenth century, men's pantaloons were stuffed with from four to six pounds of bran, to make their wearers look voluminously big in the lower limbs. A writer by the name of Holmes avers, that a law had to be made against "such as did stuff their bryches to make them stand out." A man was arrested on suspicion, after the enactment of the law, of having bran in his pantaloons; but, denying the statement, he was ordered to change his suit, and allow his clothes to be examined, whereupon it was found out that his bryches were not stuffed with bran, but that instead thereof he had used "a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four sheets, a brush, a glass, a comb, and night-caps, and many other things of use." The bran not being found, the prisoner was discharged, and "he well laughed at."

DR. RAY.—Joseph Ray, M. D., Principal of the Woodward High School, Cincinnati, O., died at his residence, on Broadway near Franklin-street, at half past seven o'clock, Monday morning, April 16, 1855, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was born in Ohio county, Va., November 27, 1807, and was the eldest of ten children. He became connected, as teacher, with Woodward College in 1831, and in 1834 was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in the same institution. In 1851 the charter of Woodward College was surrendered, and the institution became known under the name of the Woodward High School, of which, at the time, Dr. Ray was appointed Principal, and which position he held till his death. As the author of the first, second, and third Eclectic arithmetics, and an elementary as well as a higher treatise on algebra, the name of Professor Ray is widely known throughout the west. A work on Higher Arithmetic from his pen, finished before his last illness, is now passing through the press of W. B. Smith & Co., of this city. The assistant editor of the Repository, having been long a pupil of Dr. Ray, and being intimately acquainted with him, hopes to furnish in some future number of this periodical a brief biographical sketch of his beloved but now lamented instructor.

QUARRY UNDER JERUSALEM.—Recently travelers have made an exploration of a quarry, half a mile in length by about three to four hundred yards in width, under the city of Jerusalem. It has long been more than suspected that a gallery of this quarry extended under the wall of the city itself, but nothing was positively known regarding it, as it has been kept carefully closed by the successive governors of Jerusalem. The mouth of the cavern was probably walled up, at least as early

as the time of the Crusades, to prevent its falling into the hands of a besieging army; earth was then thrown up against this wall, so as effectually to conceal it from view, and it is only upon the closest scrutiny that the present entrance can be perceived.

About a year ago the dog of an American gentleman, a resident of Jerusalem, attracted by the smell of some animal, scratched a hole just at the surface of the ground, and suddenly disappeared; he soon came back, and his master attempted an exploration, and succeeded in descending and making a survey of the whole extent. Others subsequently made the descent. The stone was found to be extremely soft and pliable, nearly white, and very easily worked, but like the stone of Malta and Paris, hardening on exposure. The marks of the cutting instrument were as plain and well defined as if the workman had but just ceased from his labor. The quarry, it is generally conceded, was worked in the time of King Solomon, for the stone is the same as that of the portions of the temple wall still remaining. The mouth of the quarry is but little below the level of the platform on which the temple stood, making the transportation of the immense blocks of stone an easy task.

The heaps of chippings which lie about show that the stone was dressed on the spot, which accords with the account of the building of the temple: "And the house, when it was building, was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building."

GETTING MERCURY OUT OF ONE'S BODY.—A novel application of electro-chemistry has been made in France, which for the present it seems to us should be used with great caution. It is a process for extracting metal which may have got under the skin, and lodged in the system. Monsieur Vergnes, having on the back of his hand an ulcer caused by working at electro-plating, plunged the hand into the positive end of an electro-chemical bath, when, as the observers describe, a thin film of gold and silver was seen to form at the negative end after about fifteen minutes. This film was part of the metal that had produced the ulcer, and a few repetitions of the process effected a cure. It has been tried on other subjects with equal success; and, as is said, by plunging a man bodily into a bath, with the necessary precautions, a quantity of mercury was extracted that had been lodged for some years in his hip-joint. If confirmed by further experience, this will certainly prove a most remarkable mode of medical treatment.

TOBACCO.—The annual production of tobacco is estimated at 4,000,000,000 pounds. Allowing it when unmanufactured to cost ten cents a pound, and fifteen cents to manufacture it, we find that the human family expend every year \$1,000,000,000 to gratify a filthy and injurious habit, or one dollar for every man, woman, and child on the earth. This sum would build two railroads around the earth, at a cost of \$20,000 per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build 100,000 churches, costing \$10,000 each; or 500,000 school-houses, at \$2,000 each; or 1,000,000 dwellings, at \$1,000 each. It would employ 1,000,000 of preachers and 1,000,000 of teachers at a salary of \$500 each. Let tobacco-users answer, How much good does it do?

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.—Of the 2,500,000 Sabbath school children in the United States, 550,000 are connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

A GUIDE-BOOK IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. *By Bishop Baker.* New York: Carlton & Phillips. 16mo. 258 pp.—If the practical administration of Bishop Baker shall be equal to his exposition, the Church will have every thing to expect and nothing to fear from it. The work is a compact, straightforward, lucid exposition—touching upon every point seemingly, and saying just enough on each. It should be in the hands of every administrator of Discipline, and to the young minister it is indispensable.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA, *by Lieutenant M. F. Maury*, not only exhibits a great amount of research, but throws not a little light upon the phenomena of the great deep. Lieutenant Maury has been remarkably successful in producing an eminently scientific work, and yet clothing it in a popular dress, so that it may be read by all. The accompanying charts contribute much both to the interest and value of the work. New York: Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. *By Rev. S. I. Prime.*—Mr. Prime is a keen observer and a faithful delineator. His work makes two goodly sized 12mo. volumes, and yet he seems brief—we had almost said too brief on every thing. Notwithstanding the superabundance of "books of travel," we anticipate a large sale for this. It deserves it; it is rich in facts, interesting in description, and almost unbounded in variety. New York: Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

NATURAL GOODNESS, *by Rev. T. F. R. Mercein*, has already been the subject of an article in our pages. Its main design is to exhibit the relation of natural virtue to religion. Its positions are well assumed, and its logic clear and invincible for the most part. It is a work for thinking men, and will amply repay perusal. New York: Carlton & Phillips.

THE YOUNG MAN ADVISED, *by Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D.*, is an embodiment of illustrations and confirmations of some of the historical facts of the Bible. The author has comprised a vast amount of valuable matter upon these points within the narrow limits of a small 12mo. of some three hundred pages. New York: Carlton & Phillips.

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED is another work from the pen of Rev. James Caughey. In addition to a brief sketch of Mr. Caughey's life, it contains several of his sermons, notes of his mental exercises while engaged in a powerful revival at Huddersfield, Eng., addresses on holiness, saving faith, besetting sins, the duties of new converts, sanctification, hypercritical hearers of the word, offended hearers, the danger of God's enemies, revivals, etc. For sale at the Methodist bookstores.

THE BIBLE DEFENDED AGAINST THE OBJECTIONS OF INFIDELITY. *By Rev. W. H. Brisbane, of the Philadelphia Conference.*—A capital design is carried out in this volume; the various passages in the Bible upon which infidel objections have been based are taken up *seriatim*, and the objections in each case shown to be unfounded. Philadelphia: Higgins & Perkinpine. 1855. 16mo. 179 pages.

THE PLEASANT-BOY PHILOSOPHER; or, a Child gathering *Pebbles on the Seashore—founded on the Early Life of Rogers*, the *Shepherd-Boy*, is an admirable 16mo. volume of five hundred pages, from the pen of Henry Mayhew, of London, the object of which is to show how a poor lad became acquainted with the principles of natural science, etc. The closing chapter, entitled the "First and Last Law," discusses the question of the eternal duration of the human soul after the fashion of a real metaphysician. New York: Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

THE SUMMER-LAND is a southern story by "a Child of the Sun." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY, for April, contains:

1. A New Translation and Exposition of Malachi, by Rev. T. V. Moore, D. D.—critical and interesting.
2. *Curtis's History of the Constitution*—a well-written article.
3. A second paper on Mr. Maurice and his Writings.
4. Is a fine outline of the history and character of the late William Jay, in a review of his Autobiography, by Dr. CURRY.
5. *Liberal and Evangelical Christianity* is a highly appreciative review of Mercein on Natural Goodness, by Rev. A. A. Lippcomb, of Alabama.
6. *The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception*, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Professor of Union Theological Seminary, is a learned and able article.
7. *The Corvise Pacer claimed by the Church of Rome* consists mainly of an article from "The Civiltà Cattolica," the organ of the Pope at Rome. It should be read by every Protestant.
8. *The Short Reviews and Notices of Books*—numbering thirty-two—are, to our mind, of unusual value and interest in this number.

THE May number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is a capital issue of this sterling monthly. Its editor—Rev. Abel Stevens—stands in the very first rank of American writers. The seventh volume commences with the July number; and we assure any of our readers who have not already made the acquaintance of the National, that they will have no occasion to regret the subscription price. Two dollars per annum. Carlton & Phillips, New York; Swormstedt & Poo, Cincinnati.

M'KENDEE COLLEGE CATALOGUE, for 1854.—President, Rev. Peter Akers, D. D., assisted by 5 professors. Senior, 1; juniors, 5; sophomores, 8; freshmen, 18; scientific course, 44; preparatory department, 163; total, 244.

COOPERTOWN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—Principal, Rev. J. L. G. M'Kown, A. M., assisted by 16 teachers. Students—gentlemen, 200; ladies, 225; primary department, 33; total, 455.

REPLY TO A DISCOURSE OF PROFESSOR M'LEAN ON THE FINAL PERSISTENCE OF THE SAINTS. *By Rev. E. A. Caruthers, of the Erie Annual Conference.*

A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF HON. JOHN W. GRAHAM. *By Rev. John W. Jackson, of the Indiana Conference.*

Notes and Queries.

A NOTE UPON THE DETERIORATION OF WORDS.—It is remarkable what a number of words, originally harmless, have, by a deteriorating process, now assumed a secondary meaning of an offensive or harmful nature. Thus, "knave" once meant only a *lad*; "churl," a *strong fellow*; "villain," simply a *peasant*; and "boor," only a *farmer*. "Officious" had reference to offices of kindness, and not to busy meddling. "Moody" implied neither gloom nor sullenness, but simply a man's state of mind. "Demure"—that is, "*democure*," of good manners—did not formerly as now indicate any overdoing of the outward show of modesty. "Crafty" and "cunning" implied only knowledge and skill, and nothing of *crooked* or *perverse* wisdom. "Tinsel" indicated any thing that sparkles or glistens, and gave no hint of the adage that "all is not gold which glitters." It is also by this process of deterioration that "tawdry" has come to indicate mean *finery* or *shabby splendor*.

A PONTICAL CHARADE.—The authorship of the following is said to be among the secrets of literature. It has been attributed to Fox, Sheridan, Gregory, Psalmenazer, Lord Byron, and the Wandering Jew:

"I sit on a rock
While I'm raising the wind;
But the storm once abated,
I'm gentle and kind;
I see kings at my feet,
Who wait but my nod,
To kneel in the dust
Which my footsteps have trod.
Though seen by the world,
I'm known to but few;
The Gentiles detest me,
I'm pork to the Jew.
I never have past
But one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah,
Alone, in the ark.
My weight is three pounds,
My length is a mile,
And when I'm discovered,
You'll say, with a smile,
My first and my last
Are the wish of our Isle."

BORROWING FROM THE BIBLE.—In Sir Walter Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*" may be found this stanza:

"As the bubble on the fountain,
As the foam on the river,
As the dew on the mountain,
Thou art gone and forever."

If the reader will turn to Hosea x, 7, he will find the words, "As the foam upon the water;" to 1 Samuel i, 21, "Ye mountains of Gilead, let there be no dew upon you;" and to Psalm lxxiv, 15, "Thou didst cleave the fountain and the flood." Scott, though not professedly pious, read the Bible a great deal, and many of his happiest conceptions are borrowed from its pages.

LIEING AND LAYING.—Hens *lay*, but they do not *lie*. Hens *sit*, but they do not *set*. You can *set* a hen, if she is inclined to *set*; but you can not make her *set*.

Again: Ships may *lie* at anchor or at a wharf, but they do not *lay* in either of those situations. Those on board may *set* sail, but they can not *sit* sail.

Lay and *set* are active or transitive verbs, and must always have an object, expressed or understood. *Lie* and *sit* are neuter or intransitive, and, therefore, do not admit of an object. The only real difficulty arises from the fact, that the past tense of "*lie*," when used without an auxiliary, is the same as the present of "*lay*." But a little attention will obviate this.

"FOLLOW SUIT."—A lady correspondent, Brookville, Ia., sends us the following in explanation of this phrase:

"The phrase 'Follow suit' arises from, and is used in card-playing. When one throws down a card, he demands the other to 'Follow suit;' that is, present a card of similar dress. It is a vulgarism of the lowest order."

SALT-WATER.—In your last number, on the saltiness of sea-water, you state as the opinion of Lieutenant Maury, that the reason why some lakes are salt is because they have no outlet. As the ocean has no outlet, and as evaporation is constantly going on from its surface, why is it that the ocean itself does not become a solid mass of salt, or at least lined on its sides and bottom, with vast masses of salt? By answering my query, you will greatly oblige
A CONSTANT READER."

Answer.—As rivers empty their waters and the salts which are in solution in these waters into the ocean, the sea-shells and sea-insects act as a compensating power. They become the real conservators of the ocean, and secrete the ocean salts, and pile them up in solid masses, to serve as the bases of islands and continents, to be in the process of ages upheaved into dry land, and then again dissolved by the dews and rains, and washed by the rivers away into the sea. But for the marine salts the coral insect would be unable to construct its coral reefs and islands. According to the best writers on the physical geography of the sea, the sea animalcules and shells are justly to be considered regulators, to some extent, of climates in parts of the earth far removed from their presence.

A COURTLET.—"I often hear from the pulpit and writers on moral philosophy these two lines:

'I see the right, and I approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.'

Do they belong to Pope, or are they really a translation from Horace by Dr. Francis?"

Answer.—Neither. They are from Ovid, and in the original the sentiment is in these words,

"Videor meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor."

In Dove's London edition of Ovid, issued 1828, these words may be found translated as above.

BAPTISMAL SUPERSTITION.—A London work states that in the north of England, when several children are brought to be baptized at the same altar, great anxiety is shown by the people lest the girls should take the precedence of the boys; in which case it is believed the latter, when arrived at man's estate, would be beardless. A foolish superstition, say you. Quite so; but not more so than the one almost universally current in this country and Great Britain, that whoever leaves home on Friday, or who begins a piece of work on Friday, will have bad luck. "Luck" is just as likely to happen to a Friday traveler or a Friday worker as to a Monday or a Wednesday traveler or worker.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

FALSE ESTIMATES OF PUBLISHERS.—Cave offered half the booksellers in London the property of the Gentleman's Magazine; and, as they all refused to engage in it, he was obliged to publish it himself, and it became one of the most popular periodicals in the world.

Dr. Buchan offered his Domestic Medicine to every principal bookseller of Edinburgh and London for £100, without obtaining a purchaser; and, after it had passed through twenty-five editions, it was sold in thirty-two shares at £50 each.

Beresford offered his copy-right of the Miseries of Human Life to a bookseller for £20. It was rejected. It was subsequently published, however, and over £5,000 were realized by its publication.

CHARLES LAMB IN A FIX.—We traveled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriage by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me—"What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year." Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst out into a violent fit of laughter, mauling her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied that "it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton."

QUARRELS AMONG MEN OF LETTERS.—Desmahis hated quarrels between men of letters. Some person observed to him that the number of men of letters was very small, in comparison with the bulk of mankind.

"If harmony," said he, "prevailed among them—small as their number is—they would lead public opinion, and be masters of the world."

PERSONAL FAMILIARITY.—The personal familiarity of ordinary minds with a man of genius has often produced a ludicrous prejudice. A Scotchman, to whom the name of Dr. Robertson had traveled down, was curious to know who he was. "Your neighbor." But he could not persuade himself that the man whom he conversed with was the great historian of his country.

SOUTHEY MADE FOR A MONK.—Southey was stiff, sedate, and so wrapped up in the garb of almost asceticism, that Charles Lamb once stutteringly told him that "he was m-made for a m-m-monk, but somehow or other the co-cowl didn't fit."

INTELLECTUAL WEALTH IN SOLID BARS.—Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas described his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin.

SILENCE AND WISDOM.—Coleridge once dined in company with a person who listened to him, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Cole-

ridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

Coleridge was very luminous in conversation, and invariably commanded listeners; yet the old lady rated his talent very lowly, when she declared she had no patience with a man who would have all the talk to himself.

TALKING VS. WRITING.—Of Dr. Thomas Birch Johnson was used to speak in this manner: "Tom is a lively rogue; he remembers a great deal, and can tell many pleasant stories; but a pen is to Tom a torpedo; the touch of it benumbs his hand and his brain. Tom can talk; but he is no writer."

"KIPPERED" TO THE CHURCH.—It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained at his table a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word *kippered*, and was told that it meant *preserved*. The poor man in a public prayer soon after offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

DON'T GO TO FRANCE UNLESS YOU KNOW THE LINGO.—"Never go to France," says Hood, "unless you know the lingo." The propriety of this advice is well illustrated in an anecdote related of an Englishman, who being hard run for a cab at the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, during a sudden shower, rushed out and called a *cooker*, or driver; but his pronunciation was so bad, that the "cad" understood him to say *cochon*, or hog; whereat ensued a speedy bout and fisticuffs.

BEST SORT OF LANGUAGE FOR THE PULPIT.—The vicar in a certain village in England, returning one Sunday from church, was thus accosted by an opulent farmer. "Well, doctor," said he, "you be gwaïn on pretty well now; but why dount you gi' us now and tan a scrap of Latin?" "Why," said the vicar, "if I had thought it had been your wish, I should have had no objection, but for one thing—I am afraid you would not understand it." "That," said the other, "is nout to you; an we do pay vor the best, we oft to ha' the best."

REPERT COURTROUS.—A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbor in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round, sharply accosted the satirist in the same language: "When a woman," said she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

TOO LITERAL.—A lady at a neighboring village, says the Cambridge Independent, the other day, patted on the head a little boy, about nine years of age, the child of a laborer, saying, "I should like to have your curly locks, my little fellow." The boy had a splendid head of hair. About an hour afterward the boy appeared before the lady, with a plateful of "curly locks," saying, "Please, mum, here's that ere hair as how you wanted: I've cut it off for yer."

Editor's Table.

NOTES UPON THE CONTENTS.—We have neither space nor time to note the various merits and attractions of the several articles in this number. In our editorial disquisition we have discussed a question—"Dancing and the Church"—not new in its general features, but somewhat new in our columns. We bespeak for our discussion, long as it is, a candid and prayerful perusal. The subject is of great importance, not only to the Methodist, but to the Christian Church. It has more to do with the preservation of the integrity and spirituality of the Church, and with the continuance of its aggressive action, than we may at first imagine. As a journalist, we have endeavored, in this appeal, to do what we can to check this growing evil.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*Lawn-Girt Hill.*—The artistic execution, as well as the quiet beauty of this scene in "the city of the dead," will excite attention. The view takes its name from the gentle elevation on the right. This eminence is of oval shape; and from its wood-crowned summit the visitor looks out along smooth lawns of sunny brightness, and in one direction catches a view of the still waters of the distant bay. The whole reminds one of that poetical picture, which might almost have been borrowed from this view:

"And sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie
Where the dews gently fall, and still waters are nigh;
While the birds sing their hymns, amid air-harps that sound
Through the boughs of the forest-trees whispering around,
And flowers, bright as Eden's, at morning shall spread,
And at eve drop their leaves over the slumberer's bed."

The Author of Sunny Side.—The gentle, serene spirit that beams forth from the picture, and gives expression to the form already marked for the grave, can not fail to win upon the heart. Of the life, and especially the literary history of Mrs. Phelps, we have spoken elsewhere in this number. Our readers, we think, will agree with us that the artist has executed his task very successfully.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"My Angel-Child" is a beautiful conception, but is not managed as well as it ought to be. "The Boy and the Butterfly" is an old story in a new but rather poor dress. "Hope," "Musings," "The Manuscript," and "The Preacher," have been laid aside. "I'm Going Home" has some good stanzas; but, on the whole, will hardly do. "The Soul Immortal," ditto. "The Village Graveyard," "Let us follow Jesus," "Have Faith in God," "Retrospective," and "Consolations in Religion," will not answer our purpose. The author of "A Bud from Memory" would do well to practice. "The Rose of Autumn" almost bloomed into "print," but not quite.

MISCELLANY.—*Avold Lang Syne.*—Few of our readers but have heard that touching story told by Dr. Rush of the Swiss, who left his land and his language behind him, and sought a new home in the new world. Years went on, and at length the time came for the old man to die. He lay upon his couch. The lights grew dim, for "they that look out at the windows were darkened." Loved voices were hushed, for "the daughters of music were brought low." His hands were folded upon his breast; his lips moved; he spoke. His old wife bent over him, but the accents were strange. The exile was

a child again. He was beneath the shadows of the eternal mountains once more. The rush of the torrent swelled upon his dying ear; the Alpine "glow" brightened his dying eye. The song of his sister floated out through the open door, from "the cot where he was born," and he breathed his last prayer in the language of other days.

On Eating the Shew-Bread.—Hearing a person censuring a Churchman for going to hear the Gospel in a meeting—the only place in the village where it then could be heard—Mr. Cecil exclaimed, "Did ye never read what David did when he was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shew-bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them that were with him, but only for the priests?"

Predestinated to be a Fool, and making his Election sure.—One day, when Robert Hall heard one of those self-admiring, pompons nothings preach, and was eagerly asked by a lady how he liked the sermon, he answered, "Ma'am, I always thought he was predestinated to be a fool; and he has now made his calling and election sure."

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHILDREN.—A former volume of the venerable Knickerbocker affords us some rare gems for our children's department, and we draw upon the old gentleman for them:

Those Curling Locks.—A little girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in "clustering curls" down in her neck. One hot summer day she went up-stairs, and cut all the curls off. Coming down she met her mother, who exclaimed, with surprise, "Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?"

To which she responded, that "she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as aunt Nancy did!"

The Quaker Boy and his Grandmother.—Charlie was a little Quaker boy of remarkable intellect, but a peculiar, quaint simplicity, as delicious as indescribable. When he was about four years of age his grandmother died. She was a stately and elegant woman; the very type of an English Quaker lady. Charlie had always been accustomed to see her in rich silks, golden browns and silvery grays, with kerchiefs of costly muslin, and the most *recherche* of lisse caps; and when he came to see her in her bed-dress, he eyed her with more curiosity than sorrow. The good old lady took his hand, and said, solemnly, "Grandmamma must bid little Charlie good-by, for she is going away to heaven, and will never see him any more in this world."

Charlie, in return, gave her a look of simple astonishment, and exclaimed, "Why, grandmamma, thou art not going up to see God in that night-cap, art thou?"

What is Dark?—Edwin, about eight years of age, was looking through the window, on a very dark night, and seemed for a long time absorbed in "philosophical speculation." At last, turning to his father, he asked, "What is dark?" meaning, of course, "darkness." His father wished to know his idea of it first; and the boy said that he thought it was "little, fine, black fuzz."

The "Hatless Prophet" Cornered.—Some years ago a lad of some six years happened to be at his father's office one morning, when the "hatless prophet," George Mundy,

made his appearance, and getting into conversation with the child, the latter asked him in the course of their chat, "Why don't you wear a hat, Mr. Mundy?"

"O," answered the prophet, "because there is no use in it: God's creatures are not so furnished: sheep and other animals don't wear hats."

Quick as lightning came the child's philosophic and clinching response, "Are you a sheep, Mr. Mundy?"

God Lighting the Lamps of Heaven.—I send you this little incident for your "Table." It struck me as one of the most unique explanations of electrical phenomena I had ever heard. A little girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder-storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed, "O, I know what makes the lightning: it's God lighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!"

Lighting the lamps of heaven to "shine by night," and throwing the lightning "matches" down through the "awful void!"

What was I Crying About?—A little fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; there was a struggle between smiles and tears; the train of thought was broken: "Ma," said he, resuming his anuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

A Child's Sense of Retribution.—At an infant Sabbath school, to the care of which I was "promoted," a few years since, I gave a "Bible story"—the "Prodigal Son." When I came to the place where the poor ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him "a great way off," I inquired what the father probably did. One of the smallest boys, with his little fist clinched, said, "I donno, but I des he set de dog on him!"

STRAY GEMS.—Memories of Childhood.—In the sweet but mournful memories of childhood, the friends of youth again smile on us; voices that have long been hushed float upon the air; footsteps left upon the sand, the waters have long been wearing away; but the prints revive, and we wander by the shores where we gathered flowers long ago. Years have swept noiselessly by; and we start when we remember that it is so long since they lay down to sleep; and we reproach ourselves to think that their images had so nearly faded away. Children as we were, we had cried, had they told us while living, that in a few months after they had gone we would laugh and be as gay as ever; that others would soon take their places, and we should only recall the loved and the lost, as the revolving year and renewing seasons brought to mind the changes in our own lives. But the memories of youth are not forgotten. In the Battle of Life, what wearied ones drop by the wayside! how do they fall, and are borne down by the squadrons as they roll on in the fight! Yet the valiant soldier, wielding his blade in earnest purpose, stays not for a parting look at the comrade who sinks in the ranks at his side; but when the conflict pauses, when the victory is won, by the watch-fire at night, stout hearts, that know not fear, melt in sorrow; and as the trophies lie at the feet of the conquerors, they cry,

"Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted now!"

Where Christ is Not.—Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets: for Christ is peace, in the market are

strifes; Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity; Christ is a laborer, in the market is idleness; Christ is charity, in the market is slander; Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us, therefore, not seek Christ where we can not find Christ.—*St. Ambrose.*

The Hiding-Places of Men.—The hiding-places of men are discovered by affliction. As one has aptly said, "Our refuges are like the nests of birds: in summer they are hidden among the green leaves; but in winter they are seen among the naked branches."

Treading the Path of Life Cheerfully.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting your hard condition. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary; but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief.

Conscience.—Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hands point silently to the figure, but strikes not; meantime hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment!

Direction of Human Talent.—We need a better direction of human talent and Christian enterprise. Our lyrics are of war, pleasure, strife, partisanship. They should be of God and humanity, peace, freedom, purity, love. God asks for every faculty of man as his own, and claims dominion over every sphere of life.

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING INTEREST.—The annual business of the Methodist Book Concerns and Depositories has become enormous. The following is the aggregate, so far as we can gather it:

The sales of New York Concern, including those of the Depositories, for the past year, amount to the grand sum of.....	\$292,256 00
The aggregate for the Western Book Concern, for the same time, is.....	223,914 87
Grand total.....	\$516,170 87

From the papers before us we are able to give the results of the Western Book Concern a little more in detail:

Sale of books at Cincinnati.....	\$25,064 08
" " Chicago.....	46,874 11
Sale of periodicals at Cincinnati.....	81,750 00
" " Chicago.....	26,228 18

The book and periodical sales to the Depository at Chicago have amounted to \$19,740.88.

The circulation of periodicals published by the Western Concern was as follows on the 1st of April:

Western Christian Advocate.....	26,561.....	357
North-Western Christian Advocate.....	8,300.....	1,073
Christian Apologist.....	8,576.....	813
Ladies' Repository.....	24,228.....	7,267

The above list of the Repository does not include the premium volumes for the year, nor any other than those actually on the subscription books. This circulation of the Repository is distributed as follows:

Distributed from Cincinnati.....	11,573
" " New York.....	6,000
" " Chicago.....	5,250
" " Boston.....	1,900

At the time of this writing—May 1st—we are sending out about 24,500, and shall undoubtedly reach 25,000 before the volume closes. The other periodicals will also be greatly increased during the year.

We should be pleased to make out as full a statement concerning our other Church periodicals, but have not the data necessary.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

Wanda M. Jones, Jr.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1855.

PENCILINGS AND PORTRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF LADY HUNTINGDON.

BY REV. DANIEL WIER.

IN our sketch of that noble and elect lady, the Countess of Huntingdon—see the March number of the Repository—we were unable, for lack of space, to illustrate her characteristics by the numerous anecdotes in which her memoir abounds. We propose to atone for that omission in the present paper.

One of the most striking features of Lady Huntingdon's mind was firmness. Once resolved on a question of duty, she was as immovable as

"The mountain pine, whose trusting fibers clasp
The earth, deep rooted."

This decision of character was exhibited very early after her conversion, when she identified herself at once and openly with the then despised evangelical movement, very much to the surprise and mortification of her noble associates. Some of those proud nobles even suggested to Lord Huntingdon the propriety of his interposing authoritatively to check her enthusiasm. But that sensible nobleman wisely declined to interfere with her ladyship's conscience. He only sent for Bishop Benson, begging him to use his influence to persuade her to relax her strictness. That prelate obeyed the summons, and began an attempt to convict her of unnecessary zeal. But her ladyship, undismayed by the dignity of her instructor, replied with such good effect, and so plied him with entreaties to increase the fidelity of his own ministrations, that his temper became ruffled. Rising to depart he said, "I bitterly regret having ordained George Whitefield, whose influence has wrought this strange change in your ladyship."

Without stopping to correct his lordship's mistake with respect to Whitefield's share in her

conversion, Lady Huntingdon replied, "My Lord, mark my words: when you are on your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency."

After this display of firmness, her friends do not appear to have made any attempt to divert her from her chosen course. Her decision was such as to leave them no ground to hope for success.

A somewhat laughable instance of her powers of perseverance is recorded by her biographer. Her ladyship and some other high-born dames were anxious to hear a certain debate in the house of lords. Their lordships, however, passed an order to exclude ladies from the galleries. Nothing daunted, her ladyship, accompanied by several of the first peeresses of the realm, presented herself at the door of the house of lords at a very early hour and requested admission.

"The Chancellor," said the door-keeper, "has left an order forbidding the admission of ladies."

"Pish!" exclaimed the Duchess of Queensbury, "the Chancellor is ill-bred. Allow us to pass up stairs." But the keeper's orders were imperious and he stoutly refused. The Duchess said, "We are determined to go in in spite of the Chancellor and the whole house."

This answer, being sent to the peers, they resolved that the doors should be kept closed so long as the ladies remained. Still the peeresses would not yield. They remained thumping at the door from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon. At length they ceased knocking, and the Chancellor, judging from the silence that they were gone, ordered the doors opened. This was no sooner done than their ladyships rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and took possession of the galleries, where they remained till after eleven o'clock, when the house rose. Ladies who could thus persist in their purpose, were, beyond all question, amply endowed with

will and perseverance. The indomitable spirit which kept Lady Huntingdon among those coroneted amazons through the long hours of that weary day, when consecrated to the noble purposes of the Gospel, became one of the principal sources of her power. The reader may see it finely illustrated in the following anecdote:

Dr. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, had outraged the religious sentiment of society by giving several large balls and convivial routs in his palace. His lady, too, had acquired an unenviable celebrity for her gayety, her love of fashionable life, the splendor of her equipage, and the magnificence of her entertainments. These glaring inconsistencies had attracted much notice, and occasioned much scandal. The cause of religion was wounded in the house of its professed friends.

Grieved at the conduct of the Archbishop and moved by zeal for God, her ladyship obtained an audience with his grace of Canterbury, and modestly but firmly remonstrated against the fashionable frivolities of himself and his lady. Instead of thanking the Countess for her delicate rebuke, the Archbishop was violently angry. His lady was still more angry, and she avenged herself by casting floods of ridicule upon the Countess in fashionable circles. They continued their follies, and the popularity of the prelate suffered more severely than ever.

Having taken the matter in hand her ladyship was not easily foiled. She remonstrated a second time, through a relative of the prelate, but with no better effect. His grace rewarded her endeavors by ungraciously pronouncing her a hypocrite.

Still being determined to reach the haughty Archbishop, Lady Huntingdon sought and obtained a private audience with the King of England. She was received at the palace with every mark of respect by King George III and his consort, Queen Charlotte. After hearing her statements respecting his grace of Canterbury, his Majesty, with marked emotion in his words and manner, replied, "Madam, the feelings you have discovered and the conduct you have adopted on this occasion are highly creditable to you. The Archbishop's behavior has been slightly hinted to me already; but now that I have a certainty of his proceedings and most ungracious conduct toward your ladyship, after your trouble in remonstrating with him, I shall interpose my authority and see what that will do toward reforming such indecent practices."

The result of this singular interview was an admonitory letter from the King, to which, we presume, the fashionable Archbishop paid more

respect than to the remonstrances of the pious Countess.

Lady Huntingdon's conversation and manners made a very favorable impression on the royal pair. The King discoursed very familiarly with her for upward of an hour. In the course of conversation he related an anecdote of a certain Church dignitary who had complained of the disturbances created by some of her ladyship's students. "Make bishops of them—make bishops of them," was the King's reply. "That might be done," rejoined the prelate, "but please your Majesty we can not make a bishop of Lady Huntingdon." "Well, well," said the King, "see if you can not imitate the zeal of these men." At this point the Queen interposed and said to the prelate, "As for her ladyship, you can not make a bishop of her 'tis true; it would be a lucky circumstance if you could, for she puts you all to shame." This remark angered the prelate, and he made a reply which so displeased the King that he retorted with warmth, "I wish there was a Lady Huntingdon in every parish." His Majesty then withdrew, and the mortified dignitary never afterward appeared at court.

Some time after this affair Lady Huntingdon was made the subject of conversation in a court circle, at which their majesties were present. A certain marchioness described the visit of Lady Huntingdon to the Archbishop's palace, pronounced it an impertinency, and gave it as her opinion that her ladyship was insane. When she had concluded her tirade, the Queen very much astonished her by observing, "I have lately derived much pleasure in the society of Lady Huntingdon. I consider her a very sensible and a very good woman."

This encomium from royal lips threw the chagrined marchioness into a very unpleasant position before the court. She became confused and was about to retire when the King, taking her very kindly by the hand, asked her, "Pray, madam, are you acquainted with Lady Huntingdon?"

"No, sir," replied the mortified lady.

"Have you ever been in company with her?"

"Never."

"Then," said his Majesty, "never form your opinion of any one from the ill-natured remarks and censures of others. Judge for yourself; and you have my leave to tell every lady how highly I think of Lady Huntingdon."

This anecdote illustrates Lady Huntingdon's power to impress other minds, and to attach those who came into her presence to her person. Familiar as were the King and Queen of England with the talents, dignity, and courtly manners of

the aristocracy, it was not an easy matter for a comparative stranger to win their respect and confidence so entirely as to secure their advocacy in opposition to the ruling sentiment of the court. Yet in one brief interview of an hour's length Lady Huntingdon did this most effectually. A more significant proof of the dignity and propriety of her manners, of her conversational skill, and of her mental superiority, could hardly be demanded. This whole affair shows how brilliant might have been her reign in the courts of fashion and royalty, had she not preferred the service of Jesus to the splendid follies of aristocratic halls and royal palaces.

Lady Huntingdon exhibited the strength of her character by the courage she displayed in presence of the ungodly nobles, whom she invited to the meetings held at her residence for their special benefit. Notwithstanding the haughty insolence of manner, the unconcealed contempt for what they considered her fanaticism, she never shrank from doing what she regarded as her duty. Superior to the scorn of men, her soul felt no wound when her proud auditors directed their sharpest arrows of satire and ridicule upon her, as they often did. On one occasion, when her parlor was filled with persons of the highest distinction, her ladyship offered a vocal prayer, as was her frequent practice in those assemblies. Her intonation was somewhat strange, her cadence uncommon, and her critics called it a "drawing Methodist prayer." Among her auditors was a Miss Ford, afterward Lady Throckmorton, a lady of remarkable abilities and very highly educated, but quite eccentric withal. Unused to Lady Huntingdon's manner, and forgetful of the laws of good breeding, this lady tittered aloud. But her ladyship received the insult with so much quietness, and bore herself with such pious dignity, that some of the nobles present interfered and compelled the offending Miss to apologize for her rudeness. Such exhibitions of enmity to the cross were not unfrequent at her ladyship's meetings; yet they never either disturbed her peace or cooled her zeal. A strong mind, sustained by divine communion, enabled her to stand in calm superiority amidst her fashionable mockers.

The Countess maintained the same superiority over irreligious mind in private personal intercourse, as in social or public gatherings. Among many others Lord Chancellor Thurlow acknowledged the uncommon greatness of her character. Having sought an interview with her ladyship at Bath, he undertook to dazzle and confound her by the splendor of his varied talents. In this he signally failed. Her ladyship's unaffected sim-

licity disarmed him; her vigorous and intelligent conversation astonished him; while her faithful rebukes of his habitual profanity partially reformed him. She gained so much influence over him that his associates began to indulge jocular predictions of his speedy conversion to all her opinions. Unfortunately those predictions were never realized. But the fact of her ladyship's influence over such a man is another proof of the strength of her intellect and the power of her character.

Lady Huntingdon's efforts to win the British nobility to Christ were not wholly abortive. Quite a number of "elect ladies" received the truth; many high-born gentlemen were powerfully impressed; a few became devotedly pious men. Among the latter were the Earls of Buchan, father and son. The elder Earl was introduced to her ladyship's circle at Bath. He soon became a witness for Christ and a regular attendant at the Countess's chapel, where he enjoyed the ministry of Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine, Fletcher, and others. Shortly after his conversion he died a most triumphant death. Lady Huntingdon visited him during his sickness, at his particular request. Looking at her with an almost seraphic animation in his noble features, he said, "I have no foundation of hope whatever but in the sacrifice of the Son of God. I have no where else to look—nothing else to depend upon for eternal life, and my confidence in HIM is as firm as a rock!" His last words were, "Come, Holy Ghost! Come, Holy Ghost! Happy, happy, happy!"

The young Earl, his son, caught the mantle of his dying father; made a public avowal of his faith in Christ; acted in concert with the evangelic movement of that interesting period; "stood impregnable as a rock" in the midst of court wits and literary infidels; "defied all the sneers of court; dared to be singularly good;" and, after a long life mostly spent in literary retirement, passed quietly away to exchange his earthly coronet for a heavenly crown. These distinguished converts were a source of great joy to the spirit of the pious Lady Huntingdon, who constantly groaned in spirit for the conversion of the British nobility.

The *humility* of this excellent lady was as conspicuous as her zeal. She counted her title, high connections, and wealth as "dross" in comparison with the cross of Christ. She valued persons of low estate and sought their welfare as zealously as she did that of her peers. It was her custom, when in the country, to spend part of every day conversing with the laborers on her estate. She spoke one day with a mason, who

was repairing the garden wall, beseeching him to take thought for his soul. Some years afterward she spoke to another workman, saying, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation."

"Your ladyship is mistaken," replied the man. "I heard what passed between you and James some years ago, and the word you designed for him took effect on me."

"How did you hear it, Thomas?" asked the Countess with pleasing surprise depicted on her countenance.

"I heard it on the other side of the garden through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received," replied the man.

When the weary weight of eighty-four years pressed heavily upon her, this illustrious woman sat pale and tremulous in her easy chair, looking, now at the past of her busy life, and anon at the glorious future which lay before her. Reviewing her labors, sacrifices, gifts, and usefulness, she felt no spirit of self-gratulation stealing into her breast. Not a whisper of self-righteous praise was heard in the chamber of her sanctified mind. Not a thought of *meritorious* service awoke in her brain. But, bowing with reverential love at her heavenly Father's feet, she remarked, "O who would dare to produce the best works of his best days before God for their own sake? What hope could I entertain if I did not know the efficacy of his blood?"

Thus resting on the precious blood of her beloved Redeemer, the Countess of Huntingdon passed away into "the land of souls."

CONVERSATION.

"I HAVE been dining out," says Mr. Wilberforce, in his diary, "and was then at an assembly at the chief baron's. Alas! how little like a company of Christians!—a sort of hollow cheerfulness on every countenance. I grew out of spirits. I had not been at pains before I went to fit myself for company, by a store of conversation, topics, launchers, etc." "These," his biographer adds, "were certain topics carefully arranged before he entered into company, which might insensibly lead the conversation to useful subjects. His first great object was to make it a direct instrument of good; and he was able to introduce serious subjects with a cheerful gravity, and to pass from them by a natural transition, before attention flagged. He was also watchful to draw forth from all he met their own special information. This desire to make society useful saved him from engrossing the conversation."

ONLY A MISTAKE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"THERE! good-by, mother, don't cry now; I see how brave I am. Give me one more kiss," and the speaker held up a pair of lips, bright as a half-blown May rose, to the trembling ones that bent over her.

"Good-by, daughter," said the mother, with an unsuccessful effort to steady her voice. "Be a good girl, and don't forget to say your prayers every night. O God!" continued the poor woman, clasping her hands while the tears sprang anew down her faded cheeks, "remember she is fatherless, and deal very tenderly with her!"

"Yes, I'll recollect and be a good girl, mother; and now don't feel bad or lonesome when I am gone," and the blue eyes sparkled through tears, which, had you seen them, could have reminded you of nothing in the world but mountain violets filled with morning dew. "It won't be a great while, you know—"

"Come, come, ma'am, five minutes behind the time already," called out the rough voice of the stage-driver at the door.

"Yes, I'll be there in a moment. Just one kiss, Arty—a good, long one—cause sister's going a great way off," and bending down to the wondering child the young girl laid her last kiss on his forehead and then hurried from the room.

Poor child! she had a brave heart, but it gave way just as soon as she took her seat in the corner of the stage, and the driver slammed the door back, as drivers always will, entirely oblivious of one's feelings. She dropped her green veil over her face, and had not the courage to bend forward, though she knew her mother stood there with Arty in her arms waiting for a last look.

Mary Crafts was going out from her home for the first time, and she had not realized the mournful meaning of those words till that moment; but now as her thoughts wandered down the sunny quiet of her country life her heart grew very heavy, and the new path she was entering looked cold, and dark, and strange, O, so very strange.

Her history was a common one and so absorbed from all startling adventure and *dramatization* that a few words can epitomize it.

Mary's father was a New England farmer, not a rich one; but during his life he had filled his cottage home with all the comforts that the delicate health of his wife and their child demanded. At last another one, the little Arthur, with his father's black hair and roguish eyes, came to gladden their dwelling. But it seemed one new

life had woke up in the cottage only that another might go out from it, for Arthur's days were weaving up into six months when his father sickened and died.

He was a good-natured, kind-hearted man—farmer Crafts—without an enemy in the world, but sadly deficient in that practical foresight and energy which is so prominent a characteristic of his countrymen.

The broken-hearted wife and mother woke up from the agony of that bereavement to learn that her home, with the half acre of land which surrounded it, was all that her husband had left to her and her children. For two years they struggled on, then a situation presented itself, which Mary, now in the dawn of her seventeenth summer, was compelled to accept.

It was that of a sort of upper domestic in the family of a rich widow some twenty miles from the young girl's home; and so, reader, we have brought her to you, just as she is leaving it.

I wonder if you can understand all the suffering—all the sinking of heart and sickening of the future, which the girl underwent in the next half hour; for if not, my telling you will not help the matter.

But she drew her veil aside before the tears were dried on her cheeks, and looked out as the stage rattled over the hill. There was the red school-house and the gray church, with the creepers running up its sides, and behind these were the mulberry-trees and barberry bushes, where she had passed so many of the bright afternoons of her childhood, while farther beyond she could catch a glimpse, only a glimpse, for the trees were many and her eyes were dim, of the little red chimney, with its curl of smoke, which was perched on the gable roof of her home.

And then there came another flow of tears—poor Mary!

But at last the little coward heart grew stronger, and Hope, that artiste with coloring brighter than Rubens and conceptions more gorgeous than Raphael, began to fill up the future with her pictures.

"In three months," mentally said Mary, "I shall have earned twenty dollars, and then I can return home and pass a week; and I will take mamma a new dress and a straw bonnet, and Arty a new cap with a tassel, and a little plaid coat with brass buttons. How tickled he will be with it! It'll be worth the three months' absence to see him strut about when he gets them on."

"O dear! I wonder if Mrs. Hughes will like

me; if she will smile when I get there, and say, 'My child!' and see that I am not like a common servant and must not be treated like one," and so Mary sat between the passengers and dreamed bright dreams, over which drifted occasionally little heart-mists of timidity and foreboding. Alas! poor Mary!

* * * * *

Two months had gone by. They had been bright and brief ones to Mary Crafts, for her new home was a very pleasant one.

It was a large old house full of gables and angles, in front of which stood a half dozen pine-trees, whose branches made a low, solemn underswell of music round the great dwelling every night.

Mary loved those old pine-trees, for there was a vein of poetry in her glad, sunshiny nature; and when her light duties were done she liked to go out, and, sitting under the trees, listen to the deep, mournful psalm rolling along the keys, which that master musician—the wind—was striking.

Mrs. Hughes was very kind to Mary, though a little cold and stately, and never said, "My child!" still she had her sit with her every afternoon and eat at the table when there was no company, and did not treat her at all like a "common servant."

"Mary," said Mrs. Hughes one morning at the expiration of those two months, "I am expecting my brother and his family from New York to visit us. They will probably be here to-morrow, and will occupy the north chamber. I wish you to open the windows and dust the chairs and bedstead. Here are the keys to the bureau. In the upper drawer you will find a box containing a small roll of bank bills and a miniature of my brother; I wish to wear it to-morrow. When you come down bring me the miniature, and be sure you lock the drawer as well as the door. You are the only one beside myself who has entered the room for a year."

And pleased with this proof of Mrs. Hughes's confidence, Mary received the keys and went up stairs humming a sweet tune and thinking of her mother and Arty.

The chairs and bedstead had been carefully dusted, and Mary stood at the drawer looking at the miniature of Mrs. Hughes's brother and admiring the rich setting.

It was a bright June morning, and suddenly the wind that had been rumpling the meadow grass and scampering through the wheat, throwing it up till it looked like white lines of foam in the distance, struck up a chant in the pine-trees.

It came through the open window in the next room and reached Mary as she stood by the bureau. The miniature was hastily dropped in the open drawer, the box left unclosed, while Mary hurried eagerly to the next room.

I wish you could have seen her as she stood there, her head leaned half out of the window, and the wind blowing the brown hair about her face. It was a fair vision, and if you have an artist soul it would have lithographed itself there, as, alas! my pen never can do it. The rosy cheeks, the blue, sparkling eyes, the happy smile dimpling the parted lips—O Mary! Mary! if they could have seen you then, surely they *could* not have believed. But my pen is playing truant.

Now, any body knows that ever tried it, that nothing will carry off an hour or two faster than listening, in a half dreamy and wholly forgetful mood, to the slow magnetizing murmur of wind among pine-trees.

Mary had no idea she had stood at the window more than five or ten minutes, but she had three quarters of an hour. She returned to the bureau, hastily seized the miniature, locked the drawer and then the door, and hurried down stairs.

* * * * *

"Close the door and come here, Mary." Mrs. Hughes's voice was so grave and stern that Mary looked up inquiringly, and the bloom of her cheek was perceptibly lessened as she approached her mistress.

"I had occasion to go to my drawer in the north chamber this morning, and I made the discovery that the roll of bank bills which I left there had disappeared. Do you know any thing about them?"

"I—I, Mrs. Hughes; how *should* I know any thing about them! O surely you do not, you can not think—" Mary's white lips could not complete the sentence, but shaking in every limb she sank into the nearest chair.

Seeing, as she honestly believed, only fresh evidence of guilt in the girl's wild glance and pallid face, Mrs. Hughes answered, fastening her eyes sternly upon her, "Mary, you know I am not to be trifled with. That box, to which you alone had access, contained three hundred dollars, which have disappeared. It is not possible that any other person can have removed them. I find I have trusted you only to be deceived.

"For the sake of your mother, however, if you will restore the money I will send you home and conceal the matter; otherwise I shall go immediately to my brother and inform him of your crime."

"But I haven't the money. O believe me, believe me, Mrs. Hughes, I would sooner have died than taken it—"

"Mary, none of this acting," sternly interrupted the lady as she drew away the folds of her dress from the hands that had clasped it so entreatingly.

"I am not to be tampered with in this manner, and as you do not choose to acknowledge you are a thief, I shall immediately put my threat in execution and you must abide the consequences."

And that word of shame fell into the little coward heart of Mary Crafts like a blow that strikes out all the strength, and light, and hope of one's life. She did not turn though, she only sank down upon the floor with a low groan and covered her face with her hands.

Now, Mrs. Hughes was, in reality, a good and kind woman, but she had not that discriminating knowledge of human nature which, after all, is more an intuition than any thing else; and, like all other persons who are deficient in this faculty, she had, during her life, been flagrantly deceived in those whom she had trusted. This had tended to make her somewhat severe and suspicious of her kind. But her childless, widowed heart had been strangely won by the gentle sweetness of Mary, and she had of late even entertained thoughts of adopting her into the place of the daughter God had taken from her.

And now to think how she had been deceived! The widow's feelings hardened doubly toward the poor girl when she thought of this. Still, when Mrs. Hughes's hand was laid upon the door-knob, she glanced at the drooping form by the sofa, and there was something of hopeless anguish in the whole posture which smote her heart.

She turned, walked back, and laying her hand on the girl's shoulders said earnestly, entreatingly, "Mary, it is not too late yet. Tell me what you have done with the money and I promise you not to reveal a word of this to a human being. For your own sake do it, Mary."

And Mary lifted her white face from her knees and answered, "Mrs. Hughes, I never touched that money; God in heaven hears me, I never touched it."

She spoke quietly then, for the shock had almost bewildered her senses, and amazed at her "sullen hardness," as she mentally termed it, Mrs. Hughes went out and told her brother.

'Squire Harding was a coarse, blustering sort of man, well meaning enough, but with a strong love for petty conspicuousness, and a double portion of his sister's obtuseness in penetrating char-

acter. His profession, too—he was a lawyer—had brought him in frequent intercourse with the lowest exhibitions of human nature, and he had witnessed so much guilt and audacity united to so much *apparent* innocence and honesty, that he “was proof,” as he termed it, against all the “stage acting” of the watch-house and court room.

I do not love to dwell upon his interview with Mary. He met her in the full belief that she had stolen and secreted the money, and nothing short of ocular demonstration would have altered his opinion.

In vain she wildly asserted her innocence and prayed him to have mercy upon her. In vain she related all that had transpired that morning in the chamber, and how she had left it to hearken to the wind moaning among the pines.

“Stuff and nonsense,” sneered the unpoetical ‘squire. “Come, young woman, have done with this acting or I’ll have an officer after you, and you’ll be lodged in the county jail before night, that you will.”

Mary did not answer him, she only sank down, weak and tearless, upon the floor. And the ‘squire, rendered still more irascible by Mary’s obstinacy, went out, and before his sister comprehended his intention, he executed his threat.

“No, William, bad as she is she shall not go to jail; I will lose half my fortune first. Send the officer away and the girl shall go home to-night to her mother,” pleaded Mrs. Hughes with tears in her eyes.

“Nonsense, Myra, on this womanishness,” bluntly answered the ‘squire. “One night’s experience up there will bring the girl to her senses, and she’ll acknowledge the whole to-morrow morning. I’ve had plenty of just such cases before, and I tell you there’s nothing like scaring them a little.

“Of course there’s no proof that she took it, and I s’pose it would be a hard case to get her into prison, though a term there is just what she needs.

“At any rate, I’ll pledge you my word to have her out to-morrow or the next day. I understand all the quibbles of law, and it’ll be an easy matter to do this and save her good name into the bargain, which, without legally proving her innocence, would not be so easy now the officer is here.

“I only want to frighten her into acknowledging where she’s secreted the money, that’s all, and she’ll tell us as soon as she comes out, you may depend upon that.”

The reasoning seemed plausible, and the ‘squire

had a remarkable faculty of talking people over to his opinion.

Mrs. Hughes was very indignant with Mary, but she was quite reluctant to take these extreme measures. Her feelings, too, pleaded strongly against the ‘squire’s reasoning, but at last his loud talking prevailed.

“Well, if I must consent I must,” at length ungraciously concluded the lady. “But have the matter over quick as possible, for I had about as lief go to jail myself as send the girl there.”

* * * * *

“My child! my child! what have you done with my child?”

Mrs. Hughes knew at once it was Mary’s mother that stood before her, though she had never seen her. It would have been difficult to say which face was the palest, the mother’s or the mistress, as they confronted each other; but there was a look of suffering and haggard eagerness in the features of the former that you could not misinterpret.

“What have you done with my child?” she cried out again in tones which would have melted the stoutest heart. “They tell me you have carried her to jail—my gentle, timid, loving Mary—carried her to jail! why didn’t her dead father rise up from his grave to defend her, when in her life he never let the rough winds visit the head of his darling! O, Mrs. Hughes, you knew she was fatherless, and you promised to be a friend to her; and you took her—her who never had a harsh word in her own home, and you accused her of a crime she never would so much as thought of, and you sent her, my child, to jail, and there she passed the long night with nobody to whisper a kind word in her ear—she who was so tender, so afraid of the dark. God will hold you responsible for the wrong you have done to my child.”

And Mrs. Hughes wondered if Mary, with that crime on her soul, felt more like a culprit than she did at that moment.

* * * * *

Mrs. Crafts went to her daughter, but the meeting between them was one of those scenes that can never be written.

Poor, broken-hearted Mary! the bright, pretty, merry-hearted Mary of the day before, she seemed hardly to believe that even her mother could think her innocent.

But when that mother folded her arms around her, and called her her “dear, innocent child,” she looked up between her sobs and whispered, “You knew your Mary wouldn’t take the money, didn’t you?”

They were the first tears she had shed since they carried her there.

The next day Mary was released. There was no proof that she had stolen the money, and as the matter was not prosecuted farther, it was believed that Mrs. Hughes was satisfied that she was innocent, and her character was saved from public opprobrium.

Of course, in the opinion of the 'squire and his sister, she was still guilty; but, to use the words of the latter, "if every dollar of the three hundred had been a thousand, she would rather it should go than endure the suffering which the last two days had brought her."

So Mary and her mother went home. They had a short interview with Mrs. Hughes, but it was very painful on both sides; for each felt they had been wronged by the other. Mrs. Hughes still entertained a hope that, now she had spared Mary's good name from reproach, she would acknowledge her crime; and when the girl vehemently asserted her innocence at the last moment, the lady replied coldly, "Well, Mary, it is useless now to say any thing more about the matter," and with a brief "good-by" she left them.

A week had passed. It was a fair July morning, and the wind came down cool and fragrant from the distant mountains, and murmured its low, summer rhymes through the clover and the ripening rye-fields.

'Squire Harding and Mrs. Hughes, won by the rare beauty of the morning, were strolling over the grounds, while the children of the former—two merry-hearted boys—sporting gleefully around them.

The 'squire was a widower, and he was wealthy and indulgent to his children; so when the elder of these espied two half-ripened peaches on a tree that stood near the house, he forthwith made known his intention of procuring them.

"Well, Albert, now let your aunt and me see what sort of a squirrel feat you can perform," said the fond father as his son prepared to ascend the tree.

Stimulated on one hand by the fruit, whose rich, golden coloring lay in beautiful contrast to the dark slender leaves, and on the other by the loving eyes of the trio that watched his progress, the boy was not long in ascending the tree.

"See, papa, aunt Myra, Willie, all of you, how high I am," said the child, gleefully shaking the branches over their heads.

Something suddenly fell at the feet of Mrs. Hughes. She picked it up. It was a *small roll of bills*. She recognized them in a moment.

"William!" gasped the lady, catching hold of her brother's arm, "Mary Crafts was innocent. Here is the money. O God! forgive us all for the fearful wrong we have done her!"

They saw it all then—how Mary's story was corroborated by witnesses that could not lie—saw how, when she was listening to the murmur of the pines, a quick gust of wind had come and carried up in its strong arms the light roll of bills among the branches; for these brushed the window by the side of which the bureau stood. "O that poor, poor girl!" said Mrs. Hughes as her tears dropped unheeded upon the roll of bills.

"Well, come, Myra, don't feel so bad about it," said the 'squire, who was, in reality, as I said, a well-meaning man. "I was more to blame than you, but it can't be helped now. We'll go down to the girl's and make all the acknowledgment and reparation in our power. I'll have the carriage ready in less than ten minutes," and the 'squire hurried away.

The carriage stopped before the little cottage, and Mrs. Hughes sprang out before her brother could assist her to alight and hurried up to the house.

Mrs. Crafts met her at the door, and her face grew pale with apprehension as her guest eagerly seized her hand and entered uninvited the little parlor.

But the mother's heart was anxious but a moment, for her ear caught the glad words, "Mrs. Crafts, we have found the money. Your child was innocent, and we have come to entreat her forgiveness."

"Thank God! thank God! I knew you would see it yet; my poor Mary!" The mother murmured the words amid sobs of joy.

"But I must see Mary this very moment. Where is she?" Mrs. Hughes looked eagerly around the room.

"She is up stairs," answered her mother. "She hasn't been up to-day. Somehow she's seemed so crushed and broken-spirited ever since we came home that I haven't had the heart to look at her. It is a terrible thing to accuse the innocent, Mrs. Hughes."

How the lady's heart echoed the mournful words as she followed the mother up stairs! Mary sat by the window. What a change that one week of suffering had wrought in the young, sweet face!

She sprang up, white and trembling, as Mrs. Hughes hurried toward her. "Mary, my dear child, we have found that you were innocent. The money was blown into the old peach-tree.

"We have come to pray for your forgiveness and to make you reparation—"

There was a loud shriek; the joy was too sudden. Mary would have fallen to the floor had not Mrs. Hughes caught her.

'Squire Harding's strong arms carried the girl to that bed from which she never arose. For four days she lay there, body and mind the victim of a fierce brain fever, which her "much suffering" had induced.

All that wealth or the highest medical skill could effect was done by night and by day. Mrs. Hughes watched over the sick girl, outdoing almost the distracted mother that hung over her.

The tears, too, of the stout-hearted 'squire dropped like a child's on the brow of the unheeding girl as she clasped her hands and prayed them not to take her to jail, for it would kill her, indeed it would; and if she lived she should never be able to look her mother and Arty in the face again.

And then she would eagerly repeat her former denial of never having touched the money, and shriek out that the 'squire and the officer were following hard after her, and they would have no pity—no pity—how mournfully she repeated it!

"One day—it was just at nightfall, and the fading sun filled the sick room with its faint, golden smile—Mary opened her eyes and knew them all. How rejoiced they were; for they gathered round her bedside and repeated the story of the recovered money; and what promises were made—what a dazzling future was painted that sunset for the little cottage-girl!

And she listened, and smiled quietly and meekly, and whispered a "God bless you" to them all, and then said she would turn over and sleep.

Her physician was not there, but an hour later glad faces met him at the cottage door with the story of Mary's restoration, and the sweet slumber that followed it.

And they could not see, because it was in the gloaming, how his face darkened as he said hastily, "Let me go up and see her."

And he went to her room. Mary was indeed "sleeping," but it was a sleep from which no physician, no love, no tears could ever awaken her.

They made her a grave in a green, shady spot, where the wind murmured through the trees the stories she had loved in her lifetime; and so the young *victim of a mistake* "waited for His coming."

But of the living. Nothing which wealth and watchful attention could do for the mother and

her boy was left undone; but Mrs. Crafts's mind never recovered a healthful tone after Mary's death.

She lived to witness Arthur's brilliant career at college—to find him honored and beloved by his fellow-men, but her mind was subject to seasons of melancholy which no circumstances could remove; and at all these times she would drop her face suddenly in her hands and cry out in a voice, whose sharp anguish those who heard it could never forget, "But, Mary! O Mary! how my heart mourns for her!"

And now, reader, will you lay up in your heart the lesson that my story teaches, remembering "it is better the wicked go unproved than the innocent suffer wrongfully?"

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

ERASMUS, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough; the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscoted or hung with tapestry; and the floors covered with rushes, which were not changed for months. The dogs and cats had free access to the eating-rooms, and the fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted, consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given in York by the nobility, in 1660, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of this supper will give us a good idea of what was then thought magnificent; it consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, to a huge pudding in a bag, which served for a chariot. Quite in contrast with our method of dress, also, was the dressing by the people a hundred or two years since. Coat sleeves at one time in the reign of George I fitted skin tight, and at another time daugled with their folds nearly to the ground; and waistcoats once cut so short as to be near the arm-pit, were at another time so long as to reach to the knees.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

FAIR Susquehanna,
 Whither away?
 In the lone valley
 A moment delay.
 See where the hill-tops,
 All radiant and bright,
 Don their rich mantles
 Of purple and light;
 Fair Susquehanna,
 Linger awhile,
 'Mid the rough mountains
 Sparkle and smile.

Fair Susquehanna,
 Lovest thou not
 The flowers on thy margin?
 The cool, shady grot?
 The forester gazeth
 In wonder upon
 The blue, curling rapids
 That hurry thee on.
 The rough mountain passes
 Would bind thee in vain,
 Or check thy broad current
 Along the green plain.

Fair Susquehanna,
 Wherefore so gay?
 Dancing so merrily
 Down the rough way?
 Look where the precipice
 Frowneth on high;
 Where its dark shadows
 Shut out the clear sky.
 Wild Susquehanna,
 How fair, 'mid the shades,
 Gleams out the white spray
 Of thy laughing cascades!

Bright Susquehanna,
 Well may'st thou sing
 Adown the fair valley
 Of sweet Wyoming.
 Fringing thy waters,
 The dark sycamore,
 The elm, and the walnut
 Bend lovingly o'er.
 Afar in the distance,
 Soft vistas of green,
 And white, thriving villages
 Make up the scene.

Fair Susquehanna,
 So changeable, so bright!
 Thy green wooded islets
 All sparkling with light!
 Of what art thou dreaming?
 And whither, I pray,
 So restlessly winding
 Thy tortuous way?
 Bright Susquehanna,

Linger awhile;
 Let the rich landscape
 Thy progress beguile.

Fair Susquehanna,
 Sweetly thy song
 Ringeth, the highlands
 And valleys among;
 Filling the clefts
 With its musical tide,
 Rousing the echoes
 That sleep by thy side.
 Sighs its own cadences
 Adown the ravine;
 Swells its full chords
 To the zenith serene.

Proud Susquehanna,
 Less noisy, less gay,
 Onward thou'rt deep'ning
 And widening thy way;
 Broader thy bosom,
 Where, nearer the sea,
 The "blue Juniata"
 Is waiting for thee.
 Speed thee, brave river;
 But long shall we dream
 Of thee, Susquehanna—
 Beautiful stream!

THE DESPAIRING.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O, LIKE a blessed balm, amid
 These oft-returning tears,
 Upon my weary vision falls
 The light of earlier years!
 Reflections of that radiance rare,
 When hope and joy were new;
 And life's long landscapes, free and fair,
 Were rising on my view.

With eager eyes I looked far on
 Where brighter prospects lay,
 And soft, still sunshine slept undimmed
 On all the lengthened way.
 Thus on, with hopeful feet, I pressed
 To greet the coming hours;
 But now, alas! I wander back
 To find life's fairest flowers.

The bloom has faded from my sight;
 The light has dimmer grown;
 And all along the darkened way
 Hope's withered leaves are strown.
 O'er many a rough and rocky round
 Life's onward path appears;
 The landscapes, turned to weary wilds,
 Are seen through blinding tears.

And, looking back with longing eye,
 That onward path I go;
 For there, in that old sunshine, lie
 The dearest joys I know.

FACTS ABOUT THE HUMAN HAIR.

THE influence of climate on the curliness or non-curliness of the hair is illustrated in the difference in this respect between the natives of the north and of the south, the long lanky hair of the former as compared with the frizzly curls of the natives of Africa. I am indebted to Dr. Tilt for a lock of hair from the head of a Bosje-man girl, fourteen years of age. It is the most remarkable I ever saw, consisting of minute curls like those of a doll, the curls being beautiful in themselves, but very unfit to cover the head of a woman of fourteen. The individual hairs are not deficient in length, but they are excessively fine. I find a similar formation and disposition on the head of one of my servants, a young negro from Nubia; the hair is soft, fine, very curly, and gathered all over into little flocks, which very imperfectly cover the head; and yet his hair has not been cut for two years and a half, since, in fact, he allowed it to grow after shaving and the use of the tarboosh. He is now twenty years of age, but has neither whiskers nor beard. Mr. St. John, in his *Travels in the Valley of the Nile*, remarks, "that the effect of the climate of Egypt upon the hair is remarkable. My own beard, which in Europe was soft and silky, and almost straight, began, immediately on my arrival at Alexandria, to curl, to grow crisp, strong, and coarse, and, before I reached Es-souan, resembled horse-hair to the touch, and was all disposed in ringlets about the chin. This is, no doubt, to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has in the interior changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool." He further says, that on his return to Europe, when he reached Malta, he had lost all his curls.

Now, Mr. St. John, in the above paragraph, speaks of the hair of the negro, as other authors are wont to do, as being a "coarse wool;" but, according to my observation, the individual hairs of the negro are finer than those of Europeans; and as respects the term wool, why, wool is hair, differing in nothing essential from the hair of the Caucasian head. I refer now to the wool of the sheep; but the woolly curls of the African are nothing less than the curls about the chin of Mr. St. John's beard, when in its curliest state of eastern luxuriance. The existence of curliness causes the fine hairs to cling together and give rise to the production of flocks.

A well-known and conspicuous property of the hair is its aptitude for assuming an electrical condition. The noisy sparkles produced by friction

of the hair of a cat are familiar to every one, and are an illustration of this curious quality. Hair becomes negative, in reference to electricity, by friction; it is also a condenser and bad conductor of the electric fluid. Hence, we occasionally have an opportunity of observing the same luminous sparkles in human hair as in that of animals. I am acquainted with a lady who is a great sufferer from neuralgia of the head, and while under the influence of the distressing pain of this malady, her hair becomes highly electrical, so that when she lets it down at night, each hair repels its neighbor, and every hair hangs separate from the rest, giving to the entire shock a most remarkable appearance. Then we have, most of us, experienced the crackling state of our own hair, in dry states of the atmosphere, and particularly during the prevalence of easterly winds.

The property of the hair of defending the head against heat, is curiously illustrated in the habits of hot climates. Mr. St. John remarks that it is the custom in Egypt to shave the head, but as a substitute for the loss of the natural covering, "to guard the head from the heat of the sun, two red felt caps—called tarboosh—with another of double calico, are worn; and as the season advances, or as we proceed further south, a thick handkerchief is stuffed into the crown." Speaking of the Ababde and Biaharein Arabs, he says, they were clad "in brown sacks, without tarboosh or turban, trusting to their prodigious growth of black curly hair to defend their heads from the sun." In another place, referring to a Nubian traveling with a laden ass, he observes: "His head was shaven, excepting that important tuft on the crown, by which the Angel of Death, in the last day, will bear all true believers to Paradise; yet he walked uncovered in the sun, whose heat appeared sufficient to scorch his brain to a cinder." Again: "It can hardly be doubted that the habitual exposure of the bare skull tends, as Herodotus has remarked, to harden it exceedingly; but it may possibly, at the same time, produce an injurious effect upon the brain. Dervishes, Santons, Sanyasis, Yoghies, and other fanatics or vagabonds found in the east, who expose themselves in penance to the sun, if they were not lunatic at the outset, generally become so. Nature, by furnishing the head with a thick covering, suggests the propriety of protecting the brain from the effects of intense heat, and there are few points on which she can be disobeyed with impunity."

In considering the special functions of the hair, I am led to a subject to which, some years back,

Mr. Chadwick directed my attention; namely, the uses of the beard. There can be no doubt, says Mr. Chadwick, that the mustache is a natural respirator, defending the lungs against the inhalation of dust and cold; it is a defense of the throat and face against the cold; and it is equally in warm climates a protector to those parts against excessive heat. Mr. Chadwick was first led to make these observations by seeing some blacksmiths who wore beards, whose mustaches were discolored by the quantity of iron dust which had accumulated among the hairs; and he justly inferred that, had not the dust been so arrested by a natural respirator, it must have found its way into the lungs, where it could not have done otherwise than be productive of evil consequences. Mr. Chadwick further reminds me of the necessity for the beard in sandy countries, as Assyria and Egypt, and mentions the well-known fact, that travelers through those countries find it expedient, and even necessary, to wait till their mustaches have grown to a sufficient length to defend their mouths against the admission of the burning sands of the desert. Upon the same principle he conceives that the mustache would be of service to laborers in all dusty trades, such as millers, bakers, masons, etc.; in workmen employed in grinding iron and steel, and in travelers on dusty roads. In favor of the mustache as a defense against the inhalation of the cold air, it has been stated that persons who wear mustaches are less susceptible of toothache than others equally exposed; and that the teeth are less apt to decay.

In reflecting on the purposes of the hair in the animal economy, we must not pass over its chemical constitution. A large quantity of carbon and hydrogen are by its means separated from the system; and, although several other organs are concerned in the more abundant removal of the same elements, yet it would not be judicious to deny that the comparatively trifling aid of the hair is, under some circumstances, of importance in the exact counterpoise of the manifold operations of the animal organism. A learned French writer, Moreau, narrates the case of a young lady who was cured of mania by the cutting of her hair. Another relates that a Capuchin friar was cured of a serious disease by shaving his beard, and several instances are recorded in which headache has subsided on the removal of the hair. Vauquelin and Fourcroy have given it as their opinion that the hair, in conjunction with the other products of the skin, is capable of supplying the office of the kidneys.

Again: it has been observed that the growth

of the hair is unusually rapid in that disease in which the functions of the lungs are more or less completely abrogated, namely, pulmonary consumption; and we are but too well acquainted with the long silken eyelashes and long and streaming hair, of the sufferers from that distressing malady.

In a state of perfect health, the hair may be full, glossy, and rich in its hues, in consequence of the absorption from the blood of a nutritive juice, containing its proper proportion of oily and albuminous elements. In persons out of health, it may lose its brilliancy of hue, and become lank and straight from the imbibition of juices imperfect in composition and ill-elaborated; while, in a third group, there may be a total absence of such nutritive juice, and the hair, as a consequence, looks dry, faded, and, as indeed is the case, dead. That these phenomena do take place in the hair, I have satisfied myself by frequent observations, and I feel also satisfied that the juices penetrate to the extreme point of the hair. That there may be circumstances which may cause a limitation in the distance to which the fluids proceed, is quite obvious; but these must be regarded in the light of modifying conditions.

Now, if it be established that the hair is susceptible of permeation by fluids derived from the blood, it follows that such fluids, being altered in their chemical qualities, may possess the power of impressing new conditions on the structure into which they enter. Thus, if they contain an excess of salts of lime, they may deposit lime in the tissue of the hair, and so produce a change in its appearance from dark to gray. But the mysteries of vital chemistry are unknown to man, and other and more extraordinary changes may be produced in the juices of the blood by sufficient causes, and then such phenomena may result as the sudden conversion of a part, or, indeed, of the whole of the hair of the head, from a dark color to one of snowy whiteness. I was an unbeliever in the possibility of this change till within the last year, when an instance, which I shall presently narrate, and which I can not doubt, unexpectedly came under my notice.

But, besides the sudden or speedy conversion of the entire head of hair from a dark tint to white, the change may be slow and partial, and having taken place, may either continue or return, on a change of health, to its natural hue. This latter circumstance points to a curative indication, and, acting upon the suggestion, I have, in several instances, succeeded in restoring the original color to gray hair by medical means. The following quotation from the letter of a

medical friend will illustrate the kind of alteration to which I am now referring. He says: "I have observed my own hair to be more gray in the spring than in the beginning of winter, and that for several years past. I think that the hair which shoots out during the winter is white, and that in the summer dark, and the white hair becomes dark as it grows up in the summer." Another instance, now before me, is that of a lady who had her head shaved in consequence of disease of the scalp. When the hair grew, it was very gray, but by degrees resumed its natural color. I may refer also to the case of a literary friend, who, having had his head shaved while residing in Egypt, found, at the end of four months, when he allowed it to grow, that it was quite white. As growth advanced, some of the natural color of the hair reappeared, but it has since gone back, and is at present perfectly white.

The history of the case of sudden blanching of the hair, to which I have above alluded, is as follows: A lady, now in her sixty-second year, had an early and long attachment for a gentleman to whom she was affianced, and who, at the period to which I refer, was on his voyage from Hull to London, to complete his marriage engagement. On the morning of November 19, 1823, a few days after the time when he had promised to return, a letter was put in her hands, which conveyed the news of his shipwreck and death. She instantly fell to the ground insensible, and remained in that state for five hours. On the following evening her hair, which had previously been of a deep brown color, was observed by her sister to have become as white as "a cambric handkerchief." Her eyebrows and eyelashes retained their natural color.

The distress into which this poor lady was thrown by the sad news above related was such that she was unable to quit the house for six months. Her whole system underwent convulsion; the fountain of life seemed for a time to be dried up, and the very color of her blood exhausted. Subsequently, the whole of the white hair fell off, and when another crop appeared it was gray, as it still remains. These details, corroborated by the sister who first perceived the change, were told to me, even at this distance of time, with a quivering lip and moistened eye. Her heart has beaten irregularly ever since.

Lord Byron has recorded, in words more durable than brass, an instance of the gradual conversion of the hair to gray:

"My hair is gray, but not with years;

Nor grew it white

In a single night,

As men's have grown from sudden fears."

A lady of some literary eminence, to whom I related the foregoing instance of sudden blanching of the hair, informed me that an aunt of her own had become gray in a few days, in consequence of the shock occasioned to her nervous system, by finding, on waking in the morning, a beloved sister lying dead by her side. Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette both became gray in a short period, from grief. Sir Thomas More, we are told, turned gray during the night preceding his execution. According to Borellius, two gentlemen, the one a native of Languedoc, the other a Spaniard, were so violently affected, the first by the announcement of his condemnation to death, the latter by the bare thought of having incurred a serious punishment, that both became blanched in the course of a single night. The gravity with which Daniel Turner relates the following case, which he attributes to Schenkus, is somewhat amusing: "Don Diego Osorius, a Spaniard of a noble family, being in love with a young lady of the court, had prevailed with her for a private conference, under the shady boughs of a tree, within the garden of the King of Spain, but, by the unfortunate barking of a little dog, their privacy was betrayed, the young gentleman seized by some of the king's guard and imprisoned; it was capital to be found in that place, and therefore he was condemned to die. He was so terrified at the hearing of his sentence, that one and the same night saw the same person young and old, being turned gray as in those stricken in years. The jailer, moved at the sight, related the incident to King Ferdinand, as a prodigy, who thereupon pardoned him, saying, he had been sufficiently punished for his fault." And again, this, from the same author: A young nobleman "was cast in prison, and on the morrow after, ordered to lose his head; he passed the night in such fearful apprehensions of death, that, the next day, Caesar sitting on the tribunal, he appeared so unlike himself, that he was known to none that were present, no, not to Caesar himself; the comeliness and beauty of his face being vanished, his countenance like a dead man's, his hair and beard turned gray, and in all respects so changed, that the emperor at first suspected some counterfeit was substituted in his room. He caused him, therefore, to be examined if he were the same, and trial to be made if his hair and beard were not thus changed by art; but finding nothing counterfeit, astonished at the countenance and strange visage of the man, he was moved to pity, and mercifully gave him pardon for the crime he committed." And he follows this case with another, both being intended

to illustrate the force of imagination. "Somewhat like this," says he, "is that relation of Esquire Boyle's, who tells us, that when he was in the county of Cork, in Ireland, there was an Irish captain, who coming to deliver himself up to my Lord Broghil, commander of the English forces in those parts, according to a pardon proclaimed to those Irish that were willing to surrender themselves and lay down their arms; he was casually met, with some of his followers, by a party of English, and intercepted, the governor being then absent. Upon which the poor captain was so apprehensive that he should be put to death, before my Lord's return, that the very fear and anxiety of his mind quickly changed the color of his hair, in a peculiar manner, not uniformly, but interspersedly among some of his locks, which were perfectly turned white, the rest of them retaining their wonted reddish color."

Dr. Cassan records the case of a woman, thirty years of age, who, on being summoned before the chamber of peers to give evidence upon the trial of Lovel, underwent so powerful a revulsion, that in the course of one night the hair was completely blanched, and a furfuraceous eruption appeared all over her head, upon her chest, and upon her back. Henry of Navarre, on hearing that the edict of Nemours was conceded, was so exceedingly grieved, that in the course of a few hours a part of one of his mustaches whitened. In one person, some of the eyelashes became blanched from mental agitation. The writer of the article, Zoology, in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, "has known one instance of a banker whose hair became gray in the course of three days, when under much anxiety during the great panic of 1825; and also another gentleman who at his marriage, when about forty years old, had a dark head of hair, but on his return from his wedding trip, had become so completely snow-white, even to his eyebrows, that his friends almost doubted his identity." Moreau narrates, that he once knew an aged man, for whom snow-white hair and a countenance deeply marked by the furrows of care inspired the respect which we owe to age and misfortune. "My hair," said he, "was as thou seest it now, long before the latter season of my life. More energetic in their effects than assiduous toil and lingering years, grief and despair, at the loss of a wife most tenderly loved, whitened my locks in a single night. I was not thirty years of age. Judge, then, the force of my sufferings; I still bear them in frightful remembrance."

I am little disposed to speculate on the *modus operandi* of this change of color of the hair, but

am content, for the present, to give a fitting place to the fact as it stands. The phenomenon may be the result of electrical action; it may be the consequence of a chemical alteration wrought in the very blood itself; or it may be a conversion for which the tissue of the hair is chiefly responsible. In any case the following explanation, offered by an eminent French chemist, Vauquelin, I should feel inclined to discard, as partaking too largely of the coarser operations of the laboratory. "We must suppose," says the author in question, "to explain the sudden change of the hair, that at the critical moment when Nature is in revolution, and when, consequently, the natural functions are suspended or changed in nature, that an agent is developed in the animal economy, and, passing into the hair, decomposes the coloring matter. This agent must be an acid."

The rapid blanching of the hair derives an important illustration from the animal kingdom. Several of the animals which inhabit the polar regions are known to become white during the winter season, and among the most remarkable of these is the lemming. Sir John Ross remarks that, finding the lemming, like the polar hare which had been tamed and kept in confinement, preserve its usual color during the winter, he placed one in the open air, on the first of February, when the thermometer stood at thirty degrees below zero. The next morning the fur of the cheeks and a spot upon each shoulder, had become perfectly white. On the following day the hinder part of the body, and the flanks were of a dirty white hue, and at the end of a week, the animal was entirely white, with the exception of a saddle-shaped patch on the middle of the back. No other change ensued, although the poor animal was kept exposed to the cold till it perished. When the skin was examined, the white hairs were found to be much longer than those of the unchanged patch, the blanching being confined to that portion which exceeded in length the natural hairs. So that when the white ends were cut off, the animal appeared to have regained, with very little alteration, its summer coat and without any reduction in the length of its fur.

It is by no means uncommon to find instances of a gradual change of color of the hair referable to a particular period of suffering, as was the case with the grayness of Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette. Alibert records that after severe illness, a head of brown hair was exchanged for one of bright red, and in another person, from having been previously brown, the hair became deeply black. Several instances are narrated in

which brown hair became fair, and in an old person the white hair fell off, and was replaced by brown. John Weeks, who lived to the age of one hundred and fourteen, recovered the brown hue of his hair some years before his death; and Sir John Sinclair reports that a Scotchman, who died in his one hundred and tenth year, had his hair restored to its original color in the latter years of his life. Susan Edmonds, in the ninety-fifth year of her age, had her hair changed to black; it again became gray previously to her death, at one hundred and five. Dr. Isard, detailing the constitutional peculiarities of a particular family, observes, with regard to one of its members, a young lady of seventeen, deaf and dumb from birth, that each time she is attacked by a fever peculiar to herself, she undergoes a change in the color of her hair, from a pleasing blonde to a dusky red; but that so soon as the febrile symptoms diminish the natural color returns. A more perplexing case is the following, communicated by Dr. Bruley, a physician of Fontainebleau, to the Academy of Medicine in Paris, in 1798: A woman, sixty-six years of age, afflicted with consumption, had fair hair, transparent as glass; four days before her death, this hair became jet black. On examining the roots of the hair, Dr. Bruley found the bulbs distended to an unusual size, and gorged with a black pigment, while the roots of those of the fair hairs which yet remained were pale and shriveled. The case, however, is imperfect, from the circumstance of the length of the hair being unmentioned.

We sometimes meet with cases in which the blanching of the hair has resulted from disorganization of the skin produced by inflammation or accident. I have had occasion to remark upon the growth of white hair upon the scars left by certain of the diseases of the scalp. According to Pepys, Prynne, the antiquary, amused the guests assembled around a dinner-table on one occasion, by citing the example of "one Damford, that, being a black man, did scald his beard with mince pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day." Of a similar nature are the white patches upon the backs of horses which have been galled by the saddle.

The brief history of the hair which I have now given, would be incomplete were I not to refer to the numerous fabulous stories to which ignorance of the economy of the hair has given birth; and this is the more necessary, from the circumstance of such fables being sometimes met with in high places, and under the sanction of

high names. A more celebrated name than that of Bichat is hardly to be met with among medical authorities; and yet Bichat has propagated a serious error, in declaring that he has found hairs growing from the mucous membrane. Similar statements have been made by more recent writers, and among the places named as the seat of hairs is the tongue. But the fictions of the ancients on this subject far outweigh all that the moderns have ever written or imagined. Thus, in the Philosophical Collections, it is recorded, that "Pliny and Valerius Maximus concur in their testimonies, that the heart of Aristamanes was hairy. Cælius Rhodiginus relates the same of Hermogenes the rhetorician; and Plutarch, of Leonidas the Spartan." A prevalent belief, strengthened by the opinion of several modern French writers on this subject, is, that the hairs grow after death. The hairs "by some authors," writes Daniel Turner, are "denied to be proper parts of the body, as not being nourished by the common life of the whole; it being observable that the hair, and some say, the nails also, grow after death." And Diembroeck likens them to polypody, or "any other small fibrous shoots out of an old tree, which continue to grow after the tree is dead, having a proper vegetation of their own, differing from that of the root or trunk from whence they arise." I fancy that I have seen an apparent growth of the downy hairs on the dead body, where decomposition had made considerable progress, but I am unwilling to believe in such a phenomenon without further and more careful investigation. The lengthening of the hairs of the beard observed in a dead person, is merely the result of the contraction of the skin toward their roots, and not a vital process continuing after the death of the individual; indeed, it is identical with a similar pushing of the hair which is known to take place in posthumous plaster casts; a mere result of contraction of the plaster, and occurring where growth from nutrition could never be suspected. It is said that when the sarcophagus containing the head of Charles the First was opened recently, the hair was found to have grown to an extraordinary length. Again: in the Philological Collections above referred to, an account is given by Wulfers of a "woman buried at Nuremberg, whose grave being opened, forty-three years after her death, there was hair found issuing forth plentifully through the clefts of the coffin." And Mr. Arnold gives "the relation of a man hanged for theft, who in a little time, while he yet hung upon the gallows, had his body strangely covered over with hair."—*Dr. Erasmus Wilson.*

THE FALL OF THE CZAR.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Lo, he has yielded! all with him is finished!
That lofty potentate of yesterday,
Down from his swell of pride and power diminished,
Now lies a broken, empty vase of clay!
What time he thought not came the monarch's trial;
None could turn back the shadow on his dial.

Joined to the mighty, shoulder laid to shoulder,
Wrapped is his form in mortuary gloom,
Meanly as serf or Mussulman to molder;
Hence is his palace but the sullen tomb;
Till the great trump, its bars and silence breaking,
Rouse up the sleepers to their last awaking.

When at his grandeur all the world was gazing,
Struck from the firmament—a quenched star—
Folded in darkness from his fullest blazing—
So shone and vanished Nicholas, the Osar;
Yet with his cause to mortal unsubmitting,
The despot's end right well his life befitting.

Firm and majestic did he stand but lately;
Bold as an iceberg, girt with sovereign power;
Wielding an empire's destiny so greatly,
She looked unto him as her strong high tower;
His single arm put forth in stern defiance,
Braving earth's proudest nations in alliance.

But not from man came that swift, icy arrow,
Dropping him down so hopeless, mute, and low;
Closing his limits to a space so narrow;
True, but unseen, his hand who drew the bow!
The life-spring touched, he felt his vitals shiver;
Deep went the shaft; he knew who bore the quiver.

And 'twould have made the stoniest heart grow
tender

That haughty one to see—now tame beneath
His great, pale victor—all his arms surrender,
Asking frail man, *How long have I to breathe?*
His will, to man uncompromised, remaining,
On land and sea the blood of armies draining.

For while his face assumed the mortal pallor,
And death's chill night-dews gathered thickly
there,

Red seemed his spirit with unearthly *chaleur*,
Binding its purpose on his son and heir;
Claiming his vow to see the envied nation
Yoked to his car, or slain, an immolation.

Called hence to judgment while his hands were
reeking,

From human hecatombs in Faith's pure name—
Freak from the gory Naboth-vineyard-seeking,
Standing unvailed in every act and aim—
O the great mocker, or the great deluded!
How sees he now, of flesh and pride denuded?

How did he train his cohorts up for slaughter,
Their lives—their all—at his proud feet to lay;
To march and spill the heart's rich wine like water,
Just where his wand might signify the way?

* The Osar's inquiry of his physician.

He drugged them with the magic cup of Circe,
Till they ignored their human claim to mercy!
He fed and kembled, and drove them forth like cattle:
Then—the great friend and father of the serf—
He knew each burst and bellow of the battle?
Left their warm life-blood creeping in the turf;
That rock, and sand, and ocean waves were blushing
For naked spirits from their bodies rushing.

He trod to earth the disenchanting *melody*,
The healing balm that might their bane allay;
And in His name, who was the meek and lowly,
Rode high in pride to subjugate and sway;
The cross, his ensign, sword in hand displaying,
Anew the crucified for conquest alaying!

Filming the eye of joy with death or sorrow;
Mingling with gall and wormwood many a cup;
Lessons he gave for living man to borrow:
Zeal for dominion fiercely ate him up!
His way to power was storming, blasting, rasping!
Grave under his "Here lieth"—*died of grasping*.

Yet, if he was indeed a true believer,
That God required those human victims slain,
Christ show us mercy for the self-deceiver,
When He shall come whose right it is to reign;
And from these overturns of throne and nation
Shines forth the blessed Bringer of salvation!
Come, holy One! thy blissful morning hasten,
O King of saints! to reign as King of kings;
That hungry War may cease the earth to chasten;
Here let the dove spread wide her silver wings!
Thou who wast lone the Father's wine-press tread-
ing,
Come, the mild glory of thy scepter shedding.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

BY MRS. L. E. SIGOURNEY.

"He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."—
Solomon.

Why? King of Israel, why?

The span of time

That God did give to buy eternity,
He selleth unto gold, and is a slave.
The sweet affections of his heart grow stern,
And when the poor complain he will not hear.
He maketh haste and casteth overboard
Whatever impedes his voyage to the realm
Where rich men dwell—all rest and Sabbath hours;
All hesitance of honesty, perchance,
Plungeth his honor in an inky pool,
And gains the fraud-spot that is never cleansed.
Yea, he deviseth evil for his heirs,
Fettering their purposes of industry,
And making them a mark for tempter's wiles,
And knaves to shoot at. These are reasons why
The man who headlong hasteth to be rich,
Shall not be innocent.

So, when I heard
Such words from Solomon, I rais'd my heart
In praise to God that he had kept me safe
From haste and madness of prosperity.

GERALD MASSEY'S POEMS.

SECOND PAPER.

BY REV. D. CUNRY, D. D.

IN a former paper we gave some account of Gerald Massey, the new Chartist poet of England. We now proceed to fulfill the promise then made, to devote a second essay to a sketch and estimate of his productions. The poet and the man can not be entirely distinguished, and it is but rational to expect that the every-day life of the writer, especially of one who utters sentiments rather than opinions, will give character to what he writes. Let it, then, be remembered that the author of the pieces now to be examined is a young man, whose earliest and succeeding recollections are almost wholly of the dread of want, and of earnest, toilsome efforts to subsist, while his own soul was too lofty to be entirely subdued by the things which he suffered; and so his life has been a ceaseless struggle against his seeming destiny, and the tones of his utterances will be expected to be otherwise than in gentle whispers and soft poetic breathings. The language of poetry is always natural, and when Nature suffers her voice is necessarily complaining.

The condition of the lowest stratum of English society is at once the most uncomfortable and the most hopeless. Doomed to incessant labor, the English operative has no opportunity to engage in the pleasures of the rude savage, nor the ability to appropriate the peculiar blessings of civilization. With wants stimulated by a constant contact with luxury he has no means of gratifying them; and though he passes his days in full view of a better state of being, he perpetually recognizes a great and impassable gulf fixed between himself and that better state. That his thoughts should turn to the causes of his unhappiness, is as natural as that he should think at all, and unhappily he finds these in the social system in which he lives—he discovers that the occasions of his unhappiness are the very things which the generous soul delights to value—the civil and religious institutions of his country. Patriotism and zeal for the Church, as organized and maintained among us, is among the most congenial sentiments of the human heart; but when the Church and state become leagued with the oppressor, these sentiments assume the forms of rebellion and breathe out the language of seeming impiety. These things are forcibly illustrated in the volume now under notice.

In his poetry Gerald Massey deals freely in the fierce invective so characteristic of his class.

Every-where one may find traces of this bitterness of spirit against both civil and religious oppression, and against the very names of kings and priests, nobles and the gentry, and the rich, simply because they are what he and his class vainly desire to become. He is an enemy of the present state of things, and, therefore, fraternizes with radical reformers; and without renouncing the name of a Christian, his creed is much more nearly allied to what is sometimes called "the religion of humanity" than to the plain truths of revelation—"the faith once delivered to the saints."

His amorous pieces, of which he has many, are not very different from most of their class. Sometimes his notes sound truly Anacreontic, reminding the reader of Burns's best productions, without his offensive lewdness of expressions and allusions. Yet there is often a want of delicacy which sounds unpleasantly to American ears.

The usages of English society as to the use of physiological terms differ widely from those of this country, so that what would elicit no notice from them would not be tolerated with us. Perhaps the difference might be best adjusted by an equal compromise. Most certainly the coarseness of the one might be improved by a large increase of delicacy of thought and expression; and it is scarcely less evident that the exceeding fastidiousness that prevails among us might be profitably left to the sole use of boarding school misses. It is but just to add, that there is sufficient evidence that Massey never designs to utter any indelicacy—no such thing as an indecent innuendo or *double entendre* ever pollutes his verses.

That man must be deeply depraved in character who can sustain the relation of a husband and father and not be made better by them. Certainly our poet was not such a man. His best pieces are those that relate directly to his domestic relations, with their exquisite and ennobling joys and sorrows. These are, we suspect also, his latest productions, and, therefore, they may be received as happy indications that his changed circumstances are producing beneficial results upon his character. But it is time to introduce the poet himself, and permit him to plead his own cause by presenting some account of his best pieces.

We will begin with the "Ballad of Babe Christabel," the longest, and, perhaps, all things considered, the best piece in the volume. We are not informed who Babe Christabel was, though the internal evidence seems conclusive that she was the poet's own child. The "Ballad" is the story of her birth, life, and death, related with a

good share of poetic fervor, and mingled with beautiful sentiments and imagery. It extends to more than three hundred lines, covering sixteen pages of the volume, and informally distributed into eight parts or sections. The stanza in which all but one is written is peculiar, consisting of four iambic lines, of four feet each, of which the extremes and means severally rhyme together. The effect of this strange combination of sounds is in very pleasing harmony with the vein of thought breathed through the entire poem. The first section of ten stanzas contains a single, though complex and varied image, that of the face of nature at the time of the birth of "Babe Christabel," and after, in each of the first nine stanzas, giving some images of that beautiful season, the great event is announced in the tenth:

"It fell upon a merry May morn,
In the perfect prime of that sweet time,
When daisies whiten, woodbines climb—
The dear Babe Christabel was born."

The second describes the cottage scene on the memorable occasion just announced, and is at once exquisite in some of its thoughts, while others are marred and almost spoiled by the evident lack of aesthetic culture in the writer. We give one fine stanza:

"The birds were darkling in the nest,
Or bosomed in voluptuous trees;
On beds of flowers the panting breeze
Had kissed its fill and sunk to rest."

A third section of ten stanzas celebrates the royal honors that waited on the new-born heroine of the "Ballad;" how Nature had arrayed herself in her loveliest robes for the occasion; how the morning zephyrs kissed the little favorite, and the glancing sunlight sent glad some salutations, and the blushing roses peeped into the cottage windows to bid good morning.

The course of thought in the next section takes another direction, and the workings of the hearts of the new-made parents, in their changed circumstances and intensified interests, are happily noted:

"The father, down in toil's mirk mine,
Turns to his wealthy world above,
Its radiance and its home of love;
And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The mother moves with queenlier tread:
Proud swell the globes of rippling delight
Above her heart, so warm and white,
A pillow for the baby-head.

A sense of glory all things took—
The red rose-heart of dawn would blow,
And sundown's sumptuous pictures show
Babe-cherubs wearing their babe's look.

And round their peerless one they clung,
Like bees about a flower's wine-cup;

New thoughts and feelings blossomed up,
And hearts for very fullness sung."

The account of the child as she grew into intelligent childhood, at once frail and precocious, is just such a one as thousands of bereaved parents have conceived, if not uttered, respecting their own departed ones, of whom every association is intensely interesting, and whose brief and mysterious stay on earth seems like the visits of angels.

"A spirit-look was on her face,
That shadowed a miraculous range
Of meaning, ever rich and strange,
Or lightened glory in the place.

Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
And light of other worlds than ours,
She looked as she had fed on flowers,
And drank the dews of Paradise.

• • • • •
O she was one of those who come
With pledged promise not to stay
Long, ere the angels let them stray
To nestle down in earthly home!

And through the windows of her eyes,
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise."

Of the death scene, which is sketched with great beauty and tenderness, we can only give a single picture:

"We sat and watched by life's dark stream,
Our love-lamp blown about the night,
With hearts that lived, as lived its light,
And died, as did its precious gleam."

But we find we are dwelling too long among these sadly-pleasing scenes, made more so, perhaps, by certain facts of personal experience. Probably, however, the number of bereaved ones who may read this paper will not be so small as to be passed by as unworthy of this indulgence.

The spirit of calm and pious submission distinguishes the closing section of the "Ballad." With a few brief stanzas we dismiss this subject. The first expresses the parent's feeling in resigning his loved one to God who gave and had now taken away:

"With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And ready for the harvest home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf."

There is a delicacy and most exquisite naturalness in the idea presented in the annexed stanzas, descriptive of the yearnings of paternal love, seeking for and treasuring up some memorials of the departed. We have met with the same thought in other places, both written and unwritten; but the genuine language of sentiment never becomes trite:

"Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean, on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old;

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone."

A few other pieces of less extent and inferior merit seem to be devoted to the same interesting event with the foregoing. Of these is the one entitled, "Not Lost, but Gone Before," of which the subject is sufficiently indicated by the title. "Little Lily Bell" is a kindred piece, in which the infantile heroine of the song is contemplated as still "filling all the heaven" of her parents, who, nevertheless, admonished by foregone experience, rejoice, with trembling, in their uncertain possession.

"We tremble, lest the angel Death,
Who comes to gather flowers
For paradise, at her sweet breath,
Should fall in love with ours."

We have dwelt the longer upon these few pieces, attracted less perhaps by their intrinsic superiority than by their tone and the themes to which they are devoted. We now hasten to other matters. The amorous pieces we shall pass over in entire silence, since they contain nothing peculiarly worthy of remark, and the genus is too prolific to be especially interesting. A large portion of our author's poems embody more or less fully his political and religious opinions and sentiments. With him these were united and together formed a single though complex theme of soul-stirring interest. As a member of the laboring class of England's "free-born sons," he saw himself, in common with his compeers, effectually enslaved by his social position, and almost hopelessly shut up to his destiny by the iron bands of society; that is, by the state and the Church.

It is surely a venial crime—if a crime at all—for such a man to be a reformer; and since the evils against which his soul cries out in its bitterness are radicated in the institutions of the land, he, of necessity, becomes a radical reformer. Nor is it strange that in such a case the language of complaint should be marked with asperity, or that his censures should be too indiscriminate and occasionally unjust, since oppression makes even the wise man mad. It is often the ill-fortune of the Church to be, in appearance or in fact, leagued with organic tyranny in the state; and wherever this is the case, it is but reasonable to expect that the aspirations of the soul toward freedom will superinduce a virulence toward the

established forms of religion, which too often, by an easy process, glides into a dislike of religion itself. This has made the common people of France and Germany infidels. It has effected the same thing among a large portion of the British operatives, and is fostering a like spirit among us, because the Church fails properly to denounce the legalized oppression which exists in an otherwise free republic.

Gerald Massey, however, is not an infidel, but only an asserter of the godhead, even in down-trodden and toil-cursed humanity. Nor is the bitterness of complaint the only nor the chief feature of his productions. All of his clouds have silver linings, and from the darkest glooms he often sees the brightest beamings of hope. He even finds a virtue in the present evils suffered by himself and his class, and contemplates labor, protracted and soul-crushing toil, as the agency by which they must achieve a better destiny for themselves and their children. Theirs is, in his notion of the matter, the martyr age, and to them is assigned the martyr's mission, to suffer on in hope. This idea is perpetually recurring in his most spirited pieces, and forms a kind of staple in his soul-stirring appeals to his associates in labor and oppression. We will give a few specimens, taken almost at random. The first is from a piece entitled, "To-day and To-morrow."

"Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
For lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow."

In the following we have this notion presented, and the causal relation of present suffering to future good directly stated:

"Life's glory, like the bow of heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud;
And soul ne'er soared the starry seven,
But Pain's fire-chariot rode.
They've battled best who've boldliest borne,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorns."

The case of the Rev. Mr. Maurice, who was dismissed from a theological professorship for heresy, would seem to be one that could awaken but little interest in the breast of a Chartist poet; but Maurice was made to feel the hand of authority, and hence the fellowship of feeling. He had also transgressed the authority of the Church in his teachings, and, therefore, the untheological enemy of that Church offers "aid and comfort" to the ejected heretic, though ignorant alike of

the heresy uttered and the orthodoxy violated. So this apparently quite foreign event is strangely enough made the occasion of one of the poet's finest productions. We give a single expression, yet one so full of fruitful truth that it deserves to be set in letters of gold:

"All Savior-souls have sacrificed,
With naught but noble faith for guerdon;
And ere the world hath crowned the Christ,
The man to death hath borne the burden."

The "Welcome to Kossuth" is a spirited piece, and full of the writer's great idea. Even now many hearts will sympathize with the feelings in which he speaks of that exiled patriot:

"He rose like freedom's morning star,
When all was darkling, dim—
We saw his glory from afar,
And fought in soul for him!
Brave Victor! how his radiant brow
King'd Freedom's host like Saul!
And in his crown of sorrow now
He's royalest heart of all."

The piece entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Eight," of eleven Spenserian stanzas, is among the most stirring and powerful of its author's political war-blasts—full of the spirit that distinguished that memorable year. We give one stanza, containing a well-sustained image:

"Immortal Liberty! we see thee stand
Like Morn just stepped from heaven upon a mountain
With beautiful feet, and blessing-laden hand,
And heart that wellet Love's most living fountain!
O when wilt thou string on the People's lyre
Joy's broken chord? And on the people's brow
Set Empire's crown? Light up thy beacon fire
Within their hearts, with an undying glow,
Nor give us blood for milk, as men are drunk with now."

"The People's Advent" is in the same vein, but more hopeful, and, therefore, less bitter than the preceding—though still its hope shines out of darkness. The piece opens with,

"Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder,
'Tis coming; yes, 'tis coming.'"

Several other pieces, which we had marked as specially noteworthy, must be passed over entirely or noticed very briefly. Of these "The Chivalry of Labor" is a highly spirited production, not unworthy to be classed with Burns's "Bruce's Address." "When I come Home," is an additional memento of the writer's domestic affections. "Onward and Sunward" is a collection of beautiful images, and the whole poem is

full of the author's favorite notion, that every thing is good except what man makes bad. "The Three Voices" is among the most stirring as well as the most musical pieces in the volume. These "voices" come severally from the past, the present, and the future—the first sounds

"Drearly, drearily, drearily,"

and calls to the listeners,

"Weep! weep! weep!"

for the sorrows inflicted on humanity by long years of social oppression and degradation. The second responds,

"Tearfully, tearfully, tearfully,"

calling its listeners to

"Work! work! work!"

the only privilege and the only hope of the people. But the last—the future—is more hopeful, calling out

"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily,"

while the burden of its song is,

"Hope, hope, hope,"

the writer being a steadfast believer in the "good time coming." The structure of the whole piece is highly artificial, and its execution evinces no ordinary power of versification in its author. There are but few better-written poems, considered simply as to its structure, in the language than this one.

We must condense our intended estimate of our author as a poet into a very few words. That he possesses some real poetical ability, we have both intimated and proved by the specimens given. We would not, however, pretend that any thing contained in this volume ought to entitle its author to rank as a poet among the contributors to our literature. The work is valuable, rather from the ability which it shows the author to possess than for its own intrinsic merit. Its properties are positive as to both its excellences and its faults; but the latter may be cured by increased culture, and if the poetic spirit should not evaporate during the process, we may yet hope to see something from the fervid mind of Gerald Massey which will transmit his name to future times. Should he, on the contrary, rest upon the early renown to which he has suddenly attained, he will soon sink into the obscurity from which he rose; or should the caresses of the great and learned draw him from his devotion to the wrongs and sufferings of his own peculiar class—the operatives of England—his latter days will be as inglorious as his advent has been glorious. But we hope better things for him, and for humanity by his ministry.

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.

THE human lungs possess upward of one hundred and sixty-six square yards of respiratory surface, every single point of which vast surface is in constant and immediate contact with the atmosphere inspired. Let us then consider the quantity of air which is being daily presented to this surface. It will of course vary according to age, constitution, and mode of living. The quantity of air received at an ordinary inspiration, without any effort at all, and when the body and mind are tranquil, is, according to Dr. Smith, about one pint. Considering eighteen respirations to take place in one minute, about eighteen pints of pure air are necessary for sustaining healthful life during that short period. One little minute of healthful life can not be enjoyed without about eighteen pints of pure air being diffused over that wonderful extent of delicate capillary network connected with the lungs. The quantity requisite for an hour of health will thus be 1,080 pints. And, to continue the calculation, during one day's healthful existence, 25,920 pints, or no less than sixty hogsheads of pure atmosphere must enter the lungs; and this is allowing but one pint for each inspiration, and but eighteen inspirations for each minute; though it must be clear to all, that during active exercise it frequently happens that in one minute of time more than twice eighteen inspirations take place, and considerably more than a pint of air enters the lungs at a single inspiration.

Now, this immense volume of air is on purpose to give life to the liquid essence of our food—life to the dead blood. Till acted upon by the atmosphere, the fluid which is traversing the lungs is, to all intents and purposes, dead; and, consequently, totally incapable of repairing worn structures, of carrying on functions, or of maintaining any vitality in the system: nay, it even contains in its elements a considerable quantity of pernicious poison, brought to the lungs to be given out in the act of breathing, lest it should kill the human fabric. The poison alluded to is carbonic acid. To breathe in an atmosphere of carbonic acid is death, as rapid as it is certain.

Let us imagine, then, forty individuals to have entered a room of sufficient size to receive them without overcrowding. We may as well consider it an ordinary school-room, and the forty individuals, forty industrious pupils. This will give us an opportunity of noticing, among other things, how impure air affects the thinking brain. Suppose them diligently at work, then, in an unventilated apartment, with the door and windows

closed. Now, calculating from the same estimates as before, in one minute from the time of entry, each of the forty pairs of lungs has performed eighteen respirations; and with every respiration a pint of air has been deprived of a fourth part of its oxygen; and the same volume of carbonic acid has been mingled with the atmosphere of the school-room. In one minute of time, therefore, forty times eighteen pints, that is, seven hundred and twenty pints—as we are not speaking of adults, we will say six hundred pints of the inclosed air—have been deprived of no less than a fourth of their creative oxygen; while an equal volume of the destroying acid is floating in the apartment, and influencing the blood at every inspiration. Or—which will be found, upon calculation, to amount to the same thing—in one single minute, as much as one hundred and fifty pints—upward of eighteen gallons of air, have altogether lost their life-creating power; the deficiency being made up by a deadly poison.

Now, since such a change takes place in one minute, let me beg of you to reflect what change takes place in ten—what in twenty—what in half an hour—what must be the amount of poison which the lungs of these unfortunate victims are inhaling, after an hour of such confinement. And yet how common it is, not for school children alone, but for persons of all ages and conditions, to be shut up in low-pitched, badly-ventilated apartments, for more than five, six, or seven hours together! Allow me to remind you that in the human body the blood circulates once in two and a half minutes. In two and a half minutes all the blood contained in the system traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital—less capable of repairing structures, or of carrying on functions: and the longer such air is respired, the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupted grows the blood. Permit me to repeat, that after breathing for two and a half minutes an atmosphere incapable of properly oxygenating the fluids which are traversing the lungs, every drop of blood in the human being is more or less poisoned; and in two and a half minutes more, even the minutest part of all man's fine-wrought organs has been visited and acted upon by this poisoned fluid—the tender, delicate eye, the wakeful ear, the sensitive nerves, the heart, the brain; together with the skin, the muscles, the bones throughout their structure, in short, the entire being. There

is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by vitiated blood—not a point but must have suffered injury.

Without food or exercise, man may enjoy life some hours; he may live some days. He can not exist a few minutes without air. And yet, what laws are so infringed as the laws of respiration? In our temples of public worship, in our courts of justice, in our prisons, our mines, our factories, and our schools, ventilation was, till lately, almost disregarded—nay, is still, in many places, entirely disregarded. And as for private dwellings, it may be most unhesitatingly affirmed, that even for the wealthier classes of society, not one house in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand—is constructed on sound sanitary principles with respect to its ventilation. I allude not so much to lower stories as to dormitories. How rare to find a dormitory whose atmosphere at early morning would be no more tainted than when it was entered for repose the previous night! Yet, be it borne in mind, that whenever, after a night's repose, the slightest degree of closeness is perceptible in a chamber, it is an incontrovertible proof that the chamber is not well ventilated; and that whatever may have been the benefit which the system may have received from sleep, that benefit has been partly neutralized by the ill effects of an impure atmosphere.—*Hapley on Respiration.*

TEACH CHILDREN TO HELP THEMSELVES.

THE thoughtless mother who hourly yields to the requests—"Mamma, tie my pinafore," "Mamma, button my shoe," and the like, can not be persuaded that each of these concessions is detrimental; but the wiser spectator sees that if this policy be long pursued, and be extended to other things, it will end in hopeless dependency. The teacher of the old school who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty, did not perceive that he was generating an attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. Taught by Pestalozzi, however, the modern instructor induces his pupil to solve the difficulties himself; believing that in so doing, he is preparing him to meet the difficulties which, when he goes into the world, there will be no one to help him through; and finds confirmation for this belief, in the fact that a great portion of the most successful men are self-made. He who helps himself when young, will know how and have the will heartily to help himself when the years of mature life are on him.—*Herbert Spencer.*

THE FABRICII.

A STORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

CHAPTER I.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

"And this is Rome! that sat on seven hills,
And from her throne of beauty ruled the world."

ROME! city of the seven hills, once proudly called by men the "eternal." Nurse of nations, mother of empires, foster-parent of many of those arts which so embellish life! Invincible though thou wert for centuries, thou hast fallen. Thy streets have echoed to the devastating tread of the invader; thy palaces, that even the northern barbarians spared, have fallen beneath the ruthless hand of Time. Let us of a later age learn a lesson from thy fate, as we trace in all thy calamities the hand of a just but an avenging God.

It was in the reign of Domitian. Rome was still a proud, a mighty city; though after the age of Augustus she began gradually to decline from the zenith of her glory, this was as yet scarcely perceptible. But the seeds of decay, which had been so long implanted in her soil, had taken deep root—a worm was even now gnawing at her vitals—a cancer was eating into her still haughty heart.

Her power had been founded in treachery and cemented by blood and crime. She had brought all nations under her yoke; and to satisfy her restless ambition the whole world had seemed too small; but the giant structure of her empire had been reared upon an unsubstantial foundation, and was even now tottering to its fall. She had wronged the poor; she had oppressed the weak; she had denied the true God: her merchandise had been "slaves and souls of men;" the blood of her slain cried for vengeance from the ground; the dying groans of her martyrs had gone up in remembrance before Heaven, and her retribution was fast approaching.

The altars of her religion had been assailed; the foundations of her olden faith had begun to be shaken, for the far-off hills of Galilee had scarcely ceased to echo back the footsteps of the Son of God, and from the scene of his earthly pilgrimage—of his crucifixion and death—had come many a wandering disciple to tell, even in the great city, the simple truths of his Gospel.

That a religion founded upon fables could not long stand against the simple but convincing

truths of Christianity its followers well knew, and the old cry, "Our craft is in danger," had awakened many to redoubled efforts for preserving the time-worn superstitions of their ancient faith.

Since the death of Nero the Christians had suffered but little molestation; but now in the last years of Domitian's reign persecution again raged with great fury. An edict had gone forth from the imperial throne commanding all subjects to return to their allegiance to the heathen gods. The penalty of refusal was well known. It was a time of trial. Then was put to such a test, as might well make the stoutest heart quail, the sincerity of this faith in Jesus. Men, women, and children, whose only crime was a belief that Christ is the Son of God, and a humble reliance upon the merits of his great atonement, were hunted down like beasts of prey—were cast into dungeons—were put to tortures, at which the stoutest heart might quail—were thrown to be torn in pieces by lions not more ferocious than they who sought to drown their mortal agony in laughs of derision, or in shouts of brutal triumph.

The flesh is weak, the love of life is strong, and no wonder that many, in view of all these terrors, faltered; but there were those who, despite them all, stood firm. Hoary old men there were, with tottering steps and feet almost in the grave—matrons with their infants at the breast—young men and maidens—little children even, who bore unflinchingly the agonies of torture and of martyrdom, "counting the sufferings of the present time as not worthy to be compared with the glory that should follow."

Little can we, in this present day, when the name of CHRISTIAN is the one most honored upon earth; when to be a follower of the Savior is the surest passport to the confidence and esteem of our fellows; little can we realize what it was *then* to be a Christian.

Little can we who, from Sabbath to Sabbath, attend the ministrations of the Gospel—often going up to the sanctuary with our thoughts engrossed in worldly matters—realize how precious was the "word" to them who, to listen to its blessed truths, must hide in the lone recesses of the mountains—must flee to dens and caves of the earth. Should *our* faith meet a like test, how many of us, think ye, would stand?

Night has drawn its mantle around the imperial city. Tavern, temple, and lordly palace stand revealed in the clear moonlight; but the busy multitude who, by day, have thronged those now deserted streets are locked in slumber. The rich have sought their couches of down, the poor are

having dreams as sweet as they upon their beds of straw.

No sound breaks the stillness, save the far-off murmurings of the majestic Tiber, or the stealthy tread of the ever-wakeful patrols of the night.

Conspicuous among the many gorgeous edifices which adorn the Palatine hill is a stately palace, the abode of one of the proudest patrician families of Rome. The moonbeams are reflected back from its gilded roof and richly adorned columns, and all its surroundings betoken it the abode of elegance and luxury.

Let us enter. In the spacious court marble fountains send up their spray, and the sound of their gently falling waters makes sweet music upon the drowsy ear of night. Birds of bright plumage are reposing in golden cages, and exquisitely wrought statues, the rarest works of Grecian sculpture, adorn every niche and recess.

We ascend the grand entrance by a flight of marble steps. Now we are in a chamber gorgeous enough for royalty itself; but what avails all this splendor, when its fair mistress is dying? Upon a couch of crimson and gold lies the emaciated form of the lady Cornelia, the widow of one of Rome's bravest and most honored sons, who, some years before, had fallen while leading the armies of his country against a distant foe.

Since the death of her husband the lady Cornelia had led a life of retirement, devoting herself almost entirely to the education of her only child, now a fair maiden of eighteen summers.

It had chanced, years before, that Marcus Valerius, during a campaign in the east, had one day seen exposed for sale a beautiful young Christian maiden, and thinking she would be an acceptable present to his wife had purchased her. Very lovely had the young captive looked as she stood trembling in that crowded mart, the long, black tresses falling over her fair shoulders, her downcast eyes half hidden by their jetty lashes, while upon her bosom glittered a cross of gold, the emblem of her faith. She was conveyed to Rome, and with her she bore a treasure more precious than aught the stately palace of her mistress contained; it was a copy of the Scriptures transcribed by her father's own hand, and which, when dying, he had bequeathed to her—a priceless legacy.

Helena had been but a few months in attendance upon her mistress ere intelligence came to the lady that her husband had been slain in battle. In the first violence of her grief she refused to be comforted. The tempest of sorrow having somewhat subsided, she went, accompanied by her little daughter and several of her attendants,

to the temples of the gods, to place upon their shrines offerings for the repose of her departed lord.

Priests were there in the flowing robes of their office. All the vain rites and ceremonies which the pagan creed prescribed were strictly observed; yet they seemed to the noble lady a very mockery, and well they might. She returned to her stately home more sad and desolate than ever.

Helena was summoned, that by singing some of the sweet airs of her native land she might divert the attention of her mistress from this overwhelming sorrow. Never had her voice seemed to the lady's ear so sweet; never had a light so holy shed its radiance over her features as when, after a short prelude upon her harp, she sang:

"There is a balm in Gilead,
And a physician there;
A God who heeds the voice of woe,
And lists to human prayer.

His only Son he sent to earth
To die upon the cross;
To die for us; for his dear sake,
We count all things but dross.

Though earthly friends be called away,
And earthly ties be riven,
In trusting confidence and faith,
We still can look to Heaven.

And will my gentle lady hear
Her poor handmaiden tell
Of the dear Jesus, who has gone
Home with our Lord to dwell?"

"Strange words are these, my Helen, but go on; you may at least divert my thoughts from the subject which so incessantly haunts them," said the lady, interrupting the maiden's simple song. Helena proceeded. In artless yet touching language she told of Christ and his mission—of his sufferings and death. She contrasted the pure Gospel he had taught with the idle mummeries of the heathen temple which they that day had witnessed. A deep impression was left upon the listener's mind; the subject was often resumed, and as she, too, read the Scriptures she became ere long convinced of their divine reality.

Time passed, and the lady Cornelia and nearly her whole household had embraced the Christian faith. They had witnessed its power to bid the believer triumph over death, for not long did the gentle Helena tarry with them.

Her mission accomplished, she had passed from the earth, but her life's ray went not out in that gloom which must have shrouded the pagan's mind. Faith illumined her pathway through the "dark valley," and in the blessed assurance of an immortal life, her spirit, released from the sor-

rows of earth, passed to mingle with the blessedness of heaven.

The lady Cornelia had embraced Christianity at a period when but little persecution prevailed at Rome; but now, in her last moments, its smoldering fires were breaking out with great violence. As yet she had remained unmolested, but she well knew that this could not long continue. Did she still persist in adhering to the proscribed faith, vengeance must sooner or later overtake herself and her household.

But a mightier grasp than that of the law was upon her. Death had marked her for his own, and Heaven to her was merciful. She was permitted to breathe her last in the abode of her ancestors.

Let us again enter her chamber. With hushed voices and light footsteps the menials of that august household move round. The attendants have retired a few paces from the bed of their mistress, and but her fair young daughter remains at her side. The matron's voice is low and tremulous, yet her child listens with tearful eyes, and sobs which seem almost bursting her young heart.

"My Octavia," she said, "I leave you in perilous times. Had my life been spared I should have placed the seal of martyrdom to this faith of mine. Such may be your lot, my child. Promise me that whatever may happen you will not deny your Savior, and your mother will die happy."

"I promise," said the young girl, while an involuntary shudder ran through her slight frame.

"'Tis a solemn pledge, my daughter, but God, I know, can give you strength to keep it sacred. You know that I would fain avert from you this cup; that were it possible I would drink it in your stead. You know how well I love you, and it is for this that I would not have you deny, even to escape the doom of martyrdom, Him who has loved us with an everlasting love; who bore in his own body the sins of the whole world upon the cross.

"Should your strength fail you, read from this blessed volume those passages which I have marked for your perusal, and which have been my own solace in anticipation of such an event.

"Study this precious book when I am gone, my child. May Heaven avert from you the evil day which is so fast approaching! but in any event I would have you prepared for the worst.

"Should you be summoned before this wicked tribunal of our land, think of your Savior, who was dumb before his accusers; who was led as a lamb to the slaughter, yet opened he not his

mouth. By his agony in the garden—by his death upon the cross, I conjure you never to deny his holy name."

The lady ceased. Her eyes were closed—her life was ebbing fast; yet her lips moved, and as her daughter bent down her ear to catch their faintest whisper, they breathed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from her; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

As the last words died away there was a slight struggle—a faint sigh, and the freed spirit had entered that land where prayer is lost in praise.

CHAPTER II.

"But say what evil had they done, what crime of deepest hue?"

A blameless faith was all the crime those suffering martyrs knew;

And where that precious blood was spilt, even from that barren sand

There sprang a stem whose vigorous boughs soon overspread the land;

To distant isles its shadows fell, nor knew its roots decay, Even when the Roman Caesar's throne and empire passed away."

Months had fled. The remains of the lady Cornelia had been privately interred in the vault of her ancestors, in accordance with the rites prescribed by the Christian Church. Her daughter was left sole heiress of her wealth. What a dangerous position was hers—so young, so beautiful, and a convert to the proscribed faith; left alone and unprotected in that great and wicked city!

As yet she had been permitted to enjoy her religion unmolested. It might be that her innocence and helplessness had melted the stern hearts of the rulers, or that they hesitated in subjecting to the fate of the mere plebeian offender the only remaining descendant of a long line of ancestors—the sole representative of a name which had, for centuries, been mighty in Rome.

The persecution raged with increasing fury. Gorged with ignoble blood, it sought its prey in the high places of the land; and while the plebeian often escaped the patrician was the chief sufferer. The cry was, "Shall the poor, the unknown be punished, while those whose influence will so much more undermine our faith are left unmolested?"

The young lady—Octavia—was going on in the even tenor of her way. Like her noble mother, daily she was wont to assemble her whole household, when, after reading to them from the Scriptures, she knelt and commended them to the care of the true God. For weeks after her mother's death she had lived in daily

expectation of the dungeon and the torture; but weeks passed on, and she became gradually lulled into a feeling of security. She scarce knew why popular vengeance had not sought her out; but still it had not, though day by day she heard that the waves of its fury were surging almost up to her palace gates.

But in an hour she thought not of the minions of government entered her dwelling and bore her, with her whole household, before the robed judges of the land. Heavy was the weight of crime which, in their eyes, rested upon that young head. For not only her own heresies must she be answerable, but for those of all her dependents. "It is vain," said he who sat at the head of the council, "it is vain to be lopping off the branches, while the tree from which they gather strength remains unharmed. The nation is already sated with ignoble blood: let us ascend to the high places of the land and check this vile current at its fountain-head. Maiden, you stand here accused of blasphemy against the acknowledged gods of Rome! You have not only yourself professed faith in this Christ, but have disseminated the same through your household. Had you a hundred lives you could not, with them all, atone to the state; yet, in consideration of your youth, the glory of your ancestors, and the deeds of your father, which our emperor still holds in grateful remembrance, he offers you your life upon certain conditions—though justice will require that as an atonement for past offenses you forfeit a large portion of your estate. Will you accept the conditions?"

"I would first know what they are."

"That in presence of the vast multitude which to-morrow will assemble at the amphitheater, you renounce this religion, and in token of your return to our ancient faith, kiss the statue of our god Jupiter. Is not this a merciful atonement for your manifold sins?"

"And my dependents, what is to be their fate?"

"Their guilt is less than yours. We care little for their vile blood. We might throw them to the lions without parley; yet we are disposed to be merciful, and we offer them pardon on the same conditions as to you. Do you accept those conditions?"

"God being my helper I never will," replied the lady in a low yet an unfaltering voice.

"Shall we bear this, your final decision, to our emperor? Think again, maiden, of the dungeon and the torture, which may force you to compliance."

"I have thought of all these. For months I have dreamed of this fate; and may God give me

strength, through all the suffering you may inflict upon me, never to deny his holy name!"

"Lady, remember, whatever may be your fate it has been your own free choice. We shall now commit you to prison, and though your sufferings there may be the lightest part of your punishment, you can have no reason to arraign our justice: we have offered you pardon; you have refused it. You can expect no mercy."

And the young Octavia, she who from infancy had been so tenderly reared; upon whose fair head not even the winds of heaven had been permitted to blow too roughly; whose home had been a palace; whose light step had fallen upon carpets from the Persian loom so soft as to waken no echo; she who had fared sumptuously every day, and had menials ever ready to do her slightest bidding, was now led alone and in chains to a dungeon, far removed from the blessed light of heaven, her only bed the damp stone floor, her only companions the noxious reptiles which had their abode in its moldering walls.

Through a slight crevice in the wall a ray of light was admitted, and she drew from beneath the folds of her rich mantle the precious volume, now her only earthly comforter. As she read of Jeremiah in his loathsome dungeon; of Daniel in the den of lions; of the three worthies, who, in the midst of the fiery furnace, were yet unscathed, while there appeared in their midst the blessed Son of God; as she thought, too, of Paul and Silas, who, in the deep midnight of their prison, sang praises unto Him whose unseen hand was even then working their deliverance, her heart was comforted—her spirit was strengthened; and though she little dreamed of an earthly deliverance, she felt that she was in the hands of a Being all-powerful as well as all-merciful, and in childlike confidence she could say, "Father, thy will be done!"

Weeks passed, and yet the lady Octavia remained in prison, though she lived in daily expectation of death. Much did she fear lest her summons might come at an hour when her spirit was unnerved, for so it often was. Though at times her feelings were wrought up to such an enthusiasm that she could glory in suffering—that she could almost rejoice in martyrdom itself; yet at others a mortal weakness would come over her—the love of life would return with redoubled strength, and in bitterness of soul she would cry, "O Father, avert from me this cup; I can not drink it!"

And well might she cling to life—young, beautiful, rich, and titled, wherever she went she had received the involuntary homage of the multitude.

Rome's noblest youths had bent at her shrine, and to win a smile from her had been the highest ambition of many a young patrician's heart. From among them all she had chosen one, a distant kinsman of her mother's. From childhood they had been associates, and their love had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength.

And Lucius Fabricius, the son of one of Rome's most powerful senators, graceful in person, noble in mind and bearing, learned in all the wisdom of the schools, versed in all the accomplishments of refined life, was one whose regard the proudest lady in the land might have considered an honor. He was now absent at the east, whither he had gone to complete his education in the schools of Grecian and Egyptian philosophy. In Athens he had tarried long at the school of Epicurus, and throwing to the winds the absurd pagan creed in which he had been reared, he adopted the belief that there is no God—there is no hereafter; that pleasure is man's chief good. His voice had joined in that bacchanalian song,

"Follow, follow pleasure while ye may;"

and this life, the only one to which he thought mortals might aspire, he had given up to enjoyment.

Yet he did not descend to drunkenness and debauchery. There was that in his fine nature which recoiled at every thing base and sensual; how, then, could his enlightened mind subscribe to so gross a superstition as was the heathen creed; whose deities, while they were invested with all the vices, had few of the redeeming traits of mere human natures?

We can not wonder that the best minds of Athens and Rome, unenlightened by revelation, turned in disgust from a system so absurd as was the pagan mythology, adopting the ideas of their wisest philosophers, some of whom asserted that there was no God, others that nature itself was God. And yet it was a mournful thought to those great minds, formed with desires which were not of "the earth earthy;" with aspirations after a higher state of being; that death is the utmost goal of life; that mind and matter must alike perish in the grave. We find such thoughts fearfully portrayed in the writings of many of the sages of the olden time; and Catullus, one of the sweetest of the Roman poets, laments that though spring succeeds the gloom of winter—though the flowers fade but to bloom anew—though throughout all nature death but brings forth a newer, a more perfect life; yet *man*, the noblest work of his Creator, alone must perish.

That this belief prevailed among the most

enlightened of the ancients we can not doubt; and we can but think that those who were most zealous for the national religion, were so from motives of policy. He who would gain favor with the masses must work upon their superstitions; and invocations to the gods and solemn appeals to Heaven doubtless lent an irresistible charm to poetry and oratory.

"Would that my Lucius were here," said the lady Octavia often to herself; "he has favor with our emperor; his intercession for my life might be availing; but if this could not be, he might be brought, by seeing his Octavia die for her religion, to believe in its divine reality. But though he is far away, and I can never see him again in this world, my last prayer shall be for him; and may not my death be the means of bringing him to a knowledge of that eternal life upon which I am so soon to enter?"

For weeks a dungeon had been the abode of the noble Octavia, when one morning the iron door of her cell grated upon its rusty hinges, and her jailer, bearing a lighted taper and followed by two officers, entered her presence. "Follow us," said the stern voice of their leader. The young girl arose, but so faint was she from long confinement and fasting—for she had turned in loathing from the black bread and impure water which had been offered her—that she could with difficulty stand.

"If you faint now, lady, what will you do to-morrow? You will have need of all your strength then; so try and summon up a little of it now. Rouse up, I say," continued that same gruff voice, and placing his arm roughly around her slight waist, the officer half bore, half dragged her forward. In a few moments she stood before the council. "And has the lady yet concluded to renounce her impious creed?" was the first salutation. A firm "no" came from her lips.

"Let her reflect well before she decides. She can have an hour for consideration," said the chief of the council, waving his hand for her to leave his presence.

"O Octavia, say, only say that Jupiter is the great God," entreated the young Lavinia, the playmate of her childhood, who had ever been to her as a sister.

"Think of the torture, poor child," said the noble senator, the father of her betrothed.

"Think of Lucius, how well he loves you, and do not for a mere infatuation throw away a life which promises so much happiness," said the lady Lucretia, his mother. "In a few days he will be here to make you his bride; why so madly rush on to your own destruction?"

"O tempt me not, my friends! I know all you would say. The ties which bind me to earth are many and strong; if this brief life were *all* I might yield to your entreaties; but rather than do so now I will die a death of the most lingering torture."

The hour had passed.

"Will the lady relent?" fell upon her ear in tones deep and solemn as the grave.

"God being my helper, never," was the calm reply.

"To the torture, then! Ho, officers!"

They bore her to the torture; but so exhausted had she become from recent suffering, that the trial had scarce commenced ere she fainted.

"Hold!" said the chief of the officers, "she will die if this continues, and our populace will, to-morrow, lose the sight of a noble lady's martyrdom. Conduct her back to prison, but not to the loathsome dungeon where she has been confined. Place her in your most comfortable quarters; give her reviving draughts and nourishing food. We have need of all her strength for the morrow."

The morrow came. Rome's most spacious amphitheater was crowded to its utmost, and on a lofty throne, high above all, sat the emperor in his regal robes, while around were ranged the members of the royal household and the chief officers of the realm. In seats raised above those of the populace were assembled the rank, the beauty, and the valor of the imperial city.

And what gala day was this which had so drawn out from princely hall and thatched cottage, from the forum and the temple, the marts of commerce and the shop of the artisan, so many thousands of Rome's sons and daughters?

It was to behold their fellow-creatures thrown to wild beasts; to see those whose only crime was a blameless faith in Jesus torn limb from limb; to see the jaws of the savage monsters of the forest moistened in innocent Christian blood.

On this day an unwonted interest pervaded all. There were many plebeian victims; but little recked the multitude of the poor beings who, to serve their God, had taken refuge in the caves of the earth, whom the ruthless dogs of war had scented out in their retreats in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains, where their songs of praise were going up in solitude to Heaven.

No! One of Rome's patrician dames, reared in their midst, whose wealth had excited the cupidity of her sons; whose beauty, the envy of her daughters, was this day to seal her faith with her blood. Victim after victim had been thrown

to the wild beasts, and at each fresh sacrifice a shout of hellish triumph had gone up from the assembled multitude. The voices of Rome's chivalrous sons swelled that note of exultation, and the bright eyes of her fairest daughters gazed unshrinkingly upon the impious sight, while jeweled hands waved brodered kerchiefs high in air, as many a poor victim, in the throes of expiring agony, struggled with the beasts of the arena, not more cruel than the human beings who, from the lofty seats of the amphitheater, gazed down upon them.

An old man there was—a patriarch of his flock. Long years before, while yet a lad, he had journeyed to the east, and, joining that multitude who were wont to follow the footsteps of the Savior, had listened to the divine teachings which fell from his lips.

"The prison damps had paled his cheek, and on his lofty brow
Corroding care had deeply traced the furrows of its plow.
Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to Heaven his eye;
For well that feeble old man knew they brought him forth to die;
But joy was beaming from that face, and from those lips a prayer
Passed up to Heaven, and faith secured its peaceful dwelling there."

His two grandchildren, a fair young girl and a manly youth, kneeled at his feet, and with tearful eyes looked upward into that aged face, as if imploring strength for the coming struggle; for they, too, though young, and fair, and innocent, were to die with him.

The old man, placing upon each sunny head a withered hand, raised his sunken eyes upward, his lips moved for a moment in prayer, and it seemed as if the Spirit of Him he addressed had descended upon that little circle. Their tears were dried, and with unfaltering step and placid brows they advanced to meet their doom.

There were others. But why dwell upon scenes which so harrow up the soul—which so make us lose faith in human nature, and shudder at the depths of depravity to which fallen man may sink? And yet they present humanity in its most holy as well as its most evil aspect, showing, on the one hand, that our souls may even, in this life, become so purified as to be meet companions for angels, and, on the other, how they may, by yielding to their worst instincts, become assimilated to demons.

BETTER that a house be too small for a night,
than too large for a year.

TO A COMET.

BY ALEX. OLARK.

ART thou a prophet, come to tell
Dread messages of fear?
To warn of sorrow, woe, and ill
That hover o'er us here?

HAST thou a voice, and dost thou sound
To all the list'ning spheres
The wonders of thy mystic round,
Ne'er told to mortal ears?

ART thou a servant, sent abroad
By all-creative Might,
To gather from our brilliant orb
The wealth of life and light;
To bear away and abed around,
In glorious splendor, far
In distant realms, sublime, profound,
Where new-made planets are?

FAR, far beyond the palest star,
Thy orbit winds its way;
And while thy path's so long—so far,
Thou canst not here delay.

FARTHER and farther, like a stream
That flows to ocean's breast,
Thou'lt vanish as a pleasant dream,
In hours of quiet rest.

AND wilt thou onward ever run—
Thy glory still display;
While stars, and moon, and earth, and sun
Are doomed to pass away?

WHATE'er thy mission, thou hast taught
Sweet lessons to the soul;
Though thine's a journey passing thought,
Thou'lt reach thy destined goal!

AND as thy radiant wings make bright
Thy pathway through the skies;
So Faith, and Love, and Hope shall light
Our way to Paradise!

"THERE SHALL COME A STAR OUT OF JACOB."

BY SERENNA BALDWIN.

THROUGH coming time, through distant years,
And beautiful afar,
I see from out of Jacob rise
A bright, a glorious star.

AND gifts, and gold, and frankincense
Shall eastern sages bring,
And hosts of angels, down the sky,
Shall come with joy to sing.

DARKNESS may stretch her sable wing,
And angry tempests roar;
Its rays shall pierce the darkness through,
And gild the storm-cloud o'er.

WITH gladness shall the nations see
The night her doors unbar;
Yea, all shall look and bend the knee
To that bright Morning Star.

"ONLY A THEOLOG."

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

"WHAT a handsome beau Mary Price has to-night! who is he?" asked a young lady of the gentleman who was trying to play the agreeable to her.

"Perhaps you won't admire him so much when I tell you that he's only a poor Theolog," was the answer.

"What! is he one of the animals from the seminary!" exclaimed the young girl with a laugh. "Why, he doesn't look like it."

"You thought they were all wild savages up there, did you? and yet you find one tame enough to run at large, and even to be tolerated in society."

"There's nothing particularly *tame* in the glance of that eye, either; it bespeaks talent that will not be kept in check; not even the restraints of our artificial society shall prevent its breaking out and letting its power be known."

"Why, you are growing quite eloquent over that Theolog. I shall begin to think you are smitten with him; but if he is not tamed it is not the fault of the circumstances by which he has been surrounded; for Poverty has laid her crushing hand upon him, and when his genius would spread its wings and enjoy a lofty flight, the question, 'Where can I get money to pay my washwoman?' or, 'What shall I do to induce that departing sole to stay on my boot a little longer?' brings him down to earth. I am told that he sometimes goes supperless to bed, not that he may have pleasant dreams, but because he has not the wherewithal to buy bread."

"Poor fellow!"

"You had better not let him hear you pitying him, for he's as proud as Lucifer, and it would gall him to know that any one suspected his poverty. A friend who knew his circumstances and wished to make him a present, puzzled his wits for weeks trying to devise a mode of tendering it that should not wound his sensitive heart more than the gift would relieve him."

"How foolish to be so sensitive!"

"Most unhappy for himself, but it is a conformation peculiar to many sons and daughters of genius; they think themselves humiliated in accepting a present, or even a loan, and never feel like holding up their heads till it is repaid."

"Then I am not a genius, for I love of all things to receive presents; but has this gentleman nothing to live upon?"

"Nothing but what he earns by drudgery during the intervals of study. He teaches school

four months of each year, and spends every Saturday in keeping the books of a publishing house in this city; and from the pittance thus gained he contrives to eke out a support and pursue his studies."

"Well, I should think he would be *tame* enough; why don't he give up study and go into a store, or something like that? He might make a comfortable support, then, and live like other people; but now he is pinching and starving himself—for what? to get through the seminary, that he may starve as a poor preacher in some obscure place, where the prospect of death, or long illness, will haunt him like the nightmare."

"I don't see why young men should wish to study for the ministry," rejoined her companion, "they are so much more poorly paid for their labors than they would be in any other profession."

"Excuse me," said an elderly gentleman, coming up at that moment, "if I answer a remark which was not addressed to me. Ministers are not more inadequately rewarded than other professional men, only they are not paid in the *same way* that they are. Their Employer sees that instead of tendering them cash down for every piece of labor they perform for him, it will be better for them eventually to place the sums where the heavy interest they draw will cause them to double and treble themselves, so that the laborers soon become heirs to a princely home and fortune, which they are to enjoy so soon as their work is done; and that not for a few broken-down years at the close of life, as our merchants and lawyers not unfrequently do, but throughout all eternity."

"There is Mary Price again with that young Theolog, Mr. Turner; what can her mother be thinking of, to let them be together so much?" said the same young lady at a party a few weeks after.

"And what a girl she is to waste her time with him, when she might, with her, pretty face, be making a conquest of some wealthy young lawyer, or something of that kind!" said a gentleman sportively. "You had better give her a few lessons in worldly wisdom, Miss C."

"I! do you mean to insinuate that I am ever on the alert to make conquests, and that I never wasted my fascinating conversational powers on any who could not prove eligible matches? Excuse me, then, if I don't talk to you any longer, for I don't believe your income would meet all my wants; and as for driving only one horse when Mrs. J. and Miss F. sport two; bah! it would be too humiliating," and the young girl

playfully glided from the side of him who was more than sunshine to her.

Much as was whispered about Mr. Turner's poverty and self-denial, the whole truth was far from being guessed. His severest trials were known only to himself and his God. More than once he resolved to give up the struggle and go into a store, but a voice from within forbade it. "Then I should be toiling only for myself, and to supply the wants of this perishing body," he said, "but the work to which I have devoted myself is the noble one of winning souls from destruction; and when I reach heaven, will I remember with pain my fastings and perplexities if I am permitted to see around me those whom I pointed to Jesus? No. I shall bless God, then, for even my sufferings; and who knows that they are not sent in mercy to fit me for a greater degree of holiness and usefulness than I could, under happier circumstances, have attained unto! Now I have to walk by faith entirely and not by sight, and trust every thing to my Savior," and then there seemed to come a voice to him saying, "Lo, I am with you always;" and thus was he strengthened to go on his way rejoicing.

The four years of trial and preparation were over at last, and he stood forth a herald of the living God to proclaim glad tidings to a lost world. And now the hand of Providence seemed to beckon him to the far-off and then almost wilderness state of Indiana; and though he knew that self-denial and penury awaited him there, he went forth joyfully to his missionary work. But there was one longing in his heart which caused him many an earnest struggle and fervent prayer. Circumstances had thrown him into the society of Mary Price, and ere he knew what he was doing he was indulging the reflection, "how happy life would seem could I have her ever near me!" He had noted the pure spirit of piety by which she seemed to be actuated; and though he reproached himself for thinking of subjecting that delicate being to the hardships he was going out to meet, he at last resolved to ask her to share his labors.

"Did you ever hear of any thing so absurd?" said one lady to another.

"No; Mrs. Price must be crazy to think of letting Mary marry a poor young minister."

"Yes, and for a girl brought up as delicately as she has been to go with him to Indiana! I would as soon see her in her grave if she were a daughter of mine."

"What in the world can her mother be thinking of?"

"O, it can't be true, she would never give her

consent!" exclaimed one who thought she knew Mrs. Price better than the others did.

But it was true, reader; that mother had consented, though she needed all her piety and all her missionary spirit to enable her to contemplate such a sacrifice with calmness. When first the precious boon was asked of her the thought arose, "I have always said I should esteem it an honor to be permitted to devote a child to the work of missions; perhaps the Lord is only testing my sincerity now; let me not faint and turn back in the hour of trial! I wonder how Mary feels about it!" she continued to herself; "I will see her, and the decision of this matter shall rest upon her convictions of duty."

And the mother sought her daughter in her own room; and though the question was not put with the abruptness of olden times, "Wilt thou go with this man?" the answer which came from the lips of the young girl, while her face was buried on her mother's shoulder, was as decidedly in the affirmative as if she had used the graphic words, "I will go." And both made the needful preparation with a calmness that surprised those who knew not, by actual experience, the efficacy of whole-souled prayer.

That Mrs. Price had "taken leave of her senses," and that "Mary was a romantic enthusiast," was the settled conviction of all their fashionable friends.

The parting hour was more replete with anguish to Mrs. Price than to the youthful Mary, for the mother knew better than she did what suffering was before her; and while she felt that it would have been her delight to have kept her child near her during her first year of married life—that season so trying to the health, and so important in its bearings upon the whole after life of woman—the reflection that her Savior had called her, and that he was able to preserve her, soothed her anxieties.

In her little log-cabin home in the far west Mary was as bright and happy as she had ever seemed in her mother's luxurious dwelling. True, she was becoming inured to toil, and her delicate hands were alternately cut and burned in her operations as a housekeeper; but she bore all patiently, and even laughed merrily when she found they had enlarged so much that she could not get on any of her gloves.

As her husband sat at his writing, he raised his head every now and then, to glance at her sweet face, or to mark her light step as she flitted about her daily tasks, for the same apartment was kitchen, parlor, sleeping room, and study in the dwelling of the missionary and his wife. Mary

always intended to go about her work noiselessly, so as not to interrupt her husband's studies; but before she was aware of it her happy heart found vent in some lively song. One day she paused in the midst of it, startled at seeing his eye fixed upon her, and coloring said, "How I disturb you! forgive me, dearest, and I will try to be more quiet."

"No, you do not disturb me," he said, smiling at her alarm; "your happy face and merry voice cheer and lighten my labors; when weary I refresh myself with them." The expression of relief which came over her face on hearing these words brought him instantly to her side, and placing his arm around her he bent down his face and—just then I turned away my head, for I knew that this little episode was intended to be strictly private.

Though their food was of the plainest and their living the rudest, they were happy; for it was evident that the Lord was blessing their labors. The attentive listeners who crowded the little country church, and the groups of children who came to Mary's Sunday school, many of whom had never heard of a Sunday school before, cheered and encouraged them. And when many were asking, "What shall we do to be saved?" their hearts swelled with gratitude as they pointed them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

But their life was not all sunshine; sickness, in the form of chills and fever, prostrated both husband and wife, and sometimes there was no one near to even bring them the draught of water for which they pined. The trials which Mr. Turner had borne while "only a poor Theolog," had given him capabilities for enduring uncomplainingly; but poor Mary, reared in luxury, could not always keep her thoughts from reverting to the home she had left. Did she ever, for a moment, regret the step she had taken? No, never! She found it sweet to labor for her Savior; and when parched with fever her thoughts turned to that pure river of Life, upon whose banks she hoped to refresh her weary soul when her work here should be finished.

What married friend would blame her if she shrank with dread from enduring, so far from all her early friends, the suffering attendant upon becoming a mother; but the Savior strengthened her to meet the trial, and also inclined the hearts of their rude neighbors to nurse with tenderness the delicate woman who had come to dwell among them to do them good.

When Mary gazed upon her little daughter, who had the same hazel eyes she had thought so

handsome in the father, strange and delightful feelings filled her heart. An immortal mind committed to her care to be trained for heaven! what a precious trust!

Baby added a new charm to life in that rude log-cabin, and seemed to draw the hearts of both parents still nearer together.

True, perfect as she was, the little lady would sometimes cry, and the father was not long in discovering that, somehow or other, the noise she thus made disturbed him far more when writing his sermons than her mother's singing had formerly done. Seeing this, poor Mary tried her best to keep quiet the little being who had no other way of making her wants known; and when cry on she would, the young mother was ready to weep with her. Then Mary's perplexed look caused her husband to laugh and say, "Well, never mind, she is not old enough yet to understand our reasoning, so I will try and not be interrupted by her."

But in their hours of relaxation they had many a merry romp with the little one, who seemed to understand very well when they wished her to play, if she could not comprehend their request for silence, and her crowing laugh was sweet music to their ears. Sometimes they carried her out into the noble woods, and sitting down where bright flowers could attract her infant eye, wove still brighter dreams for her future. On one of these occasions they chanced to find a sugar-trough which had been left there from the previous spring, and at sight of it Mary clapped her hands with all the glee of her youth, exclaiming, "See here, our child was born in a log-cabin, and she shall be laid in a sugar-trough, and then no one can dispute her claims to being a genuine Hoosier!" and the father laughed merrily as he laid the precious burden down.

"Does my Mary, then, love the state of her adoption so well that she is jealous of having her child claimed by any other?" asked the young husband that evening as they sat at the door in the quiet moonlight.

"Love it! O yes! how can I help loving it? Think how many of my dear Sunday school scholars are trying to serve the Savior who might have grown up in ignorance of him, if I had not been sent among them! And you, dear husband, ought to love it, for few young ministers have had as many and cheering evidences that the Lord was with them to bless their labors as you have been favored with."

When Mary went, at the expiration of four years, to visit the home of her girlhood, she found that those of her early companions who

had married "most favorably," and were living near their former homes, retained, in consequence of the lives of ease they led, almost their first freshness of beauty. And while they regretted that sickness and the western climate should have rendered her once delicate complexion so sallow, and that her hands had become so hardened by toil, they could not but feel that there was still a charm about her; such a charm as a mind elevated and expanded by close and daily intercourse with her Father in heaven, and a heart overflowing with noble designs to benefit her fellow-beings would impart.

Her friends complimented her by telling her she looked twenty years older than she ought to look, and said that she must not try to live any longer in "that horrid western climate," while Mary felt that such an existence as theirs would fall very far short of satisfying her. Self-indulgence and amusement for the passing hour seemed to be the only motives actuating them. "I could not live without an aim in life—some settled purpose for doing good," she said to herself, and she thanked God for having marked out for her so different, and, as her friends thought, so hard a lot.

Much as she had enjoyed her visit, she was quite ready to return with her husband to his field of labor.

And they are still there, blessed in themselves and a blessing to others. Their circumstances have changed somewhat with the improvement of the country; and in place of the log-cabin, with its single room, they have now a pretty white cottage large enough to accommodate their numerous family. But they still cherish the remains of the cabin, and pointing out a heap of ruins to their visitors, they say, with pleasure, "That was our first home."

When this simple sketch meets the eye of that missionary and his wife, I can fancy them looking into each other's faces and exclaiming, "Isn't that like us!"

RELIGION.

CHARLES THE FOURTH, after his abdication, amused himself in his retirement at St. Juste, by attempting to make a number of watches go exactly together. Being constantly foiled in this attempt, he exclaimed, "What a fool have I been to neglect my own concerns, and to waste my whole life in a vain attempt to make all men think alike, on matters of religion, when I can not even make a few watches keep time together."

A SPRING MORNING

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

THE worn, tatter'd garments of Winter,
Which lay in soil'd fragments around,
Have all disappeared, and the soft tints
Of Spring's robe hath mantled the ground,
And the water's deep anthems are rising
From hill-side, in valleys, and plain,
And the rivulet's beautiful solo
Blends sweet with the loud-gushing stream.

In the desolate branches no longer
The storm-wind's shrill harpings are heard;
But the low, lute-like voice of the zephyr
Chimes soft with the song of the bird;
And the rich, mellow clouds now are folding
Their rose-tinted leaflets away,
While the chariot wheels of the morning
Roll in with the king of the day.

And the blue violets wake from their slumbers,
And lift up their sweet, humid eyes,
To gather fresh hues from the pencils
Aglow in the clear azure skies;
And the delicate budlings are bending
'Neath dewy bells glittering bright,
While the beautiful brow of Aurora
Is gemm'd with the diamonds of night.

But I miss the dear hand, small and dimple,
That pointed to me each bright scene,
When last the sweet walks of the spring-time
Made lovely her pathways of green;
And the little form hasting at day-dawn,
With footfalls so soft on the stair,
To search for the young, creeping tendrils,
And welcome each new blossom there.

And when they unfolded their beauties,
Methought they look'd sad in their bloom,
Still waiting that fair child's caresses—
Unmindful she slept in the tomb.
But a breath from the bright, upper bowers,
Its sweet, winning fragrance had given,
And she left earth's pale roses ungathered
To live midst the flowers of heaven.

O I love the sweet childhood of summer,
Though now its glad joy can not feel;
For my soul hath been touch'd with a sorrow,
Which earth's balmy leaves may not heal.
But I know there's a land ever vernal,
Whose pure, healing streams brightly flow;
Where the green boughs of life waveth sweetly,
And the voice of its Shepherd I know.

And I think of the blest throng who nightly
May come from those fair climes above,
And gently in soft angel vigils
Keep watch by the pillows they love.
And when the dawn breaks yet a moment,
They pause, mid its ambient rays,
To list if the thank-note of mortals
Hath joined nature's chorus of praise.

THE CREATORS OF VALUE.

BY J. D. BELL.

WHENCE comes the enduring preciousness—to speak in a commercial sense—of what we call wealth? Who determine houses, and lands, and money, human labor, the productions of the soil, and the works of art, to be worth what they are?

Let us endeavor to answer this question.

Man's first thought on entering society is to be the proprietor of a certain amount of property; his next thought is to secure himself in its possession; and his next to gain power by adding to what he possesses. Nature instinctively prompts to the possession of property, law is the means of securing it, and the desire of accumulating wealth must be proportionate to the amount of intelligence and morality there is in society. If the masses are enlightened to a certain extent, and have strong progressive tendencies, and popular opinion is pure, so that the rights of individuals are considered sacred and industry honorable, then, and then only, will property have a high exchangeable value, and be a fruitful source of enterprise. There can be no considerable material wealth in a nation without mental and moral wealth. Now, what class of men is it that contributes most toward enriching society with intelligence, wisdom, and virtue? Who take broad views up and down the world, watch the motions of the great wheels of commerce, catch the shadows coming events cast before them, and pave the way for the coming in of necessities that would otherwise occasion dangerous suspensions and repletions in the circulatory system of exchange? Who make discoveries in science, found institutions of learning, maintain the honor of government, project improvements, reward industry, and diffuse religious knowledge? Certainly the number of men who do these great things can not be large. Not one out of a thousand in any nation can be called wealthy in magnanimous feelings, high intellectual endowments, inventive genius, heroic manhood, expansive benevolence, and eminent Christian virtues. A few intelligent, self-sacrificing, courageous men hold the world of traffic on their shoulders. Let them be removed, and what would become of our manufacturers, speculators, and capitalists? What would become of our men of enterprise and wealth? Every rich man owes his fortunes to what keeps government good, prevents public immorality and vice, and makes the people prosperous. Every new discovery, or project of reform, or institu-

tion of learning, or achievement of religion, or triumph of justice and truth, makes him richer; and every new crime, or failure in business, or defect of a magnanimous enterprise, makes him poorer. And hence it follows, that men of great property, if they do but know it, are bound by a sense of interest, as well as duty, to be liberal in promoting all good causes. Without industry in society they could not be rich; hence, they should contribute freely to prevent idleness and dissipation. Without intelligence in society they could not be rich; hence, their obligation to second and assist all educational and literary enterprises. Without morality in society they could not be rich; and hence their obligation to help sustain all the institutions of religion, and to lend their aid in carrying on all schemes of enlarged Christian benevolence.

It is a pity that our rich proprietors and capitalists have so small a practical sense of their extreme indebtedness to a small number of intelligent citizens, philanthropists, and reformers, for the value of the property they hold. Do but think what terrible misfortunes would befall millionaires and merchant-princes were society suddenly bereft of a few great and good men! Let us draw the picture:

The markets would be soon ruined by alternate dearths and excesses of circulating capital. Men every-where would complain of hard times. The currents of business would stagnate. Ships would be seen rotting in the harbors. That proprietary attachment which incites to an enlargement and improvement of possessions would cease to make the pulses of men throb. Cities would become scarcely more than collections of rude huckster-shops, and every landholder would be a squatter living temporarily in a cheap cottage. Patriotism would come to be but the love of so many square rods of country; and only attachment enough at that to make a man defend his meager patch of territory for the sake of the crops and buildings on it. The strongest law would be Lynch law. There would be no absolute security in possession, and hence, no incentives to laudable enterprise. No railroad or banking companies would be formed any more. No pains would be taken with farms, or fences, or roads; no taste displayed in building houses, or planting gardens, or rearing orchards. There would be no competitions for superior excellence in manufactural or agricultural productions. No premiums would be offered for the finest specimens of stock, or the best labor-saving machines, or the largest quantity of grain harvested from an acre. For why should men strive to excel in property that

has no determinate and secure value? Thus would the cities, and villages, and communities of the whole land soon come to present one vast scene, interspersed with deserted and dilapidated mercantile houses, silent and dismal shops, wreck-strewn and filth-polluted streets, vicious and vagabond men, women, and children.

If you doubt that the result would be as we have here pictured it, we have only to refer you to the state of things exhibited, at the present time, in some of those rich and renowned countries across the ocean, where the number of intelligent projectors of improvements and influential almoners of light in society is too small to admit of their exerting any powerful influence around them.

Look, for example, at Italy, the land of gorgeous scenery and golden romance. The American traveler, as he passes through her languid cities, feels lonely, and pines for the eternal bustle of the dusty emporiums of his native land. The air is redolent with the perfumes that rise from her uncultivated soil, and the hum of labor in her villages is scarce loud-toned enough to drown the music of birds. Well has it been said by Hillard, that "neither sturdy enterprise nor heroic valor has taken root among those vines and myrtles." What is Venice herself but a great gondola, anchored and lounging in the stupid stillness of decay, at the silent head of the Adriatic? And Rome, the city of the Cæsars, what is she to-day but a scene of defiled and offensive ruins, haunted by a lethargic race of men, half of whom live by begging? Think of her proud and costly Forum, which was once thronged with the busy agriculturists of the fertile Campagna, and those scholars and artists whose works have breathed through the long centuries, now nearly deserted, save by the ragged lazaroni everywhere to be seen, and left with but little beside its wealth of memorable associations to woo the eye of the silent tourist.

Look again at Syria and Palestine, those fair and fertile lands, consecrated to the everlasting reverence of our race. How dead are the hearts of those great cities, whose throbbing once gave life to distant nations! Think of the Tyre and Damascus of the past, and of the Tyre and Damascus of to-day. Think of the Jerusalem of old, with her scholars and temple-builders, her men of enterprise and wealth, and of the Jerusalem of to-day, where indolence and crime are rampant, and where the richest citizen "runs and begs like a Belisarius."

Such are some of the melancholy results that can not but follow, in all cases, from a great

scarcity of powerful patrons of intelligence and virtue, and of persevering leaders in the paths of competition and commerce.

But let us specify more particularly how and in what respect the different classes of great thinking men in society contribute to create value. And, first, we will speak of men of science.

Happy is it for society that she has a small number of men who seek the truth for its own sake, and are ever busy in the fields of rigid analysis. It would seem that Providence designed a certain class of individuals to be solitary pioneers in science. And hence a few, shunning the boisterous arena of political strife, and flying from the distracting bustle of fashion, have always been found steadily at work, far back of the many, in the solitudes of life, driving the silent forces of nature from their dark jungles, and translating the dead languages of truth for humanity. These solitary men were not born to sway empires with swords, but with thoughts. Their home is nature; they only visit society. And hence it was that old Archimedes, careless of the political commotions going on around him, was stabbed by a soldier while tracing geometrical figures. It was for the same reason that the learned Turgot failed in directing the concerns of the French empire under Louis XVI; and La Place was continued by Napoleon in the office of Minister of the Interior only through the short space of six weeks. Men of science make a sorry figure in politics. It is theirs to teach men rather than to tame them. They can not succeed as tacticians and demagogues. Their skill and power are displayed in discovering and applying truth as it is, not in reconciling it with human prejudices and passions. And in their appropriate sphere of action they exert more real influence on society than kings, or emperors, or imperial cabinets. What could mankind do without them? Monarchs and ambitious heroes might be safely spared from the world, but not its patient, persevering men of science. It is to them that every great instrument of human improvement is to be traced. It is by them that the schools of the land are furnished with textbooks. They only are competent to pass sentence on classifications of truth, and to decide what treatises and systems of ideas are to be adopted as faithful expositions and apocalypses of nature. It is by them that truth is prevented from becoming mixed and confounded with error. They only are capable of discussing and analyzing proposed theories, showing the weakness or strength of the grounds they stand upon, and detecting and exposing fallacies in evidence.

They only are able and apt to question nature closely, and cope with her great problems; to trace effects to their secret causes, and reason from the known to the unknown; to evolve hidden principles and discover great laws; to develop resources of world-moving power, and rear up imperishable systems of philosophy and theology, mathematics and law. And working for society, in this way, untiringly and unceasingly, as they do, who can estimate to what extent they contribute to fix and preserve the standard value of property and thus to afford innumerable occasions for useful enterprise?

Again: let us not forget that literary men have much to do in the creation of value. It is by them that the people are provided with all those writings that improve the popular taste and raise the tone of popular sentiment. It is by them that the true scales of literary justice are held, and the true merit of literary productions and literary men is tried. It is by them that the tide of corrupt literature, which would otherwise deluge the land, is driven back, and the names of those insufferable authors who attempt to palm off the sin-infected scurf of their rotten morals on the world are condemned to deserved oblivion. Broad, indeed, is their sphere of action and potent their sway. They are the few by whom the many are led in the paths of refined thought and pointed to the pure fountains of sentiment.

Some have vainly fancied that the people are capable of sound criticism. The popularity of a book is no proof of its merit, any more than the mere fact that a certain vice is universally practiced makes it a virtue. The press would soon become one of the most powerful agencies of demoralization in society, were the masses left to decide all that is fit to be put in type and circulated as standard reading. The literary mania of the present day is a good illustration of this statement. It has come to be utterly impossible nowadays for criticism to keep pace with production. It needs but a distinguished book publisher's manifesto, posted up along the thoroughfares, and copied by careless or fawning newspaper editors, to make any novelty in print, however tawdry and worthless it may be, circulate through the whole land, and bring a fortune to be divided between the party that dipped the ink in writing its sickly contents, and the party that excited sufficient popular curiosity in its favor to make it marketable. It would seem, indeed, that a race of Lilliputian minds had usurped the empire of literature, and were covering the land with their puny and diminutive works. Even children appear to be catching the

passion for story-making, and gray-haired men and women are half sorry they did not weave their little web of romance or sentimentality before their *teens* were out. Never did American society need to be more forcibly reminded than at this hour of the great truth, that it is not the many, but the few, who are competent to decide what works are to be adopted as the true standards of thought and style, and what works are to be rejected as mere garnished emptiness and specious fustian. It is consoling to know that there is a small body of thoughtful men to stand undismayed amid the flying tinsel after which the masses are chasing, and to guard the honor of those great works of literature that are worthy to live beyond the passing age.

Thus we see how essential it is that there should be a powerful class of literary men in society, in order that property should possess a fixed and reliable value.

But again: that class of men who conduct the affairs of government act no small part in the creation of value. You mean but little when you speak of a sovereign people. Popular sovereignty has no place, as a truism, in sound politics. True republicanism is but the realization of political equality between the many and the few. A republic is quite a different thing from a democracy. In the former the many and the few are harmoniously united on the principle of equipoise of restraints and privileges; while in the latter they are combined under provisions that allow all privilege to one party and impose all restraint on the other. There may be an overreaching for power on the part of the people, as well as on the part of privileged individuals. In the one case it leads to anarchy; in the other to tyranny. History is pregnant with warnings, not only against the tendencies of monarchs to absolutism, but also against the tendencies of democratic constituencies to absolutism. The governmental systems of ancient Greece were ruined simply by an extreme preponderance of popular power. And to use the words of Lord Bacon, "The Roman empire, notwithstanding the magnitude thereof, became no better than a carcass, whereupon all the vultures and birds of prey of the world did seize and ravine for many ages, for a perpetual monument of the essential difference between the scale of miles and the scale of forces."

So you see that no people can prosper through any considerable length of time unless willing to be under powerful restraints. It is a difficult thing to say when the masses, in a nation like ours, should resist the law-making and law-executing

power. It is, however, most certain that they should never openly defy it.

Sadly deficient in wisdom and foresightedness were those enthusiastic partisans who stimulated the people of the north, at the risk of civil bloodshed and anarchy, to oppose the recent unjustifiable attempts, on the part of the pro-slavery power of the south, to extend their favored institution into the virgin territories of Nebraska and Kansas. They forgot, in the hour of their just indignation at the reckless violators of public faith and honor, that, in a republic, wrongs committed by the few against the many can be redressed without the perilous help of gunpowder and mob truncheons. Much wiser would they have done had they charged a constituency, never sufficiently alive to a true patriotic interest, to be more deliberate in electing their representative rulers and law-makers.

There is always more or less apology for the enactment of laws, in a republic, existing in the fact, that the body of men who enact them is supposed to constitute an intelligent minority of the land. It is by them that the honor of government is maintained as far as it is. It is true they may not always legislate for the public good; but that man who encourages the people to question their decisions with irreverent boldness, and to withstand their enactments with brute force, should remember that there is always a strong presumption of there being a preponderance of reason in their favor. And were this not the case, such a course of conduct would be shown to be unjustifiable by the fact, that in a republic provision is made, in the frequent succession of different bodies of representative men, not only for completely restraining all the tendencies of the minority in power to undue assumptions, but also for giving the people an incalculable ability to so manage legislation, by their use of the elective privilege, as to promote the general welfare of the nation. Hence, it follows that every true counselor of the masses would, instead of instigating them to dangerous insurrections and rebellions, rather urge them to yield a proper obedience to their acting rulers, and to go more thoughtfully to the polls when the time comes to elect new ones.

Once more, and finally: that class of men who take the lead in all religious enterprises contribute largely to the creation of value. It is by these men that the masses are kept as conscientious as they are. They spread religious intelligence, plant religious institutions, form religious associations, conceive and effect great moral reforms, hold up virtue to reverence and vice to

condemnation, defend justice and denounce wrong, make moral worth a recommendation and the want of it a misfortune. They conduce to make popular sentiment favorable to righteousness and averse to wickedness, tolerant of Christians and scornful of infidels. Who can estimate the influence exerted by the few great and good men in the world? You can not conceive how society would be periled were its morals to be neglected, even for one year, by the small number of righteous individuals scattered through its various departments. The conscience of the people would be a poor security for the progress of any nation. Popular opinion can not be pure. It may be so far purified of ignorance and superstition as to be called enlightened; but it must be the result of a blending of truth with error, light with darkness. The ocean remains still a vast deep of brine, though mighty rivers of pure fresh water are ever pouring into it.

The sentiment of the masses, pro or con, is at best but a weak argument. Because the multitude cry, "It is right," this does not make it so. There is truth in the maxim, "'They say so' is half a liar." So thought the great John Wesley; for on hearing a man once utter the words, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," with his accustomed sagacity, he answered, "No, no; it was the '*Vox populi*' that cried, 'Crucify him! crucify him!'"

The masses are all the time halting between two opinions, and were it not for the Elijahs of the world, how could they go right? God has intrusted the hope of our race in the hands of a small number of devout and exemplary men. There can be no great nation without great exponents of morality and virtue. Martial heroism may conquer, but moral heroism alone can civilize. Let a certain number of God-fearing persons be taken out of England, or France, or America, and every city in each of these nations would soon become a Sodom exposed to Divine wrath. There have been periods in the history of almost every nation when its body-guard of religious heroes were denied the privilege of exerting their ordinary influence on society; and the results that followed in all such cases are before us. The whole course of things seemed to take a new turn. The wheels of progress ceased to revolve. The masses seemed to lapse into an awful stupor. No longer were the ordinary restraints of society effectual to prevent open immorality and vice. The arm of civil law seemed palsied. Crimes multiplied fearfully. Infidelity waxed furious. Domestic institutions were scarcely sustained. The blood of kindred stagnated in human hearts. Property lost its

value, patriotism its fervor, virtue its sacredness, and love its devotion.

Such has been the condition more than once of many a nation in our world. Think what undulations of fortune characterize the history of England. We find her alternately rising and falling, according as her rulers were patrons or persecutors of the righteous few: now up under Henry VII, and then down under Henry VIII; flourishing under Edward VI, and drooping under Mary the Papist; rising again under Elizabeth, and again falling under James, of the house of Stuart. And turning, too, to France, we find her, in like manner, vacillating between weal and woe; prospering under Henry IV, and afterward gradually sinking under the succeeding members of the Bourbon family, till the limit of her downward progress was at last reached in the bloody Revolution, headed by Robespierre, Danton, and Marat; after which she rose again from her ruins to enjoy a lucid interval under Bonaparte the First.

Thus we are brought to see clearly how and in what respect great minds contribute to create the value of wealth.

We are prepared now to judge of that false valuation of property which is so common among men of great fortunes. Wealth may not only become poverty by losing its exchangeable value, but also by becoming a dead weight in the hands of its owner. The miser's money is unproductive capital. He has no power over it or through it; it has him in its power. There are two kinds of poor men in the world—those who are drudges and slaves for the sake of property itself, and those who are drudges and slaves for the sake of what property is the means of procuring. The man who plods for money only is as much a pauper as the man who plods for the value of money. One is swarmed with just as many disabilities as the other, sweats just as big drops as the other, and groans under his taxes just as much as the other. Indeed, is not the man who pants for gain far poorer than the man who pants for bread?

The true political as well as philosophical definition of wealth is not the mere quantity of property a man holds, but the power he possesses of gratifying desire by means of it. As this power is exerted, so will the man himself and society be affected. It is his to make himself and those around him either happy or miserable by his use of it. He may lay it out in luxurious living, gorgeous equipage, and costly buildings, and do no good with it at all; or he may invest it in good enterprises, in promoting insti-

tutions of learning and benevolence, in assisting moral reforms, in giving new life to communities, in identifying his name with great achievements of art and science, literature and religion. He may waste his wealth in vain show and the pursuit of sensual pleasures, and die ignobly and unwept; or he may consecrate it to schemes of great usefulness, and go down to the grave, leaving his name to grow fresher and greener through after ages in the memory of a revering world.

But it is not the rich men alone of a nation that are to be charged with putting absurd and whimsical estimates on property. In a nation like ours, where a large proportion of the population is made up of individuals who combine the character of capitalist with that of laborer, instances of false valuation can not but be frequent every-where among the people. There are but few proprietors who do not set an exorbitant value on their possessions. The secret of most strong local attachment is but a conservatism little above miserly niggardliness. There are hundreds of men in society—or, rather, out of it—who are so attached to their homesteads that they rarely leave them, and who seem to bury not only their bodies, but their souls up in their plow-furrows. How many a man there is in America who has never ridden a mile in a railroad car or read a column in a public journal in all his life, simply because the poor muck-worm could not stop sifting the soil of his farm for gold long enough to give play to an impulse of manly patriotism! And this incoherent valuation of property is the most stubborn difficulty with which the philanthropist and reformer have to contend. The majority of the people practically set a far higher estimate on material than on mental and moral wealth. To the few public-spirited men who propose new institutions and project new schemes of general improvement they say, "Go on; your causes are good; but we can not assist you." Thus it happens often that great projects of reform are struck down on the very threshold of philanthropic devotion. The whole history of human progress is scarcely more than the detail of a long succession of wars between a majority of illiberal property holders and a minority of liberal innovators. What reformation was ever made or what institution was ever founded that did not cost a struggle? The projectors of improvements have to run terrible hazards for society. Every new scheme of benevolence, or learning, or public aggrandizement, has to meet its host of opposers, and to pass its campaign of savage battles. The yeomanry cling close to their lands, and declare war, *pugna et*

calculus, against every innovation that threatens to tear down a rail-fence or spoil the square of an acre. It is costly business to run a railroad through a score of connected farms, or to execute a law prohibiting the *sale* of intoxicating drinks.

Now we scarcely need to say, that if these tendencies to overvalue property and to make gain the chief end of existence were not overcome and restrained, to the extent they are, by the few intelligent, disinterested, and persevering individuals in society, the wheels of progress would soon cease to move, and the march of mankind would be backward to a destiny of hopeless poverty and barbaric wretchedness.

OUR YOUNG PREACHER.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, SCOTLAND.

"How short his day! the glorious prize,
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
Appear'd too quickly won;
The warrior rush'd into the field,
With arm invincible, to wield
The Spirit's sword—the Spirit's shield—
When, lo! the fight was done!"

MONTGOMERY.

IN the "Methodist Memorial," published many years since by the Rev. Charles Atterne, we often find the most honorable mention made of ministers whose history is not recorded. But from the brief allusions which refer to their character, they are presented to our view in the most amiable light. Like the sun bursting through the clouds, they dazzle our eyes for a season with their matchless splendor, and then vanish from our sight. Respecting many of the *young* ministers especially little more is recorded of them than the affecting memorial, which their

"Place of fame and elegy supply;"

namely, "It pleased the Lord to call them away in the flower of their days, and in the midst of their usefulness."

I have gleaned some historical recollections of one of these devoted servants of God, who was called to his reward in the second year of his ministry. In the circuit which was the scene of his labors, and sufferings, and triumphs, there are several aged persons to whom he was personally known. From these I have collected the particulars embodied in the following narration:

On a fine autumnal evening, toward the close of the last century, a pious gentleman, of the name of Smith, who resided in the town of —, in the north of England, had just returned, with his amiable daughter, from the Methodist chapel,

and were now seated in their little parlor, conversing about the sermon, when an intimate friend, who sustained the office of steward in the society, was ushered into the room. After a few observations of a desultory character, the young minister, who had lately been appointed to the circuit, became the subject of conversation.

"How do you like our young preacher?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Not at all," replied the steward, who was evidently mortified because his own nephew was not appointed as their minister; "he is not the man for us. Neither do I think he will ever make a preacher."

"I beg to differ from you," remarked Mr. Smith; "considering his youth, my opinion is, he possesses considerable ministerial talents; and if not discouraged in the infancy of his labors, he will become both eminent and useful. His doctrines are thoroughly evangelical; and in addition to the chaste language he employs, he has great facility of expression. With respect to his *piety*, that is undoubted."

"But what of his *mental* abilities, if he does not throw his *soul* into his sermons, and thus *scare* the hearts of his hearers?"

"I admit he has not so much animation as some ministers; but at present he is but young, and will no doubt improve. Indeed, I fancied there was an improvement in that particular to-night in the application of his sermon; for it both warmed and comforted my soul. And you must have been in a cold frame, indeed, not to have felt it."

"But others complain as well as myself."

"That may be true. And my opinion is, if they were to *pray* more for him, they would have less ground for complaining."

"But admitting all that you say in his favor, that he preaches the Gospel faithfully—*ay*, *earnestly*—yet there is one part of his duty in which you must acknowledge he is defective: I mean in visiting from house to house. The effects of this negligence are already apparent. The congregations are falling off, and in a short time he will have to preach to empty pews. He confines himself too much to his study. Let him come out. We do not want fine preaching so much as pastoral visitation."

"You are too premature in your conclusions. With respect to visiting from house to house, I do not see what time he has had for that. He has only been in the circuit *six weeks*; and during that time, you know, in addition to the usual quantum of preaching, he has had to attend to the quarterly visitation of the classes."

"Well, he may stay in the circuit till the next conference; though it is hard for the Church to be obliged to support a man who is not approved of by its members."

At this stage of the conversation, Louisa, the daughter of Mr. Smith, hazarded an opinion, which at once put a stop to the unprofitable discussion, and at the same time conveyed a cutting rebuke to the steward, which effectually cowed his dictatorial spirit. During the conversation she had more than once betrayed unmistakable symptoms of impatience while listening to his unfeeling remarks.

"Mr. C.," she at length said, "my Bible teaches me to pray for the ministers of Christ, and to esteem them, even for their work's sake. But the freedom with which you have animadverted on the minister who has been appointed over us is both cowardly and unjust. If, as you say, the congregations are falling off, it is not *his* fault, but *yours*; for you have given expression to the same censorious remarks in other circles, with a view to create a party feeling against him. And for what reason? Because the conference would not gratify you by sending your nephew! I have no patience with such fault-finding proclivities. My soul has been blessed under his ministry, and so have many others, notwithstanding your nefarious attempts to injure him in their estimation."

The young man who was the subject of the preceding conversation had but recently left the home of his childhood, at the call of conference, for the purpose of engaging in the work of the ministry. And this was his *first* circuit. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. He possessed considerable natural abilities, which had been greatly improved by a liberal education. His personal piety was exemplary, and his heart was in the work to which he believed he was divinely called. But he was extremely nervous, and naturally inclined to melancholy. A sensibility, evidently of a morbid character, had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; so that an unkind word uttered in his ear would smite heavily on his heart, and the least act of injustice or oppression exercised toward himself would bow down his spirit, and bring tears into his eyes. He was peculiarly susceptible of those impressions which are made upon the mind by outward objects; consequently, his pleasurable emotions were often quickly succeeded by imaginary fears and forebodings.

On his arrival in the circuit, lodgings were procured for him in the house of Mr. Smith,

where every attention was paid to his domestic comfort. He returned home, on the evening already mentioned, just after the arrival of Mr. C., the steward, and was making his way toward the parlor, when he heard his own name repeated. Instinctively his heart began to beat. He paused at the door, and heard the whole of the conversation. Tremulous with emotion, he sought the solitude of his chamber—there to "weep till morn." He threw himself on the bed, but could not rest. The idea of being regarded as a pauper—an intruder—eating the bread that was reluctantly ministered to him; the fact of being disliked by those to whom he was sent to minister the bread of eternal life; the chilling thought that the congregations were falling off, and that his remaining in the circuit till the next conference was considered by the people as an *endurance*—all these images passed before the eye of his imagination like so many frightful specters, and forced a weight upon his mind which he felt was too grievous to be borne. He silently counted the hours as they were successively proclaimed by the heavy bell of the church clock, yet still slumber forsook his eyelids.

There was one reflection, however, which, during the visions of the night, came opportunely to his relief—a reflection which, like an "angel visit," tended to assuage the anguish of his spirit. It was the reflection of the ingenuous part which the amiable Louisa had taken in the conversation. There was *one*, then, in a "land of strangers," who cared for him—*one* to whom his poor labors had been blessed. This thought was, indeed, as "dew and sunshine" to his soul amidst the gloomy clouds by which it was oppressed.

About an hour after midnight he began to doze; but his sleep was disturbed by appalling dreams; so that when he awoke in the morning about sunrise, he felt hot and feverish; and when he attempted to rise his whole frame seemed agitated, and his eyes appeared to swim in dizziness. At length he rose, and essayed to cool his head by plunging it into a basin of cold water that stood in his room, and in a short time he felt somewhat refreshed. And, O, with what earnestness, with what fervency of spirit, did he pray, at that early hour, that he might not shrink from the reproach of the cross, and that through evil report, as well as good report, he might be enabled, by the grace of God, to approve himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed!

From this time he labored abundantly for the good of souls, though as yet he could see no fruit. He industriously applied himself to pastoral visitation, that no farther complaints might

be made on that ground. But even in this respect he experienced but little success. The congregations continued small, and there appeared to be a growing spirit of disaffection among many of the people. Wherever he went he considered himself to be an unwelcome guest. This consideration alone rendered his life truly wretched.

When he had been in the circuit a little more than three months, he was one evening taking a solitary walk in the outskirts of the town, with a view to the adjustment of his thoughts for preaching, when he encountered on the road Mr. O., the society steward. "Young man," said the latter, "you have adopted a course which is driving the people from the chapel. Instead of keeping in your study, in order to prepare for the pulpit, you are running about from morning till night visiting. The consequence is, your sermons will not satisfy the people long. They know what good preaching is; and if they can not have it in our chapel, they will go elsewhere. If I were in your place, I would return to my trade."

"My good sir," said the young pastor, almost choking with excitement, "you remind me of the fable of the man who could blow hot and cold with the same breath?"

"How so?"

"A short time ago you complained that I was too much in my study, and must 'come out,' in order to visit the people. Now the tables are turned, and you find fault with me for taking your advice."

"Who told you that I complained of your being too much in your study?"

"I heard you with my own ears, when you literally writhed under the rebuke which a young female considered it her duty to give you for endeavoring to create a spirit of disaffection toward your minister."

This at once silenced the complaining steward, and, without answering a word, he proceeded on his way.

But this was too much for the nervous youth. His extremely sensitive mind could not brook the unkind remarks which he felt he did not deserve.

"*Meneque pati durum sustinet agra nihil.*"

He experienced the humiliation of his position; and when lying on his bed that night, unvisited by "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," a hundred times he repeated the unfeeling suggestion about *returning to his trade*. It was now the hour and power of temptation. "Yes," he mentally exclaimed, "*I will return!* for I feel I

am not in my proper place. I was mistaken in thinking I was called to be a minister of Christ."

The President of the conference, with whom he had been on friendly terms previous to his leaving home, was expected to preach at Leeds during the Christmas holidays, which were now at hand. He therefore resolved to visit that town for the purpose of tendering his resignation in person, and then return to the circuit in order to preach a farewell sermon before going back to his trade.

* * * * *

The morning at length dawned which had been so earnestly anticipated by the young minister; and unknown to any person in the circuit, he proceeded to the town of Leeds. It was in the latter end of December, and the weather was piercingly cold. A hard frost had bound in icy fetters the water courses in the valleys. Fields and meadows, which a short time since were clothed with living verdure, and exhaled the sweetest fragrance, were now mantled with snow. All that a few months before appeared bright and beautiful beneath soft and sunny skies had faded away. The scenery in every direction presented a dreary, wintry aspect. Vegetation seemed dead, and the face of nature was wild and barren. No sound was heard, save the winter wind, which howled dismally through the leafless branches of the ancient trees.

On such a day, and amid such scenes as these, did the youthful wanderer pursue his solitary way to Leeds. But it may be justly doubted whether the scenes of desolation by which he was surrounded, and through which he was silently traveling, were not exceeded by the desolation which reigned in his stricken bosom.

He now reached the place of his destination, and was soon closeted with the venerable President. Long was the interview which passed between them, and deeply affecting was it to both parties. The President declined to receive his resignation, because of the frivolous grounds on which it was preferred. He gave him such advice on the occasion as the young man needed in his present situation, and urged him, in the most affectionate manner, to return to his circuit, and resume his labors with fresh vigor, and with a certain hope that God would yet smile upon those labors. As one means to secure this, he directed him to attend especially to the instruction of *young persons*; to construct a Bible class especially for their benefit, as, in the event of their conversion, they would become valuable auxiliaries to him in his work of faith. Wiping the tears which had long filled his eyes while

listening to the apostolic advice of the President, and receiving, in answer to prayer, an unction from the holy One, he retraced his steps to the scene of his labors, and again entered on the duties of the circuit with a heart burning with zeal for souls.

The next Sabbath was the first in the new year. On the evening of that day he had announced his intention to preach a sermon to *young persons*. And, O, how fervently, how importunately did he pray, that the occasion might prove one of a general awakening among the people! That evening arrived; and as he sat in his little study, the window of which overlooked the spacious chapel, he saw, by the gorgeous light of the full-orbed moon, droves of people flocking into the sanctuary. The sight brought tears into his eyes; but they were tears of gratitude. The chapel was densely crowded long before the service commenced, and subsequently numbers stood round the doors and near the windows, unable to gain admittance. The scene was new, and no less encouraging to the people than gratifying to their devoted minister.

On announcing his text—"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?"—every eye in that large assemblage was riveted on the preacher. And as he proceeded with his discourse, explaining and enforcing that beautiful passage, the audience listened with intense and increasing interest. The "still small voice" which secretly applied the word to the hearts of the people, gradually prepared them for those loud and continuous outbursts of feeling, which toward the close of the service became general. Numbers, both old and young, were "pricked in their hearts;" several of whom, being directed to the Savior, found redemption through his blood in the remission of sins.

During this revival, thus happily commenced—and which continued throughout the winter—the chapel was opened every evening for prayer and exhortation; and the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.

Months rolled away, and still the good work progressed. The *spring* had come and passed away, and the "last rose of *summer*" had already faded. *Autumn*, "crowned with the sickle and the wheat sheaf," again visited the earth. The young pastor had now entered on the second year of his ministry, beloved by those who had formerly despised him, and almost idolized by those whom he had been instrumental in leading to Christ. But his work was done. Like the celebrated Spenser, of Liverpool, he was called

away in the very flower of his youth and the zenith of his fame. But there was a difference in the circumstances of their departure. The former found a watery grave in the river Mersey; the latter encountered the last enemy in his peaceful chamber, in the house of his friend, Mr. Smith. His constitution was naturally strong, but his physical energies became considerably weakened by his incessant labors during the revival. On many occasions he continued in the prayer meetings, exhorting and praying, till after midnight. Notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of his friends to moderate his exertions, and in spite of their predictions that such excessive labor would bring him to a premature grave, he would burst into tears, and exclaim, "How can I relax when souls are perishing?"

One evening, on returning home at a late hour from a densely heated chapel, he caught a severe cold. Hoping it would shortly pass away, he continued his exertions with unabated zeal, till his strength became prostrated, and he was compelled to be confined to a sick bed. From that bed he never rose. After a brief illness of three weeks, he exchanged mortality for life. His sun went down while it was yet day. But, like the natural sun, it appeared largest at its setting; and the effulgence of its departing beams gave the happiest presage of a glorious rising in a brighter climate, and in a morning without clouds.

"Doctor," said he, on one occasion, to the medical man, who, from the first, had been unremitting in his attention to the suffering patient, "do you think there is any hope of my recovery?"

"I can not say there is no hope," was the reply; "but I fear—I fear we shall lose you."

"This intelligence does not frighten me, doctor, for I have a hope beyond the grave—a hope blooming with immortality. My sole motive in asking you was, that in case this affliction should be unto death, my poor mother might be sent for, that I might have the happiness of seeing her before I die."

He continued to grow weaker and weaker; but his confidence in God remained unshaken. No doubts, no fears, disturbed the tranquillity of his mind. Peace, heaven-born peace, was diffused through the inmost recesses of his soul, and an expression of ineffable joy beamed from his animated eye.

Reader, did your eye ever rest on a beautiful lake, at the close of a fine summer's day, when all nature is at rest? How calm its waters! How unruffled its surface, undisturbed by the gentlest breeze—a sweet emblem of the calmness, the

placidity, which reigned in the bosom of the dying minister!

At length his aged mother arrived; but it was only within a few hours before her "angel son" spread his wings for his flight to heaven. It is difficult to say whether the meeting or the parting, both of which occurred on the same day, was the most affecting. Several friends connected with the society—including, of course, Mr. Smith and his daughter—were in the apartment, weeping bitterly at the thought that their esteemed pastor was about to be taken from them.

The day, which had been very beautiful, was now drawing toward its close, and the evening sun, before retiring to rest, cast a farewell glance into the chamber of death. But scarcely had his golden beams sunk below the western horizon when the spirit of the minister was summoned to glory. With a heavenly smile on his pale countenance, he gazed affectionately on the several friends who stood round his dying couch; then looking upward, he essayed to repeat the triumphant language of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth—" Before he could finish the sentence the hand of death was upon him, and he closed his eyes upon the world forever.

All were deeply affected at the solemn, the parting scene. Every eye in the room was dim with tears; and the voice of mourning and lamentation for the dead became loud and continuous.

But there was *one* who felt the bereavement more keenly than the rest—whose gentle bosom received a greater shock than even that which lacerated the bosom of the widowed mother—I mean the lovely Louisa. For several months she had been the affianced bride of the deceased minister, whose ardent affection was reciprocal with her own.

A few days before his departure—feeling that his end was approaching—he presented her with a ring, on which, unknown to any person, he had caused to be engraven an affecting inscription. I need not say that after his death she read that inscription with lacerated feelings, and often moistened it with her tears. It was as follows: "I have loved thee on earth—I will meet thee in heaven."

He lives long that lives well; and time mispent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value.—*Fuller.*

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

LIKE the treacherous signal-boats that are sometimes stationed by the wreckers off an iron-bound coast, the shifting systems of false religion are continually changing their places. Like them they attract only to bewilder, and allure only to destroy. The unwary mariner follows them with a trembling uncertainty, and only finds out where he is when he feels his ill-fated vessel crashing into a thousand fragments on the beach.

But how different from these floating and delusive systems is that unchanging Gospel of Christ, which stands forth like the towering light-house of Eddystone, with its beacon blaze streaming far out over the midnight sea! The angry waves, through many a long year, have rolled in, thundering against that tower's base. The winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern. *But there it stands.* It moves not. It trembles not; for it is "founded on a rock." Year after year the storm-stricken mariner looks out for its star-like light as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is the first object that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is the last which he beholds long after his native land has sunk beneath the evening wave.

So is it with the unchanging Gospel of Christ. While other systems rise, and fall, and pass into nothingness, this Gospel—like its immutable Author—is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. While other false and flashing lights are extinguished, this, the "true light," ever shineth.

The Christian goes to his Bible, and finds it always the same. The life-giving doctrines of the cross, which first brought peace to his soul are still his solace; the precepts of the Divine law are still his delight. They have never lost their ability to guide him, or their power to console him. Upon this Gospel his fathers pillowed their dying heads; upon this he means to rest in the trying hour; and he trusts that it shall be the precious heritage of his descendants long after his own corruptible body shall have moldered into dust.

"O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light!
Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Savior there."

THE DEW SPIRITS—A VISION OF NIGHT.

BY GARRIE MYER.

DEAR, the goddess Care beguiling,
 Hushes with a gentle hand
 Fragile infants sweetly smiling,
 And the mighty of the land;
 Sufferers worn and toilers weary,
 E'en the hearts by crime made dreary,
 Joy elated, grief o'erladen,
 Father, mother, youth, and maiden,
 Seekers vain of hope's fruition,
 Proudest rank and low condition,
 Yield to thee, O blest Magician!
 Visitants, with silken pinions,
 To the haunted weird dominions
 Of the Marvel-king have won me,
 While the spell is laid upon me.

* * *
 Spirits, softly now descending
 From their airy halls of mirth,
 Where with snowy cloud-wreaths blending,
 Mists and rainbow hues have birth,
 Tripping to fantastic measures,
 Bring their choicest hoarded treasures
 To the still, unconscious earth;
 O'er the moonbeam flooded waste
 Silver-sandaled fairies haste;
 See the fays of gladness dreaming;
 In their merry elfin eyes,
 What a mystic light is beaming!
 What unearthly beauty lies!
 See they come—the flashing legions
 Smiling from the starry regions—
 Wavy locks in freedom flowing,
 Ruddy cheeks with pleasure glowing,
 Airy forms with myrtle bound,
 Every forehead gayly crowned;
 Borne aerial depths along,
 Nearer soars the chivald throng,
 Singing songs so sweet and olden,
 Bearing goblets quaint and golden,
 With the crystal dew-drops filled
 From the purest fount distilled.
 Now they fly through forest bowers,
 Lavishly their precious showers
 Scattering o'er the grateful flowers;
 Weaving brightest diadems,
 Glittering wreaths of pearly gems,
 For the tall and stalwart kings
 In whose arms the wood-nymph sings.

Their task is done, but over hill and vale
 The myriad bands are bending,
 Ere on their paths ascending,
 They seek their starry halls
 Fast by the golden walls;
 They linger, and their ringing voices thrill
 In sweeter symphonies
 Than ever murmurs with the summer rill,
 Or floats amid the trees
 At eventide,

When all the world beside
 Is hushed in worship deep and still—
 Through all the silver space their song
 Is lightly borne along,
 On harps Æolia's messengers have wreathed
 With halos from a land of glory breathed,
 The clear, harmonious chords
 In magic spell enchain these words:
 When sons of heaven astonished saw
 An infant world, to one great law
 Obedient, move on its course,
 Impelled, controlled by force
 Eternal—when Eternal Might
 Commanded that the light
 Of earth's first day should shine—
 When at the voice divine
 The stars shone out,
 And the young moon a silver sheet was flinging
 O'er earth's first night,
 Then we were singing.
 We heard the shout
 That rang through all creation's bounds,
 When, in their measured rounds,
 Bright Day and pensive Night unfurled
 Their banners o'er a finished world.
 When out of Chaos dim
 Arose the primal hymn
 Of being waked to joyful love,
 Our work began.
 Then dancing from our homes above,
 Nightly our songs we sung,
 Nightly our jewels hung
 Around the Eden home of man.
 Since then we've hovered o'er scenes of woe;
 We've winged our way where sully forms lie low
 On many a crimsoned field;
 We've seen the weary yield,
 Longing to brave the leaden waters,
 Whose king is Death,
 Like her who mourned lest they, the daughters
 Of pagan Heth,
 Snaring in silken toils a noble son,
 Should from his people turn her cherished one!
 Our snowy pinions
 Have fanned the dark dominions
 Where sin-stained spirits hold
 Their revels bold.
 But still, despite the crime that intervenes,
 Despite the dark, revolting scenes,
 The fields of strife and blood o'er which we've passed,
 Still, at the last,
 Our hands are pure, our hearts are free,
 As when at first
 The joy-song o'er creation burst;
 And still our lesson is to all,
 Of Adam's race and fall,
 Truth, love, and peace, and purity.

—◆—
 How short is human life! The very breath
 Which frames my words, accelerates my death.

ASTLEY COOPER AND ABERNETHY.

ASTLEY COOPER was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper, of Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, and was born at Brooke, in Norfolk, on the 23d of August, 1768.

Toward the close of 1791, he married Miss Cook, of Tottenham; and the next year, after a short visit to Paris, during which he attended the lectures of Dessault and Ohsart, he commenced practice in Jefferey's Square, St. Mary Axe, London, where he resided six years.

In the course of his professional pursuits, Sir Astley came in contact, more perhaps than any of his contemporaries, with the exception of Joshua Brookes, with those outcasts of society, the resurrectionists, or body-snatchers. The necessity for this intercourse with the most degraded and reckless of mankind was most painfully felt; but the credit of English surgery, and the welfare of the whole community through its individual members, were at stake.

The followers of this revolting traffic were almost invariably men of the worst character—bold, hardy, and of wonderful low cunning. They formed a small community, isolated from all other classes of laborers by the disgusting nature of their employment, and generally working in small companies or partnerships, under the guidance of some man eminent for his courage, cunning, or experience. Jealousy of each other's success seems to have been one of the most remarkable features of these gangs, and is shown in the extraordinary perseverance and sagacity with which they discovered, and then made known to the authorities, the professional labors of their rivals. They were constantly quarreling and betraying each other, and not unfrequently encountered much risk to themselves, rather than refrain from enjoying a sweet morsel of revenge.

The best allies of the resurrectionist were the old watchmen employed to guard the various burial-grounds of the metropolis; the great majority of whom, it is believed, were in the habit of receiving a per centage of the proceeds, as the price of their connivance. The public being aware that graveyards were often robbed, it was not unusual to employ special watchmen to sit up by the grave, or the friends of the deceased would watch by turns. But the unwonted nature of the occupation, and the gloom and stillness of all around, frequently caused them to stay only a part of the night; and even when otherwise, such was the skill and rapidity of the resurrectionist, that a slumber or short absence

of half an hour was sufficient to defeat the object of the hireling guardian or the worn-out mourner.

On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, and that poachers made the best game-keepers, resurrectionists were occasionally employed, by those who had some knowledge of their proceedings, to watch a grave. Where the remuneration offered was large, and the man really desired to execute his trust faithfully, and thwart the schemes of his companions, he was generally outwitted by some among them more active or cunning than himself. One mode adopted was to plan some other undertaking, connected with exhumation, in which he was associated; and then, during his absence, some part of the gang "raised" the coveted body. Another way was, for some friend or two to enter into conversation with him, and ultimately to ply him with drink, to which nearly all the class were addicted, till he was rendered too helpless to interfere with the design in hand.

It was well known that bodies were "raised" with great rapidity; but how it was done remained to the last a mystery, known to few. The general impression was, that all the soil covering the coffin was removed, and the lid forcibly broken off by suitable tools. Now this plan, erroneously described by the author of the "Diary of a late Physician" as that usually adopted, would frequently have led to detection, in consequence of the length of time required, and the noise of so much digging. The true mode of proceeding was this. The body-snatcher first carefully examined any peculiarities of the ground, his keen eye detecting any little piece of slate or wood, or other mark. These he carefully removed, in order to their replacement when all was over, to avoid creating suspicion. He then dug down over the head of the coffin, leaving the other portions as little disturbed as possible. When about a third of the length was thus cleared away, a strong crow-bar, of a peculiar form, was introduced between the end of the coffin and the lid. On raising the latter, owing to the superincumbent weight upon the lower portion, it usually snapped across at about one-third of the distance from the top. As soon as this happened, the body was drawn out by the shoulders, the burial-clothes were removed and replaced in the coffin, and the corpse tied up in a sack and conveyed to its destination. This plan seldom failed, unless the lid proved unusually strong—a circumstance which not often happened in the coffins of the poor, to which class the operations of the resurrectionists were usually directed.

But the body-snatcher did not always practice as a resurrectionist. By a horrible dexterity in his work of sacrilege, he as frequently forestalled, as plundered, the grave of its appointed prey. In the years 1825 and 1826 there seems to have been an understanding between men of this class and the undertakers of London; brick-bats and earth were substituted for the bodies of deceased persons; and over many a plundered coffin resounded the solemn service for the dead, or the sob of a broken heart, that was mocked, as well as utterly bereaved. Even the bodies of unfortunate creatures awaiting the judgment of a coroner's jury suddenly vanished, and to the mystery of their death—destined never to be cleared up in any earthly court—was now strangely added the mystery of their disappearance.

In May, 1816, Astley Cooper signalized himself by performing one of the most difficult operations in the whole compass of surgery—that of placing a ligature upon the aorta. Aneurism of the aorta, from the nature, and still more from the position, of the disease, as well as the magnitude of that great trunk artery, is one of the most perilous, and apparently hopeless, of all complaints to which the body of man is liable. The disease may occur in any of the arteries, and consists in a rupture of the inner coat of the vessel, forming a fissure, in which a small portion of blood becomes lodged and coagulates. The outer elastic coat yields to the pressure, and becomes gradually enlarged by fresh deposits of coagulum, till a tumor is formed. This gradually becomes thinner, till it bursts either from the pressure of the blood, or from some sudden exertion. In order to prevent this catastrophe, surgeons are in the habit of performing an operation, the object of which is to cut off the communication between the diseased blood-vessel and the heart, and thus prevent any further flow into the aneurismal swelling. The circulation is then thrown on the small collateral vessels, which gradually enlarge and adapt themselves to the new duties they are thus called upon to fulfill, while the former channel becomes contracted to a cord.

The aorta being the great channel through which all the blood passes from the heart, nature has taken every means to protect it from injury; and thus we find it placed in front of the spine, defended by soft, yielding organs, and surrounded by and closely connected with various other important structures; so that to reach the vessel, without inflicting injury upon other important parts, requires the most minute anatomical knowl-

edge. But, supposing the vessel reached, and a ligature applied, will the circulation be carried on, when thus cut off in full career? Will the comparatively few and small arteries given off between the heart and the ligature be sufficient to supply the place of the main trunk?

In the year 1815 he migrated westward, and thus closed the busiest and most lucrative portion of his practice. For many years after this, during his residence in New-street, Spring-gardens, he carried on the leading surgical practice in the metropolis; but he never subsequently reached a point equal to the last year of his residence in the city. For several years his professional receipts averaged £15,000, or \$75,000, per annum; but in the year alluded to they exceeded the enormous sum of £21,000, or \$105,000.

In 1821 he was created a baronet by George IV, to whom he had previously been appointed surgeon, and, during the remainder of his professional life, had under his care several members of the royal family, and many of the great officers of state, as well as illustrious persons from all parts of Europe.

In 1827 he retired from the profession, intending to spend the remainder of his life, in the enjoyment of well-earned retirement, at his estate near Hemel-Hempstead. A short experience, however, soon convinced him that he was unfitted for a life of inglorious ease; and, with characteristic decision, he resolved to return, to practice his profession anew. In 1828, and again in 1837, he occupied the honorable position of President of the College of Surgeons, and continued his practice and pathological labors till his last illness. The first symptoms of disease came on him when walking to church at Strathfieldsaye, with the Duke of Wellington, when he was seized with a violent and irregular action of the heart, accompanied with great difficulty of breathing. After an illness of a few weeks' duration, he died of diseased heart, February 12, 1841, in his seventy-third year.

JOHN ABERNETHY was born in the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman-street, on the 3d of April, 1764. After some preliminary home tuition, he was sent to the Wolverhampton Grammar School, where he appears to have obtained the character of a clever, shy, and passionate boy.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blicke, at that time a surgeon in large practice, living in Mildred's-court. There is evidence that, during his apprenticeship, young Abernethy evinced a taste for chemical and physiological researches. He once observed, in reference to a certain disease, "When I was a boy, I

half ruined myself in buying oranges and other things, to ascertain the effects of different kinds of diet in this disease."

In July, 1787, Mr. Abernethy was elected to the office of assistant-surgeon to St. Bartholomew's hospital.

The early years of Abernethy's manhood were years of incessant toil. He lectured upon anatomy, physiology, pathology, and surgery—subjects which are now divided among three or four teachers.

In the commencement of 1800 Mr. Abernethy, who had shortly before removed to Bedford-row, entered the marriage state. His mode of procedure was highly characteristic, and would be open to severe remark by the sterner critics of the proprieties, did we not consider the peculiar disposition of the man, as well as the circumstances in which he was placed. During a professional attendance upon a family at Edmon-ton, he had met with a young lady, Miss Anne Threlfall, the daughter of a retired merchant, and had been much impressed by her kindness and attention. One of Abernethy's most striking faculties was his keen insight into character. Lively, lady-like, and agreeable manners came in aid of the moral qualifications, and his choice was made. But how bring about the important affair? He was very shy, and extremely sensitive, and wholly absorbed in studying, teaching, and practicing his profession, so as to have no time to carry on a regular siege. He therefore wrote a note, stating his wishes, and requesting the lady to take a fortnight to consider of her reply. We have only to add, that the answer was favorable, and that the marriage was in every respect a happy one. It is not a little amusing to find, that both Astley Cooper and Abernethy came down to lecture on the evening of their marriage-day.

Abernethy's treatise upon the "Constitutional Origin of Local Diseases," popularly known as "my book," was published in 1804. This is the best known of his works, and has undoubtedly exercised much influence upon the modern practice of medicine. The general belief is, that it is concerned exclusively with digestion, and that Abernethy looked to the stomach alone as the great *fons et origo* of all human ailments, and that he had but one mode of exorcising the demon. This is a mistake: the object of the work is to exhibit the reciprocal influence and mysterious sympathy existing between the nervous system and the digestive organs, and the power they mutually exert in the causation and cure of diseases. The subject was certainly not new;

but the suggestive and scrutinizing quality of his mind, together with his talent for clear statement of complicated truths, enabled him to carry his inquiries, in this direction, farther, and announce them more luminously, than had previously been done. The *facts*, indeed, or at least some of them, had been known and commented upon since the time of Hippocrates. John Hunter had paid considerable attention to the subject, and had asserted "that the organ secondarily affected—as, for instance, in headache from deranged stomach—sometimes appeared to suffer more than the organ to which the disturbance had first been directed." It was Abernethy's function to trace out this *sympathy*, as it is called, more fully, and to add ampler illustrations of its nature, its complications, and its range.

Abernethy's strong point, after all, was his lecturing. In this he was unrivaled. His thorough acquaintance with his subject, and wonderful facility in conveying his knowledge, were assisted by a combination of physical and intellectual accessories, which greatly added to the effect. His person was graceful, slender, and delicate looking, with a pleasing combination of benevolence and humor in his eye. He was remarkably free from technicality, and unusually rich in illustration. By the first he smoothed the rudimentary progress of his pupil, and avoided a premature burdening of the memory. The latter peculiarity was so prominent as to suggest the possession of no small portion of genius, and gave an indecipherable charm to his discourse. But his chief characteristics were his humor and his dramatic power. The combination of these sufficed to make him equally entertaining and impressive. He thus could rouse the attention, stamp a fact or principle upon the mind, or touch the moral sensibilities, at will. In relating a case, particularly when repeating a dialogue with a shrewd or witty patient, he was inimitably droll, especially when the recital made against himself. But Abernethy's humor, unlike that of Sidney Smith and other wits, was greatly indebted to manner, and is not effective on repetition. His directions for making a poultice are amusing, as found in his published lectures; but those who heard them say that nothing could exceed the raciness with which they were given. Parts of his lectures, printed exactly as they were delivered, are as amusing as any book of light reading; and in the "Eventful History of a Compound Fracture" may be seen how important information may be conveyed, upon a subject undoubtedly grave, without a trace of dullness. But it was in the more serious portion of his

discourse, when reciting some act of neglect or cruelty, that the better qualities of the lecturer were apparent. His voice faltered with emotion, his eye flashed fire, and his whole soul seemed stirred within him. His sympathy with poverty in distress frequently appeared in his illustrations, and proved, when taken in connection with his many recorded acts of benevolence to the poor, the kindly nature of the man.

The foundation of Abernethy's character was unswerving honesty. But having said this, we would protest against the rudenesses in which he allowed himself to indulge. It is to be lamented, not only as a serious blot upon the reputation of an able and honorable man, but also as a precedent which seems to keep in countenance a herd of vulgar imitators, who, devoid of his talents and real benevolence, aim at similar celebrity by copying his greatest defects. It is to be lamented, moreover, since it has served to call away the attention of the public from Abernethy's true merits, and caused him to appear, in the eyes of many, who only know him through the medium of stories—a large number of which are apocryphal—in the character of a savage or a buffoon.

His uprightness of character and entire freedom from selfishness might be illustrated by many examples. A gentleman had the misfortune to meet with a compound dislocation of the ankle—an accident, by the by, which Abernethy was mainly instrumental in redeeming from habitual amputation—on the road between Andover and Salisbury. An able practitioner of the former place was called in, and replaced the parts. He then said to the patient, "Now, when you get well, and have, as you most likely will, a stiff joint, your friends will tell you, 'Ah! you had a country doctor;' so, sir, I would advise you to send for a London surgeon, to confirm or correct what I have done." The patient consented, and sent for Abernethy, who reached the spot by mail about two in the morning. He looked carefully at the limb, saw that it was in a good position, and was told what had been done. He then said, "I am come a long way, sir, to do nothing. I might, indeed, pretend to do something; but, as any unavoidable motion of the limb must necessarily be mischievous, I should only do harm. You are in very good hands, and I dare say will do very well. You may, indeed, come home with a stiff joint, but that is better than a wooden leg." He took a check for his fee, sixty guineas, and made his way back to London. Soon after a wealthy clergyman in the same neighborhood had a violent attack of erysipelas in the head

and arm. His family, becoming alarmed, wrote up to his brother to request Mr. Abernethy to go down and visit the patient. Abernethy inquired, "Who attends your brother?" "Mr. Davis, of Andover." "Well, I told him all I knew about surgery, and I *know* that he has not forgotten it. You may be perfectly satisfied. I shall not go." Here, as the narrator says, he might have had another sixty guineas. We are aware that these and similar instances in which he combated the morbid exaggerations of those who consulted him, and endeavored to reason them into abstaining from undue indulgence in medicine, are looked upon by some as foolish instances of abnegation; but we trust that the claims of honesty and conscience will generally—we can not expect invariably—be held paramount by the members of an honorable profession, even when self-interest comes backed by a plausible but lax morality.

Abernethy's reputation steadily increased, till there were few practitioners in London more consulted by the sick of all classes. From distant parts of the country they flocked, returning, in many cases, with strange tales of his odd and *brusque* manner. These tales added fresh wings to his fame. Nor were there wanting traducers, who maintained that the rude speeches and uncouth behavior were adopted as means of acquiring notoriety. But his merits were sufficient to support his fame. He was no charlatan, collapsing as soon as his trick is discovered from very emptiness. The honors of his profession were bestowed upon him by his brethren, who have more accurate means of judging of scientific and practical merit than the public can possess. The fact has recently transpired, that it was the intention of the King to create him a baronet—an honor which he modestly declined, partly from indifference to titular honors, and partly from prudential reasons connected with his comparatively limited fortune. During the last few years of his life, he curtailed his engagements on account of declining health, and spent a portion of his time in the country. His constitution was never robust, and he began to show marks of age at a somewhat early period. In 1827 he resigned the appointment of Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, under circumstances highly characteristic of his disinterestedness and sense of fairness to his juniors. On his appointment in 1815, after a service of twenty-eight years in the subordinate and unremunerated capacity of Assistant-Surgeon, he had expressed his opinion to the Governors, that it was not to the advantage of the institution for a surgeon to retain the office after the age of sixty.

When that time arrived, although his enjoyment of the advantages of the surgeoncy had been short in comparison with his earlier labors, and although he might have followed the precedents of his predecessors and cotemporaries, he resolved to illustrate his own precept, and retire; a resolution which the remonstrances of the Governors could only postpone one year. In May, 1829, he retired from the office of Examiner at the College of Surgeons, on which occasion a memorial was entered in the Minutes of the Court, signed by the leading surgeons of the day, eulogizing in high terms his scientific labors, and attributing much of the recent advancement of the healing art to his writings. The latter part of his life was spent at his house at Enfield, where, after a prolonged period of declining strength, he expired, April 20, 1831.—*London (Wesleyan) Quarterly Review.*

THE INFIDEL AND HIS WIFE.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE MEMORY OF AN OLD METHODIST PREACHER.

BY HARMONY.

IN the early stages of my father's ministry, nearly fifty years ago, his lot was cast for a season on one of those large circuits which was three or four hundred miles around it. The preachers of those early days had many long rides on horseback through the wide and thinly inhabited wilderness, over almost impassable roads, and across unbridged streams; the difficulties they encountered were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. Yet these devoted men entered upon their labors with a zeal that knew no limit, and a devotedness that surmounted every severity to which they were exposed. Truly, their mission was a high and holy one; and they endeavored carefully to cultivate the soil, and with great difficulty broke up, and sowed with the good seed—the word of the kingdom.

It was nearly noon, on a bright summer's day, when my father entered a little village in Pennsylvania, on his way to a distant part of his circuit. He rode musingly through it toward the upper end of the street, and stopped at the house of a friend, to feed his horse and get dinner.

While they were at dinner, his friend remarked that there was a neighbor at a little distance whose wife was very sick, and that she was in a very distressing state of mind, and wished to see some person that could speak to her about religion. Her husband, a wicked infidel, how-

ever, had forbidden any Christian visiting the house, and declared that he would shoot the first person that attempted it, for the purpose of conversing or praying with his wife.

My father said he would make an attempt to see her, if his friend would accompany him to the house. But Mr. C., with whom my father was staying, declined going, on the ground that the man was a very bad-tempered person, and he thought it hardly safe to venture.

My father thought he would make an attempt at any rate; inasmuch as, for some reason, he said, he could not tell why, he felt a particular desire to see the sick woman.

He therefore directed his course toward the house, with some feeling of personal fear, however. Yet he thought that fear should not prevent his doing what he felt to be a duty.

With these feelings he entered the house. A little girl ushered him into a little back room, where he saw, as soon as the door was opened, the sick woman, seated in an arm-chair, propped up by pillows. She was a fine, interesting woman, with that peculiar beauty of complexion, softness of feature, and brightness of the eye, which are the frequent attendants of consumption, and which were all heightened by the effects of the ardor of feeling that in each feature seemed to be laboring for expression.

My father seated himself beside her. He told her that he was a minister of the Gospel, and all the circumstances that had induced him to call and see her.

She thanked him, and said she was very glad that her husband was not at home. "But do tell me," said she, "for you are a minister, may I expect to go to heaven? I do want to hear of mercy. My husband does not understand it. He says I need not feel so; that I have been a good woman; my conduct has been irreproachable; that there is no cause for all this alarm. But he does not know what an evil heart I have."

Then she gave a deep convulsive sigh, which seemed to tell that the burden of her sin was too heavy for her feeble frame.

"O," said she again, "is there any salvation? is there any hope for me?"

My father now found himself called upon to perform the most delightful part of a minister's work—to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ to a soul that longed to possess them. He said some few things about sin, the holiness of God, the worth of the soul; but he found her alive to all these—that it was needless to add any thing, and that all she wanted was to be directed to the Lamb of God. He then unfolded

the doctrine of the Savior, and spoke of the great salvation, and the great grace of the mighty Deliverer. And the poor, convinced sufferer drank in these soul-quickenings doctrines with an eagerness and a joy, which, my father says, he could never forget.

"O," said she, as he told her of a Savior's love, "that is what I want, that is what I have been seeking, and nobody about me could tell me of it!"

My father now took up a small Bible which lay on the stand, and read a portion of the word of God, and made a few remarks on the encouragement it afforded to every true penitent; after which he lifted up his heart in solemn and earnest prayer for divine grace to enable the sorrowing woman to commit her spirit into the hands of Jesus. She entered with great interest and emotion into every petition which was put up on her behalf, and seemed earnestly herself to put up prayer to God.

Her husband now came into the house, and he was greatly enraged; he slammed the doors, and threw the chairs about the room, not quite near enough, however, to hit the preacher, who was on his knees praying. He cursed and swore all the while most bitterly; ordering the preacher to be gone; said he wanted none of his prayers in his house.

When my father rose from his knees, tears of an overflowing joy were falling from the eyes of the interesting sufferer. She had found peace in believing, and she was rejoicing as one that findeth a great prize.

She expressed great delight in the seasonable truths which had been unfolded to her. Her fears were wholly removed, and calmness and resignation had taken their place. When my father took her hand at parting, she said, with much earnestness, "I am so thankful that you came to see me, notwithstanding my husband's opposition, to talk with me of a Savior's love. This is just what I have long wanted. I have but a few days to live; heaven is a happy place; I long to be there. My husband does not like it, because you came here, I know. You had better go, for he is greatly excited, and he may do you some harm."

My father then left the house, followed by the awful curses of the man, till he was out of the hearing of them.

"This," said my father, "was a very striking, a very interesting case. I think I never met with one more so. It was one of those cases in which the influence and instruction of a pious, exemplary mother is never lost. The woman

said she had a pious mother, who taught her in her childhood to pray and love her Bible."

Mr. C. said to my father, as he entered the door, that he did not expect to see him return without being injured in some way, for he knew the man was a most bitter opposer of Christianity, and that his equal for infidelity and profaneness was not to be found in all the country. He was kind to his sick wife, who he thought to be in the last stages of consumption, in every other respect, but he perpetually tried her feelings by refusing to have any person come to the house to converse with her on the subject of religion. All this she bore with the spirit of a true Christian; she entreated, but he was deaf to her entreaties.

When the minister of the Gospel entered his house unbidden, he durst not, as he had threatened, take his life. But his rage when he found him in prayer for his wife seemed, indeed, more like the malice of Satan than any thing characteristic of merely human depravity. Poor infatuated man!

Very soon after this occurrence my father was removed to a distant field of labor, and, amid the importunity and multiplicity of new duties, new engagements, and new scenes, it was overlooked, and he never ascertained the final history of this interesting woman or her infidel husband. He now, at the distance of many years, looks upon this occurrence as one of those sudden and interesting, yet painful incidents, which seem to smile upon the dreariness of the path of the early itinerant preacher, and, in the midst of his hard labor and numerous discouragements, was truly a sweet refreshment and a powerful stimulus to be faithful in the discharge of every duty, which the office of a Gospel minister imposed upon him.

We are all more inclined to listen to facts than to feel the force of reasoning, however forcible and however seasonable. Sometimes an individual on whom all the power of persuasion, entreaty, and argument has been expended in vain, has been won by some striking occurrence, or arrested by some unusual fact. If this brief narrative should be the means of producing in the mind of any individual who has been religiously educated, a conviction of the importance of making a choice of none but those who have been similarly educated as a partner for life, the object of the writer will most certainly be attained.

A word once let fall, says a Chinese proverb, can not be brought back by a chariot and six horses.

COFFIN-LOVERS.

IN no other country than China, perhaps, could men be heard exchanging compliments on the subject of a coffin. People are mostly shy of mentioning the lugubrious objects destined to contain the mortal remains of a relation or friend; and when death does enter the house, the coffin is got in secrecy and silence, in order to spare the feelings of the mourning family. But it is quite otherwise in China; there a coffin is simply an article of the first necessity to the dead, and of luxury and fancy to the living. In the great towns you see them displayed in the shops, with all sorts of tasteful decorations, painted and varnished, and polished and trimmed up to attract the eyes of passengers, and give them the fancy to buy themselves one. People, in easy circumstances, who have money to spare for their pleasures, scarcely ever fail to provide themselves beforehand with a coffin to their own taste, and which they consider becoming; and till the moment arrives for lying down in it, it is kept in the house, not as an article of immediate necessity, but as one that can not fail to be consoling and pleasant to the eye in a nicely furnished apartment.

For well-brought-up children, it is a favorable method of expressing the fervor of their filial piety toward the authors of their being—a sweet and tender consolation for the heart of a son, to be able to purchase a beautiful coffin for an aged father or mother, and come in state to present the gift at the moment when they least expect such an agreeable surprise. If one is not sufficiently favored by fortune to be able to afford the purchase of a coffin in advance, care is always taken that before “saluting the world,” as the Chinese say, a sick person shall at least have the satisfaction of casting a glance at his last abode; and if he is surrounded by at all affectionate relations, they never fail to buy him a coffin, and place it by the side of his bed.

In the country this is not always so easy, for coffins are not kept quite ready, and, besides, peasants have not such luxurious habits as townspeople. The only way, then, is to send for the carpenter of the place, who takes measure of the sick person, not forgetting to observe to him that it must be made a little longer than would seem necessary, because one always stretches out a little when one's dead. A bargain is then made concerning the length and the breadth, and especially the cost; wood is brought, and the workmen set about their task in the yard close to the chamber of the dying person, who is entertained

with the music of the saw and the other tools while death is at work within him, preparing him to occupy the snug abode when it is ready.

All this is done with the most perfect coolness, and without the slightest emotion, real or affected. We have ourselves witnessed such scenes more than once, and it has always been one of the things that most surprised us in the manner of this extraordinary country. A short time after our arrival at the mission in the north, we were walking one day in the country with a Chinese seminarist, who had the patience to reply to all our long and tedious questions about the men and things of the Celestial empire. While we were keeping up the dialogue as well as we could in a mixture of Latin and Chinese, using a word of one or the other, as we found occasion, we saw coming toward us a rather numerous crowd, who advanced in an orderly manner along a narrow path. It might have been called a procession. Our first impulse was to turn aside, and get into some safe corner behind a large hill; for not having as yet much experience in the manners and customs of the Chinese, we had some hesitation in producing ourselves, for fear of being recognized and thrown into prison—possibly even condemned and strangled. Our seminarist, however, reassured us, and declared we might continue our walk without any fear. The crowd had now come up with us, and we stood aside to let it pass. It was composed of a great number of villagers, who looked at us with smiling faces, and had the appearance of being uncommonly pleased. After them came a litter, on which was borne an empty coffin, and then another litter, upon which lay extended a dying man wrapped in blankets. His face was haggard and livid, and his expiring eyes were fixed upon the coffin that preceded him. When every one had passed, we hastened to ask the meaning of this strange procession. “It is some sick man,” said the seminarist, “who has been taken ill in a neighboring village, and whom they are bringing home to his family. The Chinese do not like to die away from their own house.” “That is very natural; but what is the coffin for?” “For the sick man, who probably has not many days to live. They seem to have made every thing ready for his funeral. I remarked by the side of the coffin a piece of white linen, that they mean to use for the mourning.”

These words threw us into the most profound astonishment, and we saw then that we had come into a new world—into the midst of a people whose ideas and feelings differed widely from those of Europeans.—*Huc's Travels in China.*

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

CHANGED MEANINGS OF SCRIPTURE WORDS.—There are several places in the authorized version of Scripture, where those who are not aware of the changes which have taken place during the last two hundred and fifty years in our language, can hardly fail of being, to a certain extent, misled as to the intention of our translators; or, if they are better acquainted with Greek than with early English, will be tempted to ascribe to these translators, though wrongly, an inexact rendering of the original. When, for instance, St. Paul teaches that if any widow hath children or "nephews," she is not to be chargeable to the Church, but these are to requite their parents, and to support them—1 Tim. v. 4—it must seem strange that "nephews" should be here brought in; while a reference to the original makes manifest that the difficulty is not there, but in our version. From this also it is removed, so soon as we know that "nephews," like the Latin "nepotes," meant, at the time when this version was made, grandchildren and other lineal descendants; being so employed by Hooker, by Shakspeare, and by the other writers of the Elizabethan period.

In another place, in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Luke says, "We took up our *carriages* and went up to Jerusalem." Acts xxi. 15. How was this possible, exclaims a modern objector, when there is nothing but a mountain track, impassable for wheels, between Cæsarea, the place from which Paul and his company started, and Jerusalem? He would not have made this difficulty, if he had known that in our early English, "carriages" did not mean things which carried us, but things which we carried; and "we took up our *carriages*" implies no more than "we took up our baggage," or "we trussed up our fardels," as an earlier translation somewhat familiarly has it, and so "went up to Jerusalem."

But a passage in which the altered meaning of a word involves sometimes a more serious misunderstanding is that well-known statement of St. James, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." "There," exclaims one who wishes to set up St. James against St. Paul, that so he may escape the necessity of obeying either, "listen to what St. James says; he does not speak of faith in Christ as the condition necessary to salvation; there is nothing mystical in what he requires; instead of harping on faith, he makes all religion to consist in practical deeds of kindness one to another." But let us pause a moment. Did "religion," when our translation was made, mean godliness? did it mean the *sum total* of our duties toward God? for of course no one would deny that deeds of kindness are a part of our Christian duty, an evidence of the faith which is in us. There is abundant evidence to show that "religion" did not mean this; that, like the Greek *Spensia*, for which it here stands, like the Latin "religio," it meant the outward forms and embodiments in which the inward principle of piety arrayed itself, the external service of God: and St. James is urging upon those to whom he is writing something of

this kind: "instead of the ceremonial services of the Jews, which consisted in divers washings and in other elements of this world, let our service, our *Spensia*, take a nobler shape, let it consist in deeds of piety and love;" and it was this which our translators intended, when they used "religion" here and "religious" in the verse preceding.

GLORY.—"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

Glory! It is a most profoundly mysterious word this. What is the precise amount of it? How shall we be able to fathom it? The original Greek word—*doxa*—means opinion, fame, renown, and this is very much the meaning of it with us. But this is a very superficial and trivial sense. The Hebrew word—*cabod*—signifies weight, literally. We like this grand old Hebrew word. It lets us into the heart of the thing. It intimates that there is much more in it than is generally imagined. It raises us above those paltry conceptions, those low, earthly, mean ideas we associate with it. It carries the mind upward to the God of glory, in whom alone all true glory resides, and from whom alone all true glory flows.

Glory! It is truly a most weighty term this, bearing the burden, so to speak, of the Divine perfections—sustaining the honor of the Divine character! There is a deity wrapped up in that word glory! It is indeed a most sublime and sacred word, and it seems an act of desecration to apply it to aught that is human or earthly, except so far as it is the faint reflection of the uncreated source of moral excellence.

Herein lies our true glory—our true blessedness—our true reward. All else is fleeting and fantastic. Give me not the *doxa*—the mere fame—the mere seeming—the mere display; such glory, if we must still call it so, is unsubstantial as a shadow, short-lived as a dream. But give me as my reward—give me the *cabod*—the glory that has weight and substance in it—that bears the image and superscription of Deity, and that will be immortal as its source, even an eternal weight of glory—the glory that lies in the possession of the Divine image, the enjoyment of the Divine favor, and the performance of the Divine will.—*Foot's Aspects of Christianity.*

"THE REFINER OF SILVER."—"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."—Malachi iii. 3.

Some years ago a few ladies, who met together in Dublin to read and study the Scriptures, were reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that in the passage: "For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap: and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver," the fuller's soap and the refiner of silver were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influences of the grace of Christ; while another observed, "There is something remarkable in the expression, 'he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.'" They agreed

that possibly it might be so, and one of the ladies promised to call upon a silversmith, and report what might be said upon the subject. She went, accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described. "But, sir," said she, "do you sit while the work of refining is going on?" "O yes, madam," he replied, "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the surface, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured." At once she saw the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression—"he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." When we are in the furnace of trial, affliction, and temptation, the Lord sits by the side of the furnace, with his eye steadily intent upon the work of purifying. Our trials do not come on at random; the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention, that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete by seeing his own image reflected in the silver.

Beautiful figure! when the Lord sees his own image reflected in us, his work of purifying is accomplished.

"But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

"For we all with unveiled face, reflecting as mirrors the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as from the Lord of the Spirit."—*MacKnight's Version of the Epistles.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.—"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill can not be hid."—*Matt. v. 14.*

I once read somewhere of a traveler at Calais going one dark and stormy night to the light-house there. While standing looking on, the keeper of the house boasted of its brilliancy and beauty, observing there were few such lights in the world beside. The traveler said—thoughtlessly it may be—"What if one of these burners of yours should go out to-night?" "What?" said the keeper, "go out, sir? O, sir," said the light-house keeper, "look at that dark and stormy sea. You can not see them, but there are ships passing and repassing there to every point of the compass. Were the light to go out from my installation, in six months news would arrive from every part of the coast, that such ships and crews were lost by my neglect! No, no! God forbid such a thing should ever occur. I feel every night as I look at my burner as if all the eyes of all the sailors of the world were looking at my lights, and watching me." He for an earthly, we for a heavenly. If such was his care of lights, the extinction of which could lead only to temporal catastrophes, O, what should be ours!

"Far sadder sight than eye can know,
Than proud bark lost or seaman's woe,
Or battle fire or tempest cloud,
Or prey bird's shriek or ocean's shroud,
The shipwreck of the soul."

Are we watching the burner in the light-house on which God has placed us? He built the house, and placed us in it; it is ours to let the light so shine that the white-winged doves of commerce, as they move from sea to sea and from shore to shore, or rather as the pilgrims of eternity wend their way to an everlasting haven, they may never have to criminate us for culpable neglect.—*Cumming's Daily Life.*

THE FATHER AND HIS PRODIGAL SON.—Suppose the case of a profligate and ungrateful son. He has often

wounded the heart, and set at naught the authority of the tenderest of fathers. He advances in filial depravity, till he determines to break away from all domestic inspection and restraint. The day appointed for the carrying out of his purpose arrives. As the first gray beams of morning steal into his chamber, he rises and prepares for his journey. All within are asleep beside. His father is unconscious of his plans. With clandestine step, and a thousand mingled emotions, he bids adieu to his birth-place and his home. In a few hours he finds himself on board the vessel which is to bear him to a foreign land. Month after month, through storms and sunshine, he pursues his way. He reaches his destination, and exults in the thought, that now, without restriction, he can revel in all the pleasures his new home can afford. The thought of his lost son fills the father with distress. It disturbs him in his dreams at night. It scares him in the mornings. It spreads a sadness over him through the day. At length he is informed of the far-distant residence of his son, and of his wicked ways. He determines to restore him to a sense of filial obligation, and to his home. And what is the plan? He writes a letter—all that is moving in parental love is thrown into that letter. Now, on what will its success depend? On its contents? On its being delivered? On its being read? All this is required; but something more is indispensable, to bring out its full force upon his wicked heart. He must reflect upon it, as the expression of a tender father, whose heart, which he had well nigh broken, still glows with warmest love for him. Young men, in this picture behold yourselves. You are prodigals. You have violated the love, and forsaken the home, of the INFINITE FATHER. Here is a letter which he has addressed to you. In it he says, "Come, now, and let us reason together." O what omnipotent reasonings of paternal love are here! Have you ever devoted one day to a concentrated reflection upon the contents of this document, in its relation to YOU? If not, you have never yet tried the *only* way to repentance. Go and think thus, and as you muse the *fire will burn*. God's complaint of the world is, its religious thoughtlessness. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."—*Rev. D. Thomas, England.*

THE MYSTERY OF A CHRISTIAN.—1. He liveth in another. He is wise in another. He is righteous in another. He is strong in another.

2. He is very low in humility, but very high in hopes. He knows he is undeserving of the least mercy, yet he expects the greatest.

3. He is in the world, but not of the world—in the world as a pilgrim, but not as a citizen. His habitation is below, but his conversation above.

4. He is meek, but vehement; meek in his cause, yet vehement in the cause of God—as Moses, who was dead to affronts, deaf to reproaches, and blind to injuries. He will comply with any thing that is civil, but with nothing that is sinful. He will stoop to the necessities of the meanest, but will not yield to the sinful humors of the greatest.

5. He works out his salvation with fear and trembling. He works as if he was to live here always, yet worships as if he were to die to-morrow.

6. When he is weak, then he is strong. When he is most sensible of his own weakness, and most dependent on Christ's strength, then he stands the safest.

7. When he is most vile in his own eyes, he is most glorious in the eyes of God. When Job abhorred himself,

then God raised him. When the centurion thought himself the most unworthy, Christ said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

8. He is content in this world, yet longs and prays for a better.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.—A young man who had graduated at one of the first colleges in America, and was celebrated for his literary attainments, particularly his knowledge of mathematics, settled in a village where a faithful minister of the Gospel was stationed. It was not long before the clergyman met with him in one of his evening walks, and after some conversation, as they were about to part, addressed him as follows: "I have heard you are celebrated for your mathematical skill; I have a problem which I wish you to solve." "What is it?" eagerly inquired the young man. The clergyman answered, with a solemn tone of voice, "What shall it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The youth returned home, and endeavored to shake off the impression fastened on him by the problem proposed to him, but in vain. In the giddy round of pleasure, in his business, and in his studies, the question still forcibly returned to him, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" It finally resulted in his conversion, and he became an able advocate and preacher of that Gospel which he once rejected.

THE MYSTERIOUS RESERVOIR.—A late writer gives a vivid illustration of the uncertainty of human life, in the picture of a prisoner shut up in a dungeon, with no possibility of escape, and with his sole supply of water drawn from a reservoir whose depth he can not probe, but which he knows is supplied by no fresh stream. He dips, and feels the surface of the water perceptibly sink. He dips again, and it sinks still farther. He knows that in time he must come to the bottom, but when that time will be he does not know. He can not say, "I have a fountain to go to, I am at ease." No; for his heart says, "I had water yesterday, and to-day; but my having had it yesterday, and my having it to-day, is the very cause why I shall not have it in some time now approaching."

So, my soul, is it not the case with thyself? Enchained within a fortress indeed thou art, and time is the reservoir from which thou drawest? When it will come to an end thou canst not tell. Its very mouth is hidden. And yet there is a fountain opened, if from it thou wouldst but drink! *And that fountain is Christ.*

THE HANDLE OF THE HATCHET.—I observed a man who had the handle of a hatchet, but who was destitute of the instrument itself. I said, "Can you fell a tree with the handle only?" He negatived my question. "Just so," I said, "you can not get a new heart—you can not expel your sin nor Satan from your heart, without the Spirit of Jesus Christ. I give you the handle to show you what you must do; but you must receive the power of God, which is the mighty hatchet to destroy every sinful matter that is within you. You must pray to God for that power. You must first feel that you are destitute of it, and that, for the lack of the divine power and Spirit, you can not overcome your sinful heart, but must follow the desires of the flesh and of the devil. Therefore, get soon and earnestly the hatchet of the Spirit and power of God, and handle it well by continual prayer and watchfulness over all your thoughts, words, and deeds: these you must try and test by the word of God and his Spirit; and so you will succeed in

felling the old, rotten, unfruitful tree of your heathenish nature, life, and walk."—*Dr. Krapf to a Winika in Eastern Africa.*

THE EAGLE AND THE CHRISTIAN.—How often do we see one apparently wrapped and absorbed in what is Christian, who yet has no Christian motive at all! I have seen the mountain eagle almost beating the blue firmament with his outspread wings, and I have thought, as I have gazed at his magnificent ascent, that he was soaring toward the sky and the realms of purer and of brighter day; but I had only to wait a little to find out, that, though he seemed to soar so high and aspire so purely, his bright eye was upon the quarry all the while, that was on the ground below. So it is with many a one, with loud pretensions, high-sounding professions, great Christian aims avowed and declared; while he seems to be soaring upward with his outspread wings, and seeking a loftier sphere and a nobler land, he is really looking down to what will bring the greatest profit to his purse, or the noblest credit to his name.—*Church Before the Flood.*

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and, consequently, never love them after this life is ended, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever, and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love.—*Baxter.*

HOW TO VALUE SALVATION.—In order to value salvation, we must be aware of the dark billows among which we are plunged, and be sensible that the stars of our heavenly home look down on our misery from so great a distance, that though we may climb with toil and tears from one ledge of rocks to another in our attempts to reach them, yet, left to ourselves, it is only a pilgrimage through a dreary waste of misery; so that when we have gained the highest point, those celestial luminaries are at the same inaccessible elevation as before, and nothing seems left but to fall, in utter despair, into the abyss of perdition.—*Tholuck.*

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—"I met on the sea-shore," said the eastern poet Sadi, "a pious man who had been attacked by a tiger, and was horribly mutilated. He was dying, and suffering dreadful agonies. Nevertheless his features were calm and serene, and his physical pain seemed to be vanquished by the purity of his soul. 'Great God!' said he, 'I thank thee that I am only suffering from the pangs of this tiger, and not from the pangs of remorse.'"

THE FINAL CENTER OF REPOSE.—Religion is the final center of repose; the goal to which all things tend, apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves of the sibil scattered in the wind.—*Robert Hall.*

INTERCESSION.—I ought to study Christ as an intercessor. He prayed most for Peter, who was most to be tempted. I am on his breast-plate. If I could hear Christ praying for me in the next room, I would not fear a million of enemies. Yet distance makes no difference; he is praying for me. He is interceding for me always.—*M'Chagne.*

Editorial Disquisition.

THE DOUBLE MEANING OF PROPHECY.

THE question, whether each specific prophecy has only a single and precise application, or whether it may have a mystical as well as natural, a remote as well as near application, is often mooted among critics and commentators. Some contend that "every prophecy, were it rightly understood, would be found to carry a precise and single meaning, and that wherever the double sense appears, it is because the one true sense has not yet been detected." They also object that if in the same prediction, and by the same class of images, are prefigured a variety of unconnected events, independent, to all appearance, of each other, and remote in both time and place, no evidence of divine Providence can arise from such predictions. The first is a question of fact; the last a matter of judgment. If the fact of a double sense were fully established, the question arises whether the rigid applicability of the prediction to the several objects embraced in its images, the near and remote, the natural and the spiritual, do not of itself add transcending weight to the evidence that the prophetic word was uttered by the all-comprehending prescience of the Holy Ghost. If a single application of the prophetic word demonstrate the prescience and providence of God, how much more convincing must be the demonstration when we find various applications, yet all precise, definite, real! Mr. Watson says that "the double sense of the Scripture prophecies springs from a foreknowledge of their accomplishment in both senses; whence the prediction is purposely so framed as to include both events, which, so far from being contrary to each other, are typical the one of the other, and are thus connected together by a mutual dependency of relation." Dr. Adam Clarke, no mean authority upon this subject, also says, "The same prophecies have frequently a *double meaning*, and refer to different events—the one near, the other remote; the one temporal, the other *spiritual*, perhaps eternal."

The question before us is one of fact. If we can show that there are predictions having a definite fulfillment in several, diverse, and widely removed particulars, we have ground for presuming that all these particulars came legitimately within the scope of that prophecy. Or, again, if prophecies uttered with reference to some definite event, where the character of the prophecy and the nature of the particulars are such as to leave no room to question its primary and natural application, and afterward the inspired writers of a subsequent age develop a final and spiritual significance of that prophecy—at the same time not questioning its original application—then, beyond all reasonable controversy, such a prophecy has a *double sense*, a natural and a spiritual application. Are there any instances of prophecies of this character in the Bible? Let us appeal to the law and to the testimony, and with their decision rest the case.

Let us, however, premise that, for aught we know, there may be prophecies that relate exclusively to single events or particular individuals, and extend no farther. There may also be prophecies that have an exclusive reference to the Messiah, where nothing else appears upon the field of prophetic vision. But there are others which evidently contemplate both near and remote objects in the perspective of coming ages; behind the foreground in the

prophetic picture appears a far-removed background towering high above it—not to distort the harmony and mar the beauty of the picture, but to give it grandeur and to highten its effect.

Let us cite a few instances:

1. The very first prophecy on record relating to the Savior; namely, that embodied in the curse pronounced upon the serpent. (See Genesis iii, 15.) This is a continuous prophecy. It relates to the serpent, to his degradation among the beasts, to the enmity that exists between the serpent race and the human family. This literal or natural application is unquestionable. But does it not also embody another significance—one that is spiritual and ultimate? Is there not also a personification and a curse upon Satan, and, above all, is not the Messiah prefigured in the seed of the woman? It is alike impossible to strip this passage of its prophetic character, or to divest it of its *natural* as well as *spiritual* meaning.

2. Take again the paschal lamb, of which it is said—Exodus xii, 46—"neither shall ye break a bone thereof." The paschal lamb was commemorative; but it was also typical, and, therefore, prophetic. It had, then, a hidden significance, a mystical or spiritual meaning, which was fulfilled in Christ. Hence, when the soldiers "broke not his legs," the sacred biographer adds, "these things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled. A bone of him shall not be broken." Or, again, if reference is here made to Psalm xxxiv, 20, where the inspired writer says of the righteous, that the Lord "keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken;" then most obviously there was a primary application of the prophecy to the righteous, the chosen of the Lord in general.

3. When Isaiah was called to the prophetic office, lest he should faint, the blindness of the people and their stubborn obstinacy are foretold. Hear his language: "And he said, Go, and tell this people, hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed." Isaiah vi, 9, 10. That this prophecy was to have a literal fulfillment is evident, for when the prophet inquired, "How long?" the answer was, "Till the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the land be utterly desolate." And then again its literal fulfillment is declared: "The Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes; the prophets and your rulers, the seers hath he covered." Isaiah xxix, 10. The near or literal fulfillment of this prophecy was realized in that terrible blindness that had fallen upon the Jews in the days of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and especially just before the Babylonian captivity.

But our Savior himself speaks of it as having a fulfillment in his own time: "And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, which saith, By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive; for this people's heart has waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I

should heal them." Matthew xiii, 14, 15. The same application of this prophecy was made by our Savior on another occasion; and on this second occasion he adds, that "these things said Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him." Now, if these latter events were not included in and contemplated by the original prophecy, our Savior is guilty of a perversion or misapplication of it—a misapplication utterly unwarranted by license or latitude of "accommodation" in the use and interpretation of the sacred prophecies; in fine, a misapplication to be accounted for only on the supposition of mistake or design. Admit the Savior guilty of either, then is he not God, nor yet inspired by God. We shall find St. Paul also in the same condemnation, because he makes, in Romans xi, 8, the same application of this prophecy. But on the other hand, if they were warranted in such application of that specific prediction, then have we incontestably an instance of a prophecy having a *double or twofold sense*.

4. Let us take another instance of corresponding import. "Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men; therefore, . . . the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." Isaiah xlix, 13, 14. Now, if we turn to Matthew xv, 7, 8, we shall hear our Savior saying to the scribes and Pharisees, "Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying," etc. This is not a mere adaptation of words, or the use of an ancient prophecy that had had its fulfillment in an "accommodated sense;" for our Savior says, "*Esaias did prophesy of you.*" Though the prophecy had its near or literal fulfillment, even in the time of Isaiah, it had, most conclusively, an ulterior application to the time of Christ, else it could not have been said, except through mistake or by gross perversion, "*Esaias did prophesy of you.*"

5. Jeremiah says—xxxi, 15, 16—"Thus saith the Lord, A voice was heard in Rama, lamentation, and bitter weeping: Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not." The primary application of this prediction is to the removal of the children of Israel to Babylon, and the imagery is most beautiful. Rama was near where Rachel died, and here the Israelites were gathered together before their removal. In the prophetic imagery Rachel is represented as coming up out of her grave, and mourning for the loss of her children. St. Matthew, referring to the destruction of the infants in Bethlehem, by Herod, says, "There was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet," etc. Matthew ii, 17, 18. If this prophecy had not an ultimate fulfillment in the event to which St. Matthew refers it, then he has made a misapplication of the passage, or "fulfilled" does not mean "fulfilled."

6. Psalm sixty-nine is also worthy of special attention. The Psalm, as a whole, has an original or primary application to David himself, and portrays, in lively imagery, his afflictions in the midst of his enemies, his confession of his sins, and his prayers for deliverance; but it is impossible not to see that Christ is also prefigured in the definite forms of the imagery of the Psalm. It is like a picture; in the foreground David and his sorrows, wrongs, and sufferings appear; in the background is seen the Messiah, with his innocence, his humility, his reproaches and scorn, forsaken of his friends, gall and vinegar presented for his meat and drink, and finally his heart

broken in its agony. David can not be excluded from this Psalm, for it is his own complaint, and here, too, is the confession, "my sins are not hid from thee." On the other hand Christ can not be kept out of it; for here are the most striking symbols of his sufferings and death. Collate verse 4—"They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head: they that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty: then I restored that which I took not away"—with John xv, 25—"But this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled that is written in their law, They hated me without a cause;" also verse 9—"For the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up; and the reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon me"—with John ii, 17—"And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," and with Romans xv, 3, "For even Christ pleased not himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached thee fell on me;" also verse 21—"They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink"—with Matthew xxvii, 34—"They gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink;" also Matthew xxvii, 48; Mark xv, 23; and John xix, 29. In the first of these instances it is said directly that "this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled which is written in their law." Now, if that which was written in their law had no original reference whatever to these events, but were wholly fulfilled in the sufferings of David, how could it have been intimated by our Savior, as it here unquestionably is, that they were not till that time wholly fulfilled? or how could he have asserted, as he here distinctly does, that these events then occurring were a fulfillment of those prophecies which had no relation to him? There is an utter inconsistency here, irreconcilable; but when we recognize the spiritual as well as the natural significance of the prophecy, all is clear.^o

7. We earnestly invite the attention of the student in

^o Bishop Horsley thus suggests the origin of this kind of prophecy, that "the prophet, speaking perhaps of himself or of his own times, or of distant events set clearly in his view, was directed by the inspiring Spirit to the choice of expressions to which later events have been found to correspond with more exactness than those to which the prophet himself applied them. This kind of prophecy particularly abounds in the Psalms of David, who often speaks of the fortunes of his own life, the difficulties with which he had to struggle, and his providential deliverances, in terms which carry only a figurative meaning as applied to David himself, but are literally descriptive of the most remarkable occurrences in the holy life of Jesus. Nor is this kind of prophecy unfrequent in the writings of the other prophets, who were often made to allude to the general redemption, when they would speak in the most explicit terms of deliverances of the Jewish people; and were seldom permitted to deplore present calamities, or to denounce impending judgments, but in expressions literally descriptive of the sufferings of Christ and the afflictions of his Church. The mystic sense couched under the allegorical images may yet be hidden; and for clearing this difficulty, on which the real interpretation of the prophecy, as prophecy, depends, it may be to little purpose to inquire or to know what meaning the prophet might affix to the images he saw, unless it were certain that the prophet was so far in the secret of Heaven as to know of what particular events these images were designed to be the emblems. In prophecies, therefore, of this first kind, there is no reason to suppose that the prophet's meaning was the whole meaning of the inspiring Spirit; but there is the greatest reason from analogy for the contrary conclusion."—*Sermons*.

prophecy to such instances as the following: 1. Collate 2d Psalm, which is evidently an *inauguration hymn*, with Acts iv, 25, 26, where it is directly used as having a prophetic application to Christ.* 2. Collate also the 16th Psalm—especially verses 8-11—the most of which evidently refers primarily to David, with Acts ii, 25-28, where it is said directly that David spoke it concerning Christ.† 3. Collate Psalm 22d with Matthew 27th, especially verse 1 of the former, with verse 46 of the latter, and verses 7, 8, with 89 and 48; and verses 16-19 with verse 35, and corresponding passages in the other evangelists.‡ 4. Psalm 45th is a song of love—an *epithalamium* on the nuptials of Solomon with the daughter of the king of Egypt; but in Hebrews i, 8, it is recognized as a beautiful type of Christ gathering his bride from the Gentile world.§ 5. Psalm 109th is the complaint of David upon his slanderous enemies; but here also collate verse 8 with Acts i, 20, and a new and more remote significance will appear in its application to Judas.|| 6. Collate Isaiah vii, 14 with Matthew i, 23, and Luke i, 31, 34; also Isaiah

xi, 1 with Romans xv, 12, especially taking into view the scope of the prophecy ranging forward from the commencement of the 7th chapter.° 7. Collate Isaiah xl, 3 with Matthew iii, 3; xi, 10.† It is admitted that this prophecy of Isaiah relates to John the Baptist. But that it is primarily related to the deliverance of Israel from Babylon and their return to their own land, guided by the hand of God through the wilderness, is evident. First, from the occasion on which it was introduced. The prophet had just predicted the grievous calamity of the people, their overthrow, oppression, and captivity. Hezekiah is distressed, but relieved by the promise that the calamity shall not be in his day. Then also comes the announcement of deliverance to the people. God is to prepare their way and lead them up from the land of their bondage through the desert. Before him goes the orier, announcing the advance of the regal host. So is Christ to deliver from the bondage of sin a dying world; and before him likewise goes the messenger preparing the way. 8. One other instance must suffice. Collate Hosea xi, 1 with Matthew ii, 15: "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." It is not questioned that the original passage had reference to the deliverance of Israel from Egypt; but it is denied that it had any reference to Christ. It is asserted that the prophet did not record this as having any relation to Christ, but merely as a historic matter relating to Israel. St. Matthew makes a statement contradictory to this; for he expressly says that the going down into Egypt of Joseph and Mary with the infant Savior, was done "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my Son." No honest criticism can gather any other meaning from the passage. It must, therefore, have a double signification—that which related to Israel of old and that which related to the Messiah.

We think, then, that we have established the fact that there are prophecies on record which have had a definite fulfillment in several, diverse, and widely removed particulars; and also, what is more, that there are predictions which unquestionably had a definite, fixed, and known primary or natural signification, of which the inspired writers, in subsequent ages, have developed a more remote and spiritual meaning. What then? Have the inspired writers of the New Testament mistaken or per-

* For convenience we quote these passages: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast their cords from us." Psalm ii, 1, 2, 3. "Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ." Acts iv, 25, 26.

† "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Psalm xvi, 8-11. "For David speaketh concerning him, I foresaw the Lord always before my face, for he is on my right hand, that I should not be moved: therefore did my heart rejoice, and my tongue was glad: moreover also my flesh shall rest in hope: because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance." Acts ii, 25-28.

‡ "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?" Psalm xxii, 1. "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Matthew xxvii, 46. "All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted in the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him." Psalm xlii, 7, 8. "And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads. . . . He trusted in God: let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God." Matthew xxvii, 89, 48. "For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet. I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me. They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture. But be not thou far from me, O Lord: O my strength, haste thee to help me." Psalm xlii, 16-19. "And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots." Matthew xxvii, 35.

§ "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of thy kingdom." Hebrews i, 8.

|| "Let his days be few; and let another take his office." Psalm cxl, 8. "For it is written in the book of Psalms, Let

his habitation be desolate, and let no man dwell therein: and his bishoprick let another take." Acts i, 20.

° "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." Isaiah vii, 14. "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." Matthew i, 23. "And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. . . . Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?" Luke i, 31, 34. "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots." Isaiah xl, 1. "And again Isaiah saith, There shall be a root of Jesse, and he that shall rise to reign over the Gentiles; in him shall the Gentiles trust." Romans xv, 12.

† "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Isaiah xl, 3. "For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." "For this is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." Matthew iii, 3; xi, 10.

verted the record of the Old Testament from its original meaning? A single instance of mistake concerning the sense of the ancient prophecies would remove the very foundation of their claim to inspiration. A single instance of willful misinterpretation or even of misapplication, on the part of the apostles, would convict them of fraud or dishonesty, and be equally fatal to their claims. Take, for example, the single passage, "Out of Egypt have I called my son." The position assumed by those who object to the double sense of prophecy is, that the prophet simply recorded a historical fact, and had no kind of reference to Christ at all. If this be true St. Matthew knew it or he did not. If he did not, and made a *mistake* in saying that it had, then he was not inspired. But if he did know it had no reference to Christ, but was simply a historical record of an event that had already taken place, and still asserted that it was fulfilled in the calling of Jesus up out of Egypt, nay, that the event itself took place that the *prophecy might be fulfilled*, then is he convicted of duplicity and falsehood. There is no evading this conclusion. We leave the paradox to be solved by those who would carry the blighting mildew of an unwarrantable criticism into that broad domain of inspiration when the incorruptible seeds of truth are ever germinating into spiritual life and beauty.

Manifestly the inspired apostles could put no mere into the prophecies than they were originally invested with by the Holy Ghost. When they recognize a new, and, till then, hidden meaning, it is because that very mean-

ing and application was embraced in the all-comprehending mind of their Author, at the very time of their utterance, even though the prophets through whom they were delivered were unconscious of it.* The near or natural fulfillment of a prophecy is often only a foil to the spiritual, till that spiritual be developed—an incensement for its preservation—a stamp to indicate its genuineness and worth. Nor does this involve vagueness or obscurity; for when a prediction becomes fulfilled—passes into history, its passage will be as clearly defined and as strongly marked as that of the electric fluid from a thunder-cloud. And, in fine, every successive discharge, even to the thousandth, will equally mark its origin, the line of its direction, and the place of its descent. Wherever, then, we find a prediction so fulfilled that all its conditions—whether standing apart from the great prophetic system or in connection with it—are fully answered, there, we are bound to believe, is a fulfillment designed—an event coming within the legitimate scope of the prophecy, and contemplated in the infinite Mind that gave utterance to it.

* "This circumstance, the confessed ignorance of the prophets concerning the issue of their prophecies, is that which gives the testimony that prophecy affords of the wise and powerful providence of God its peculiar weight; for the evidence of prophecy lies in these two particulars—that events have been predicted which were not within human foresight; and the accomplishment of predictions have been brought about, which much surpass human power and contrivance."—*Horley*.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The receipts of the year ending May, 1855, amount to \$346,811.57—much less than those of the previous year. The number of Bibles printed during the year amount to 275,400, and of Testaments 626,000, making a total of 901,400. The number of volumes issued is 749,896. The number issued since the organization of the Society is 10,633,647. The number of agents at present employed in the domestic field is 35, including 3 on the Pacific coast.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The thirty-first anniversary of this institution was held at Philadelphia, May 15, 1855. Receipts for the year, \$248,604.75—of which \$55,198.82 were donations and \$8,230.40 legacies; \$182,498.25 for sales and in payment of debts, etc. Three hundred and twenty-four Sunday school missionaries have been employed for various periods of time in twenty-four different states and territories. These Sunday school missionaries have established 2,440 new schools, containing 16,633 teachers and 97,954 scholars. They have also visited and revived 9,463 other schools, containing 24,896 teachers and 157,755 scholars. Altogether embracing 5,908 schools, 41,519 teachers, and 255,709 scholars. They have distributed by sale \$39,723.84, and in donations \$6,966.51 worth of religious books, chiefly for children and youth. The Society now publishes a complete library for Sunday schools, containing 812 volumes.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—Receipts for the year ending May, in donations, including \$13,302.42 in legacies, \$147,298.13; for sales, including periodicals, \$265,975.78; total, \$418,178.86. Expenditures for publishing books and periodicals, \$225,030.12; for colportage, \$105,113.81;

cash remitted to foreign and pagan lands, \$16,000: total expenditures, \$419,227.34. New publications in six languages, 36; total publications, 1,948; total approved for circulation abroad, in 122 languages and dialects, 2,972. Monthly circulation of the American Messenger, about 200,000; German Messenger, 27,000; Child's Paper nearly 300,000. Circulated during the year, 961,398 volumes, 10,091,214 publications, 292,361,233 pages: total since the formation of the society, 158,419,412 publications, including 10,427,747 volumes. Gratuitous distribution for the year, in more than six thousand distinct grants by the committee, 66,564,036 pages, besides 11,041,470 to life members and directors; value, \$51,737. Number of colporteurs laboring the whole or part of the year, 659. They visited 689,198 families, with 281,697 of whom they conversed on personal religion or prayed. Of the families visited, 83,126 habitually neglected evangelical preaching, 64,686 families were Roman Catholics, 51,392 families were destitute of all religious books but the Bible, and 26,259 households destitute of the Bible, and they held or addressed 12,763 religious meetings.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.—The American Baptist Publication Society held its thirty-first annual meeting in Chicago, May 11. The number of publications now embraced in the Society's catalogue is 476—218 of which are bound volumes. Of the tracts, 226 are in English, including 11 children's tracts; 6 in French, 15 in German, and 8 in Swedish. Twenty thousand copies of the Baptist Almanac for 1855 have been issued; also, ten thousand copies of the Baptist Record. The sales of books and tracts amount to \$35,423.19,

being a gain of \$2,157.48 over those of the preceding year. The receipts from all sources have been \$52,705.74. The assets of the Society, including bills receivable, invested funds, real estate, book stock, materials—such as paper, plates, wood-cuts, etc.—foot up the sum of \$79,468.70. The whole number of colporteurs in commission, during the year ending March 1, 1855, was 111.

PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions held its eighteenth anniversary in New York city, May last. From the annual reports we gather that the Board has seven missions among the Indian tribes; namely, among the Chippewas and Ottawas, of the state of Michigan; among the Omahas, of Nebraska; among the Iowas and Sacs, of Kansas territory; among the Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and Choctaws, of the south-western Indian territory. Measures have been adopted for the commencement of a new mission among the Ottos, of Kansas. Two missions in Africa—one in Liberia, which operates upon the colored American emigrants and the natives of the country; and the other at the island of Corisco, twelve or fifteen hundred miles to the south and east of Liberia, and nearly under the equator, which operates exclusively upon the aboriginal population of that island and the neighboring continent. In India the Board has four missions; namely, Lodiana, Farrukhabad, Agra, and Allahabad; thirteen stations and out-stations. In Siam one; in China three; in South America one; among the Jews in America three missions—namely, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

The receipts from all sources, including a balance from last year of \$1,267.52, were..... \$184,074 17
Expenditures..... 175,705 10

Leaving a general balance of..... \$8,369 07
Of which, unexpended amount of monies received for sale of the Omaha Reservation, and appropriated to Indian missions in Kansas and Nebraska. 8,283 00

Leaving a balance in the treasury for the general purposes of the Board of..... \$87 07

The general summary shows that the Board has under its direction, besides what is done for Papal Europe, 20 separate missions; 59 ordained missionaries; 5 licentiate preachers; 113 male and female assistant missionaries; 43 native helpers; 24 churches, and about 650 native communicants; 26 schools, and 6,506 pupils; 6 printing-presses, from which have been issued more than 12,000,000 of pages during the year.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—Last year the total income of this Society from ordinary sources was £125,000, being £8,000 over the receipts of the previous year. Since the formation of the Bible Society £4,000,000 have been expended. During the past year 1,367,538 copies of the Scriptures have been distributed; and since it commenced distribution nearly 29,000,000 of copies of the Scriptures, in 170 different languages, have been sent forth.

CINCINNATI COMMON SCHOOLS.—Connected with these schools are about 225 teachers—four-fifths of whom are females—to whom are paid annually for services rendered in teaching, \$106,708. The city of Cincinnati raises \$321,110 a year for school purposes; but of this sum \$84,000 goes to support schools outside of Cincinnati, which is a grievance loudly complained of by the citizens. Action has been taken in reference to employing a teacher of elocution for the schools; his labors to begin in August. Mr. Robert Kidd, of well-known capabilities, is spoken of as the gentleman to fill the position.

PROGRESS OF THE COUNTRY.—Mr. Perkins, of Louisiana, in a speech on the consular system, delivered recently in Congress, presented the following succinct and interesting comparison of the progress of our country in the last fifty years:

	1800.	1854.
Population.....	5,305,925	23,191,878
Area of territory.....	820,000	2,935,168
Exports.....	\$70,971,780	\$151,808,720
Imports.....	\$91,252,768	\$178,128,318
Tonnage.....	972,492	3,535,454
Seamen.....	60,000	140,000
Commercial treaties with.....	5 nations	19 nations
Revenues of government.....	\$10,624,907	\$43,574,796
Expenses of government.....	\$7,411,370	\$43,002,168
Expenses of foreign service.....	\$155,000	\$412,789

MEASUREMENT OF EARTHQUAKES.—The former director of the Observatory at Prague, Dr. Kreil, has invented an ingenious instrument to measure the force, duration, and direction of earthquakes. It consists of a pendulum so contrived, that, while it can move in any direction, it can not return. A perpendicular cylinder is attached, which, by means of clock-work, turns on a vertical axis in twenty-four hours. A pole with a thin elastic arm is fixed near the pendulum; this arm points toward the cylinder, and presses on it gently a pencil, by which means an unbroken line is formed on the surface of the cylinders as long as the pendulum is at rest; but if it is put in motion by an earthquake, the pencil makes broken marks, which show the strength, direction, and period of the earthquake.

RAILROAD TRAVELING.—The whole number of persons killed upon the railways of Great Britain, in a period of two years—1853 and 1854—was 413; the total travel of passengers for the same period being 1,830,184,617 miles. Of the 413 persons killed only 28 were passengers, killed from causes beyond their own control; while 38 passengers and 232 employees of the companies—in all, 265 of the 413—were killed through causes which they might have prevented; and 96 of the remainder were killed by carelessly crossing or standing upon the railroads. Thus 351 of the 413 were killed solely through their own fault. Of 159 persons killed on the railroads of New York last year, only 12 were passengers; and not one passenger lost his life from causes beyond his own control, although ten millions of passengers were carried in the cars an aggregate distance of five hundred millions of miles. There were but two deaths from such causes during the preceding year.

FAMILY PRAYERS.—The Puritan Recorder, Boston, the Baptist Recorder, New York, and other leading eastern papers, complain that the practice of families sitting during family worship is becoming alarmingly prevalent. "The thing indicates," says one of our exchanges, "a feeble and very low state of heart piety, and augurs ominously for the future."

THE SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.—The public schools of Boston are attended by about 20,000 pupils, at an annual expense of \$203,325.55. The private schools report 1,549 pupils, whose instruction was set down to cost \$97,000. According to returns, the annual cost of instruction to each pupil in the public schools was about ten dollars, while in private schools it was more than sixty dollars each. Many of the private schools charge \$80 to \$100 per annum for tuition. The total population of Boston is 136,881, of which 24,204 are between the ages of five and fifteen, and the average daily attendance is nearly 19,000. The whole number of public schools is 218, for which there are 406 teachers.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

CHRISTIANITY VIEWED IN SOME OF ITS LEADING ASPECTS. By Rev. A. L. R. Foote. Edited by Rev. D. W. Clark. Cincinnati: *Scormsted & Poe*.—This is a 16mo. of one hundred and eighty-two pages, and is divided into six sections, as follows: Christianity a Life; Christianity a Work; Christianity a Reward; Christianity a Culture; Christianity a Discipline; Christianity a Fellowship. In our Scripture Cabinet of this month, under the heading of "Glory," we give a sample of the author's spirit and style. We can commend the volume as eminently calculated to nourish a sound and healthy tone of religious feeling, principle, and activity. To the Christian, and especially to the Christian minister, it will be found most serviceable and valuable. With an ease that almost surprises, it makes perfect havoc of the false notions of religion and humanity so rife at the present day, and at the same time it presents true Christianity and the relations of human nature to it in a clear and strong light. We trust the work will be freely ordered and widely circulated; for it will bear reading, and can not but do good wherever it goes.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688, is now issued complete in this country in thirteen duodecimo volumes, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. Dr. Lingard, though a Roman Catholic, was possessed of liberal views and candor, and has furnished a history of the mother country which should be in every well-selected public and private library. The Catholic authors and prelates of more modern times do not, of course, like Lingard, nor do they busy themselves at all in circulating his writings. This, however, is no detracting from his merits, but rather a recommendation. On sale by Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

WOODWORTH'S MISCELLANY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, in six volumes, is a work largely sought after by the lovers of narrative and anecdotal reading. History, geography, incidents in natural history, etc., are largely discussed also. Each volume is embellished with a handsome steel or tinted frontispiece, besides some fifty characteristic engravings, illustrating the different topics treated of. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

EUTAXIA; or, the Presbyterian Liturgies; Historical Sketches, by a Minister of the Presbyterian Church, is a duodecimo volume of two hundred and sixty pages, the object of which, in the author's introduction, "is to ascertain, from the history and teachings of the Presbyterian Church, what may be considered its proper theory of worship; and to compare that ideal with our prevailing practice." The title of the work is derived from the Greek of the apostolic command: "Let all things be done decently and in order." New York: M. W. Dodd; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

SERMONS OF REV. ISABOD S. SPENCER, D. D.; with a Sketch of his Life, by Rev. J. M. Sherwood. In Two Volumes. Pp. 478, 479. New York: M. W. Dodd; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.—Dr. Spencer was late pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn,

N. Y., and was widely known and beloved. Few books have had wider circulation than his Pastor's Sketches. Of the two volumes before us, the first, beside the memoir, has twenty, and the second twenty-five sermons, in which, with an eloquent pen, are discussed those subjects of Scripture which have the most direct bearing on the present and eternal interests of man. A fine portrait embellishes volume first. Mr. Sherwood's biographical sketch is most engaging and instructing.

RICH AND POOR, AND OTHER TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, from the pen of Rev. J. C. Ryle, A. B., England, is a volume of three hundred and sixty pages, that will profit Christians in reading. Mr. Ryle is an author of evangelical purity and soundness, and what he writes is with an object. Among the topics discussed are, Do you Pray? Have you the Spirit? Christ is All, etc. New York: R. Carter & Brothers; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

THE FAMILY AT HEATHERDALE; or, the Influence of Christian Principles, by Mrs. Mackay, Inverness, Scotland, is a genial, interesting, and instructing narrative. New York: Carter & Brothers; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER is the title of Miss Warner's last book. It is a duodecimo volume of three hundred and eighty-five pages, and is divided into thirty-nine chapters. Those who have read her "Wide, Wide World" will need no hint from us as to the quality of her writings. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; and on sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN, Pastor of Waldbach, in the ban de la Roche. Compiled from Authentic Sources, chiefly French and German. With a Dedication and Translation, by Rev. Luther Halsey. New York: Carter & Brothers; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.—Oberlin was emphatically a pastor—a laborer of tireless zeal in his Master's vineyard; and the minister who can read his memoirs, and not have his hopes re-inspired, and his heart stirred up to greater deeds of usefulness, is to be pitied. Other readers besides ministers will be benefited in perusing the work.

ASHTON COTTAGE; or, the True Faith, is a 16mo. volume of two hundred pages, intended for narrative Sabbath reading. New York: Carter & Brothers; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

PHILIP COLVILLE is a Covenanter's story, by Grace Kennedy, of one hundred and ninety-seven 18mo. pages, from the press of the Carters, and which can be had of Messrs. Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati.

STRAY ARROWS, by Rev. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, is the title of a little work discussing topics of every-day Christian duty—such as the Church Thermometer, Faith and Works, That One Word, the Master Passion, the Light-House, Preaching and Paper Reading, etc. Mr. Cuyler is a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, and wields a pen of great earnestness, vivacity, and power. New York: Carter & Brothers; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

THE PATENT HAT: Designed to promote the Growth of certain undeveloped Bumps, and thereby increase the thinking,

reasoning, acting power of the wearer. For the use of mankind in general, and the clergy in particular. Manufactured by Philo, and warranted to do good service to all who wear it according to directions. New York: Published for the Author, by Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street.—Such is the full title of a quaint duodecimo volume of two hundred and thirty-two pages forwarded us a few days since. Part of the volume pretends to be poetical. The object of the volume, as we conceive it, is by an unusual style to excite to deeds of true Christian duty.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for April, has articles entitled, Memoirs of the Court of Austria; Dryden and his Times; Our Army—its Condition and its Wants; Lord Palmerston as Premier; Victor Hugo and his Writings; Reorganization of the Civil Service; Administrative Example of the United States. The last article is one containing considerable that is complimentary to this country and its government. The review of Contemporary Literature, in the back part of the number, as usual, has its thrusts at Christianity, and its leanings and advocacy of liberalism and a "new religion." Republished

by L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York. Terms—three dollars a year.

THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH is a thick octavo pamphlet of one hundred and ninety pages, from which we learn that the South, for the year ending May, 1854, contributed for mission purposes, \$168,931; that in the domestic and foreign work there are 300 missions, with some 270 missionaries, and that there are near 70,000 Church members in these different missions, and that about 25,000 children are receiving instruction in schools for their benefit within the bounds of these missions.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP; or, Mammon made Available in Personal Salvation, is the title of a missionary sermon delivered before the East Genesee conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Geneva, N. Y., August 21, 1854, by Rev. D. D. Buck. It is an able and seasonable discourse. Published by the Tract Society, 200 Mulberry-street, New York.

CATALOGUE OF DICKINSON COLLEGE, Carlisle, for the Year 1854-5.—Rev. C. Collins, D. D., President. Students in College, 178; in preparatory department, 61: total, 245.

Notes and Queries.

ANSWERS.—Mr. Editor,—I observe in your department of "Notes and Queries," of the April number of the Repository, a few "Queries" unanswered. I propose briefly to answer three of them.

First Query.—"Is the mind conscious of its own existence, or only of its own operations?"

Answer.—The term consciousness means to know inwardly, and is one source of our primary, rational knowledge. It is the only power by which we have knowledge of whatever is passing in our own mind. We can not strictly be said, therefore, to be conscious of any thing that is past, or future, or that passes in the mind of another, or that pertains to the material world. All subjects of consciousness are, in the first place, actual entities or qualities, and when we become conscious of them, they become subjects of absolute knowledge. As to the essence of mind, or that of which the mind is made, nothing can be known; here philosophy is at a stand. No one can tell what is the essence of matter—all we know of it is the knowledge we have of its properties. So it is with mind. Our answer, therefore, is, that the mind is not conscious of its own essence, or "existence," but only of its own personal phenomena, or "operations." These we conceive to be the only proper and precise subjects of consciousness.

Second.—"Whence originated surnames?"

Answer.—It is supposed, by some eminent writers, that "surnames" originated from the various professions, trades, and employments of men. Thus from clerk, we have the surname Clark. Thus we have Lawhead, Lawyer, Merchant, Taylor—German, Schneider—Farmer, Gardener, Shoemaker, Smith, etc. I suppose as Adam was the first horticulturist, his name, in full, was Adam Gardener; and as Cain was a "tiller of the ground," his name was Cain Farmer; and as Abel was a "keeper of sheep," his name was Abel Shepherd.

Third.—"Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," did not come from Washington Irving, but from Dean Swift.

Yours, etc.,

S. L. Y.

TARIFF.—"Can you, or any of your correspondents, Mr. Editor, give me the etymology of this word so much used in political science and by political newspapers?"

Answer.—An exchange solves the query propounded in this way: "At the southern point of Spain, running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, is a promontory. Here stands a fortress called 'Tarifa.' It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the Mediterranean, and to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the Straits, and thus was called, from the place where it was levied, 'Tarifa' or 'Tariff,' and in this way we have acquired the word."

THE WORD THUG.—"I often hear," says a correspondent, "and read of the word Thug, Thugs of India, etc., but am at a loss for its technical meaning. Can you help me out?"

Webster defines the term as referring to a band or association of Asiatic robbers and assassins. Their geographical position is in India, and they are of a disposition apparently the most amiable and friendly. They never or rarely attack travelers as regular assassins do; but get into pleasant conversation with them, invite them to sit down and take a meal with them; and when they have been so far successful, they most dexterously slip poison into the rice eaten by their guests, and thus murder them; then bury them underground, and make off with their effects or property.

A SINGULAR SEA-CUCUMBER.—In an article in the North British Review, on the "Wonders of the Shore," we find the following paragraph respecting certain milk-white

slugs which are found cuddled on the under side of sea-merged rocks: "You try to pull them off, and find that they give you some trouble, such a firm hold have the delicate white sucking arms, which fringe each of their fine edges. You see at the head nothing but a yellow dimple; for eating and breathing are suspended till the return of tide; but once settled in a jar of salt-water, each will protrude a large primrose-colored head, tipped with a ring of ten feathery gills, looking very much like a head of 'curled kale,' but of the loveliest white and dark chocolate; in the center whereof lies perds a mouth with sturdy teeth—if, indeed, they, as well as the whole inside of the worthy fellow, have not been lately got rid of, and what you see be not a mere bag, without intestine or other organ—but only for the time being. For hear it, worn-out epicures, who bemoan your livers, this little *Holothuria* knows a secret which, if he could tell it, you would be glad to buy of him for thousands sterling. For to him blue-pill and muriatic acid are superfluous. Happy *Holothuria*! who possesses really that secret of everlasting youth, which ancient fable bestowed on the serpent and the eagle. For when his teeth ache, or his digestive organs trouble him, all he has to do is just to cast up forthwith his entire inside, and for a month or so, grow a fresh set, and eat away as merrily as ever. His name, if you wish to consult so triumphant a hygienist, is *Oocumeria Hyndmanni*, the sea-cucumber of Hyndman, named after Mr. Hyndman, of Belfast, his first discoverer."

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.—"As you deal in 'Notes' as well as 'Queries,' permit me to call your attention to the following lines, which, in my fugitive reading the other day, I crossed with my pencil:

'Above the gloomy grave our hope ascends,
 Even as the moon above the silent mountains.
 These partings are reunions in the skies;
 To that great company of holy ones
 We go;
 In shadowy vault, betwixt two worlds, we stand;
 The distant All-Light opens its wicker-gate,
 The future beams aural, flesh expires,
 The soul begins its perfect day.'

To my view there is something touchingly beautiful—a lingering resonance of heaven, if you will allow me the phrase—in these lines. You have seen the leaden sky of November at times, no doubt, when the sun, struggling in, his course, has broken the clouds away. A bland light diffused itself over the rigor of the season, and there seemed something of bloom or warmth of coloring in the blue track of the skies. And thus, is it not, dear Editor, in man's dark days the sun of hope breaks the clouds of sorrow, and shines down beams of golden bliss and glory on his pathway?"

THE CLIMATE OF BRITAIN.—"It is generally conceded, I believe, that the climate of England is far milder than that of the United States, taking the same degree of latitude in comparison. Is this opinion correct or incorrect?"

QUESTIONS.

The opinion is correct; and in explanation of it the *Scientific American* suggests the following, which we do not, however, altogether indorse: "The waters of the Gulf Stream are very warm, and by their influence the climate of Great Britain is rendered extremely genial, even as far north as fifty and fifty-four degrees of latitude. Were the Gulf Stream diverted from its course so as to break upon the coasts of Spain only, natural

philosophers inform us, the island of Great Britain would soon become a bleak, cold, and inhospitable region, with a climate as cold and a winter as long as that of Labrador, and Ireland would cease to be called the Emerald or Green Isle of the Sea; for her fields would be covered with snow during eight months in the year instead of luxuriant herbage. Geology tells us that at an early period of the world's history the Gulf Stream did not break upon the shores of Britain, and that at that time it was as cold as Iceland. By very many modern scientific men the Gulf Stream and the river Amazon are considered identical."

QUESTIONS.—"Who is the author of the following lines on the Bible? Dr. Dick ascribes them to Lord Byron; but I have seen them otherwise credited. CORA.

"Within this awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries.
 O, happiest they of human race,
 To whom our God has given grace,
 To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
 To lift the latch, and force the way;
 But better had they ne'er been born,
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

Though originally written in pencil marks in a fly-leaf of a copy of a Bible owned by Lord Byron, and in consequence credited to him, it has been shown that they were written there by his friend and cotemporary, Sir Walter Scott.

CATCHUP, CATCHUP, OR KETCHUP.—Not one of these words appears in Johnson's Dictionary; but in Mr. Todd's edition of Johnson the word *catsup* is written, and right after it "See catchup." Under this latter word he says, "Sometimes improperly written ketchup—a poignant liquor made from boiled mushrooms, mixed with salt, used in cooking to add a pleasant flavor to sauces." Mr. Todd gives no derivation of the word itself, and yet pronounces the very way of spelling it improper.

QUESTIONS.—We furnish below a number of queries sent us for solution; some of which we might answer ourselves, but we would prefer to see our correspondents exercise themselves in the work:

1. Who is the author of the one-versed prayer of childhood, embraced in the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
 And if I die before I wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take"

It has been attributed to Watts time and again, but I am at a loss to find it in his collected writings.

2. Do the iron tracks of railroads, interlacing various parts of a country, have a tendency to prevent the accumulation of electricity in certain localities, and thus cause drouth and a lack of thunder-showers?

3. I often hear the petition in prayer put up, "Make us fit meat for the Master's use and the Master's table." Is there any such expression in the Bible, or any thing approaching to it, or is the thing itself not absurd?

4. Will you please to give the origin and application of the word *Commencement* as applied to the closing exercises of the college year?

5. Who is the author of the following beautiful stanza?

"That very law which molds a tear
 And bids it trickle from its source—
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course."

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

SLEEP-GIVING SERMONS.—The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor. "Ah! thank you," said Malherbe; "pray excuse me; I can sleep very well without that."

REPROOF SHORTENED.—Jarvis, a painter, was one day employed in painting the portrait of Bishop —, and during the progress of the sitting the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him at the dissipated course of life into which he had fallen. Jarvis made no reply; but dropping his pencil suddenly from the forehead of the portrait to the lower part of the face, he said, with a slight motion to the reverend sitter, "Just shut your mouth, my lord." By painting upon that feature, he "changed the subject" in two senses.

BISHOP CHASE ON PROPER NAMES.—The late Bishop Chase, of Illinois, had a dislike to having Greek and Roman names imposed upon children, which he displayed very pointedly on one occasion when a child was brought to him to be baptized.

"Name this child," said the Bishop.

"Marcus Tullius Cicero," answered the father.

"What?"

"Marcus Tullius Cicero."

"Tut! tut! with your heathen nonsense! *Peter*, I baptize thee," and the child was *Peter* thenceforth and forever.

A PULPIT APOLOGY.—An Irish preacher once broke off the thread of his discourse, and said to his hearers, "My dear friends, let me tell you that I am half through my sermon; but, seeing your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

PHILOSOPHICAL.—Southey says, in one of his letters, "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I love to make the most of my enjoyment; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as possible, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

AN UNWELCOME REVELATION.—A lady resident in Lancashire, who had a select party the other day, proposed after dinner to have a little spirit-rapping. She accordingly retired with her friends to the drawing-room, and commenced operations on an elegant new table, which she had just received from a first-rate cabinet-maker. "Now, good Mr. Table," she said, "I beg you will answer any questions that may be put to you by myself or this scientific company." The table instantly replied, "I winna say nowt till olze paid for." This was a complete settler.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—What strange coincidences in names are constantly occurring! Thus, for instance, we observed the other day, that Mr. *Cross* was appointed to the *Spiteful*, and Mr. *Boxer* to the *Gladiator*. Admiral *Boxer* has gone to the Black Sea to *box* the compass, and *box* the Russians, too, if he has a chance. General *Blaser*,

the Spanish War Minister, has been extinguished by the *flame* of revolution. The rearguard of the Russians in Wallachia is commanded by General *Pop-off*, and the vanguard of the Turks by General *Common*, and we have seen that *Common* has made *Pop-off* hop off several times in very good style. The Turks, we opine, must be delighted to have such a *Common*-aid on their side; and, verily, a braver Briton does not stand on the face of the earth than this said *Common*. Differing from other *Commons*, he never goes off, but always goes on, in front of an enemy, never hangs fire, never recoils, although, doubtless, he kicks terribly. In short, this *Common* is truly a great gun, with no blank firing about it.—*English Paper*.

AN OLD WOMAN'S PATRIOTISM.—At a recent meeting of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr. Rice, missionary from India, stated that he was lately in the same train with the Fusilier Guards on their way for the east. At the station an old woman, evidently in an agony of grief, came up to him, and said, "O, sir, I've got six sons going to the Russians! but, hard as it is to part with them, I don't care, if they do but beat the Russians. I can give them all up!" The reverend gentleman proceeded to contrast this with the unwillingness of most parents to give up their sons for missionary work.

AN EARLY HEARER OF DR. CHALMERS.—"Well," said one of the merchant friends of Mr. James Chalmers to him one day, wholly ignorant of his relationship to the Doctor—whom he had never gone to hear—"have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?" "Yes," said James, somewhat drily. "And what do you think of him?" "Very little, indeed," was the reply. "Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer, "when did you hear him?" "About half an hour after he was born."

A SMART REBUKE.—A minister of the Kirk, in good old Scotland, once discovered his wife fallen asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate—"Susan!" Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake. "Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye ha'e'd none. And I didna marry ye for your beauty—that the hall congregation can see. And if ye hae no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!" Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

NEW POET.—A correspondent sends us a small poem, which he says "he composized awl himself." One verse will do for a specimen:

"A squirrel is a prete bird,
Its got a quirlie tale;
He stol awl mi daddis korn,
And et it on a rael."

A HARD HIT.—A gentleman of a miserly disposition, somewhat wounded at a sarcasm played upon him by an acquaintance, said he wished he was in Parliament, if it were only to propose a heavy poll-tax on wits. "Ay," said the satirist, "I do not wonder at that, because you know it would not affect yourself."

Editor's Table.

A WORD PRELIMINARY.—The present number, made up mainly by the assistant, in the absence of the editor proper, and in the midst of a pressure of other duties, will be accepted, we hope, as an apology for any deficiencies that may be observed. The articles, original and selected, we think, are readable. Some of the poetical articles, particularly those by Miss Hannah F. Gould and Miss Carrie Myer, are longer than usual, but they possess decided merit. For more than twenty years the former writer has been known the country over as a gifted poetical writer, and this the latest effusion from her pen shows no diminution of the ardor or fire of her earlier years. Lady Huntington shows that in the higher spheres of life piety can flourish as well as in the middle and lower walks; "Only a Mistake" will make the tears come to your eyes; "Facts About the Human Hair" is a curious article from one of the ablest medical writers of Scotland; "Gerald Massey" proves that genius can spring from the damp and darkness even of a cellar; "The Fabricii" and "Only a Theolog" will touch the heart; "The Creators of Value" is a little Carlyleish in style, but has strong thought in it; "The Young Preacher" tells how to crush out and kill the sympathies of the heart, and how, by overlabor, a minister transferred himself "all too early" from labor to reward; "Astley Cooper and Abernethy" smacks slightly of the lecture-room, but is full of fact and instruction; the other papers of the number are brief, and can speak for themselves in an acquaintance of only a few minutes' duration.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*Logansport Bridge.*—We are indebted to a correspondent—Rev. B. Webster, stationed at Logansport, Ia.—for the subjoined description of the Bridge there:

"In 1835 a company was organized for the purpose of erecting a bridge over the Wabash river at Logansport. A contract was made with Messrs. Town, Livermore & Peck for the construction upon the plan of Ithiel Town; and in 1837 the Bridge was so far completed as to admit of travel over it. The original cost of this structure was twenty thousand dollars, it being built at a time when labor was high, in a comparatively new country, and under many disadvantages. The Bridge has been constantly used since, with very little repair, and promises to remain many years yet to come, as an evidence of the enterprise and public spirit which actuated General Walter Wilson, General John Tipton, and others, long since numbered with the dead."

Samuel.—Readers of Bible history will need no detailed narrative of ours respecting Samuel. In Scripture phraseology, he was the son of Elkanah and of Hannah, of the tribe of Levi. He was born in the year of the world 2848, and died A. M. 2946, aged ninety-eight years. He was the seventeenth and last judge of Israel. To him are ascribed the book of Judges, that of Ruth, and the first book of Samuel. He begun the order of the prophets, which was never discontinued till the death of Zachariah and Malachi. Our engraving represents him in an act among the first concerning him with which we became familiar. With hands clasped, and startled from a dreaming slumber, he utters, with a pining, anxious gaze, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant

heareth." Not only in early life, but through its maturer years, and in its declining age, Samuel was the same true servant of the Most High, and "his character," in the language of Richard Watson, "is one on which the mind continually rests with veneration and delight."

EXCERPTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—"Dear Editor,—Your article on dancing is opportune and pointed. As to the abstract wrong, if you will allow the phrase, of moving one's feet in a certain way for a certain time, at a certain time of the day or the night, on the floor, I will say nothing. It seems very clear to my mind, however, that practical dancers, particularly those of my own sex, are not profoundly practical thinkers or writers. Dancing makes light heads, and keeps the brain addled constantly; and I think the young man is to be pitied who gets for a wife a woman whose highest accomplishment is the rapidity with which she spins around on her heels and toes. I have some neighbors, religious by profession, who quote the Bible to me in favor of their dancing, and they are zealous in such work; but I never knew one of them to quote a passage in favor of their being disposed daily in secret or in public to call upon God in prayer. O no! dancing and praying are two things, and Satan knows well how to manage his own cause. Wishing you plenty of comfort in this life, and bliss unending in the state to come, I remain

"A FAITHFUL LADY SUBSCRIBER."

Young Preachers and Courtship.—A young, unmarried preacher waxes warm on the marriage question, as follows:

"I am no Russian, Mr. Editor, either in politics or religion; but somehow I like the usage of the Russian, or Greek Church, as it is more commonly called, on the marriage question. You are doubtless aware of the fact that no priest can exercise his functions as a minister or pastor in the Greek Church till he is married. Now, to my view, this is a most grand and capital arrangement. In many even of the Protestant Churches of this country the very reverse practice unhappily prevails; for if a young preacher happens to get married after he has preached only a year or so, he stands a chance of getting generally blamed by his seniors, and is, perhaps, suspended from the ministry altogether. I leave it to your impartial decision, then, whether there is not something to commend in the Church of which the Czar is considered the supreme head."

There may be something possibly to commend in the Church. It would be a sad case if there were not. The practice of sending the daughters of deceased priests to the convents for bringing up is a much better way of filling up such institutions than that practiced by the nunneries of the Roman Catholic Church. But while it is true that no man can preach or in any wise act as a preacher in the Greek Church till he is married, our correspondent forgets that if a Greek priest's wife dies he can not wed a second wife, for the Church interprets the phrase "having one wife" in its strictest literal meaning. Thenceforward he must quit preaching, forsake society, and live, though it be for forty or sixty years, the remainder of his life in a monastery. This, of course, puts a new phase on our correspondent's

letter, and shows that the system practiced by Protestant Churches is not, after all, so bad as he would make it out.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.—*The Land where Birds and Flowers do not die.*—"William, I won't have any more garden," said Maria, bursting into tears, when the frost killed her last flower. "Won't you let me have a part in your bird, for that lives in the winter?"

Spring came, and the bird lay lifeless in its cage. Then William said, weeping, "I will have no more birds. For as soon as I love them, they die."

The gentle mother saw their grief, and said, "Precious children, there is a country where the blossoms fade not, and sweet song never ceases. There is no winter there, no tears, for what is loved can not die. Let us seek that land together. Jesus will show us the way."

They never forgot her words: and when she was in her grave, and they had grown old, they said to each other, as they met and parted, "*Hath Jesus shown you the way?*"

Was Zacharias Deaf and Dumb?—Two children conversed about their Sunday school lessons, adding their own remarks and emendations.

"I think," said one, "that Zacharias, the father of John, was deaf and dumb."

"No," answered the other, "he was deprived of speech, for a time, because of unbelief. So he called for a writing-table, and wrote the name that was to be given to his son. What makes you suppose he was deaf also?"

"Because *he made signs*," was the quick rejoinder.

The Boy Preaching to his Chickens.—"Be good, my people," said a boy between two and three years old, as, mounting a block in the poultry-yard, he proceeded to "preach," as he called it, to his feathered audience! "I heard you quarrel. When you were fed, you snatched after the large pieces. Tall Turkey! I saw you peck a small chicken. You did *very* wrong. You must all love one another, or you will not go to heaven."

Trying to Hear a Book Speak.—A child quite too young to read was discovered crouching down among his playthings and holding a book to his ear, which, ever and anon, he soliloquized:

"Are you a wise book? Tell me a story. Father wants me to be a wise boy. Make haste with what you've got to say. I'm in quite a hurry. Don't you see the horse that I draw round the floor is waiting for me?"

"Not a word yet? Why don't you speak? Whisper straight into my ear. I don't believe you do know so much, after all."

"Go, stay there in the corner, till you can speak when you're told. You're just as unlike my mother as you can be. When I ask her to teach me any thing she always does. I think you're a bad book, and I don't believe you're so wise as people say."

So his quarrel with literature ended, in a remarkably zealous application of his forces to tops, and balls, and the new toy-horse.

MISCELLANY.—*Forever Looking at the Bright Side.*—There are some people who never see the silver lining to the dark cloud which may happen to be passing overhead. Their health, their business, their wordly prospects, are all in bad condition, and they have a look of sorrow for every passer-by. Once in a while, however, we meet persons of an opposite character, who will be cheerful in spite of the clouds. Such a character was the man drawn by Douglas Jerrold, under the name of the "Man of Many Thanks," in his late work entitled

"Men of Character," as the following passage from that work will show:

"Is there no letter to-day?" asked Titus, for upward of the thousandth time, having been three years in jail, and not having had a letter in all that time.

"Not to-day."

"Ha! there will be to-morrow. O yes! sure to be something to-morrow."

Metaphor from the Senses.—How happy the transfer of terms by which the *language of senses* is employed to express our mental perceptions and emotions! Thus, we say, "Such a man has good common sense;" of another, that "he is a person of fine taste." We feel the force of an expression, and see the drift of an argument. Of such a one, we remark that "he is in good odor." Mrs. Rowe, with her usual tact and delicacy, sings,

"I sleep,
But still my listening fancy wakes."

And Shirley—

"The actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

How grateful this perfume is! How long it lasts! Though Archbishop Leighton has been dead for nearly two centuries, the air of Horsted Keynes, where the holy man lived and was buried, seems still redolent with his good name. After a lapse of eighteen hundred years the odor of the ointment, poured by the penitent woman on the feet of her forgiving Lord, is yet fragrant, and sanctifies our regard for her who "did all she could, and came beforehand to anoint his body to the burial."

A Minister's Love of Home.—In Rev. Mr. Sherwood's admirable memoir of Rev. Dr. Spencer, prefixed to his recently published sermons, we find these characteristic passages: "From home even for a brief season, his mind and heart turned to it; and his frequent letters to his wife and children were full of conjugal and fatherly tenderness. 'There is very little happiness for me away from home, away from you all: 'I can not enjoy any thing without you: 'I feel more and more every day that home is the only spot on earth where I can be happy: 'Your love is every thing to me: 'I am never half myself when away from you: such were the expressions contained in every letter. His daughter says, 'I never received a letter from him—none of us ever did—that did not contain some passage commending our mother particularly to our attention and affection.' But his own parting words to her, spoken amid the grief and solemnity of a dying hour, only can do justice to this deep and sacred feeling of his soul: 'My wife, you have been a precious wife to me. You have been my support in hours of darkness. You have held me up when I should otherwise have sunk. You have cheered, and consoled, and advised with me with unfeeling love. I commit you to God. I know he will take care of you. *My best earthly friend, farewell!*' And then he commended her to the care and affection of his children in a manner which can not be described. I dare not trust my pen further on this field. Perhaps I have already violated the sanctity of private feeling. Yet such was the heart of our brother; such the influence that helped to mold and develop his character."

FULL.—Just as we were arranging to have a talk with correspondents and to string together our collection of "Stray Gems," the printer brought word that with six more lines the number must close; so here we must beg the indulgence of our readers and contributors till another month.



THE NOON DAY REST

CONSTITUTIONAL EXHIBITION, 1851, LONDON, ENGLAND

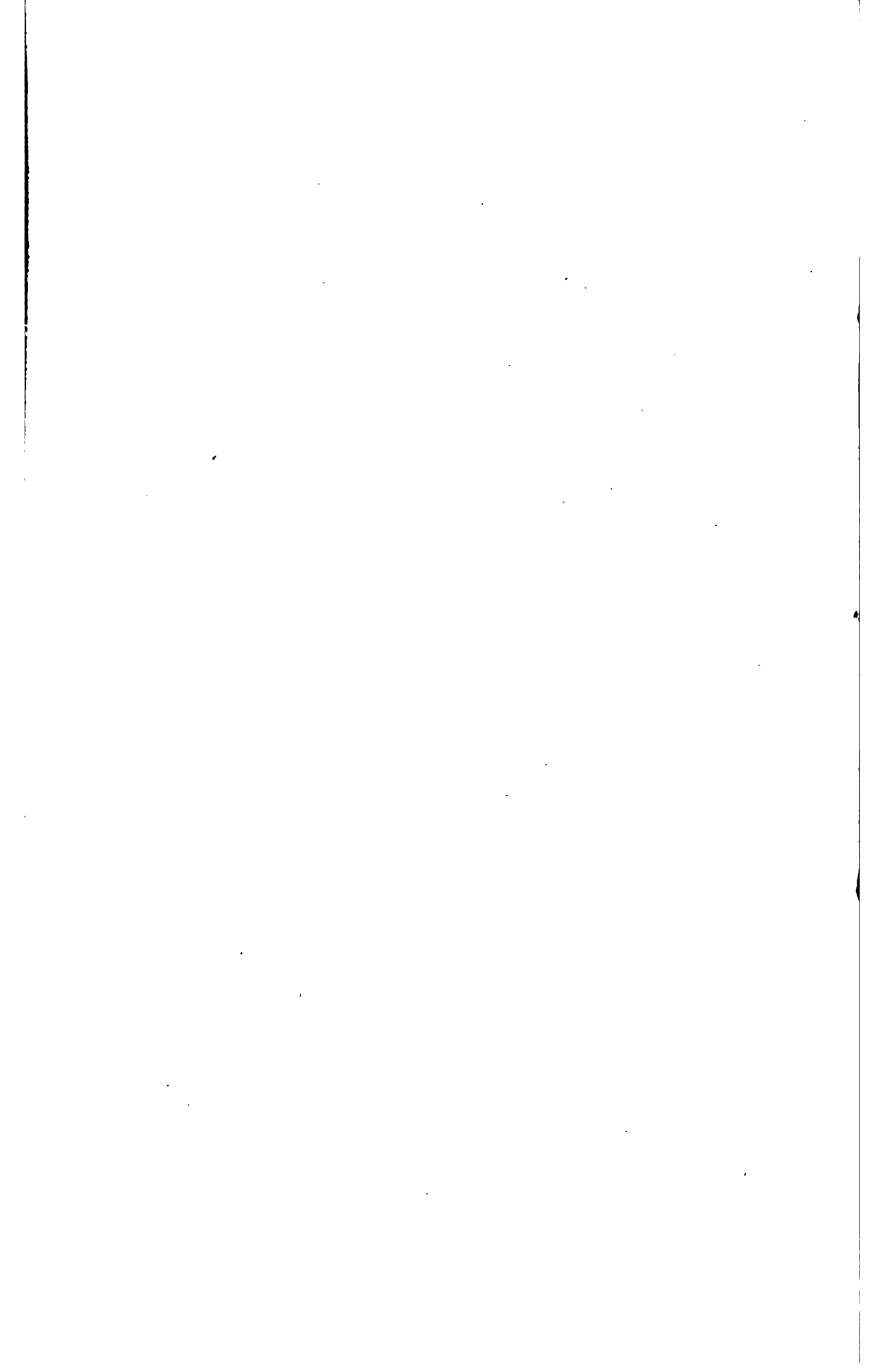
Museum, London, England







Ben & Alice Carr.



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1855.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

ALICE CARY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"SHALL we have Alice Cary among your literary women of America?" is a question that has been repeatedly asked by the friends and patrons of the Repository. Her delightful narrations and fancy sketches—so genial in their spirit and so pure in their moral teachings—have for a long series of months adorned our pages. Her name has become like a household word to our eighty thousand readers. They claim an interest in Alice Cary. She has become almost a part and parcel of the Repository. No wonder then that they inquire, "Will she appear?" and "when will she appear?" These inquiries now find their response in the well-executed portrait that adorns the present number.

At present we have time only to glance at the personal history of our subject. In a future number we hope to give a somewhat extensive, if not elaborate notice of her as a prose writer, and also as a poet.

Since "the West" became a fixed fact in Christian civilization and culture, it has produced its full quota to the brilliant galaxy of "literary women," as well as men, who have contributed to highten our literary character abroad, and to highten our civilization and culture at home. "The West" claims Alice Cary, and is proud to place her in the front rank of the literary women to whom she has given birth.

Alice Cary was born April, 1820, in Hamilton county—the county of which Cincinnati forms a part, and of population by far the greatest part—in the state of Ohio. Her father was a farmer; and amid not only rural scenery, but rural avocations, she passed her early life, till in 1850 she removed to the city of New York, where she still resides.

In a note to the editor, she pays the following beautiful tribute to her mother: "My mother was of Irish descent—a woman of superior intellect and of a good, well-ordered life. In my memory she stands apart from all others, wiser and purer, doing more and loving better than any other woman."

On her father's side she is of Puritan and Revolutionary stock. "A Revolutionary Fragment," published in the Repository for April, 1853, relates to her grandfather. From this we learn that during the persecutions of the Protestants in France in the latter part of the sixteenth century, among others who fled for refuge to England was one Walter Cary, with his wife and only son. This son, who bore the same name as his father, was liberally educated in one of the universities of England. Soon after the settlement of Plymouth he emigrated to America, and settled in Bridgewater, about sixteen miles distant. Here he established a grammar school, the first ever taught in this country. He had seven sons, all of whom grew to man's estate. One of them—John—settled in Windham, Conn. He raised five sons; the youngest of whom—Samuel—was the great-grandfather of Alice. He was liberally educated at Yale College, and afterward studied medicine. He settled in Lime, Conn.; and here, in 1763, the grandfather of Alice was born. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the Revolutionary army, and suffered much on our northern frontier. Subsequently he removed to the west, and was one of the pioneer settlers of "Clovernook," to which the writings of Alice have given a wide celebrity.

Her educational advantages were small, indeed—being limited to those afforded by an obscure country school. And from even these advantages she was removed at a very early age. But amid these early scenes and avocations she was visited by "such dreams as they only know whose secluded lives and limited knowledge

induce the belief that somewhere, outside of their own little experiences, there is a world like Eden." Her poetical genius was early developed. It would gush out in spite of all hindrances. We believe she confesses to the fact that in her school days she spent more time in writing verses in her "copy-book" than in the study of her arithmetic.

Some insight into her early mental habits may be obtained from the circumstance that most of all gave a permanent character and direction to her genius. The narrative sketched by herself, in a letter to the editor, will at once secure for the gifted author a place in the warm sympathies of our readers. It shows how true and deep are her sensibilities—how much of *heart* there is in them:

"A beloved sister shared with me in work, and play, and study; we were never separated for a day. She was older than I, more cheerful and self-reliant. I used to recite to her my rude verses, which she praised; and she in turn told me stories of her own composing, which I at the time thought evinced wonderful ability; and I still think that sister was unusually gifted. Just as she came into womanhood—she was not yet sixteen—death separated us, and that event turned my disposition, naturally melancholy, into almost morbid gloom. To this day she is the first in memory when I wake, and the last when I sleep. Many of my best poems refer to her. Her grave is near by the old homestead, and the myrtles and roses of my planting run wild there."

Add to the above, that in this early period she had no books but "the running brooks," no intercourse with literary men and women, and no medium of intercommunication with the world of letters—that her neighbors, with whom her social relations were ever limited, had no sympathy with her thoughts, her aspirations, nor her schemes—and we shall admire still more the unbending force of that genius that urged her onward to the goal. She repeats the oft-experienced conflict of genius, struggling amid the warring elements, to gain its true sphere and move in its congenial element: "In my memory there are many long, dark years of labors at variance with my inclinations, of bereavement, of constant struggle, and of hope deferred."

The eaglet, conscious of its strength and moved by an almost irresistible impulse to soar away, has still need of one to point out its direction and encourage its flight. Miss Cary's genius was unaided in this respect. She dared to give utterance to her thoughts only when alone in the forest, or when at night she would go out and

sit among the cows quietly reposing upon the soft green carpet nature had spread around. Referring to this period, she says:

"A natural timidity was fostered by these years of isolation, and I have, therefore, little pleasure in the more cultivated society that has since been accessible to me. Not till about twenty years of age had I ever seen an author; and I can not make you understand how great an event it was in my life to shake hands with the writer of a small and scarcely heard of volume."

When about eighteen years of age she commenced publishing verses in the newspapers of Cincinnati. These verses were well received, and some of them obtained hearty commendation from the editors. They soon found their way "over the mountains" through the medium of "exchange papers," and attracted the attention of literary men in different parts of the country. These encomiums stimulated her genius. Years of careful self-culture, of labor, succeeded; and Alice Cary has a place among the literary women of America.

Alluding to the effect the reception of these early poems had upon her, she says, with equal grace and simplicity:

"The poems I wrote in those times, and the praises they won me, were to my eager and credulous apprehension the prophecies of wonderful things to be done in the future. Even now when I am older, and should be wiser, the thrill of delight with which I read a letter full of cordial encouragement and kindness from the charming poet—Otway Curry—is in some sort renewed. Then the voices that came cheerily to my lonesome and obscure life from across the mountains, how precious they were to me! Among these the most cherished are Edgar A. Poe and Rufus W. Griswold."

It is not a little creditable to Alice Cary that such men—occupying the very front ranks in American literature—were among the first to perceive and appreciate her genius. And it is equally honorable to their nobleness of character that they so readily and so joyfully heralded the instauration of a "new-born poet."

In her literary labors Alice Cary has had associated with her her sister Phoebe, who has also obtained deserved renown in the world of letters. In 1850 their fugitive poems were collected and published in Philadelphia, and received at the time a good deal of encouraging notice. In 1851 she published in New York, "Clovernook; or, Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West." This work was highly commended by the press, and had a large sale—several large editions having

been issued. It was also republished in several editions in England.

In 1852 she published "Hagar, a Story of To-day." In 1853 she issued a second series of Clovernook stories. The "second series," if we can judge from the notices we have seen of it, was even more successful than the first. Its delineations of life and character are inimitable; but we must leave literary criticism to another number. During the same year she published a small volume of poems entitled "Lyra, and Other Poems."

In 1854 Ticknor & Co., of Boston, published for her a volume of juvenile stories, entitled "Clovernook Children." During the present year the same eminent publishers have issued a volume of poems from her pen, embracing all the best poems she has written. It constitutes a large and elegant duodecimo volume. The longest and most ambitious of the poems in the collection was now for the first time given to the public. This latter publication has contributed still further to extend the reputation of the fair author. Her fame now rests upon a firm and broad foundation in England as well as in our own country. By our English exchanges, we observe that her works are advertised for republication by English publishers as soon as they reach that country; and when out, that the English critics treat them with courtesy, and for the most part with distinguished favor.

In 1851 Miss Cary became a regular contributor to the columns of the Ladies' Repository. From that time to the present she has contributed nearly seventy-five articles in prose and verse. Few of our contributors have been received with more popular favor. And it is neither a small nor an undeserved compliment to say, that her productions are received and read with unabated interest by our large circle of intelligent and appreciating readers.

We congratulate "the Sisters of the West" upon their past success. These past successes we trust will be only the stepping-stones to still more ardent labors and still higher achievements in the broad field of literary enterprise that is now spread out before them.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

SPEAK not well of any unadvisedly—that is sordid flattery. Speak not well of thyself, though never so deserving, lest thou be tempted to vanity; but value more a good conscience than a good commendation.—*Burkitt.*

A HALF HOUR AMONG THE EPIGRAMMATISTS.

BY JAMES FRIEWELL.

A THOROUGH acquaintance with any one branch of knowledge, will give a man an insight into others, for in tracing this knowledge to its source he will often chance, as that hunter did, who, climbing after his game, discovered the silver mines of Potosi, to alight upon something valuable and excellent. This we may bear in mind, in a half hour's wandering through the numerous epigrams which remain to us, for we shall find that a rhymed trifle, difficult indeed to make, brilliant and easily remembered but as easily forgotten, will often light up a passage in history, or illustrate the manners of an age, better than would a dry historical treatise.

The origin of the epigram may be traced in its name, a sentence written upon some stone or monument. Thus, it was first applied to tombs, of which examples in the Greek Anthology are not wanting. We may instance the one which Ion inscribed on the tomb of Euripides, and which Ben Jonson has plagiarized and applied to Poly-Olbion Drayton:

"And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name, which can not fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee!"

But we have little to do with the Greek epigrammatists. Somehow or other, they are too far removed from us to have much interest for us; we had rather be with Mr. Pope, and Dean Swift, and Mat Prior. We feel more at home with them; the Greeks are so awfully classic, that in these latter days they quite frighten one; fancy, for instance, a yielding, peace-loving politician, reading that upon those who fell at Sparta:

"Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful band
Lie here in death, remembering her command."

Or that one so finely rendered by Sir William Jones:

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities fair, with spire or turret crowned;
No; men, high minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks or brambles rude—
Men, who their duties know—
Know too their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they read the chain."

Let us leave the Greeks, therefore, pure Simonides and that other Sappho—we do not mean the lady who took a leap to cure her love—Ion,

Aleceus, and Anacreon, who was, as Johnson said, "finely done by Frank Fawkes," and, as the young beaux of our fathers' day thought, much more finely translated by Tommy Moore—let us leave them in that unnatural heroism, that statuesque state, which Keats and the Elgin marbles have thrown them into, and which only the learning of a Professor Porson would lift them out of.

Martial among the Romans deserves a little kindly notice, if it were only from the fact of his having set manfully to work, and, after unheard-of difficulties, having produced a whole volume of epigrams. Talk of Mr. James and his seven hundred novels after this! we hold the Roman to be the more wonderful man. Yes, those fourteen books of epigrams were one way, and, as the world then went, no unworthy way, of spending a lifetime. Martial has earned immortality by it. Not that, by the way—and here we return to our subject—we can consider that Martial possessed in the majority of his epigrams the high finish, point, and worth which we find in our modern examples. It takes a long time to polish a diamond, and the growth of the epigram does not appear to have been rapid. Both Greek and Roman seem too often to have been engaged upon writing a bombastic sentence; there are no pleasant surprises, no quaint turn, and witty truth, in the last line, as there is in almost every modern example; neither have they the finish of the French authors. From this censure, we, of course, exclude several of the finest; for, while other works show the progress of art, a work of genius is frequently born perfect, nor is our present subject an objection to the rule; we merely mean to say that the earlier epigrams do not seem to have emancipated themselves from their original purpose of inscriptions upon tombs.

Let us to the industrious Roman. Who does not recollect Aria, that wife who dared to set an example to a husband, and at the same time to show him the never-failing escape from tyranny? Who would have recollected her had it not been for Martial, who has related her last word, says Vincentius Collesso, his Jesuit editor, *voce immortalis, ac peni divina*:

"Sighed the chaste Arria, to her Pætus brave,
Drawing the sword which pierced her from her heart,
Pains not the wound, O Pætus, which I gave;
The wound which shall pierce thee bears all the smart."

Another, "In Zoilum," is of a considerably different temper:

"Who called thee vicious, was a lying elf,
Thou art not vicious—thou art vice itself."

Indeed, the same gentleman, a courtier, has come in for various hard knocks; here is another:

"Tricked out in lace, thou dar'st to sneer,
O Zolius, at my homely gown;
Laugh, creature, from thy master's clothes;
My dress is coarse, but 'tis my own."

Doctors—we have an unpaid bill from one in our pocket-book, and can, therefore, be bitter—are universally disliked. We suspect that the feeling is a certain proof of the selfishness and ingratitude of humanity, but assuredly it is not a new one; hark, how the old Roman sneers at them:

OF HIS SICKNESS.

"I slightly ailed, a hundred doctors come,
With finger icy-tipp'd and gelid thumb;
They feel my pulse, prescribe to purge or bleed;
At first I ailed, but now I'm sick indeed."

If we now run away from Martial, and hasten to the host of writers waiting for us, it is because we feel utterly unable to do any thing like justice to him, and that further examples would but swell our pages without giving the "general reader" a more adequate idea of his works; furthermore, our own countrymen claim the preference.

Gower, John Skelton, and Chaucer, although abounding with epigrammatic turns of thought, can not be classed with the writers of epigrams. The earliest specimen of the kind we have, by Sir John Harrington, author of "Oceana," has often been quoted, but not so often as it deserves:

TREASON.

"Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?
When it doth prosper, none dare call it treason."

Bold, indeed! O, Sir John, it was bold of you to promulgate such a truth in the time of the Virgin Queen.

Donne, who comes next—he, we mean, whose life Isaac Walton has told so admirably, and whose authentic ghost story is, perhaps, the most thoroughly reliable one of its kind—affords an instance, often paralleled, of a serious and religious—deeply religious—man being an unmitigated punster. The pun inclosed in the following couplet is perfect, and it would be difficult to excel it:

THE LAME BEGGAR.

"I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or move; if he says true, *he lies*."

Donne, in his younger days, associated at the "Triple Tun" with Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and old Fuller—glorious company!—but the first, and greatest, was also—hear it, ye who stick to the pocket-picking theory—the most

unmitigated punster ever hatched. Did Dr. Donne catch it of him? We leave this to "Notes and Queries" and the next edition of the "Curiosities of Literature."

No book of, or paper on, epigrams would be complete without a fling at the Scotch. We naturally include that among the Scottish rights; and Scotchmen laugh at it, braw boys that they are, as naturally as they do at the Earl of Eglintoun and his partisans. Come forth, therefore, John Cleveland, with your two lines from the "Rebel Scott;" a poem which has been saved, mainly, we are inclined to think, by these two ill-natured, but pungent, lines:

ON SCOTLAND.

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him to wander, but confined him home."

How Dr. Johnson must have chuckled over that bit of satire! We will be bound that he often gave it, *ore rotundo*, to the obsequious Boszzy.

The believers in the hypocrisy of Cromwell would be startled to read the two earnest epigrams on him by John Milton. The first begins with, "Cromwell, our first of men," etc., and has been included among his sonnets. The last was written in Latin, under a portrait sent to Christina of Sweden. It is printed in that least-opened part of Milton's works, his Latin poems:

TO THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

"Christina, maiden of heroic mien!
Star of the North! of northern stars the queen,
Behold what wrinkles have I earned, and how
The iron casque still chafes my veteran brow,
While, following fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But, softened in thy sight, my looks appear,
Not to all kings and queens alike severe."

The cast taken after death from Cromwell's face, and the portrait by Cooper, the Vandyke in miniature, confirm the picture above: the eyes of Cromwell have a fine, broad, open stare in the miniature, but the look of one upon whom the cares of state sat not easily, and whose thought for the welfare of his people was incessant; in it we recognize the writer of those letters which Mr. Carlyle has rescued from oblivion to immortality.

Another John, only less than Milton, John Dryden, of Fleur de Lys Court, Fetter Lane, and of Westminster Abbey, has contributed one brilliant specimen to our list—one we need not quote: we allude to that which the corporation of London, or the church-wardens, have placed outside of the church in which Milton was baptized. Having arrived at this epoch, we come upon a perfect cluster of writers of this nature,

the most fluent of whom is Mat Prior. Mat was, upon the whole, not a very amiable character, somewhat of a snob, and a great deal of a coward, but his polish and finish of verse have never been excelled. He has little to tell, but the manner in which he tells it is, indeed, charming. Pope was right when he declared that Prior's Narration saved him from oblivion. For the rest he is vicious and loose, a perfectly logical result of the court of the Merry Monarch; let those whom his slipshod morality will not injure, read him for his finish and his history; he gives a better picture of the time than the brilliant Macaulay, because he lived therein.

About Mat's time ladies, it must be confessed, were decidedly—we hide our feelings under a commercial phrase—below par; they also took, in an extraordinary degree, to cosmetics, painting, and patching. Of their morality these pages shall bear no record; but of their bandoline and cosmetics we may descant, if it be but to show that then-a-day, had he lived, and been one of his own ancestors, Mr. Rowland would have made his fortune; ex. gr:

"From her own native France, as old Alison past,
She reproached English Nell, with neglect or with malice,
That the slattern had left, in her hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eyebrows at Calais."

Here is another:

PHILLIS'S AGE.

"How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task,
For Phillis really has two ages.

Stiff in brocade and pinched in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,
At night, astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied,
And Phillis is some forty-three."

Prior was, however, merciful to the ladies, compared to a French author from whom he stole, named Brebeuf, who composed—ladies, pardon him, 'twas for a wager—one hundred and fifty epigrams *sur une femme faidee*; those who relate the story make it stronger by declaring that some rival immediately produced double the number, and without altering the name of the lady!

Better than the foregoing is the often-quoted epitaph by Prior upon himself, and also the following, not so well known:

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

"Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glat thy lightened mirth;

Sad Heracitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcerned stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh?—and honest, need I cry?"

The "judicious" reader will perceive that two faults of the age spoil the epigram; the idea of calling those two respectable philosophers, the one "a dear droll," and the other "a serious wretch," seems bad taste to us. Prior, doubtless, could not perceive it. Another, under the title of the "Remedy worse than the Disease," brings to our presence Dr. Radclyffe, an immortal who walks the pages of Pope, and who was celebrated, when on earth, for his splendid operations for the stone. Unluckily, he had a disease himself, caught, we dare say, from attending old patched dowagers—that of gossiping—which Mat Prior has not failed to whisper into the ears of posterity:

"I sent for Radclyffe, was so ill
That other doctors gave me over;
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.
But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician."

Some one else, one of the "unknown hands" that have adorned the pages of Tonson, unless, indeed, it be by the Rev. Richard Graves, has also perpetuated a repaete by Sir Godfrey Kneller, to the same Doctor:

"Sir Godfrey and Radclyffe had one common way,
Into one common garden, and both had a key:
Quoth Kneller, 'I'll certainly block up that door,
If ever I find it unlocked any more.'
'Your threats,' replied Radclyffe, 'disturb not my ease,
And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please.'
'You're smart,' rejoins Kneller, 'but say what you will,
I'll take any thing from you—but potion or pill.'"

The motto of the epigrammatist is, and should be, "*Brevis esse laboro*," and, bearing this in mind, we may at once leave the pointed subject we are engaged upon, for the present, so as not to tire the reader, premising that great names are yet to come—that Swift and Pope wrote epigrams—and that a thousand sallies on the beaux, belles, and dandizettes of the Regency, have yet to add to our knowledge of the time, and to glitter in these pages.

—♦—
Mr. DODDRIDGE asked his little girl one day why it was that every body loved her. "I know not," she replied, "except that I love every body." "He that hath [or would have] friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." If nobody loves you, it is your own fault.

THE AUGUST MOON.

BY HARRIET P. WASON.

O, how many clust'ring memories
Come, sweet August moon, with thee!
Bringing with thy hallowed beauty
Back my spirit's friends to me.
Over hill, and field, and meadow—
O'er the garden and the wood,
Thou dost come, as comes a blessing
With the presence of the good,
And dost smile where I am seated,
On the steps beneath the door,
Dreaming of the forms and voices
I may see and hear no more.
Thronging memories! soft and tender—
Yet there's more than memory's light
Through the saddened past returning
On this gentle summer night.
O'er my soul dim lights are gleaming
From the regions of the dead,
As the lights and shadows tremble
Through the elm leaves o'er my head,
And a spirit-band are gathering
Close to this material veil.
Lo! I hear their gentle whispers,
Softer than the evening gale.
Airy forms are pressing near me,
Thrilling tones from glory come—
How their low celestial breathings
Draw me toward my spirit's home!
Hush, my soul! bend near, interpret
Every mystic murmur right—
List! they breathe of love undying
In the changeless home of light.
They are whispering of the manna's
Where no troubling enters in—
Where the family of Jesus
Live forever free from sin;
And their souls enlarged, perfected,
To the Savior gather near;
Finding in his glorious presence
All the bliss they sighed for here.
They are whispering that they hover
Round me on the wings of air,
Marking, in probation's conflict,
How I will, and work, and bear.
And when'er my soul is calling,
As it calls for them to-night,
How their earthly love, returning,
Answers from the worlds of light!
And they come with holy counsel,
Life-reviving as the dew,
Fearing lest I faint or falter
Ere my earthly work be through.
Go back, my spirit's friends, to glory!
Sound the victor's song once more!
Ye have nerved a soul to conquer
Till life's trial-time be o'er.

THE DRESS-MAKER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"O DEAR! what a beautiful day it is!" sighed the pretty little dress-maker, and the delicate lace sleeve dropped from the busy fingers that for the last three hours had not enjoyed a moment's respite from their toil.

"How the birds are singing over there in the grove, too! If I could only go out, and sit for one little hour in the deep, cool shadows, and listen to the sweet stories those very birds are telling each other, I believe it would do me good all the rest of my life;" and there were tears in the young girl's blue eyes, as she pushed aside the blind, and leaned out of the window.

It was a May morning she looked out on, reader—a May morning in the country! The broad lawn rolled away from the stone mansion, and the shadows of the oak-trees tangled themselves with the dark spring grass. A little to the west stood the grove of elm and maple trees, and the wind was walking softly among the boughs, and the bird ballads came down sweetly from the tree-tops. There were clover blossoms in the meadow grass, and half-opened roses up in the clefts of the mountains, and altogether the earth was bright with the seal and superscription of the spring-time.

But the little dress-maker! Somehow her sweet, pale face did not brighten as it ought to have done when she looked out on this golden morning, the gift of the all-Father. She leaned her cheek on her hand, and her eyes were damper with tears than the grass with dew, though her life, like it, must have been in its May.

"Every body can be happy, even the birds and the flowers, every body, and every thing, but I. Perhaps it's wicked to repine so, but my heart and my hands have grown weary of this endless stitching. How the sunshine sparkles and laughs even in the meadows, and the small flowers swing gleefully in the morning wind; yet here I must sit, and work, work, till my head aches and that sharp pain comes back to my side. There's nobody either to speak a kind word to me through the live-long day. I could work so light-hearted if there was only somebody who cared a little, a *very* little, for me, but—"

"Miss Farnham!" The tone that broke in on the dress-maker's monologue was one of cold surprise and disapproval; and she drew her face inside with a half-frightened look, and confronted the speaker.

It was a young girl, about her own age; and you would have known, at the first glance into

her fair, proud face, that the old stone mansion was her home.

"I supposed you would have my sleeves finished by the time breakfast was over," said the young lady, as she glanced at the one which had fallen to the floor. "You know the skirt is to be flounced, and I shall want it by seven this evening."

"I know it, Miss Winters," answered the dress-maker, deprecatingly; "but the morning was so pleasant, I could not help looking out on it, and getting a breath of the fresh air."

"Well, you have not many moments to be idle to-day. Minnie, dear, don't you think that trimming harmonizes completely with the dress?"

Miss Winters turned to the guest who had entered the room with her. She, too, was a young girl, fair and slender, with one of those bright, sparkling faces that draw your heart at once, because they speak to you always of the glad, *sunny* nature that lies beneath them.

"Yea, Ada, it is beautiful; and you have arranged it with exquisite taste, Miss Farnham."

She spoke so kind and cordially that the girl's heart leaped suddenly. She looked up into the beaming face, and answered, "I am very glad that you like it, ma'am;" but her voice was not quite steady.

"How pretty she is, Ada, only she looks so sorrowful. Somehow I couldn't bear to leave her there all alone. It must be so dreadful to work, work all through this bright day, from sunrise to sunset. Goodness! it would kill me. I know it would;" and Minnie Howard's arm stole around her companion's waist, as they went down the broad steps, for the lady had just concluded her business with her dress-maker.

"Minnie, darling," was Ada's response, "your sympathy is very generous, but it's all unnecessary. You see she's only a dress-maker, and stitching is her business. She's contented enough I'll warrant; for, of course, she has none of your refinement of heart and feeling to trouble her. So don't look sober about this thing any longer, *ma chere*;" and Ada drew her companion into the shadows of the grape vine.

"But mamma didn't use to think so, Ada. How often I have heard her say that she found as much genuine refinement of feeling, as much delicate appreciation of outer and inner beauty, among the humble as among the higher walks of life."

Ada's red lips parted in a half-skeptical, half-sarcastic smile. "Minnie," she said, winding one of the girl's brown locks round her fingers, "your mother was a good woman—just like

her daughter—a little too good for this world—and it was her misfortune that she judged others by herself. O, won't those moss rose buds out there be exquisite for our hair this evening! Let's go and select them now, and leave this discussion on the comparative merits of the rich and the poor."

And a few minutes later the wind brought the sound of sweet laughter to the dress-maker, as she sat at the window stitching! stitching!

"May I come in, Miss Farnham?" It was wearing toward noon when the bright face of Minnie Howard looked into the room. "I thought you might be lonely, and that I'd come and talk to you, while Ada is writing some notes. I've brought you some strawberries, too. Aren't they large ones? They taste even better than they look."

Mary Farnham tried to thank her, but it was more than she could do. The words died in a quiver on her lips, and then she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed like a little child.

"Now, pray don't, Miss Farnham." Minnie threw herself on a low stool at the dress-maker's feet, and laid her hands on her lap. "I don't wonder you get down-spirited here all alone. It's really too bad. But I've come to have a nice, long chat with you, so you mustn't spoil it by those tears."

The dress-maker looked up and smiled. "Forgive me," she said, "but it seems so strange to have any one care for me or speak kindly to me." Her tears were coming up again, but this time there was a rainbow behind them.

"Well, you mustn't let it seem so any more," answered Minnie, as she stirred the cream among the strawberries. "You know Miss Winters is an only child, and, of course, a spoiled one; so you mustn't mind her manner of speaking, for it's so natural to her. There! put down your sewing now, and eat my strawberries."

The two girls chatted together a long time, and the dress-maker gave her new friend a verbal epitome of her past life. It was a sad one. Both her parents had died in her childhood, and she had resided with her aunt, till within the last year, when a third grave was added to the two that had slept so long under the ash-tree in the village church-yard. With her death her aunt's pension expired, and Mary Farnham was alone in the world, with no means of support, and so she had turned dress-maker.

Minnie's parents, too, slept in a distant church-yard, where moss roses and geraniums lay around them like a beautiful inspiration, while over grave and flowers slept the shadows of two marble

urns; and this thought drew her heart close to the dress-maker.

"Do you like music?" she asked, in a pause of the conversation, that had now taken a less mournful turn.

A sudden enthusiasm beamed into Mary Farnham's blue eyes, as they were lifted from her work. "Like music!" she repeated; "O, I guess I do. I love, I worship it. Aunt Lucy intended to make me a teacher, for our singing school master put it into her head, telling her I should only require a year's instruction, and that nature had intended me for this. Next year I should have taken lessons had she lived; but, you see, her sickness and funeral expenses cost all she left."

"It was too bad. But I'll get my guitar, and play for you awhile;" and Minnie's light figure bounded through the door.

Minnie had considerable musical taste, and this had received careful cultivation. The dress-maker forgot her sewing, and sat there, her hands folded on her lap, and her whole soul in a trance of delicious happiness, as she listened to the fair musician.

"And now," said Minnie, resting her fingers on the guitar cords, "I will play some simple accompaniment, and you shall sing for me."

It was the lady's turn to look surprised now. The soft, clear, rich tones of the dress-maker filled the room with melody, that one moment reminded you of robins in wood boughs, and the next of the dying out of a song upon harp-strings.

"Why, it's a perfect shame," said the impulsive Minnie, as the song and the music ceased, "such a voice as that should go uncultivated. It would certainly make your fortune!"

"Do you really think so?" asked Mary Farnham. "I am working very hard to get the money to pay for my lessons. But they will cost a hundred dollars, and it takes a long, a very long time to earn that with one's needle."

Just then the dinner-bell rang, and, with a smile and a few kind words, Minnie hurried away. The dress-maker's morning task was not nearly completed, but she could not feel anxious about it, for her heart was so full of light, and all that afternoon her nimble fingers kept time to its music; but her heart was not the only one wherein was light and music that day.

It was morning two days later, and Minnie Howard was about to leave the home of the Winters, where she had passed the June so pleasantly. The stage that was to convey her away was already winding over the distant hill-top, when she burst into the room where Mary

Farnham sat working and stitching at the window as before.

"I have come to bid you good-by, Miss Farnham," she said, in breathless haste; "and here's a letter for you, with some good advice in it. Be sure and do what I say therein; but don't open it till this evening. Now, good-by. God bless you!" A quick kiss dropped on the dress-maker's forehead, and Minnie was gone.

It was evening. Mary Farnham's work for that day was over. She stood a moment at the window, and looked out on the west, where the sunset clouds seemed like golden carving draped round with damask. The wind was soft and cool as it came up to the girl's forehead; and so she stood there for some time, watching the feet of the summer on the mountains, and the trail of her robe in the meadows.

At last her eyes rested on the letter, which lay on the table, where she had placed it after Minnie's departure. It was time now to open it.

With a little heart flutter, born of curiosity and timidity, Mary Farnham broke the seal, and the letter read:

"DEAR MISS FARNHAM,—Please put by your work at once, and commence your music lessons. I have no fears but you will succeed, and when you have done this, do not delay to inform

"Your friend, MINNIE HOWARD."

The letter inclosed a note for one hundred dollars!

Half an hour later the evening star came over the hills, and looked into the window. It saw Mary Farnham kneeling there with her God, and a shower of joyful tears rolling down her face; but the stars could not hear, as the angels did, the prayer whose Alpha and Omega was, "My Father, my Father, how shall I thank thee!"

Six months later Minnie Howard, in her city home, sat one morning reading a long letter from Ada Winters. It contained one paragraph which seemed to interest her more than any other, and thus it ran:

"I must tell you, Minnie, a circumstance which has quite electrified all the gossips of our quiet little village. You remember the *dress-maker* whom you met here on your last visit, and who enlisted your sympathies one morning so warmly in her behalf. Well, immediately after you left she gave up sewing, and took to music learning, intending to qualify herself for a teacher; and those who have heard her sing say that she really had fine talents for this thing. But last week a brother of her mother's, a bachelor, whom every body thought dead a score of years ago, arrived suddenly from the East Indies, where he

has amassed a splendid fortune. The little dress-maker is his only relative; and the old gentleman was completely overcome when he saw her, though *why* he buried himself off there for so long time is, I suppose, best known to himself. At all events, she is his heiress, and he has taken her with him to Europe. Quite a startling *dénouement*, was it not?"

Six years had been gathered to their fathers. There had been no slight business and bustle at a larger and fashionable residence near Broadway during the whole week. Some relatives of the family were expected by the next steamer from Europe; and one, the pride and idol of the household, was to bring back the young bride he had found over the blue waters.

No wonder there was a world of excitement and delighted anticipation in the house near Broadway. The young husband had written that his wife's uncle would accompany them home.

Little was known of the lady, save that she was young, and fair, and accomplished, and that her rare musical talents had attracted attention even in Italy, under whose blue skies her husband had first met her. She was her uncle's sole heiress, and the old man idolized her. This was all the family knew of their future daughter and sister.

* * * * *

"You have not learned your lesson very well to-day, Miss Helen;" and the teacher laid her hand half in caress and half in reproof on the bright head of her pupil.

"I can't help it, Miss Howard, indeed, I can't," answered the lively little child, as she laid down her guitar with an air of immense relief. "You see the steamer's expected in to-night which will bring brother Fred, and his new wife, and all the rest of the folks, and I can't think of any thing else. I'm so glad they're coming! But, dear me, Miss Howard, how tired and sad you look!"

"Do I? Well, I am not feeling very strong this morning, and you know I have taken a very long walk. Beside that, I have three other lessons to give." The teacher checked the sigh that was coming up to her lips with a smile, but, after all, there was one in it.

If you had seen her six years before at the home of Ada Winters, it is possible you might still have recognized her, but it would have been with a start of surprise. Thorwaldsen's pictures of Morning and Night were not more unlike, than the bright, sparkling face which, coming out from your memory, would have confronted

the pale, serene, pensive one before you. And you might have read in the latter, as in the pages of a book, a sweetly mournful narrative of the past.

"Well, Miss Howard, I have some good news for you," said the affectionate Helen, drawing nearer to her teacher. "You see we are to have some company to-morrow evening. Only a few intimate friends, however, and our new sister will play for them. They say it is a perfect luxury to hear her; and you know she has had the very best teachers in the old world, and then she has such wondrous musical talent. Now, I want you to come here to-morrow night. Mamma said I might invite you."

"Thank you, dear Helen," and the teacher's fingers smoothed down the bright locks of the child. "I should very much enjoy hearing your sister's execution; but you know all the company will be strangers to me, and—"

"Don't, please don't, say no, Miss Howard," interrupted Helen. "You must come; indeed, I shan't like it at all if you don't."

Miss Howard smiled at her pupil's earnestness, and that smile was a tacit consent.

* * * * *

It was evening, and the parlors of the house near Broadway were brilliantly lighted, and the guests were chatting gayly in little groups, for, owing to the fatigue of their journey, the late travelers had not yet made their appearance below stairs.

Miss Howard and her pupil Helen Winship sat in one corner, and conversed together; for the child loved her teacher, and would not leave her.

At last the doors sprang widely back, and the recent traveling party entered the room. Every eye turned toward it. It was composed of some half dozen individuals; but among these were three which attracted universal attention.

They were the newly married pair and the uncle of the young bride. The lady was not tall, and she looked almost fragile as she leaned on the arm of her husband. But her face was a very sweet one, with its blue eyes, and brown hair, and the smiles breaking about her lips. You could not wonder that her husband and her uncle looked down so proudly and fondly upon her as she received the congratulations of her guests, with that rare grace of manner which native refinement and foreign cultivation had given her.

Miss Howard's eyes followed the course of the lady up the room. She was now free to do this, for Helen had left her side. Mrs. Winship's

face, her eyes, and very smile had something familiar in them. The teacher could not identify them with any that had been gathered into her memory, and yet she *felt* she had met that countenance before.

It was not long before the lady was urged to take her place at the piano, for all the guests were impatient to hear her voice. She complied gracefully, and a few moments later her song broke the silence that had come over the room. It electrified the listeners. Those clear, rich, warbling tones flowed and floated around them, a wave of exquisite harmony, and sweet tears came unconsciously to the eyes of the guests. Mrs. Winship's *power* did not consist in the skill of her execution, though that was certainly rare: it lay in her voice—that voice whose ravishing sweetness reminded you of the songs of seraphs.

As she ceased Helen came up to Miss Howard, who had sat all this time in her corner in a kind of delicious trance. "Come," she said, "I don't want you to stay here any longer. Sister Mary's going to play again, and this time you must see as well as hear her;" and, by virtue of her relationship, she pushed herself and her reluctant teacher through the group that had gathered round the piano.

"Don't she look pretty?" said the admiring Helen in a stage whisper to her teacher.

The bride heard her, for she looked up at both with a smile; but as her eyes met those of Miss Howard a change came into them. There was an eager, puzzled expression for a moment on her face, and then a sudden light dawned into it. She sprang from her seat, and held out both her hands, exclaiming joyfully, "Minnie Howard, is this you?"

In an instant it was all made plain. "Miss Farnham!" broke involuntarily from Minnie's lips, and a quick rush of olden memories brought the tears to her eyes.

Mrs. Winship saw them. "Come with me," she said, drawing her arm around Minnie's waist, and bowing her apologies to the wondering company, she led her up stairs to her own room.

There they sat down together, and Mrs. Winship said, "I have never forgotten you, Minnie, nor those kind words of yours, when there was no friend to care for, no voice to encourage me. I am rich now, and the world honors me; but my heart is the same that it was in those days when I sat stitching away the weary hours for my bread at the Winters's. You have suffered, Minnie—I can see that in your face. Tell me of your past as once I told you of mine."

And Minnie Howard briefly related all—how

her uncle had failed and died, how her friends—Ada Winters among the first—had deserted her, and how at last she had been compelled to resort to music teaching in order, if possible, to obtain a living.

"Minnie," and Mrs. Winship again drew her arms around her friend, "our Father knew best the discipline that we needed; and I often think I should never have taken so gratefully, so prayerfully, as I do all this love and prosperity, if he had not first led me through the valleys of poverty and suffering. You shall be friendless no longer, dear. I can repay your gift a hundred fold. Will you live with me? and we will be happy together."

And Minnie answered only with a burst of grateful tears.

* * * * *

"Dear me!" said Ada Winters, with a sigh of chagrin, as she laid down a letter she had just received from the city. "To think how that little dress-maker of ours has come up! In the first place having such a fortune fall to her, and then marrying into one of the first families in New York! Minnie's living with her, too! I wish now I had not slighted her so after her uncle died. If one could only look into the future, and see what persons would become, so as to know *how* to treat them!"

O Ada Winters, how many there are who, like you, never learn that the "good doing" brings its own exceeding great reward. In this world, unlike Minnie, we seldom find any other recompense; but *up there* shall we see the works done here merely for the love of God and of humanity are the *great jewels with which time has dowered our eternity*.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES."

BY MISS SERENNA BALDWIN.

LIFT up, lift up your heads, ye gates,
Ye everlasting doors;
A royal company awaits
To tread your golden floors.

"And who is he that bids unfold
The portals of the sky,
And lift the everlasting doors,
For such a company?"

The Lord, the Lord, the conquering King,
And crowns his pathway pave;
Both Death and Hell have yielded up
Their captives from the grave.

Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates;
Ye doors be lifted high;

The King of glory shall come in
With all his company.

"Who is this King of glory—who,
That would come in to reign?"
The Lord, the Lord, the mighty God,
With his attending train.

All flowing like a robe of light,
The raiment white they wear
In graceful folds across the breast,
Clasped with the morning star.

And glorious, like the Son of God,
"A name," and the white stone,
Of hidden manna they shall eat,
And with him share the throne.

Clouds of sweet incense round them float,
And music fills the air;
With harps, and songs, and palms they come,
And crowns of life they wear.

He comes, he comes, the conquering king,
With all his glorious train:
Lift up, and he shall enter in,
For evermore to reign.

THE SUN.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

FAR in the dim, untrodden west
The glorious sun retires,
And sends across the bending sky
His fast-retreating fires!
See how the distant mountains catch
The glories of his beams,
And bright beneath his dying ray
The mountain torrent gleams!

Farewell, departing orb of day!
The dewy twilight hour,
At thy last sigh, with pensive eye,
Weeps in her starry bower:
Another world, bright-beaming orb,
Receives thy cherished light,
And we are soothed in slumber by
The beauties of the night.

Farewell! but not forever thus:
The stars shall burn awhile,
And thou shalt wave them from the sky,
And on the mountain smile:
The birds and glowing streams shall hail
With joy the opening day,
And dews shall leave the weeping flowers
To mingle in thy ray.

But there are souls who yester eve
Beheld thy fading beams,
That dwell not on the earth to-day
Entranced with sunny dreams;
Thy car no more to them shall sink
In Thetis' watery bed:
To them are lost thy rising rays;
For they are with the dead!

THE SEA.*

BY REV. T. M. EDDY, A. M.

THE omnipotence of the Creator is almost visibly imaged by the ocean. Its depth, its breadth, its ceaseless roar, its long, deep swell, proclaim a power above all human thought. In its storm-voice we ever hear the same language addressed of old to Abram, "I am ALMIGHTY God."

The *majesty* of God is also preached by the ocean, and none save the poor, benighted, and soul-besotted Atheist denies it. So illimitable and so chainless!

It has also been called the emblem of his *eternity*. Tyre was once the mistress and center of commerce; but, as she sat in her defiant glory upon the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, old Ocean rolled on. Beneath the hand of prophetic destiny, Tyre sank, and Alexandria became what Tyre *had* been; and still old Ocean changed not. Venice succeeded Alexandria; change came again, and the imperial crown of Commerce was worn by Lisbon; then succeeded Holland, and then arose London, the proud queen; but still, "caring for none of these things," old Ocean shook his hoary locks and chanted his mighty song. Soon will the diadem be borne across the main, transferred from London to New York; thence will it be borne westward to deck the brows of San Francisco; thence, moving with the Gospel—for it does move with *that*—once more will it change, and, crossing the Pacific, find a home in redeemed China or Christianized India, and thus complete the circuit of the world; but still, rolling on in solemn pomp, will Ocean remain the same. It has hymned the birth and death of almost countless nations; the rise and fall of Jerusalem, of Tyre, of Balbec, of Thebes, of Nineveh, of Babylon, of Rome; has borne the news of the setting up of empires and the pulling down of empires; yet itself hath known no change—still has it ebbd and still has it flowed. And proudly will it ebb and flow perchance "when some traveler from the metropolis of New Zealand shall take his stand on one of the arches of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

But yet, as an emblem of divine eternity, it comes infinitely short. It *does* ebb and flow; God is "the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever." And there shall come an hour when its deep caves, its coral mountains, its pearl-

covered plains, shall shake beneath the divine declaration, "*There shall be no more sea.*"

But grand as may have been our thoughts, we think the ocean has not usually been considered as a striking proof of the Divine *beneficence* and *wisdom*. The pious heart said, and felt that it surely was, if the fact could be proven. But the great deep remained almost a *terra incognita*. Its surface was crossed, its distance measured from point to point, shoals, rocks, islands, and lee-coasts were mapped, and there it ended. The hidden ways of its wide sweep were unsought. Like the Godhead whom men held it to symbol, it was considered a subject of profound reflection, but not for overleaping curiosity. Sailor followed in the track of sailor, mariner followed the wake of mariner, and there ended the matter.

It has been reserved for one of our own countrymen to discover the paths of the sea; to map the tracks of the winds; to shorten sailing time to California thirty days, to Australia twenty, and to Rio Janeiro ten. He has communed with the spirit of the sea earnestly and lovingly; and while it shouted to others in thunder peals of omnipotence, and majesty, and eternity, it came and whispered to him in gentle and soothing tones of divine beneficence, wisdom, love.

The American Franklin drew the lightning from heaven; the American Morse sent it as an errand-boy along the oscillating wire; and now again American genius stands confessed in high superiority, as Maury tells us "whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth," and then declares that *long*, long ago the Bible announced the same teachings.

He has shown us that the most exquisite proofs of perfect design and infinite skill are manifested in ocean laws.

Take the Gulf Stream. Here we have a river in the sea, "which in the severest drouths never fails, in the mightiest floods never overflows; with banks and bottom of cold water, while the current is of warm." It flows ceaselessly from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Seas. It has a current more rapid than the Mississippi or Amazon. Some of our American writers supposed this stream was caused by the Mississippi river, which had accumulated so much western American force of character, that, entering the ocean through the Gulf, it pushed boldly on, holding tenaciously together on the ground that "the union must be preserved, and refusing to submit to any interference from Neptune till it paid its homage to Terminus in the Arctic Sea, and, in a quiet, respectable, and eminently *American*

*The Physical Geography of the Sea. By M. F. Maury, LL. D., Lieut. U. S. Navy. Harper & Brothers.

manner, froze up! But, alas for us, and alas for our river! it has been demonstrated that the volume of water it pours *into* the Gulf of Mexico does not amount to more than the one-thousandth part which flows *out* through the Gulf Stream. But we know if our river can't make the Stream, none other need try.

The thorough discussion given to the reputed causes of this wonder by Lieutenant Maury are highly interesting and instructive, but can not be inserted. His general conclusion is, that it is not produced by local causes, "but is controlled by the great law of matter in motion."

But there are some traces of Divine wisdom and goodness imprinted upon the rapid current of this stream, we do wisely to pause and read.

To the mariner it has been a means of discerning his longitude, and has been his perpetual landmark. Up to the close of the last century, guessing was as much used as calculation in ascertaining the position of the vessel. Chronometers were then an experiment. "The Nautical Ephemeris was defective, and its tables involved errors in the longitude of thirty miles." "The instruments of navigation erred *by degrees* quite as much as they do now do *by minutes*, for the rude 'cross-staff' and 'back-staff' had not given place to the nicer sextant and circle of reflection of the present day. Instances are numerous of vessels navigating the Atlantic being six, eight, or ten degrees of longitude out of their reckoning in as many days."

Here again is the triumph of American discrimination. Dr. Franklin was the first to suggest that the Gulf Stream clearly defined the longitude of vessels, and notified them of their approach to the shores of this continent. Its waters are separated from the common sea-water by a sharp dividing line. In making our northern coast in winter the sailor encountered furious snow-storms and "gusty gales," which baffled his skill and drove back his vessel, while the intense cold covered it with a mass of ice. The only refuge was to hold her away for the Gulf Stream. When reached, the weary ship passed at once, as from the frigid zone, to the balmy air of the tropics. "The ice disappears; the sailor bathes his limbs in tepid water; feeling himself refreshed and invigorated with the genial warmth about him, he realizes the fable of Antæus and his mother Earth." These storm-conflicts were protracted and severe. Vessels bound to Norfolk or Baltimore have encountered them as far down as the capes of Virginia, and have been repeatedly driven back into the Gulf Stream, and have kept out forty, fifty, and even sixty

days in vain attempts to make the anchorage. Hence, ship captains naturally enough sought to secure more southerly markets, and took their commerce to the ports of the Carolinas. "Before the temperature of the stream was known, vessels beat back as above described had no refuge short of the West Indies."

Dr. Franklin's discovery of its temperature, and its importance in determining longitude—by the thermometer!—and ascertaining the locality of the ship, was made in 1775, but, in consequence of the war with the mother-country, was not made public till 1790. When made known it demonstrated that in approaching this country the warm water of the Stream and the cold water on the sides forming its banks, if tried by the thermometer, would ascertain approximately his position. An old navigator, writing to the Doctor, said that if the Gulf Stream had been of green and the banks of yellow, they could not more certainly mark the sailor's path than they did by the use of the thermometer.

The immediate result of this discovery was to render the northern marts as accessible in winter as in summer. This had no small influence in determining the superiority of the northern over the southern seaports, and in transferring the American commercial center from Charleston to New York. In 1769 the commerce of the two Carolinas equaled that of all New England, was more than double that of New York, and exceeded that of Pennsylvania. But the glory departed. Commerce,

"Shifting, turned the other way."

The Palmettoes had to bow before the port of "Manhattan" and the cities of "Notions" and "Brotherly Love." After the use of the Stream was known, and its course mapped by Dr. Franklin and Captain Folger, and the knowledge of its set and drift ascertained, sailing time from England to America was reduced from eight to four weeks.

But we pass to another matter. It was long known that the sea, as well as the land, had its climates; that there were differences for which latitude did not account. It had its indigenous plants and animals—its edible fish of the cold climes, and its many-hued but insipid, finny and shelled inhabitants of tropic waves. But it had escaped the notice of man for many years that the ocean was the grand dispenser of warmth and regulator of climate throughout the globe—the warmer of the Arctic, the cooler of the torrid zone.

It was reckoned as a triumph of art and a

potent aid to health and economy when the systems of warming large buildings by hot water was made practicable. The caldron and furnace are often placed at a distance from the apartments to be heated. Pipes conduct the boiling water from the caldron to the rooms; in a chamber for that purpose the pipes are flared out so as to present a large cooling surface, after which they are united in one, through which the water, now thoroughly cooled, returns to the caldron. Thus cool water is constantly flowing in, while hot water is flowing out of the caldron.

This we said was a triumph, and so men shouted it, and "model houses" thus warmed were painted, and engraved, and praised. Yet on a scale infinitely grander had the Creator of all long since—even before "he rested from his labors"—made such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, North Atlantic, and western Europe. The furnace which generated the heat was the torrid zone, where the sun glares out so fiercely; the immense caldrons in which the waters were heated were the Carribean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico; while the Gulf Stream was the conducting pipe. This carries the heated waters till they meet the British Isles, which divides them—one part entering the polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other the Bay of Biscay. "From the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the chamber where the pipe is flared out to present a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by nature, [Providence,] and is such that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm air chamber of mid-ocean is taken up by the genial west winds, and dispensed in the most benign manner throughout Great Britain and western Europe."

"The maximum temperature of the Stream is eighty-six degrees, which is about nine degrees above ordinary ocean temperature in the same latitude." You may increase the latitude north ten degrees, and the waters of the "conducting pipe" shall lose but two degrees of their heat. You may send this body of warm water, containing more than one thousand Mississippi, three thousand miles toward the cold "north countries," toward the hummocks, and fies, and bergs, and still it shall retain the heat of summer. Here it will spread out for thousands of miles, and do much to mitigate the horrors of European winter.

Would you know how much this body of water ameliorates intense cold? Maury estimates the depth and velocity found on the surface of the Stream at two hundred fathoms. Take the

well-known difference between the capacity of air and water for specific heat as the argument, and you will find "the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic by these waters, in a winter's day, would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Isles from the freezing point to summer heat." See then the "manifold wisdom" and diversified goodness of God. The heat of the burning zone is carried across the deep, and diffused over what would else be perpetually frozen plains. "Every west wind that blows crosses this stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat. It is its influence upon climate which makes Erin the 'Emerald Isle' of the sea, and clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while in the same latitude the coasts of Labrador on this side are fast bound in fetters of ice."

I can not close this section without one extract from Lieutenant Maury longer than I have yet given:

"Nor do the beneficial influences of this stream upon climate end here. The West India Archipelago is encompassed on one side by its chain of islands, and on the other by the Cordilleras of the Andes contracting with the Isthmus of Darien, and stretching themselves out over the plains of Central America and Mexico. Beginning on the summit of this range, we leave the regions of perpetual snow, and descend first into the *tierra templada*, and then into the *tierra caliente*, or burning land. Descending still lower, we reach both the level and the surface of the Mexican sea, where, were it not for this beautiful and benign system of aqueous circulation, the peculiar features of the surroundings assure us we should have the hottest, if not the most pestilential climate in the world. As the waters in these two caldrons become heated, they are borne off by the Gulf Stream, and are replaced by cooler currents through the Carribean Sea; the surface water as it enters here being three or four degrees, and that in depth forty degrees cooler than where it escapes from the Gulf. Taking only this difference in surface temperature as an index of the heat accumulated there, a simple calculation will show that the quantity of specific heat daily carried off by the Gulf Stream from those regions and discharged over the Atlantic, is sufficient to raise mountains of iron from zero to the melting point, and to keep in flow from them a molten stream greater in volume than the waters daily discharged from the Mississippi river. Who therefore can calculate the benign influence of the wonderful current

upon the climate of the south? In the pursuit of this subject the mind is led from nature up to the great Architect of nature; and what mind will not the study of this subject fill with profitable emotions? Unchanged and unchanging alone of all created things, the ocean is the great emblem of its everlasting Creator. 'He treadeth upon the waves of the sea,' and is seen in the 'wonders of the deep.' Yea, he calleth for its waters, and poureth out upon the face of the deep.'"

Leaving the river of the ocean with its wonders unexplored, we may glance rapidly at some objects of interest in the deep sea. And that word *deep* suggests the question, how deep is the ocean? We used to be told at school that the sea had no bottom—at least, if it had, it was only in *places*. But the discoveries of modern times have assured us that the bottom of the sea is not unlike the surface of the globe. It has endless diversity. It has its ocean forests and its deep sea prairies. Away, away they stretch, all covered with the lichen, the mosses, the weeds, and submarine flowers, which wave in that hidden "garden of the Lord." Caverns are there, deep, winding; illumined with phosphorescent flashes; garnished with pearls, with rubies, with glittering ore, which death has snatched from the hand of cupidity or provident industry. In those deep grottoes have the waves rolled the pirate's gold and the freebooter's treasure. There, could we believe the graceful mythology of the old schools, dwelt Neptune with his trident, with his chosen Amphitrite, while around them sang and danced the Naiades, and the Tritons sounded upon their trumpets of shells the summons which marshaled the storms from afar. There hid the one-eyed Polyphemus, and thither resorted the sirens; and there they often met, from their common home in Sicily, the famed enchantress Circe.

"Circe and the sirens three,
Amid the flowery, kirtled Naiades,
Calling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause."

There that type of the modern politician, the ever-changing Proteus, had his home, where his features might occasionally subside into rest.

Ocean has its mountains. They are endlessly diversified in size and appearance. What is England but a range of ocean hills? They are sometimes but gentle swells, making the lower surface gracefully undulating; then they rise higher,

higher, and higher still. Have not the Alps and Appenines, the Cordilleras, the Alleghanies, and the Rocky Mountains, their counterpart in the deep, deep sea? Around these *upper* mountains is an ocean of air; around those *lower* ones an ocean of water. O, shall not the redeemed soul, when freed from the mortal coil, with some truly angelic guide, move buoyantly along those oceanic Alpine summits, climb the loftiest peak of the submarine Chimborazo, and look out from the wave-washed brow of the *lower* Mount Blanc, upon the wonders of that hitherto hidden realm? Gazing upon that empire before unseen, as wonder succeeds wonder, shall it not make the coral cave, the lofty hill, and the wide plain echo with the song of the millions "who stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire," and shout, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty: just and true are thy ways, O thou King of saints?"

But we resume the question of ocean depth. And here again we are placed before another triumph of American skill. Till recently the bottom of the "blue water" was as unknown as the interior of Jupiter. The upper deep had been sounded, the distance of sun, moon, and stars had been measured, and the correctness of the measures demonstrated; the masses of distant orbs had been computed; and should man never be able to measure the recesses of the deep? Various plans were devised. Attempts to fathom by sound and pressure were repeatedly made; but though answering in moderate depths, in the blue water they failed. Quantities of gunpowder were sent down and exploded, hoping that the echo or reverberation might be heard, but all was silent. The under currents swept out the line, and rendered it impossible to tell when the bottom had been reached. Still progress was made, and, as far as it went, it dispelled the accounts of the fabulous depths which had formed the burden of so many myths.

We have said American genius was to triumph. Deep-sea soundings had been obtained, but no specimens of the deposits had been brought up. Passed Midshipman J. M. Brooke, of the United States Navy, associated with Lieutenant Maury in the Observatory, proposed a contrivance by which the cannon-ball usually attached to the cord should be detached, and a specimen of the ocean bottom sent up in a small cup in the lower point of the rod over which the ball passed. This worked successfully. Specimens have been brought up and analyzed from the depth of two miles and a quarter in the Atlantic, and in the Pacific Captain Ringgold reported that in the

southern hemisphere he had obtained specimens from a sounding of eight thousand fathoms.

The mere utilitarian may say, what is the use of all this trouble? Dr. Franklin answered a similar question once by asking, "What is the use of a new-born babe?" It is of use to open every possible avenue to the facts of the world. All truth respecting the work of God is valuable. "Till we get hold of a group of facts we do not know what practical bearings they may have, though right-minded men know they contain many precious jewels, which science or the expert hand of philosophy will not fail to bring out, polished and bright, and beautifully adapted to man's purposes." Already do practical results seem to be developing. The soundings show that between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland there is an elevated steppe or prairie. This is known as the "telegraphic plateau." The probabilities are that no where over this vast plain is there more than ten thousand feet of water. The circle distance is one thousand, six hundred miles. A company of wealth and enterprise are preparing, should the examinations result as favorably as is anticipated, to stretch the news-bearing wire from continent to continent, and thus, with *iron cords*, to bind together the old world and the new.

Then let these attempts to measure the floor of the sea go on. When *all is done*, much must remain unknown. In the many paged volume of nature, as well as the volume of revelation, are "many things hard to be understood." "Mystery hideth every-where." Here and there man may touch the bottom with the plummet, and from the scanty gleanings he may gather and construct expanded and noble theories. Still will he only partly comprehend the Infinite. Each storm that sweeps over the broad expanse, each beating surge which breaks upon the iron-bound coast, will exclaim, to humble man's pride, "Lo, these are a part of his ways; but the thunder of his power who can understand?" Each heaving wave will take up Cowper's song:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

PLANT gardens for your *soul* to gather richness and sweetness in—in whose cool grottoes you may find rest and pleasant shade; gardens that have some wholesome herb for you when you are sick, and poor, and miserable—that shall yield fruit of entertainment and spiritual strength.

THE BEETLE IN MY PATHWAY; OR, DOING GOOD.

IN one of my walks I found a poor beetle in my pathway, on his back, vainly struggling and striving to recover his feet. "Friend Sable-coat," said I, playfully, "the proverb has it, that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed,' and I have arrived just in time, it seems, to verify the adage; but as thou art really down, there will be no harm in my profiting by thy fall." So, taking out my glass, I attentively examined his curious formation; after which I gently laid across him a blade of grass, which enabled him once more to get on his legs, and hide himself in a hole in the ground. Whether he thanked me or not, I can not say, not knowing the way in which such creatures express their thanks; but I felt quite certain, whether I had increased his happiness or not, I had added at least some little to my own happiness.

Now in every neighborhood there are human beetles on their backs; or, in other words, cases of distress which need assistance. Gentle reader, let me beseech you to act on my suggestion. I wish neither to apportion the stream of your benevolence, nor to direct the express channel through which it should flow, but only to urge you to do something, be it much or little, of a useful or charitable character; not ostentatiously, but modestly: and if your name remain unknown, so much the better. The name and the deed will be known to Him "that seeth in secret." The record of your well-doing will not be lost. Its reward will be sure.

DEFINITIONS OF GENIUS.

"THE true genius is a mind of large general power accidentally determined in some particular direction."—*Dr. Johnson*.

"It is an extraordinary capacity, either for some particular art or science, or for all."—*John Wesley*.

"Those higher and rarer gifts, without which industry labors in vain to produce immortal eloquence or song."—*Macaulay*.

"Now there are *diversities of gifts*," 1 Cor. xii, 4. "Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one."—*Jesus Christ*.

If this diversity exists in natural as well as in spiritual things, how important it is that the young should find out wherein their strength lies, before they devote themselves to any of the avocations of life!

THE FABRICII.

A STORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

CHAPTER III.

"Hear, Father, hear thy faint, afflicted flock
Cry to thee from the desert and the rock;
While those who seek to slay thy children hold
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold;

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
And this wild life of danger and distress—
Better, far better, than to kneel with them
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn."

OF all that day's victims one alone remained—the lady Octavia—who had been purposely reserved for the last, and was now brought forward. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran through that vast assemblage as she appeared. Her flowing robe, pure as a snowflake, seemed scarcely whiter than her own sweet face. The golden hair was smoothly parted back from a clear, unruffled brow, upon which sat enthroned the light of a more than earthly beauty. The deep-blue eyes were raised upward, and the small white hands were clasped upon the scarce-heaving bosom. The lips around which but a few short weeks before had dimpled the happy smiles of innocent girlhood, now white as the statue of the god the Emperor would fain have them kiss, moved tremulously as they uttered her mother's dying prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"Should the Emperor, in his most august clemency, still hold out to you the scepter of forgiveness, would you comply with his former requisitions?" whispered a well-known voice in her ear.

"Never!" she answered. "God will give me strength to endure all the suffering you may inflict upon me. Your Emperor and his minions can but kill this poor body; over the soul they have no power. A few brief moments of agony, and that will be with its Lord in paradise."

"Infatuated girl! and so you will rush on to your own destruction? Think of your lover—O think what will be his anguish when he hears of this! Heaven knows I thought I had some influence with our Emperor; but I have entreated your life in vain. The die is cast. Unless you relent, no human hand can save you," said the senator, in an agonized voice.

"The God in whom I trust is mighty," she replied. "Were it his good pleasure that I should be rescued, he could even now send his angel as he came to Peter in prison. If it be

his will that I die for his dear sake, the cup which my Father has given, shall I not drink it?"

"Mummery! a mere fable—and yet you are determined to die for it." The senator said no more, for even then they who were to execute the Emperor's bidding were advancing.

A cold shudder ran through the young martyr's frame, as rough hands dragged her forward to the place where, looking down into the arena, she saw some of her fellow-sufferers even then struggling with the wild beasts. What wonder that cold drops of agony stood upon her brow—that she fell back almost lifeless into the arms of her attendants! Yet it was but for a moment; a strength not of earth seemed given her; she had regained her usual self-possession, and her lips moved audibly in prayer.

One moment more, and those tender limbs must be in the lion's fangs—a few brief moments, and the pure spirit, freed from mortal suffering, would be in the embrace of the holy angels.

The vast concourse bent forward in breathless expectation. All was so still that it seemed as if for the time respiration itself had been suspended, when a voice broke the silence, and the unexpected words, "*A reprieve!*" ran through that countless multitude. Then the assembly breathed again; a sigh of relief broke from many whose stoicism had been already unnerved by the horrors they that day had witnessed; but a low, deep murmur of indignation soon burst from the masses, and a cry for the young girl's blood, at first smothered, but anon deepening into savage fury, rose upon the air.

But regardless of all this, heedless of every object in that vast throng save one, a young man rushed through the crowd. "*A reprieve!*" had sounded in the maiden's ear—was it a dream or a blessed reality? It was, indeed, a reality; but the reaction of feeling was too strong for one already unnerved by suffering and terror. She fainted, and would have fallen to the earth, but a strong arm was outstretched to aid her, and her slight form was folded to a manly heart, which had for long years regarded her as its chief treasure, while tears, which were no shame to that manhood, fell freely over her pale face.

She heeded not the fond, true breast against which her head was pillowed; she heard not that voice whose faintest tone had, in days gone by, thrilled her soul like some deep, impassioned melody. For weeks after, often in the ravings of delirium, she would call wildly on her lover's name, and beseech him to rescue her from her murderers, little dreaming that he, dearer than

all the world beside, was bending anxiously over her, watching her faintest pulsation as she lay hovering between life and death.

* * * * *

It was a lovely summer's eve. The crescent moon had appeared in the east, and the stars were, one by one, lighting their silvery lamps in the darkened chambers of the night. Clouds, from which the sunset brightness had not yet faded, were floating gracefully through the azure sea above, or lay over the horizon's verge, piled up like bright-hued ladders, upon which fancy might almost trace angel forms ascending and descending, even as they appeared to the eyes of the prophet of old.

It was night—night on the Mediterranean. There were stars in the sky—stars as beautiful looked up from the depths of the blue waters;

"For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there."

On that wide expanse, far out of sight of land, floated a Roman galley. For days had that good ship drifted on, though without chart or compass, and manned but by a few daring spirits; and the farther she receded from the place of embarkation the happier were those she bore, for less terrible were the dangers of the deep to that little company than those of the wicked city from which they were escaping—better far sink beneath those deep waters, and find a grave in the ocean's coral coves, than go back.

The winds are lulled to rest. The sailors recline upon their oars—scarce a breath fills the sails—scarce a ripple breaks the glassy surface of the waters—

"All is so calm, so still, through earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there."

But listen! upon the hushed night air a hymn of praise is ascending to the Christian's God. Well may those voices unite in their loudest strains; for here, out upon the wide sea, the fathomless waters below them, the boundless sky above and around them, they can breathe the very spirit of liberty; here, unawed by earthly tyrants, they can worship the "Lord of lords and the King of kings."

There is one voice among their number which has never breathed the believer's prayer, which has never joined the believer's song. A young man of noble bearing—whose dress betokens the high-born and wealthy Roman citizen—is seated by the sick couch of a young girl. For many days she has lain in a delirium, her brow hot, and her lips parched with fever.

Now the evening hymn has died away. The maiden's eyes slowly unclose; their unnatural brilliancy is gone, and she faintly whispers, "Where am I? Did I not hear music?—music so sweet that it could not have come from human voices. I thought I was in heaven—and do I awake to find myself still upon the earth, and you, my Lucius, at my side? I have had a terrible, but yet a beautiful dream. Tell me *all* that has happened!"

"You have been very ill, my love," replied the young man. "You are still pale and weak. You can not now listen to so long a recital; in a little time I will tell you all."

The lady recovered slowly, and in a few days her lover related to her the particulars of her escape, which were as follows:

"I returned home, my Octavia, on the morning of that day which was to have been your last. I went immediately to your house; found it occupied by a guard, and could gain no entrance. Upon inquiry I received intelligence of all that had happened. Without making my return known to my friends, I hastened to the Emperor. I found no difficulty in gaining an audience, for I had from boyhood been a favorite with him; but it was useless to urge the claims of this prior friendship to save your life; he was inexorable.

"I then appealed to his avarice. I besought him to spare your life, even if he took your possessions to the utmost. He jeeringly replied that your fortune, as well as life, were already in his hands, and he was determined to have both, for 'not one of these Christian dogs should escape his vengeance.'

"I then offered to lay at his feet the whole of the immense fortune I had recently inherited from an uncle, as well as that I should at some future day receive from my father; he replied that, if I had embraced Christianity, these were already forfeited, and my own life was at his mercy. I soon convinced him that I cared nothing for the new religion, my regard for you being my only motive in thus beseeching his clemency; and when he found that my wealth was beyond his grasp, he began to relent; finally, avarice, which, next to cruelty, is his strongest passion, prevailed. He consented to a reprieve, and to connive at your escape, although he would do nothing openly, as he well knew what would be the rage of the populace, if, after so many sacrifices among their own order, he should permit one of your wealth and rank to go unpunished.

"With that refinement of cruelty so characteristic of Domitian, he must needs gloat upon your

sufferings as long as possible; though he deprived himself of the exquisite pleasure of beholding your dying agonies, he must see if your firmness would not forsake you in the last extremity. None but myself and one officer of the royal household knew of his intention to grant you a reprieve; and so long did we wait for the signal which was to come from him, that we feared lest his imperial will might have changed. Had that signal been delayed a moment longer, I shudder to think what must have been your fate; but if you had died, I would have died with you. Nothing but the strict command of the Emperor kept me from your side during that time of your deepest trial."

"You would have died with me, Lucius? would you have died in a like faith?"

"No, Octavia, no. I think you the victim of a delusion; but if I loved you before, I almost adore you now. You were always to me the embodiment of every grace and virtue that could adorn your sex; but I little knew the innate strength of your nature—little thought that one so delicate, so tenderly nurtured as you, could brave the wrath of our Emperor and the whole realm, and stand ready to die an ignominious and cruel death, in defense of what you deemed the right. It was a devotion worthy of a better cause, but devotion none the less for that."

"It was not by my own strength that I was sustained—that they who that day suffered martyrdom were enabled even in the death-agony to rejoice in God. Believe me, this faith of ours is not an illusion. Do I not *know* its Divine reality? Have I not tested its power upon the very brink of eternity?"

"Enjoy this belief, my Octavia, if it adds to your happiness. I will never oppose you. That you may do so, I am willing to sacrifice home, and friends, and country with you. It is better far than the old pagan creed, I acknowledge. If men must believe in supernatural agencies, let the gods they worship be holy like yours—not invested with the worst human frailties, like ours of Athens and Rome. I long ago became disgusted with all such fooleries."

"Thank Heaven that you have given up paganism! I have faith to believe that you will one day embrace Christianity. Otherwise this life of exile will with you wear wearily away."

"Better exile and poverty with you, my Octavia, than the power and splendor of a court without you!"

Days passed, during which that ship drifted with its little company, they scarce knew, scarce cared, whither, so that they might escape from

the horrors which were being daily enacted in their own land. At length it cast anchor upon a small, rock-bound, but fertile island in the *Ægean* Sea. It was uninhabited, and remote from any populous region. There they found a home—not, indeed, adorned with palaces, and temples, and statues—not rich with the spoils of hundreds of captured cities; its abodes were the caves of the rock—its temples were the grove, the forest;

"In the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, they knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication"—

thanks for their deliverance, and supplication for themselves not only, but for those who, for a like faith, were daily suffering the agonies of martyrdom.

And here, in this holy temple, one bright autumnal morning, the hero and heroine of our story were united in the bonds of a Christian marriage, for Lucius had turned from his careless unbelief to a deep and earnest faith in the Gospel.

Here in this distant retreat they dwelt undisturbed many years, gaining a frugal subsistence by the culture and from the spontaneous productions of the earth. Domitian had been assassinated—a fitting close for his impious career. Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian had swayed successively the rod of empire, and passed away; and now the accession of the first of the Antonines, on account of his exalted virtues surnamed the "Pious," gave to the Christians a freedom from persecution which they had not enjoyed for many years.

Intelligence at length came to our exiles that they might safely return to Rome. Many had formed so strong an attachment to the home of their adoption that they could not be induced to leave it; many had died, bequeathing to their children after them that best of all legacies—a spotless reputation and unblemished piety; all the survivors had grown old, for nearly half a century had passed since they had left their native land.

Of those who returned to Rome were Lucius and Octavia Fabricius, with their children. They were reinstated in their former possessions; and in that most tranquil period of the Roman empire, they lived long and happily, walking in all the ordinances of the Gospel, and turning many from the worship of idols to that of the true God. They were at last gathered to their fathers in peace; but the memory of their blessed lives did not die with them.

Rome, under the just and equitable sway of the two Antonines, enjoyed for more than forty years freedom from religious persecution. But when years had fled, when persecution again raged, the noble house of the Fabricii stood fast to the faith of their fathers. It is to such as they that we owe the preservation of that sacred fire which had nearly gone out in the darkness of the middle ages. To such spirits as were those of the lady Octavia and her companions in exile are we indebted for the transmission of that divine grace, which, though nearly uprooted by the plowshare of persecution, sown in sorrow, and watered by the blood and tears of martyrs, had become a goodly tree, throwing out its giant branches to far distant lands, and is destined ultimately to overshadow the whole earth.

May not we of a far-distant and happier age, with profit search the annals of the past, and dwell lovingly upon the lives and virtues of those to whom, under God, we owe the possession and the enjoyment of our civil and religious liberties?

MEMORIES AND LEGENDS OF CONNECTICUT.

NUMBER I.

BY MRS. L. H. SECOURNEY.

MY NATIVE PLACE.

"Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child."

IT has been sagely said that "every one has a native place;" and with this unanswerable proposition we couple the remark, that they are prone to consider it the most Eden-like spot on earth's surface. Witness the Greenlander in his subterranean cell, the African under his palm-tree, the Highlander among the trosachs, or the blast-defying hunter in the wilds of Oregon. My own birthplace had no such contrasts to overcome. Caressed by two rivers, like an indulged child, it wore the fairest drapery; while the sea, flowing at the distance of less than a score of miles, had no power to disturb it by hoarse threatenings, though it insensibly softened the summer atmosphere.

Variety and abruptness of change marked the landscape. Here and there rose bold, beetling cliffs, like a citadel, surrounded by impregnable parapets. Expanses of the softest green were interspersed where lofty elms uplifted columns of umbrageous shade, or willows wept downward into the streams. Every brooklet was like dancing crystal. Gardens put forth early flowers, while the soil in some other portions of the

state was bound in ices, or yielded only to the pickax.

Broken ranges of hills tinted with their purple line the blue of the horizon. Through their gorges wild wind-harps play when winter holds his court. Cottages are perched, like eagle nests, upon the cliffs, and patrician mansions luxuriate amid lawns of velvet. White sails dance at the will of the breeze; boats glide beneath bridges, or between islands of verdure, like the gossamer in the sunbeam. Steep declivities, of a broken, sandy surface, studded and crowned with ever-greens, gaze at themselves in the mirror which the river holds at their feet.

Bold, unexpected reverses of scenery keep attention awake, and almost lead you to fancy yourself in Scotland. Suddenly one of the embracing rivers changes its character. It had mildly wound its way through green meadows, receiving with complacency the kiss of the humblest shrub that fringed its banks. You would not believe it to be the same, when opposing rocks rouse the antagonistic principle in its bosom. With Demosthenic fury, it rushes tumultuously against them, uttering stormy eloquence. It gushes out in milky whiteness; it tosses foam and spray upon the tall trees, as if to reproach the neutrality that could thus look on, and help it not. Wounded and broken, it falls in countless cascades upon a channel of pointed rock, like "Damien's bed of steel." Compressed and prisoned between perpendicular precipices, towering like the turrets of a castle, it creeps slowly through the pass, with a Lethæan blackness—the river of despair. Gazing into its depths, you seem to catch from it the spirit of forgetfulness, and lose the imagery of the passing world. Methinks a murmur rises to fancy's ear—the last wail of the hunted Pequot. Driven fiercely on before their conquerors, the Mohegans, the remnant of that wasted tribe here took that fatal plunge to eternity. See we the broken forms of those despairing warriors mingling with the dark, sullen waters? Is it their shriek that surmounts the clamor of the cataract?

Raising your eyes, lo! another "change hath come over the spirit of its dream." Unchained, untroubled, broad and free, it reflects the smile of the skies, while upon its distant shores fair abodes peer through vistas of green.

At some distance from this romantic dell, and surrounded by pleasant mansions, is that where I first saw the light. On each side of its gate—unshrinking sentinels—was a dark spruce; one spreading its arms in goodly show, the other more diminutive, and never able, by any force

of culture, to equal its competitor. Its broad front, turned toward the rising sun, boasted no decoration, save the white rose and the sweet-brier, trained in alternate columns to its eaves. A small court-yard of velvet-like turf, a spacious meadow in the rear, traversed by a swift, clear brook; and large gardens, with their terraces, fruit-trees, and flower-beds, made the peaceful domain beautiful. My early associations are with spring hyacinths and violets; with hearing golden pears drop hard and heavy from the tall old trees; with searching for the red and white strawberries, that ran lovingly together through the long sunny arena; with inhaling the fragrance of large yellow peaches from their propped and laden boughs; and with lingering in a vine-clad summer-house, singing my own little thought-songs, for children think as well as love. The old place that gave the first page to my life's picture-book has now put on other garments. But its simple, comely features, unmodified, are set as a seal forever on the heart, that still trembles with the love it bore for it, and for the loved ones who dwelt beneath its roof.

Yonder, too, was the lone church, sheltered and shouldered by lofty masses and ledges of rock. It was anciently of wood, and weather-stained—with a tower, not very symmetrical or imposing. But modern hands have been laid upon it, and many of its time-honored lineaments are annihilated. It would be in vain to say to the pulpit, what has been so often said from it, "*Know thyself*:" Where is thy majestic sounding-board, thy quaint cushion, and the square, high-backed pews upon which thou didst so solemnly look down? Where are the urchins who, with sly knives, would whittle their inserted bannisters, notwithstanding the harsh ministries of the stalwart tithing-man? Where is the venerated brow that rose above thee, Old Pulpit, white with many winters, and lips that spoke to reverent listeners the message of God?

There is a sighing answer to my question from a haunt where my childhood loved to wander—the neighboring burial-ground. Yes; I understand it. The changes of death and the changes of life are around. My own little bark threading its brief course among them—a timid, stranger keel—soon to sink unrippling, and be remembered no more.

Busy and marked has been the magic of transmigration in my native place. Masts peer over warehouses where were erst the smooth green sward or the scarcely visited waters. From yon beautiful cataract those lofty trees have disappeared, whose trunks were covered with deeply

carved names, and mill-wheels dash passionately in this, Nature's once secluded sanctuary. The money-changers have come into the temple.

Perchance, in revisiting my birth-spot, it would have been pleasanter to have found it as in its days of old. But it matters little, since its picture hangs in the halls of memory, to fade not till she herself is dead.

THE HOME AND THE COMPANIONS OF THE FUTURE.

HOWEVER universal has been the anticipation of the future, and however powerful its influence over the mind, reason did not venture to give a form and locality to its conceptions; and the imagination, even with its loosest reins, failed in the attempt. Before the birth of astronomy, when our knowledge of space terminated with the ocean or the mountain range that bounded our view, the philosopher could but place his elysium in the sky; and even when revelation had unveiled the house of many mansions, the Christian sage could but place his future home in the new heavens and in the new earth of his creed. Thus vaguely shadowed forth, thus seen as through a glass darkly, the future even of a Christian, though a reality to his faith, was but a dream to his reason; and in vain did he inquire what this future was to be in its physical relations, in what region of space it was to be spent, what duties and pursuits were to occupy it, and what intellectual and spiritual gifts were to be its portion. But when science taught us the past history of our earth, its form, and size, and motions—when astronomy surveyed the solar system, and measured its planets, and pronounced the earth to be but a tiny sphere, and to have no place of distinction among its gigantic compeers—and when the telescope established new systems of worlds far beyond the boundaries of our own, the future of the sage claimed a place throughout the universe, and inspired him with an interest in worlds, and systems of worlds—in life without limits, as well as in life without end. On eagles' wings he soared to the zenith, and sped his way to the horizon of space, without reaching its ever-retiring bound; and in the infinity of worlds, and amid the infinity of being, he described the home and the companions of the future, where man shall realize his true, his unending life, and where his joys shall multiply and his soul enlarge forever.—*Brewster's More Worlds than One.*

THE FOREST SPRING.

BY WILL S. PETERSON.

In the joyous reign of summer,
When the southern breezes blow,
O'er the woodlands and the meadows
Phœbus spreads his fiery glow,
And the blue-birds in the orchard
Warble music soft and low,

To the greenwood grove I hasten,
And with lightsome heart I sing:
Give to me the sparkling water
That is bubbling from the spring;
Give me water, crystal water,
For it leaves behind no sting!

O'er me wave the leafy branches,
In the softly sighing breeze,
Which is playing, like a lover,
With the tresses of the trees;
And around me, in the clover,
Hum the honey-hunting bees.

Mother Earth is full of beauty,
In her summer glories drest;
Here, upon her lap reclining,
Like an infant, will I rest,
And enjoy the healthful current
That is flowing from her breast.

Beverage of man's invention,
And the product of the vine,
For the devotees of Bacchus,
For the willing slaves of wine;
But the tempting spirit-poison
Shall not touch these lips of mine!

O the nectar brewed by Nature,
Which she from the clouds distills,
Which is gushing from the bosoms
Of the everlasting hills—
It shall be the only nectar
That my stainless goblet fills!

As I quaff its brimming sweetness
With my fever-heated lips,
I would not exchange one crystal
Drop that off the beaker drips
For the brightest liquid riches
That the bacchanalian sips.

Very bright and pleasant pictures
Has my fancy often drawn
Of the wild deer in the forest,
Resting here beside her fawn,
Drinking from the limpid streamlet,
In the years now long ago.

Here the laughing Indian maiden
Has her glowing lips immersed,
And the haughty forest hunter
Often here has quenched his thirst,
Ere the damning "fire-waters"
Had the red man's nature cured.

But old Time has changed the scenery—
Earth is of her forests shorn,

And the Indian wanders westward,
Spirit-broken and forlorn,
For his father's lands are waving
With the white man's golden corn.
Yet the spring is ever flowing,
Through the change of every year,
Just as when the Indian maiden
Quaffed its waters pure and clear—
Just as when across its bosom
Fell the shadow of the deer.
On the mossy margin kneeling,
I my simple numbers sing—
The glad heart's spontaneous tribute
In a song of rapture bring—
Drinking, in this crystal water,
"Health to all who love the spring!"

OUR SISTER.

BY LUKILLA CLARK.

'Twas the time when the early May flowers
Were bright on the hill-sides brown,
And the rills, released but lately,
To the dales were dancing down;
When the buds on the quickened branches
Were moist with the April dew,
And the fresh green leaves were sprouting
Where the last year's violets grew,
That one of our fireside circle
Went out from the home embrace,
At the household altar leaving
A lonely, vacant place—
Went out with a bridal chaplet
Resting lightly on her brow,
On her hand the bridal token,
On her lip the bridal vow.
She went when the rosy morning
Was just greeting the young green leaves,
And the sunlight was gayly glancing
Along on our cottage eaves—
Was silently, softly streaming
O'er shutter and curtained pane,
And turning to silver the dew-drops
That all night on the leaves had lain.
Heaven grant that the eyelid unalleeping
May watch all her wandering in love,
And an arm never faltering encircle
Our sister wherever she rove;
That the sunlight of faith and affection
On her pathway may never grow dim,
And the angel of hope forget never
To sing her its olden hymn!
May new pleasures and noble endeavors
Into beautiful being start,
And the dew-drops of love brighten daily
In the home of her fresh, young heart,
Till the light of the life eternal
Shall dawn on our yearning eye,
And we dwell, undivided forever,
In the house of our Father on high!

REMINISCENCES OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

BY SAMUEL N. MILLERD.

CHAPTER I.

THE golden light of a declining sun was streaming in at the open door and window of a luxurious state-room, on board of one of the magnificent steamships that ply between San Francisco and Panama. On a low couch in that room, propped up by pillows, was a youthful female, upon whose countenance the signet of death was but too plainly to be seen. The glazing eye, the pallid lip, the high, pale brow, upon which the death-damp was already gathering, gave unerring evidence of the destroyer's presence.

Standing at the bedside, with one of the invalid's hands locked in his own, was a man of some thirty or thirty-five years of age, who, from time to time, wiped the moisture that gathered upon the forehead of the dying woman. In the face of the sufferer, though wasted to extreme emaciation by long and severe illness, could be traced the lineaments of a countenance that had once been very beautiful. It was a deeply impressive scene. The departing sun, whose broad disc was already half immersed in the distant waters, shone fitfully through the apartment—now glancing across the snowy coverlet, then upon the gilded moldings with which the room was ornamented, and then falling full upon the face of the invalid, and lighting it up with a strange and unnatural luster. Onward sped the noble vessel, rocking slowly from side to side as she rose and fell upon the long, majestic swell of the tranquil ocean.

"Grieve not, beloved, that you must leave me here," said the dying woman; "it is well—all well. I have had a voice sounding in my ears, and saying, 'Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.'"

There was a pause of some moments, and then she added, "I had hoped to see my home once more—to die amidst familiar scenes, and lay this wasted form beside my mother's in our own quiet burial-ground. But God has otherwise ordered; his will be done."

A deep and solemn stillness pervaded the apartment, broken only by the stifled sobs of the husband, as, with averted face, he strove to conceal the emotion that caused his strong frame to tremble like an aspen. "Is our child here, Robert?"

The husband turned to a bright-haired boy of some three years, who was seated upon the floor, deeply absorbed with a book of engravings which lay open before him. Calling him by name, the father beckoned him to the bedside, and, lifting his light form, placed him in the arms of the dying woman. She pressed him to her bosom, and closed her eyes; the lips moved as if in silent prayer; then bending slightly forward, she imprinted upon his open forehead the kiss of fond affection—eloquent token of the deathless love that dwells within a mother's breast. "God bless you, my darling," she murmured, "and guide you and keep you to the end!" A tear trembled upon the eyelid; then coursing its way slowly over the pale cheek, fell upon the face of the wondering child. "Robert," she said, while her words, though uttered slowly and with much difficulty, fell upon the ear with a distinctness almost startling, "Robert, will you promise me to watch over our boy; to guide his youthful feet in the paths of virtue and uprightness; guard him from the snare of the destroyer, and teach him to love God and keep his commandments—will you promise me, my husband?"

To this solemn question the husband responded an earnest "I will."

"And now," continued the invalid, resigning the child to his father's arms, and sinking back upon her pillow, "I feel that the hour of my departure is at hand. Dim shadows are gathering around my sight, and a voice within tells me that my hold upon the things of time will soon be loosened. 'Tis sweet to feel now that the arms of everlasting love are underneath me, and to know—" her voice sank suddenly to an indistinct murmur; a change came over her features; she gasped for breath, and the light of life seemed to glimmer feebly on its altar—a mere spark which the lightest breath would extinguish forever. After the lapse of a few moments the features relaxed; the paroxysm had passed, and the vital powers seemed rallying again as if to prepare for the final conflict.

"The bitterness of death will soon be passed," she murmured, "and then, on the green shore of that blessed land where life knows no blight and the heart feels no pang, I will await your coming. It matters little that the deep must be my resting-place, and the foaming billow my winding-sheet—that eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps will watch over my ashes; and in the morning of the resurrection we shall meet again—meet where happiness is unbroken and joy perennial,

'Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.'

And when you reach our home, Robert, when you stand in the halls where we were wed, and bow around the sacred altar where we have so often kneeled together, do not mourn for me as though lost forever, but remember I have only gone before—have but preceded you a little in reaching that blessed home to which, I trust, we shall one day be gathered. Tell—my—father—that I—” the voice became indistinct, the words died away upon her lips, and she spoke no more. For the space of two hours the taper of life continued to flicker in its socket; then went calmly out; and when the moaning night-wind came sighing around the silent ship, it seemed a dirge for the departed spirit.

CHAPTER II.

Robert Moreland and myself were school-fellows and playmates together in one of the beautiful villages with which the interior of the Empire state abounds. In the year 1835 I removed with my parents to the then far west; and for six years our knowledge of each other was limited to the scanty gleanings of an irregular and disconnected correspondence. But though thus widely separated, neither absence nor the constant succession of changes that sweep across life's current, could entirely dis sever the tie that had so firmly bound us in the halcyon days of our boyhood. At the end of that period we were again brought together in the halls of science—fellow-travelers in the toilsome pathway of collegiate life.

In the summer of 1842 I accepted Moreland's invitation to spend a vacation at his home—a beautiful town in Massachusetts, whither his family had removed some years previously. I here became acquainted with Catharine Mansfield; then the *fiancée*, and afterward wife of my friend.

Though possessed of a high order of beauty, and a form cast in nature's finest mold, Miss Mansfield was indebted for her greatest attraction to other and far different qualifications. The talismanic power that drew all hearts toward her, and by which she became at once the ornament and idol of the circle in which she moved, consisted in the kindness of heart, the sweetness of temper, the gentleness of disposition, and the modesty and unobtrusiveness of demeanor, which, joined to a refined taste and cultivated intellect, have ever constituted the highest adornment and brightest charm of the female character. She was a decided, earnest, consistent Christian. Her religion was free alike from the blind devotion of the zealot and the cold insensibility of the

formalist. In the social circle and around the domestic fireside, at home and abroad, her presence was like the sunbeam, warming and cheering all who came within its influence.

Her marriage with Moreland took place soon after his admission to the bar; he having devoted himself to the study of the law at the close of his collegiate course. After practicing his profession with decided and flattering success for three years, he received and accepted an offer of partnership in a house of established reputation and extensive practice in San Francisco. Accompanied by his wife and infant child, he embarked for California in the spring of 1851, and, after a prosperous voyage of twenty-eight days, reached in safety the *El Dorado* of the Pacific. Fortune smiled upon his efforts. He entered at once into a lucrative practice, and the day seemed not far distant when they might return to their home with a sufficiency of this world's wealth.

But a dark cloud came at last to dim their horizon, and to shut out the sunlight of their happiness. At the close of the second year of their residence in California, Mrs. Moreland's health began to fail. She continued to decline during the year following, till it became evident that her days upon earth were numbered. The earnest longing of her spirit now seemed to be for her home. “O, take me home, Robert!” was her oft-repeated exclamation; “I can not bear to die here; let me see my home once more!” The request was heeded, and they were soon embarked for that home which the stricken one was never destined to see. She died, as described in the previous chapter, on the second day after leaving Acapulco. I was a passenger in the ship in which they sailed; and it was mine to stand by the bedside of the dying woman, to assist in committing her form to the deep, to shed the tear of sympathy with my early friend over his irreparable loss, and to go with him to that darkened home, from out whose portals, as a happy bride, he had brought her who was now sleeping beneath the blue wave of the distant Pacific.

CHAPTER III.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the night succeeding that in which the events narrated in the first chapter took place, a little company was gathered upon the quarter-deck of the steamer *Golden Gate*, to witness the burial of Catharine Moreland. The night was lovely in the extreme. Far over the sleeping waters, now smooth and glassy as a mirror, the moon was shedding floods

of silvery radiance, casting a luminous track far across the deep, which glittered and flashed as if its bosom were strewn with myriads of diamonds. The sky was undimmed by a cloud, while the air possessed that balmy softness so peculiar to the ocean in tropical latitudes. All nature seemed in keeping with the impressive scene which was being enacted there. The engine was stopped, and there was no sound to break the stillness of the night, while the ship rolled idly upon the long swell that was gently heaving the bosom of the deep.

Wrapped in a shroud of canvas, the body was placed upon a plank; one end of which projected over the vessel's side, while the other was held by two sailors, who waited the signal at which they were to raise the plank to such an elevation as would cause the body to slide from the lower end. A weight was placed within the shroud, at the feet of the corpse, to insure its immediate sinking.

The beautiful and impressive burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by the purser of the ship; and never did that sublime passage of holy writ with which it begins come to the heart with more thrilling power, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

At that point where the words "earth to earth, dust to dust," occur, the signal was given—the sailors lifted the plank—the body glided downward—there was a fall—a heavy plunge—and all that remained of Catharine Moreland sank to its resting-place in the fathomless deep, to come no more out till that august day when "the sea shall give up its dead."

* * * * *

It was the morning of the Sabbath in a beautiful village in the interior of New England. All was calm, quiet, and peaceful. The places of business were closed; the mart was deserted; the ring of the anvil and the clatter of the mill were alike unheard; and on all sides evidences might be seen of respect for the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." The very air, laden with the fragrance of flowers that bloomed in the gardens and along the walks of the neat white dwellings, breathed serenely.

The stillness of the hour was broken only by the sound of the church-going bell, in obedience to whose summons throngs of well-dressed people were wending their way toward the village church, which stood upon an eminence, embowered in a grove of noble elms, and whose modest

spire was the first object that greeted the traveler's eye as he emerged from the hills by which the town was surrounded.

The bell ceased tolling, and a large assemblage was seated within the walls of that venerable church. There were traces of tears in many a face, and throughout the house an air of peculiar solemnity and sadness was observable. It was the occasion of the funeral services of Mrs. Moreland. The village I have described was her native place; the fine old mansion, whose white walls and green window-blinds are half concealed by the dense foliage, was her home—the house in which she was born, and from which she had gone out a happy bride, to return no more.

At that house of worship she had been a constant attendant, and in the large pew at the right as you enter she had been accustomed to sit from her infancy. Those who occupied it now wore the emblems of mourning. There was the gray-haired father, the husband and child, the brothers, sisters, and more distant relatives, with whom, by courtesy, I was permitted a seat.

The preliminary services being passed through, the aged minister arose and began his discourse, taking as his text the last five verses of the seventh chapter of Revelation: "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Never shall I forget the fervid eloquence and the touching pathos of the sermon to which I listened on that occasion, a brief outline of which, as retained in memory, I will endeavor to give.

The speaker dwelt upon the worth of the religion of the Bible amidst the difficulties and trials so inseparably connected with man's existence in this world, of its adaptedness to the various circumstances in which he is placed, and of its power to smoothen the roughest path, and illuminate the darkest hours of our life pilgrimage.

But the chief aim of the discourse was to show the worth of Christianity in sustaining its

possessor while passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and bringing him, finally, to the enjoyment of eternal life beyond the grave. He spoke of Mrs. Moreland as a shining example of the power of divine grace to elevate the affections, ennoble the aims, and beautify the life. "In the morning of her days," he said, "when every object was gilded with the sunshine of hope, and the bright bow of promise was spanning the horizon of the future, she has passed away to that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns. But we mourn not as those without hope. For as her life was beautiful, so her death was triumphant; and we are enabled to point to her as one who, though 'dead, yet speaketh.' From her lowly resting-place beneath the rolling billow of the distant ocean there comes a voice of solemn admonition to each of us here to-day. It speaks of the delusive character of earth's brightest hopes, of the nearness of that invisible world to which we are all hastening, and of the momentous interests connected with that state of existence into which we shall so soon be ushered.

"To you who now occupy those seats I can address no exhortation which will come to the heart with such resistless power as that which lives with the memory of her whose early death we this day deplore. You remember her consistent life, her earnest efforts to render all happy about her, her deep-toned piety, and the sweet graces which adorned her character in all the walks of life. Many of you have known her from a child, and Memory, with her thousand tongues, is speaking to your hearts of touching incidents in her early life—incidents which will be effaced from its tablet only when 'the silver chord shall be loosened, and the golden bowl at the fountain broken.' It was mine to bedew her infant brow with the emblem of purity, in token of her consecration to that God whose promise is to us and to our children; mine to assist in the ceremony that bound her with that solemn tie which the ministry of death alone can sever; and mine, in the mysterious dispensation of an inscrutable providence, to shed with you the tear of regret over her loss, and join in the last sad offices of respect to her memory."

The voice of the aged pastor faltered; he seemed struggling with deep emotion, and strove in vain to obtain the mastery over the gush of feeling that pressed upon his spirit.

After a pause of some moments he continued:

"And with what words shall I address you, my beloved friends, who this day mourn the loss of a companion, daughter, sister, and near friend?

You, in whose hearts are garnered up a thousand cherished remembrances of her past life; you, of whose fireside she was the ornament and idol, from the days of prattling childhood to the maturity of riper years; you, who have watched over her with the sleepless anxiety of a parent, the fond devotion of a brother, and the deep love of a husband—with what words shall I attempt to solace you amidst the bitter sorrow of so crushing a bereavement? Alas! how empty, how insufficient, how mocking to the wounded spirit is every earthly consolation in such an hour as this! But, thank God! 'there is balm in Gilead; there is a physician there.' To the sublime teachings, the glorious hopes, and the blessed promises of the book of life, I commend you. To the fountain of living waters I invite you to come: there is consolation, there is hope, there is joy, in that healing spring. The dream of life will soon be over; and in that bright world where there is fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore, you may hope to meet again the loved and the lost. And may God grant that the memory of the beautiful life and blameless walk of her whose loss we this day deplore, may be treasured up as one of the choicest legacies of the past; that so we may be partakers of the hope which animated her in life, cheered and sustained her in death; and that, emulating her example and following in her steps, 'an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ!'"

He ceased to speak, and sank into the seat behind him. The fountains of nature were opened, and tears coursed their way down the furrowed cheeks of the venerable man of God. A solemn stillness reigned throughout the house for a few moments; and then the soft, swelling notes of the deep-toned organ stole upon the ear. The choir arose and sang that beautiful hymn:

"Sweet is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing.
O Grave! where is thy victory now?
And where, O Death! is now thy sting?
So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

* * * * *
Months have passed away since that hour.
Upon the restless bosom of the impetuous and
ever-changing stream of time, I have been borne

far away from that spot, and, in the whirl and excitement of business life, the past, with its solemn admonitions, its lessons of instruction, and its notes of warning, is fast merging into oblivion, or being lost in the dim shadows of forgetfulness. But amid the recollections to which memory clings with a tenacity which time can neither change nor diminish are those which linger around that death-bed scene; and amid the voices of the past that whisper to the soul in the still midnight hour, there is none that pleads so earnestly or eloquently in behalf of a devoted life as that which speaks from the memory of Catharine Moreland.

GEOLOGICAL CONDITION OF THE EARTH, AND THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

THE earth, when merely examined by the eye, consists of land and water. The land is composed of soils of various kinds, and of stones and rocks of different characters. It is formed into extensive plains, into valleys excavated apparently by rivers or water-courses, and into mountain groups and mountain ranges, rising to the height of several miles above the bed of the ocean. In order to obtain a knowledge of the structure of the earth, geologists have examined with the greatest care its soils and its rocks, wherever they have been laid bare by natural or artificial causes, by the operation of the miner or the road engineer, or by the action of rivers or of the sea; and they have thus obtained certain general results which give us an approximate idea of the different materials which compose what is called the *crust of the earth*. In those portions of its surface which do not rise into mountains, the thickness of the crust thus explored does not exceed *ten miles*, which is only the eight hundredth part of the earth's diameter—a quantity so small, that if we represented the earth by a sphere having the same diameter as the cupola of St. Paul's, which is one hundred and forty feet, the thickness of the crust would be only about *two inches*.

Beneath the crust lies the *nucleus* of the earth, or its *kernel* or its *skeleton* frame, of the nature and composition of which we are entirely ignorant. We know only, by comparing the average density of the earth, which is about five and a half times that of water, with the average density of the rocks near its surface, which is about two and a half times that of water, that the density of the nucleus, if of uniform solidity, must exceed five and a half, and must be much

greater if it is hollow or contains large cavities. Geology does not pretend to give us any information respecting the process by which the nucleus of the earth was formed. Some speculative astronomers, indeed, have presumptuously embarked in such an inquiry; but there is not a trace of evidence that the solid nucleus of the globe was formed by secondary causes, such as the aggregation of attenuated matter diffused through space; and the *nebular theory*, as it has been called, though maintained by a few distinguished names, has, we think, been overturned by arguments that have never been answered. Sir Isaac Newton, in his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, has demonstrated that the planets of the solar system could not have been thus formed, and put in motion round a central sun.

As all the stratified formations which compose the crust of the earth have obviously been deposited in succession, geologists have endeavored to form some notion of the time occupied in their deposition, or the age of the most ancient of them. By studying the fossil remains found in the different formations, geologists have placed it beyond a doubt, that great changes have taken place during the formation of the crust of the earth. The plants and animals which existed in one period are not found in another—new species were at different times created—and frequent convulsions have taken place, upheaving the beds of the ocean into continents and mountain ranges, and covering the dry land with the waters which were displaced. That the deposition of strata of such thickness, and operations of such magnitude, required a long period of time for their accomplishment has been willingly conceded to the geologist; but this concession has been founded on the adoption of a *unit* of measure which may or may not be correct. It is taken for granted that many of the stratified rocks were deposited in the sea by the *same slow processes* which are going on in the present day; and as the thickness of the deposits now produced is a very small quantity during a long period of time, it is inferred that *nine or ten miles of strata* must have taken millions of years for their formation.

We are not disposed to grudge the geologist even periods so marvelous as this, provided they are considered as merely hypothetical; but when we find, as we shall presently do, that speculative writers employ these assumed periods as positive truths, for establishing other theories which we consider erroneous, and even dangerous, we are compelled to examine more minutely a chronology which has been thus misapplied.

Although we may admit that our seas and continents have nearly the same locality, and cover nearly the same area as they did at the creation of Adam; and that the hills have not since that time changed their form or their height; nor the beds of the ocean become deeper or shallower from the diurnal changes going on around us; yet this does not authorize us to conclude that the world was prepared for man by similar causes operating in a similar manner. The same physical causes may operate quickly or slowly. The dew may fall invisibly on the ground, the gentle shower may descend noiseless on the grass, or the watery vapor may rush down in showers and torrents of rain, destroying animal and vegetable life. The frozen moisture may fall in atoms of crystal, which are felt only by the tender skin upon which they light; or it may come down in flakes of snow, forming beds many feet in thickness; or it may be precipitated in destructive hailstones, or in masses of ice which crush every thing upon which they fall.

When the earth was completed as the home of the human family, violent changes upon its surface were incompatible with the security of life, and the progress of civilization. The powers of the physical world were, therefore, put under restraint, when man obtained dominion over the earth; and after the great catastrophe which destroyed almost every living thing, the "bow was set in the clouds," a covenant between God and man, that the elements should not again be his destroyer. If the Almighty then, since the creation of man, "broke up the fountains of the deep, and opened the windows of the heavens," and thus, by apparently natural causes, covered the whole earth with an ocean that rose above the Himalaya and the Andes—why may he not at different periods, or during the whole course of the earth's formation, have deposited its strata by a rapid precipitation of their atoms from the waters which suspended them? The period of the earth's formation would, upon this principle, be reduced to little more than the united generations of the different orders of plants and animals which constitute its organic remains. But even the period thus computed from the supposed duration of animal life may be still farther shortened. Plants and animals which, in our day, require a century for their development, may in primitive times have shot up in rank luxuriance, and been ready, in a few days, or months, or years, for the great purpose of exhibiting, by their geological distribution, the progressive formation of the earth.

There are other points, in geological theory,

which, though mere inferences from a very limited number of facts, have been employed as if they were absolutely true, to support erroneous and dangerous theories; and but for this misapplication of them we should not have called in question opinions in themselves reasonable only when viewed as probable truths. The geological inference to which we allude is, that man did not exist during the period of the earth's formation. No work of human skill, no fragment of the skeleton, no remains of the integuments of man have been found among the plants and animals which occupy the graves of primeval times. If it be quite certain, or rather sufficiently credible, which we think it is, that all the formations with fossil remains were deposited before the advent of Adam, it is barely possible that pre-adamite races may have inhabited the earth simultaneously with the animals which characterize its different formations. But though possible, and to a certain extent available, as the basis of an argument against a startling theory, we can not admit its probability. Man, as now constituted, could not have lived amidst the storms, and earthquakes, and eruptions of a world in the act of formation. His timid nature would have quailed under the multifarious convulsions around him. The thunder of a boiling and tempest-driven ocean would have roused him from his couch, as its waters rushed upon him at midnight. Torrents of lava or of mud would have chased him from his hearth; and if he escaped the pestilence from animal and vegetable death, the vapor of the subterranean alembics would have suffocated him in the open air. The house of the child of civilization was not ready for his reception. The stones that were to build and roof it had not quitted their native beds. The coal that was to light and heat it was either green in the forest, or blackening in the storehouse of the deep. The iron that was to defend him from external violence lay buried in the ground; and the rich materials of civilization, the gold, the silver, and the gems, even if they were ready, had not been cast within his reach, from the hollow of the Creator's hand.

But if man could have existed amid catastrophes so tremendous and privations so severe, his presence was not required, for his intellectual powers could have had no suitable employment. Creation was the field on which his industry was to be exercised and his genius unfolded; and that divine reason which was to analyze and combine would have sunk in sloth before the elements of matter were let loose from their prison-house, and Nature had cast them in her

mold. But though there was no specific time in this vast chronology which we could fix as appropriate for the appearance of man, yet we now perceive that he entered with dignity at its close. When the sea was gathered into one place, and the dry land appeared, a secure footing was provided for our race. When the waters above the firmament were separated from the waters below it, and when the light which ruled the day, and the light which ruled the night, were displayed in the azure sky, man could look upward into the infinite in space, as he looked downward into the infinite in time. When the living creature after his kind appeared in the fields, and the seed-bearing herbs covered the earth, human genius was enabled to estimate the power, and wisdom, and bounty of its Author, and human labor received and accepted its commission, when it was declared from on high that seed-time and harvest should never cease upon the earth.

But though we think it probable from these considerations, that intellectual races could not occupy the earth during its formation, yet we know not what disclosures might be made had we the power of examining the whole of the strata which girdle the earth. The dry land upon our globe occupies only *one-fourth* of its whole superficies—all the rest is sea. How much of this *fourth* part have geologists been able to examine? and how small seems to be the area of stratification which has been explored? We venture to say not *one-fiftieth* part of the whole, and yet upon the results of so partial a survey there has been founded a startling generalization. The intellectual races, if they did exist, must have lived at a distance from the ferocious animals that may have occupied the seas and the jungles of the ancient world, and consequently their remains could not have been found in the ordinary fossiliferous strata. Their dwelling-place may have been in one or more of the numerous localities of our continents not yet explored, or in those immense regions of the earth which are now covered by the great oceans of the globe; and till these oceans have quitted their beds, or some great convulsions have upheaved and laid bare the strata above which the races in question may have lived and died, we are not entitled to maintain it as a demonstrated truth, that the ancient earth was under the sole dominion of the brutes that perish.

But without waiting for the result of catastrophes like these, the future of geology, even if restricted to existing continents and islands, may be pregnant with startling discoveries, and

the remains of intellectual races may be found even beneath the primitive *Azoic* formations of the earth. The astronomers of the present day have penetrated far into the celestial depths, compared with those of the preceding age—decoding in the remotest space glorious creations, and establishing mighty laws. Like them, may not geologists descend deeper into the abyss beneath, and discover in caverns yet unexplored the upheaved cemeteries of primordial times. The earth has yet to surrender its strongholds of gigantic secrets, and startling revelations are yet to be read on sepulchers of stone. It is not from that distant bourn where the last ray of starlight trembles on the telescopic eye that man is to receive the great secret of the world's birth, or of his future destiny. It is from the deep vaults to which primeval life has been consigned that the history of the dawn of life is to be composed. Geologists have read that chronology backward, and are deciphering downward its pale and perishing alphabet. They have reached the embryos of vegetable existence, the probable terminus of the formation which has buried them. But who can tell *what sleeps beyond!* Another creation may lie beneath—more glorious creatures may be entombed there. The mortal coils of beings more lovely, more pure, more divine than man, may yet read to us the unexpected lesson that we have not been the first, and may not be the last of the intellectual race.—*More Worlds than One.*

VIOLATIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is but one way in which friendship can be preserved—by truth and sincerity. In the absence of these, it is constantly repudiated. Is there not treachery enough, are there not indignities, disappointments, and exasperations more than sufficient heaped upon us, that insidious friends and soulless acquaintances should continually add to the store?

What is good, is only so in degree and in extent; and it is one of our necessities, that we must form friendships, and our misfortune that we must repent of it. The true friend of the Horatio stamp, one

"Who, in suffering all, doth suffer nothing," is allotted to few of the world's Hamlets, who seek advised counsel and inward support. But they who will suffer nothing in the cause, and who show the heel but not the hand, are plentiful as black pigment or blackberries. The kindest are most persecuted by their kind.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

BY MARY E. INGRAHAM.

"MERRY England!" fondly our minds turn to this land of our forefathers. Seated in the midst of the waves, she looks over earth, and finds no nation excelling herself in intelligence, wealth, and power. She surveys her own land: her vast London, with its magnificent buildings and floods of people; her Birmingham, Manchester, and other cities, where the smoke of countless manufactories constantly rises and the continual clatter of machinery is heard; at the railroads uniting her towns, and at her highly cultivated fields. Taking in with a proud, searching glance her greatness at home, she turns abroad once more, and views her foreign possessions, and her ships traversing all seas, and carrying British exports and the British flag into every clime.

Such is England in the days of Victoria. But not always has she enjoyed this proud supremacy. Time was when her children were clothed in skins of wild beasts, and dwelt in caves; when the Druids offered human sacrifices in oaken groves, and the country was subject to Cæsar. Not dwelling on this ancient period, we will go back not quite three centuries, when another queen held the scepter, and will look at the state of the nation then.

Brightly as now shone the sun; the moon and stars looked down as calmly; little children played and shouted in their glee; but those children have long since grown old and passed away, and, with all the fair and joyous of that age, moldered into dust. The expanse of country lay in the same form as at present, threaded by the same silvery streams, and varied by the same hills and valleys. There were deeper, denser forests through which resounded the huntsman's horn and the baying of hounds. Here and there were feudal castles—stately piles of stone, built in Gothic style many years previous—and scattered between them were the cottages of the peasantry. There were cities and villages, but they were smaller than they are now. London was hardly one-tenth of its present size. Westminster Abbey existed then; but the number of monuments of illustrious dead was far less than at present. On the banks of the Thames, then as now, stood Windsor Castle, and the sovereign who occupied it was Elizabeth.

It was an age of chivalry, when knights vied with each other in valor, skill, and generosity, and regarded courtesy and gallantry as main

virtues. It was an age when men's minds were deeply, strongly moved on many subjects. A few years previous the preaching of Luther had shaken Europe to its center; in the preceding bloody reign these doctrines had been forbidden, and now, like fires smoldered for a time, were bursting forth with renewed violence. The Bible had recently been translated into English, which rendered it more accessible to the people, and many were beginning to study it with interest. Another object to which was directed the attention of many was the new world of America, where many adventurers had gone and returned with marvelous descriptions and many new products. At that age the nobles spent much of their time visiting each other in their different castles and manor-houses. In their great halls, hung round with antlers and other trophies of the chase, with armor and pictures, were often assembled merry companies of knights and ladies, dressed in the quaint fashion of those days. Their amusements were various—the exciting chase, feasting and drinking, merry conversation, games, and dancing—and these were frequently varied still more by visits from some wandering troubadour, who sang delicious songs and told captivating stories.

But think not, daughter of America, though only competence be yours, that those high-born dames surpassed you in the necessities of life. Think you the *pins* you use so lavishly were common then? By no means, perhaps, as they were invented a little previous to this; the most favored had a few, which they used with much care, but strings and thorns were more usual instruments of fixture. The bread which daily appears on your table would then have been deemed a great novelty, for bread made with yeast was unknown till a century later; and the calico dress you disdain to wear would have delighted the eyes of "Queen Bess" herself, for calicoes were unheard of till a later period still.

And think you, farmer, enjoying your books, newspapers, and easy chair, after your labor, that one of England's yeomanry could have done the same three hundred years ago? Far from it; books then cost a fortune; even the nobles had few, and not many of the common people could read. Think you who now travel with the speed of steam, you could have done so had you lived in the time of which we write? No, for an idea of cars and railroads had never entered the brain of man; nor could you have taken the stage-coach, though that was invented, because it was considered a very effeminate mode of traveling, and had been forbidden by law.

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge were already established, and contained many of England's noble, talented, hopeful young men; and lovely daughters of noblemen were studying under private tutors. Homer and Plato, Virgil and Horace, were read as much as now; but throughout the realm could no such sight be found as we daily view in our country, of schools open to the poor as well as the rich, where languages, arts, and sciences of all kinds are taught. Spacious rooms in the universities had been fitted up as libraries, and furnished with care; but many works were wanting which are now in all large libraries. Ancient manuscripts, classic authors, Chaucer, Gower, More, and others were there; but many literary stars had not yet arisen which have since appeared, and are now shining with immortal light. Nevertheless a bright galaxy had just appeared above the horizon. There was Spenser singing in his own peculiar measure of glory, truth, and holiness, in the enchanting allegory of the Fairy Queen. Sir Philip Sidney, the author, soldier, and gentleman, lived at this same time. Shakspeare's masterly characters were then first introduced to the astonished world, and the giant mind of Bacon was just then pouring forth streams of knowledge that have immortalized his name. Cotemporary with these were Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Herbert, and other writers familiar to every student of English literature.

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The words, "age of Elizabeth," bring to mind many scenes—pictures, whose outlines are found in history, rise in imagination. The first is when the young Queen, on the proud day of her coronation, passed through the streets of London with a grand procession. Banners floated from the windows; the air resounded with acclamations of "God save Queen Elizabeth! long and happily may she reign!" As she passed beneath a magnificent archway, a little child presented her with a Bible, which she received with a grateful smile and a warm kiss. Again: when troubles had arisen, when the Spanish Armada threatened the kingdom, we see her riding up and down the ranks of the army, earnestly exhorting the soldiers to faithfulness, while they, inspired with new courage, promised to defend their country to the last. Dark events transpired in the reign of Elizabeth—scenes which make the heart shudder. Nineteen weary years the beautiful, accomplished, and imprudent Queen of Scots had languished in captivity; then, for no just cause, she was forced to lay her head upon the block, and feel the keen edge of the executioner's ax severing her neck. Truly a

horrid death. But think not that her persecutor was less miserable in her own last hours; prostrate in despair, on the floor of her palace, she lay dying of remorse. Ah! we praise the wisdom, prudence, and firmness of Elizabeth displayed in civil government; but for a model of pure, lovely womanhood, we turn from her character to others less famous but more worthy.



THE COMPLAINING HORSESHOE—A FABLE.

HAVING just forged a fable in my mental smithy, on the subject of discontent, I will now give it for the benefit of all complaining men and women.

A well-shaped horseshoe, as it hung against the wall in a blacksmith's shop, bitterly complained of the ill-usage to which it had been subjected. "No one," said the shoe, in a whining tone, "has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed, without any respite being allowed me. The hard-hearted sledge-hammer and anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated, and found no pity. I was beaten by them unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox: as I said before, no one has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed."

"Hold your foolish tongue," said a plowshare, which had been sent to be repaired, "unless you can talk more wisely. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed, and are valued highly by those who once might have despised us. Once we were useless pieces of iron; but now you are a useful horseshoe, and I am a respectable plowshare."

Thus seasonably admonished, the horseshoe became silent, and was never afterward heard to complain.

We seldom commit a greater error than that of repining at our trials and afflictions; for our heavenly Father often renders these the medium of his greatest mercies. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The complaining horseshoe, though a fiction in the fable, is a fact when applied to mankind. Fear the Lord, and then,

"If properly improved, thy grief, and pains,
And heaviest losses, all will turn to gains;
Hope, peace, and joy, from trouble will arise
To bless thee, and prepare thee for the skies."

Old Humphrey's Portfolio.

PENNSYLVANIA HILLS.

BY SARAH M. GEARHART.

O, GIVE me the hills, the leaf-clad hills,
That are wed to my native vale;
They rock in their cradles the laughing rills,
And breathe an untainted gale.

They never have dwelt in a city's smoke,
Or inhaled a polluted air;
Their home is the shade of the palmy oak,
And its glossy apparel they wear.

There's beauty in ocean-like fields of grain,
On prairies so level and wide;
But give me the grand old hills again
That stand by the brooklet's side—

That stand by the brooklet's side, and cool
Their feet in the limpid wave,
Where playful ones, as they stroll from school,
Their feet in the current lave.

The robin sings its merriest song
To laurel and spruce on the hill;
And I have heard, though it hurries along,
Sweet words from the pure mountain rill.

There the pale wild rose and fragrant fern,
So fond of the shade and the dew,
Their delicate leaves to the soft light turn
As to heaven the hearts of the true.

Will you pardon the thought? When my work is done,
So sweetly methinks I could sleep
In the shade of an oak, on the hill-side alone,
Where none but the wild flowers weep.

MUSIC IN THE HEART.

BY MISS MARY M. ROBERTSON.

THERE'S music in the human heart
When touched by friendship's power:
'Tis soothing as the last sweet song
Of birds at evening hour.

But earthly friends may faithless prove,
Their love from us may stray;
And, O, if those sweet bonds are rent
The music dies away.

There's music in the human heart;
But mournful are the lays
When memory sweeps its troubled chords
With scenes of other days:

It speaks of loved ones in their graves,
Of childhood's happy hours:
'Tis like the song the autumn wind
Sings o'er the dying flowers.

There's music in the human heart;
And sacred are the strains,
When love divine its joy imparts,
And purifies its stains:

'Tis by regenerating grace
The power to us is given
To sing this everlasting song,
This melody of heaven.

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY MRS. M. J. KELLEY.

I WALKED in a path by my father's side,
By my mother's steps did my young feet glide,
And brother and sisters along the road
Went blithe as together the way we trod.

We were glad as we strolled that path along,
With our fairy step and our hearts of song;
For merry childhood is full of glee,
And we were a happy company.

But time crept on, with the sober brow,
And our glee is turned into sorrow now;
For one by one, in the valleys deep,
Did we lay them down in their last, long sleep.

And, O, there was one to my side did he,
With the kindly glance and the loving eye,
And hand in hand, for many a day,
Did we traverse sweetly life's care-worn way.

And I called him *husband*, and he was dear,
And with him I shared each smile and tear;
But his cheek grew pale, and one weary day
Hosts of angels bore the glad soul away;
And lonely I weep where his casket lies,
While he joys in the far-off, better skies.

WINTER STORMS.

BY MRS. M. A. RISELOW.

I sit beside the evening hearth
That with a cheerful luster glows:
My little one has ceased its mirth,
And I have hushed it to repose.

And while my lips are fondly prest
Against the warm and silken hair,
And while I rock her on my breast,
And list how soft her breathings are,

I think of those two little beds
Which drifting snows to-night infold,
Where, in their rest, those fair young heads
Are pillowed on their couch so cold.

O, how a mother's heart goes forth,
Amidst the cold December storm,
Unto that little bed of earth
Her love can keep no longer warm!

Two years ago, ah! they were ours,
And in the light of home they slept
What though the wintry tempest lowered,
Love round their couch its vigils kept.

And those dear eyes would ope at morn,
So full of childhood's happy light—
O mine have not ceased yet to mourn!—
But they are closed in lasting night.

And my heart goes wildly forth
Amid the cold December storm,
And closer by the blazing hearth
I clasp the little sleeping form.

THE BOYS AND THE MEN.

BY ALICE CARY.

JERRY MASON had been hoeing two long hours in the garden; the earth was moist and black about the cabbages, the heavy gray leaves of which were lopping earthward to give their, as yet, soft hearts a better chance of maturing in the sun; the red seamy leaves of the beets testified to the good culture they had had, but as if they could not say it plainly enough, the beets themselves were come up half out of the ground to add their testimony, and the pale spiky tops of the onions stood up like soldiers in straight rows, saying, "Behold, there is not a weed among us." The tomatoes, bright with dew-drops and full of young fruit, gave out their pleasant odor most prodigally in payment for the care they had just received, and some few flowers, common to be sure—but what flower is not beautiful?—opened bright and honest in the sunshine, causing Jerry to leave his work for a moment, and, leaning on his hoe, contemplate their pinky, and purple, and yellow faces with an ecstasy of joy. He did not believe, for the moment, that the king's garden contained any thing more delightful than did his mother's. But even if that were possible, he thought the king could not enjoy its beauties half so much as he, because his pleasure was more than half derived from the fact that himself had plowed and sowed the garden, and that the fruits and flowers before him were his, as they could not have been if another than himself had done the work. The eyes of the simple see straight to the truth sometimes, when all the curious speculations of the wise are at fault, and I am not sure but that Jerry was wise in feeling that the king could not be so happy as he.

He did not think of his bare feet half buried in the loose earth; he did not think of his patched trowsers, and that his shirt was not linen in the wristbands and collar even, and for a minute, at least, he did not think how hot the sun was shining down upon him, and how tired he was.

"Jerry!" called his mother, leaning from the low window of her little house, "Jerry, my child, you may as well go and feed the old sitting goose, and the change of work will rest you!"

"Yes," answered Jerry, and taking off his straw hat he wiped the sweat from his face and drew a sort of sigh, thinking his work would never be done, and wishing his mother was as rich as Henry Gordon's mother. But Jerry was used to do as his mother bid him, and having hung his hoe in the fork of the pear-tree that

stood by the garden gate, he prepared the accustomed food, crossed the barn-yard where the hens were cackling and picking the grains from the chaff that was scattered about, passed along the field where the cow was nibbling the short grass, went over the brook on a bridge of stones he had built the last summer, climbed the slope beyond, and suddenly stood still. The old goose sitting in the hollow of a black stump close by was protruding her neck, flopping her wings, and hissing at a terrible rate. "You are crazy, an't you, you ugly old goose!" exclaimed Jerry, raising up and clinching one hand as if he would hit her if he had any thing with which to do it. "Do you think I am afraid of you? why I have milked our cow on the wrong side, been all the way to mill for mother, and besides that have killed two garter-snakes—one of them half a yard long and striped and checked like a ribbon—shut up your wings you old—whew!" and Jerry climbed to the top of the neighboring stump and shouted at the top of his voice—cutting circles in the air with his hat, and beckoning with his hand in great earnestness. Farmer Hix stopped his team in the adjoining field and listened, thinking Jerry was shouting for help; Mrs. Mason put her head out of the back door; she, too, had heard Jerry and feared some bad accident had happened—a moment the farmer stood still, his horses turning their heads in the direction of the call, and the mother leaned and listened in trembling anxiety; but the door closed presently, and the farmer plowed on again—both had heard Jerry say to Henry Gordon, who was seen running with his kite across the field, "Don't you think our old goose has got goslings!"

That was enough to make any boy climb to the top of a stump and shout for joy, Jerry thought. How many she had he did not know, but he would not be surprised to find that every egg was hatched—three of the golden little creatures he saw, he is sure, and if the old goose would only come off the nest he could soon tell; he would dare get a stick and drive her off, but he thinks he won't.

"What is it! what is it!" cries Henry Gordon, running as fast as he can run, quite forgetting his kite that drags behind him along the ground, and almost glad, even though it be a misfortune that has broken down the barrier of reserve, and brought an introduction to pass between himself and his young neighbor. He is older by two or three years than Jerry, and has the air and manner of a boy who has never hoed in a garden nor fed a goose. His boots were of fine leather and polished well, better than Jerry's best ones

which hang over a peg at the head of his bed in his mother's garret, and his hat is so fresh and new, and the ends of the green ribbon tied around it flutter so gayly that Jerry is abashed for a moment, and says he fears Henry will not be paid for having run so fast, and especially if he has spoiled his fine kite into the bargain; that he has not any thing worth showing—some little goslings—that is all. But Henry has never seen one, for it is only lately that he has come from a great city, and he says the old kite is of no account, he can get as many better ones as he pleases—he rather hopes it is spoiled, and so by its string he winds it up to him, and tossing it at the feet of Jerry bestows it on him in a patronizing sort of way that would have offended him but that he felt in his heart that he was equal to any boy any where.

When the goose had been fed and the goslings, too, Jerry showed his new friend the stone bridge across the brook, which bridge, both concluded, might be greatly beautified and improved if they would unite their strength and ingenuity and give a day to the work—he showed him his mother's cow, and affirmed to his entire satisfaction that he dare plat her tail together, count the rings on her horns, or even go up to her on the "wrong side" if he chose.

Then they went to the cow-shed where the straw was in which the hens made their nests, and which by courtesy was called "the barn," and after this to the garden, where Henry pulled off a good many flowers that he might as well have left on their stems. When it was dinner-time and Jerry's mother called him, his young friend went into the house with him, and partook, with great relish, of the simple repast that was spread.

When he went away he invited Jerry to come to his house and ride his horse, and go gunning with him, which Jerry felt would be a great delight to him to do, and which he afterward did many times; for from that day Henry and Jerry were excellent friends, working and playing together every day.

The rich man's son soon lost a good deal of his pretentious sufficiency, or subdued it rather, perhaps, and that which he neither lost nor subdued his generous little friend readily forgave. Often Henry would come and help Jerry in his working of a morning, that his mother might afford to give him a short play spell in the afternoon. Sometimes, indeed, he would throw off his coat and strip away shoes and stockings, and enter with hearty good will into whatever was to be done. They went together to the same school,

for there was but one in the neighborhood, and once or twice had hats and jackets alike. They gathered nuts together and berries; made hay together and picked apples; shouted, and sung, and made whistles, and drove the cows home one with another. Then, too, O idle dreaming! they made plans for the years to come—plans of what they would do when they were men. They would always be neighbors and divide whatever they had just as they did their goslings and hollyhocks now.

"Why don't you come to see my mother?" said Henry often to Mrs. Mason, for he could not see why the mothers of such friends should not be friends too. And Mrs. Mason always said she would like to do so if she could get time, but somehow it happened that she never did find time, and never went. Mrs. Gordon rode in her fine carriage to a fine church on Sundays, and wore a silk gown and her hair in curls. Mrs. Mason put her hair plainly under a plain cap, and walked in a path across the meadow to the school-house to attend service. Mrs. Gordon dined sumptuously at five, Mrs. Mason simply at twelve; one lived in a big house and was served by a good many maids and men, the other in a very small house serving herself; the one saw the sun shine through a lace curtain, and the other through rose vines. So it was that Mrs. Gordon said, "Thank you, my dear, it will give me the greatest pleasure when I have an hour to spare," in answer to Jerry's invitation of, "You must come and see my mother." And so it happened that she never found an hour to spare, and never went to see Jerry's mother.

Three years went by of the closest friendship between the lads, and all this time they did not understand exactly why their mothers could not find time to visit each other. It was the greatest pleasure to Henry to go with bare feet across the nicely scoured floor of Mrs. Mason, bare and so cool, and to sit with her and Jerry, where the roses looked in at the window, and partake of her home-made cakes and bread, and eat her preserved fruits, which were never so good at home; the wind came in so fresh and sweet from the hay-field beyond the hollow, and the birds made such music in the garden, and Mrs. Mason, to his thinking, had such a sweet voice and a pleasant way that made the time pass so agreeably—he was sure his mother would enjoy a visit to the cottage if she could only find time; but some way it came about that she never did find time. It was so much harder to cross her own doorway and go up the narrow path, bordered with flags and sweet-williams, that led to Mrs. Mason's

door, than it was to be carried in her coach a dozen miles and up some broad avenue to some brave flight of steps and shining door, it was no wonder she never found time for the visit, though if she could have done so it would have given her great pleasure, no doubt.

Mrs. Mason sat by the fire waiting for Jerry, who had gone to carry a fine yellow pumpkin of his own raising to Henry's mother, that Henry might have some just such pies as he was to have—sat rocking and musing before the bright wood fire, wishing somebody would come in and cheer the lonesomeness a little, for the night was falling and the snow lay cold and smooth everywhere, far as she could see. The straw-roofed shed of the cow was beautified like a queen's chamber. No king could put such a roof on his house as the snow had put on that. The fences seemed made of pieces of snow; the trees to be trees of snow, and all so still and cold. The cock went early to bed and crew lustily before the time, fluttering the white showers from the limb of the tree that lodged him—fluttering it down as though he did not care for it at all, and turning his bright eyes to his mates that sat beside him, sober and uncomfortable enough. He was rather glad, for his part, that so cold and snowy a night was come; it brought out his gallantry and his fortitude. But generally the aspect of things without, in spite of all the beauty, was cheerless. The tea, in the old teapot, cracked and bound with hoops of tin, had been simmering a good while, the fire began to make a little red light on the snow beneath the window, and a candle to be needed in the dim room where Jerry's mother sat, when she heard the creaking of the gate, and, rising, looked out of the window. It was growing quite dusky, and though she saw two boys coming toward the door, she could not at first believe it was Jerry and Henry, so quietly they came, arm in arm, and talking so low and so earnestly. What could it mean? Of all times this was the one to make them merry, for there is more exhilaration in snow than in wine, and birds and boys are alike fond of dipping into it, and chirping and chattering when it lies over the ground loose and white. Close came the young friends past rosebushes and lilacs all wrapped so prettily, and never once did they turn to look or dash the white weights from the bending twigs. Nor did they step aside from the open path and break their way, plowing off snow-furrows as they came, as boys love to do. No merry voices rang through the clear silence; but soberly and straightforward they came as if the snow had buried beneath it some great joy.

And so, indeed, it had. They were about to be separated for a long, long while. It had been decided at home that Henry should go away to a military school—go to be made a man of by trial and training—go to take about him new influences—greater and better influences than home could give him. The parents could not understand that to bear the yoke of honest labor in his youth would be as well for him as any other discipline.

Jerry's mother was sad enough when she heard the news, and to keep the moisture from gathering to drops in her eyes, she rubbed the tin hoops of her blue teapot with the towel till they shone again.

Henry said he was sorry he was to go; but for all of his saying so he was not sorry as Jerry was. He had new boots and a new coat and hat, and a number of other things of which he was fully conscious all the while. Then, too, he would write every day, and it would be almost the same as seeing him, and he would come home often, for Henry had been used to having his own way, and could not think his will could be curbed at all. He did not know how much service he should have to see before he could arrive at any official dignity.

The next day Jerry climbed to the top of the gate-post and watched the carriage, that took Henry from him, drive away. Through tears he caught a glimpse of his little friend, but his little friend did not once look toward him.

That was Jerry's first sorrow—no number of yellow goslings could have brought the old light into his red eyes that morning—no pinks nor daffodils, though the garden had been full of them, could have seemed to him bright as the smile of his playmate.

A letter was promised him by the first mail, and all the interval seemed to Jerry a blank, a time of nothing, that he would be glad to push right along and have done with—it would not be seeing his friend, but it would be something—it would be a great thing—he had never received a letter in his life, sealed and meant all for him. He wondered how it would begin and how it would end, and what, in fact, his friend would say, and how he would say it. One thing would be in it, that he knew, that Henry was very lonesome and wanted to see him so bad. That would be in the letter, and he was not sure but that it would be in it a great many times; indeed it was not unlikely the entire letter would be made up of love for him and anxiety to see him. Henry knew so much and would have learned so much, even in three days, at a military school,

that he supposed the letter would be a model—and what an advantage to him! he would copy from his example.

And at last the day on which the mail was expected was come, and at last it went by and was time to go to the post-office, two miles from his mother's house. The snow was deep and it was cold after sunset, but little cared Jerry for that; he would run because he could not help it, and that would keep him warm; and, besides, if a boy thought much of a boy and wrote him so, he would feel bad to know a boy did not think enough of a boy to go after the letter because it was a little cold. So buttoning the old coat that was outgrown and a good deal worn, Jerry set out, never minding the still air that almost cut his face, as if it tried to thrust him back into the warm house, never minding the white, cold glimmer of the stars that seemed to say, "It's no use," never minding any thing, because he was a boy that liked a boy, and he foolishly supposed a boy liked him back, till he learned by experience, as most of us do, how preposterous such suppositions are. He was not long in walking the two miles. He did not once think he might have gone faster and with more comfort if Mrs. Gordon had offered him Henry's pony to ride, when she asked him to bring her letters. He did not think of any thing but the pleasure he would have in breaking the seal and reading to his mother every word Henry wrote. The two miles were a good deal longer when Jerry went home, not because he was going home, and not because it was more uphill; it was a good deal colder, too, and his coat seemed thinner; it nearly froze his hand to carry the bundle of letters and papers for Mrs. Gordon, and the sharp wind brought the water to his eyes—he had no letter from Henry. An ugly distrust came into his heart as he went along—the moon might drop right down out of the sky, for all he knew, and he barely thought it unlikely that his mother should have set fire to the house and run away while he was gone—if it was possible that Henry could have broken his "word and honor," his "double word and honor," what might not be possible?

Henry was not sick, for there in a fair, firm hand was a letter to his parents.

He could not stop at first and ask Mrs. Gordon if Henry were well, and when he said he could write to him; something choked him and he must go home.

An hour he sat on a stool in the corner and cried, and cried in spite of all his mother could say to soothe him; but at last when she told him to wipe his eyes and run over to Mrs. Gordon's

and see what was in Henry's letter, he stifled his sobs and obeyed.

Mrs. Gordon looked up from her reading as Jerry went in, in a way that said plainly she was surprised disagreeably and annoyed, and when little Fanny Gordon ran from listening at her mother's knee and offered Jerry a chair at the fireside, she shook her head at the little girl, and afterward caught her roughly by the arm and whispered something which Jerry thought meant he was not her equal, and she must not ask him to sit down. Fanny half hid her face in her mother's lap, but she turned her eyes full of tears and sweet pity toward Jerry, and the frown of the mother lost its power on him, and for a moment he scarcely cared whether Henry had said any thing about him or not.

Every mail day all the winter, whether it were gusty or mild, freezing or thawing, Jerry went regularly to the post-office, but there was never any letter for him. Once little Fanny had spoken to him through the fence and told him that her brother Henry had written to know what he was doing nowadays, and said that he would write to him as soon as he found time. She said, too, that when she went away to school, as she was to do in the spring, she would write a letter to him, and she would not tell her mother nor no body else what she wrote.

After this Jerry tried to make excuses for Henry—he was very busy, no doubt, and had as many letters to write home as he could find time to do, and as he worked spading the garden, he was trying to work out a letter in his brain. But he could not tell very well how to begin, nor how to end, nor what to say. To write as he felt was his impulse, but he could not quite make up his mind to do so: a boy at a military school might not feel much like a boy spading in his mother's garden.

The old goose brought out her troop of young goslings again, the flowers all looked over the garden fence toward "Fanny's house," as Jerry fancied; the heads of the cabbages were hardening, and their great, gray leaves lopping toward the ground again. Jerry could not go to school now as he used to do when he was smaller, but had to stay at home and work. Fanny was gone away to school now, and had kept her promise and written a letter to Jerry—a very little letter made up of very little sentences, and with a superscription that made three very crooked lines all across and across the envelop. To Jerry's thinking, however, there never was a much better letter written. All the time he kept it in his pocket, reading it again and again as often as he

found leisure, though he knew every word from first to last. He could not bear to put it away with his few books; it seemed like a free ticket to the good will of every body; so he kept it, as I said, all the time in his pocket. He found the distrust that he had had in his heart since Henry went away growing rapidly less, and now and then he suspected that he had been very wicked in imagining the moon could fall, or his mother burn up the house and run away. Suddenly he stopped from his working, tired but looking well pleased; he had been very industrious and done a full day's work, though it wanted yet three hours of night. He had made up his mind to write to Henry; for since Fanny had written him, "I am very well; I hope you are very well. I don't like here so well as home. Do your gossings grow? Have you heard from Henry?" etc., he had felt that every body he knew liked him, and would be glad to know how well he was getting along. So the happiness he thought he should give to another was all bright in his face as he hung his hoe in the pear-tree, and breaking three cabbage leaves, not crooked and deep green, but fair and gray with bloom, made his way to the brook-side, where the shadow of a maple lay thick and cool, and near where the stone bridge caused the water to stop and make some silver talk before it went over.

From the cherry-tree by the door he had brought some little withes, and having sharpened them with his teeth began the composition of a letter—using his hat crown for a desk, the cabbage leaves for paper, and the twigs for pens. Never was poet wrapped more happily in a dream than he in his work, when all at once he became conscious of footsteps and heard a voice, not unfamiliar, except in its derision, say, "Ha, boy! I say you ought to take out a patent for that sort of paper; how are you, though?" Jerry's senses were a good deal bewildered, and he could not believe at first it was Henry Gordon who stood before him, resting his polished gun on the ground, holding a cigar in one hand, and surveying him with contemptuous courtesy, if such a thing might be.

He tried to rise and return civilly the rude salutation of the young cadet, but as he advanced he saw that Henry was not alone, but accompanied by a youth whom he introduced as a class-mate, naming Jerry as a boy he used to know. The two cadets made but a short pause—Henry, the good friend to whom Jerry was making up his letter, having manifested less pleasure than he would have felt on meeting a dog which had ever befriended him. To complete the insult he

tossed at Jerry, as he passed along, a small piece of money, saying, "Take that, boy, and buy you a copy-book, and a pen or two."

Jerry did not speak; he felt as if he could never speak again; he could hardly persuade himself that it was indeed Henry Gordon who had stood but now before him, and as long as he could see gazed the way he was going. The very buttons of his coat seemed to mock him with their shining; and there lay the money on the ground at his feet, and the cabbage leaves wilting in the sun, for where the shadow had been an hour ago the sun shone hot and enervating now.

All the world was changed, and it seemed for a little while not only possible but highly probable that his mother might set fire to the house and run away, and the moon drop out of the sky: if any thing could stay back such events it would be the letter from Fanny. He put his hand in his pocket to be sure that it was still there, and stooping picked up the piece of money and placed it in the opposite one to keep balance. Fanny's letter should teach him the world was not all bad; that piece of money that it was not all good. He would never spend it, even for bread, though he were starving; he would have felt mean and degraded to have taken it up from any motive of interest or selfishness, and yet it was after all a motive of intense interest and selfishness that prompted the deliberate examination of it, and its careful adjustment in his pocket. In itself it was but a harmless piece of money, and he would not have known it from a thousand others, but it had been in contact with the hand that shrunk away from him; it had been flung at him in charity—at him a boy as good as any other boy—as honest, and as honorable, and as wise—no, no, he could not say that, but he could say he would be, and that was what he did say. Adventitious circumstances had given the cadet some advantages; Nature, he was sure—and he drew himself up at the feeling—had been quite as liberal to him, and with her assistance he meant to subdue circumstances, and not wait till they should subdue him. He felt strong and full of courage as he walked straight to his mother's house, eager to begin the work of self-culture, though he had no method and no means. His heart misgave him almost when he reached the door and saw the tea-table spread in holiday style, and for three. Mrs. Mason had learned that Henry was come home, and was thinking what a pleasant time they would all have once more. It was hard to tell his good dear mother that he had already seen Henry, and

how he had seen him. More than once, as they ate together, Jerry's mother arose from the table to attend some little duty, she said, but in truth it was to dry her eyes; and more than once Jerry said he did not care what Henry Gordon thought of him; but his mother knew it was because he cared a great deal that he said so.

With no friend to assist or advise the work of self-culture was hard enough. He could not tell where to begin; how to cultivate a cucumber vine he knew very well; how to culture himself was a harder task.

Already his mind was stung into activity, and an interior development was going on, of which he was not himself aware.

Years of persevering endeavor—of hard work with the hands and harder with the brain—we pass by—years in which the poor boy has sometimes had the upper hand of Fortune, but oftener lain abjectly at her feet—years in which hope has been busy with him, so busy that he has felt the steep way they have climbed together less toilsome. Teachers and schools have not been accessible to him much, except, indeed, the common school of humanity and the great teacher—God—in his works. These works he has read and reread; these he has studied, and he has studied himself, and his duties to himself and his fellows. He feels the nobility of true and honest manhood, afraid of nothing but doing wrong, ambitious of nothing but coining the ability with which he has been endowed to right use. For he is not ambitious to serve the world nor the state—measured against such great requirements he feels unequal; he is content with making even a little spot of earth greener for his having lived; he thinks it something of an achievement to turn weeds into good rich soil, and make wheat or roses grow where, but for him, barrenness would have been. He does not believe he could have made himself a poet if he had morticed rhymes together never so ingeniously, nor does he suppose he could manage the affairs of nations because he can manage a plow. Nevertheless, he is a proud man—proud of his cleared land and of his wood-land—proud of his brooks and of his cows—of his harvests and of his garden—of his beautiful cottage—of the vines about the porch and of the well-bound volumes that shine row over row against the wall—of his mother, sitting beside him so comfortable and so respectable—of his beard, so full and so black, and, most of all, of his humility.

A thousand times he might have resented the old insult of the piece of money, but he feels that "time at least sets all things even," and he

is quite contented to wait—so well content, indeed, that there is no waiting to do; he could not have been so well avenged any way as he is by his indifference.

It is the middle of June, and the garden is full of flowers that still look toward Mrs. Gordon's a good deal, though Jerry says he don't care which way they look; but we are quite sure they would not be so many nor so bright if there were no bright eyes looking down upon them from the opposite windows. There are bright flowers immediately under the windows where the bright eyes are gazing forth so often; but to those eyes the flowers in the distance show the best.

Fanny is a woman now, and though she sends no more letters to her friend Jerry that no one knows any thing of, she sends a great many glances as full of kindly meaning as were the little sentences sent him so long ago. Twenty times during the year she has been at home, she has met him in her walks or rides, and twenty times her cordial or sweet smiles have elicited but a formal and cold recognition.

The twilight deepens and Mrs. Mason retires to prepare the tea—spreading the cloth beneath the window where the roses look in, brighter and more numerous than years ago. A gleam of surprise and pleasure passes over the sedate countenance of Jerry; he hears a light step in the walk leading from the gate to the porch, and sees the flutter of a white dress. I need scarcely say it is Fanny, and his heart flutters with it. Love is apt to betray itself by its very caution. Friendship extends its cordiality without fear of being mistaken, and it never is mistaken; but love often assumes a needless coldness and indifference, and so is betrayed. A thousand unnecessary evasions and superfluous formalities have conveyed to the susceptible heart of Fanny the secret assurance of unusual interest of some sort in her little self on the part of her unpromising neighbor.

She is conscious of a like betrayal, and has come now to vindicate herself and to be avenged. Jerry shall know that she has no special liking for him now, and never had. She is to be married and has come to ask him for a bridal rose. She can do it very bravely, she is sure of that, and he will never suspect how her heart is trembling and bleeding beneath her smiles and gay words.

She will not hesitate; she will not wait for trepidation, but with merry jesting and laughter makes known her errand at once. She has always admired Jerry's flowers as he knows, and to prove to him how sincere her admiration was

she will wear one on the most happy and interesting occasion of her life.

The young man feels proud and honored that she should even remember his poor flowers upon such an occasion, and hopes she may find in the gay world, into which she is going, as much happiness as he finds in solitude—he can not wish her more. Her eyes are scarcely lifted, and her little hand scarcely touches his as she says good-by, and is turning away, feeling that she is baffled of her purpose, and has been gathering thorns and not flowers, when Jerry's mother calls, "Fanny, my dear." That sweet motherly voice is so full of real love and interest she can not deceive her, and when she adds, "Are you to be married, my sweet child? Stay and tell me all about it." The "poor child," for child she was, hid her face in the good woman's bosom and burst into a flood of tears. There was soothing and caressing, a whisper of encouragement, and Fanny sank to the ground, and with her cheek on the knee of her friend told her all—no, not quite all.

She had once loved—loved deeply and hopelessly. She was, therefore, without hope of happiness except in duty, and that which her mother and brother demanded of her now was the hardest of all—marriage with a rich man for whom she felt the most positive dislike. But her mother was proud, and her brother's dissipation and extravagance had brought them to poverty and disgrace. She could not increase her own sufferings much, and if she did, why, no matter—she felt she could lighten theirs, "and is it not my duty, O my dear mother," she said, lifting her eyes and hands appealingly, "to make this last sacrifice!" She saw Jerry, who, hearing her sob, had, in spite of his assumed indifference, been drawn closer and closer till he stood beside her—she saw him, and for a moment her senses were bewildered into forgetfulness—the sudden flushes turned white in her cheek—her eyes closed and her hands sunk powerless.

When she awoke her head was pillowed on the bosom of Jerry, his hand was smoothing her hair, and his voice assuring her that he whom she had loved so long was not worthy of her, but if she would condescend to pity and forgive him, all his future life should be an atonement. Of course Fanny had nothing to forgive—what woman has who truly loves? and when Jerry could not be quite satisfied of her sincerity without assurance made doubly sure, though Fanny said no, she bent her head down very low to say it, and what mattered it what she said!

Mrs. Mason was a long time in ending the preparation of that tea—the tin hoops of the old

blue teapot were quite bright; nevertheless, Mrs. Mason thought it due to the occasion to use the white china one, to give the silver an extra polishing, and to gather fresh strawberries by moonlight.

I need not describe the anger, the distraction and ultimate despair that fell upon mother and son when it was known that Fanny, the ungrateful and perverse young woman that she was, had not only gathered but worn the bridal roses.

Reduced to their last sixpence, and knowing not what was to become of them, they sat together, Mrs. Gordon and her son Henry, lamenting their hard fortune, and blaming each other, and blaming Fanny, and blaming every thing but their own foolish pride and perverseness for the ruin and degradation that was now impending before them.

Both started at the sound of a footstep; it was a creditor's, no doubt.

"What brought you here? I don't owe you any thing!" exclaimed Henry sullenly, when he saw that the visitor was Jerry Mason.

"No," replied Jerry, "but I owe you a great deal," and taking from his pocket the piece of money Henry had flung at him so long ago, he laid it down on the table before him. Henry trembled and blushed for shame; but when Jerry took his hand and said, "This piece of money has been a charm that has kept me from idleness and uselessness; it has added to my lands and built me a house, beautified my garden, clothed my mother, and made her old age happy and respectful, developed my own manhood and crowned me with the love of the best of women. For all this I owe you something, and I am come to pay you; take first this money and see what it can do for you—you are yet in the prime of life and can retrieve and achieve every thing; come with me with as hearty a good will as you came to look at my goslings, and we will devise the way"—Henry took the hand extended to him, and brushing the tears from his eyes, the first ones that had wet them for long years, said in accents that trembled with the sorrow that shook his whole frame, "Come, mother," and leaning on Jerry they went together to his house.

MEN AND WHEAT.

Men are like wheat in a field, the emptiest heads are carried highest; but when they become well filled with grain, then they bend modestly down; however, we readily see vanity in others, yet think ourselves perfect, and would have others believe the flattering portrait to be just.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SHERWOOD, THE ENGLISH AUTHORESS.

MRS. SHERWOOD, at the time of my visit to her, resided at Worcester. Her husband was a captain in the British army, and was, for a long time—I think thirteen years—stationed in the East Indies, where she wrote many of her most popular works. She was born near Worcester, and, about nineteen years before I saw her, had returned from India and opened a school in that neighborhood, which she continued seventeen years. This school was patronized by distinguished families from all parts of the kingdom, and, it was said, was a source of great pecuniary profit. Her husband, whom I saw, seemed to be a mild, amiable man; but I could not very well conceive of his being a military commander.

Mrs. Sherwood herself was, in person, rather above the middle size, and though she had a good, strong face, it was by no means expressive of great refinement. Nor was there any thing in her manners that was not in keeping with her countenance. She was civil enough, but she had a sort of boldness and forwardness of manner, which possibly might have filled up a chasm in the military character of her husband. She seemed then to be not much over fifty years old, and was apparently in fine health and spirits. She talked with me a good deal—only, however, because I led the conversation in that direction—about her own publications, and told me that her "Little Henry" had then passed through twenty-seven editions in Great Britain, and that some other of her writings had had an equal circulation. She seemed to know that most of her works had been republished in this country, and was gratified that they had been received with so much favor. She gave me a copy of her engraved portrait, and remarked that it might be reprinted in America, though it could not be in England, on account of its being private property.

During her residence in India, Mrs. Sherwood was well acquainted with Henry Martyn, and regarded him as one of the choicest and most gifted spirits she had ever known. She mentioned, also, another individual whom she knew, of whom I remembered, in my early years, to have read a most fearful account in Dr. Buchanan's celebrated sermon, entitled, "The Star in the East"—it was Sabat. As the name of this individual may now scarcely be known in this country, it may not be amiss to allude to that part of his history which gave him his chief celebrity. Abdallah and Sabat belonged to two distinguished families in Arabia, and being intimate friends, set

out to travel together in foreign countries. When they had reached the city of Cabul, Abdallah, being appointed to an important office under the government, remained there, while Sabat continued his travels in Tartary. The former very soon fell in with a copy of the New Testament, and, from reading it, became a convert to Christianity. Knowing, as he did, that his conversion could not become known but at the hazard of his life, he withdrew privately from the place of his residence, and set out to travel, in the hope of finding some retired place where he might enjoy his religion in safety. Having reached the city of Bokhara, in Tartary, he was greatly surprised, as he was walking in the streets, at meeting his former fellow-traveler; but Sabat, having heard of his apostasy from Mohammedism, quickly showed him that he had nothing to hope from his friendship or his mercy. Abdallah fell at his feet, and adjured him by their former relations not to reveal the secret of his conversion; but neither tears nor expostulations had any effect. He immediately gave information against him to the authorities of the city, and forthwith he was delivered up to the king, and a decree was issued for his execution. When the fatal hour arrived, Abdallah was led forth, in the presence of an immense multitude, to seal his testimony with his blood. The executioner began his work by cutting off one of his hands, upon which he was offered his life on condition that he would recant; but, with a spirit of calm dignity and true Christian heroism, he refused to do this, and meekly bowed his head to receive the fatal blow. Sabat mingled in the crowd, and witnessed the fearful transaction to which he had been accessory. He afterward said that he saw Abdallah look at him while the process of execution was going forward, but that it was a look, not of anger, but of pity.

Sabat seems to have been impressed with the idea that Abdallah would certainly save his life by renouncing his faith; but when he saw that it was otherwise—saw that he had really been instrumental of the death of his friend, he was greatly tortured by remorse, and that last forgiving look haunted him wherever he went. At length he reached India, and while employed there in some official capacity, he, too, was induced to read the New Testament, and compare it with the Koran; the result of which was, that he professedly renounced Mohammedism, and was for several years an active and useful coadjutor with the British missionaries in promoting Christianity. When his friends in Arabia heard of his conversion, they immediately dispatched

his brother to India, with a view to assassinate him. The brother entered his dwelling in the disguise of a beggar, and was actually drawing a dagger from its concealment upon his person, to plunge it into his bosom, when Sabat seized his arm, and his servants instantly came to his deliverance. It was through Sabat's intercession that the life of this murderous brother was spared; and he not only sent him away in peace, but sent by him valuable presents to his mother's family.

Dr. Buchanan's sermon brings the history down only to this point—when Sabat was laboring efficiently with him for the cause of Christian truth. But shortly after this, as Dr. Buchanan's own daughter informed me, he suddenly took the fancy that his great talents and acquirements were not adequately estimated, and, in a fit of resentment, renounced Christianity, returned to Mohammedism, and went to Persia, where he wrote a work to refute the system which, for several years, he had been laboring to defend. After this he professed, for a short time, to have again received the Christian faith; but at a still later period, and, so far as is known, to the close of his life, he ranked himself with the followers of Mohammed. About 1811 he traveled in Pegu, and being detected in some treasonable attempts against the reigning prince, he and his fellow-conspirator were put into a sack, and thrown together into the sea.

I was interested in hearing Mrs. Sherwood say that she had even seen this monster of a man. She seemed to have known him pretty well; but I think she looked upon him with some distrust, even when his good professions were the strongest. She said he had a fierce expression of countenance, and his form seemed never to bend in the slightest degree; in short, she said he always reminded her of a *Saracen painted on a sign-post!*

Mrs. Sherwood, as I learned from some of her neighbors, was, at that time, an extremely high-church Episcopalian, and her intercourse, as I understood, was restricted within very narrow limits.

I met with one or two of her pupils in Edinburgh, who seemed to regard her as a model teacher, and to remember her with the utmost gratitude and affection. I never saw her except on that one evening.—*Visits to European Celebrities.*

"THE dews and rich showers of God's grace," says Leighton, "slide on the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile."

ANECDOTES OF "FATHER TAYLOR."

WHEN I was at Boston I made the acquaintance of Father Taylor, the founder of the Sailors' Home in that city. He was considered as the apostle of the seamen, and I was full of veneration for him as the enthusiastic teacher and philanthropist. But it is not of his virtues or his labors that I wish to speak. He struck me in another way, *as a poet*; he was born a poet. Till he was five-and-twenty he had never learned to read, and his reading afterward was confined to such books as aided him in his ministry. He remained an illiterate man to the last, but his mind was teeming with spontaneous imagery, allusion, metaphor. One might almost say of him,

"He could not open

His mouth, but out there flew a trope!"

These images and allusions had a freshness, an originality, and sometimes an oddity that was quite startling, and they were generally, but not always, borrowed from his former profession—that of a sailor.

One day we met him in the street. He told us in a melancholy voice that he had been burying a child, and alluded almost with emotion to the great number of infants he had buried lately. Then after a pause, striking his stick on the ground and looking upward, he added, "There must be something wrong somewhere! there's a storm brewing, when the doves are all flying aloft!"

One evening in conversation with me, he compared the English and the Americans to Jacob's vine, which, planted on one side of the wall, grew over it and hung its boughs and clusters on the other side—"but it is still the same vine, nourished from the same root!"

On one occasion when I attended his chapel, the sermon was preceded by a long prayer in behalf of an afflicted family, one of whose members had died or been lost in a whaling expedition to the South Seas. In the midst of much that was exquisitely pathetic and poetical, refined ears were startled by such a sentence as this—"Grant, O Lord! that this rod of chastisement be sanctified, every twig of it, to the edification of their souls!"

Then immediately afterward he prayed that the divine Comforter might be near the bereaved father "when his aged heart went forth from his bosom to flutter round the far southern grave of his boy!" Praying for others of the same family who were on the wide ocean, he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms, "O save them! O guard them! thou angel of the deep!"

On another occasion, speaking of the insufficiency of the moral principles without religious feelings, he exclaimed, "Go heat your oven with snowballs! What! shall I send you to heaven with such an icicle in your pocket? I might as well put a millstone round your neck to teach you to swim!"

He was preaching against violence and cruelty: "Don't talk to me," said he, "of the savages! a ruffian in the midst of Christendom is the savage of savages. He is as a man freezing in the sun's heat, groping in the sun's light, a straggler in paradise, an alien in heaven!"

In his chapel all the principal seats in front of the pulpit and down the center aisle were filled by the sailors. We ladies, and gentlemen, and strangers, whom curiosity had brought to hear him, were ranged on each side; he would on no account allow us to take the best places. On one occasion, as he was denouncing hypocrisy, luxury, and vanity, and other vices of more civilized life, he said emphatically, "I don't mean *you* before me here," looking at the sailors; "I believe you are wicked enough, but honest fellows in some sort, for you profess less, not more, than you practice; but I mean to touch *starboard* and *larboard* there!" stretching out both hands with the forefinger extended, and looking at us on either side till we quailed.

He compared the love of God in sending Christ upon earth, to that of the father of a seaman who sends his eldest and most beloved son, the hope of the family, to bring back the younger one, lost on his voyage, and missing when his ship returned to port.

Alluding to the carelessness of Christians, he used the figure of a mariner, steering into port through a narrow, dangerous channel, "false lights here, rocks there, shifting sand banks on one side, breakers on the other; and who, instead of fixing his attention to keep the head of his vessel right, and to obey the instructions of the pilot as he sings out from the wheel, throws the pilot overboard, lashes down the helm, and walks the deck whistling, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket." Here, suiting the action to the word, he put on a true sailor-like look of defiant jollity—changed in a moment to an expression of horror as he added, "See! see! she drifts to destruction!"

One Sunday he attempted to give to his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. He began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations; then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen laboring in distress and driving on a lee shore. The masts

bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent, the helm unshipped, they spring a leak! the vessel begins to fill, the water gains on them; she sinks deeper, deeper, *deeper! deeper!* He bent over the pulpit repeating the last words again and again; his voice became low and hollow. The faces of the sailors as they gazed up at him with their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel, as into space, he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation, "A life-boat! a life-boat!" Then looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprang to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms, "*Christ is that life-boat!*"—*Mrs. Jenson's Common-Place Book.*

THE HABIT OF EXAGGERATION.

SOME people's tongues are continually emulating the frog in the old fable and always straining into an ox. There are those who never experience a moderate and occasional degree of pain, but they speak of it as a "splitting" headache, an "awful" spasm, or "dreadful" torture. If they meet with a slight incision of the skin, they have "cut their finger to the bone;" a common cold is mentioned seriously "as a most violent influenza;" and a week or two of fever is recorded as a "severe and frightful illness." The "superlative" is the reigning mood with them; "superb," "exquisite," "wonderful," "glorious," "horrible," "tremendous," "delicious," "charming," "beautiful," "terrific," "astonishing" and such extreme adjectives, teem on their lips as plentifully as conjunctions, and we often wonder, while gaging the narrow caliber of brain, whence the big torrent issues—how such large furniture could be found in such a small house. Let these people repeat a story or circumstance, and you can hardly detect the original; they see every thing through a magnifying glass and kaleidoscope blended. Talk of painting in veritable colors, the foreground and outlines, often given in mere words, beat the pre-Raphaelites by notches; a Dutch garden all tulips and peacocks, or a summer sunset all purple and gold, are soft and unimposing compared to the limning power of one of these fluent sign-painters.

We once kept an account for a lady during a three miles' walk through sandy lanes, who declared herself "half dead" with fatigue every few minutes; and we found that she had died exactly eleven times at the end of the journey, when she swallowed victuals in a most vital fashion.

LET US LOVE EACH OTHER STILL.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

SAD it is for hearts to sunder,
Rent apart by passion's thunder,
Held apart by sullen will:
For the sake of Him who sees us—
Darling! for the love of Jesus,
Let us love each other still!

Sorrows present, and dark sorrows
Looming from the far to-morrows,
Can not shut from me the sky,
Whitherward the angels wish us,
Like the loss of that delicious
Loving in thy limpid eye.

Cloud may all obscure its clearness,
Night may hide from us its nearness,
Yet the sky is not afar;
And in cloud, night, or returning
Morn of fortune, love goes burning
Into heaven like a star.

O, then, let us love each other!
Let not glooming evil smother
Heaven's glow within us, till
Heart from heart estrangement wean us,
And deep hatred gulf between us!
Let us love each other still!

Shall affections that went brooking
Into one wide river, crooking
Through the bloomy banks of bliss,
Shall these heart-brooks now run single,
Never more to meet and mingle?
Can thy soul assent to this?

Think of all the by gone blisses!
Think of what our hearth-stone misses!
Think of hopes whose shining goals
Were as night sky's August embers!
Ah! have these become December's
Icy stars within our souls?

Think of yet the life before us!
Think, if death's dread angel, o'er us
Hovering, first should single me,
Think of pale death staring sadly!
Would thou kiss the cold lips madly?
Think what madness that would be!

Ask thy deep heart, darling! whether,
Up in Eden, we together
Shall with love immortal thrill!
O, I see thy sad eyes brimming!
Thou' dost hear the angels hymning,
Love, O love each other still!

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

A. HILL.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

WHAT is more fair than the fleecy cloud
Slow floating on before the breeze?
What beauty is veiled in its misty shroud
As it floats thro' the upper seas!

With an earnest eye, upturned to the sky,
Oft have I sat in years long flown—
Seen the giants of air careering by,
Or pillowed on oceans of down.

They are piled heaps of snow so bright,
Untainted by the touch of man;
Now, trooping virgins clad in white—
A beauteous caravan.

Up, up above the world so green;
Up through our deepest, purest skies;
O curdled out of the air serene,
Those creamy masses rise!

Ambrosial food for the gods, they are
Up wafted by the gentlest gales—
White-footed Ganymedes' sweet care,
Borne on to elysian vales.

At the touch of the wand in Queen Mab's hand,
Which is the magic of thought,
They are silver-capt domes shot up by the gnomes
Or the temple which Solomon wrought.

What continents of pearly light
Stretch out on the verge of the sky,
Or far-reaching capes of the tropics bright,
Deceiving the mariner's eye!

They are snowy flocks of long-fleeced sheep,
Round their shepherd kings they lie;
They are folding down to their peaceful sleep,
Up there in the silent sky.

The sky, it is like the calm, calm mind,
Into which flow beauteous things;
Each brilliant thing upon earth can find
Its type 'mong the airy rings.

BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

BY MARY.

AFFLICTIONS sore will often come,
Thy faith and patience try;
Yet faint thou not, but gaze above,
And there that light descry,
Which God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit three,
Have kindly lent to guide thee o'er
Life's dark and troubled sea.

This beacon-light is Bethlehem's star,
And it shall lead thee where
Storm-clouds ne'er lower nor tempests beat,
But all is wondrous fair.

Then press thee on, fresh courage take,
Life's trials soon will cease,
And thou shalt pluck from fadeless bowers
The branch of endless peace.

THE UNFORTUNATE NAME.

BY W. H. BARNES.

HARD is the lot of him who bears an evil name. It hangs with the weight of a mill-stone about his neck, and he must have a brave heart and a strong arm or he can not keep above the fickle waves of society. Sometimes the ill-made name is a patronymic—the possession of an entire family. Then it is a kind of hereditary misfortune, which clings like the incurable leprosy to the sons—of which the daughters may only rid themselves by marriage. For this there is no guilt attached to either father or grandfather. When they first awoke to consciousness they found themselves standing on the shelf of life very accurately labeled.

Every man and woman of modern times must have at least one "given name." For the character of this parents and friends are responsible. There is a long catalogue of euphonious names, and parents commit sin if they fail to make good selections for their innocent children. When we see a man plodding through this vale of tears, the victim of an ill-sounding name, we suppose that some ruthless uncle, mindful only of his own interest, by means of bribery and promises, fastened his uncivilized name upon the unconscious child.

Joseph Grasshopper was born in Pineville. A circle of sympathizing friends foretold for him a prosperous and successful life. His name was his only inheritance. This, indeed, had been the only legacy which several generations of Grasshoppers had left to their descendants. It had not changed hands so often as most fortunes which anxious parents bestow on their children. The name had been an heir-loom in the family, handed down from a great antiquity.

Joseph was more fortunate than a great many young members of the human race—he survived the critical period of infancy. Having passed through those ills which youthful "flesh is heir to," teething, measles, whooping-cough, and croup, he reached that period when the infantile proportions are merged into a more practical shape.

One afternoon, as young Joseph was playing in the sunshine, his attention was arrested by his shadow, which extended large and long before him. As he gazed upon it, it seemed so much like a man's shadow that he felt himself much larger and taller than before. After a while a cloud passed over the sun, and the child wondered what had become of the admirable shadow. He had a shadow of which he then knew nothing, that was destined to follow him in gloomy

as well as pleasant weather—in childhood, youth, and manhood, through all the lanes and by-ways of life.

The time at length came when young Joseph must go to school, as all American boys do. He was accordingly sent to a dingy frame school-house with many windows, which seemed only to have been made that the cold winds of winter might have free access through its broken panes, and that the uninterrupted rays of the fierce sun might shine in very hot during the summer. The house was surrounded by the remains of an old fence, with a superannuated gate which leaned upon one hinge. Many weather-boards had fallen from the lower part of the house and were scattered about the yard. But all this was a matter of no moment, as the school was primarily intended for boys, and no one supposes that they are endowed with sensibility and taste. To this sad place forty-nine boys besides Joseph were sent to "say their lessons" and become every day the more tired of school.

When school opened the large boys all sat on high seats by the desks, but Joseph took his position on a low bench in one corner, on which the water bucket stood. He was soon summoned to the master's desk to make known his name, which he meekly said was Joseph Grasshopper. As he was a boy of truth he could not well say otherwise. The teacher dropped his pen and looked into his new pupil's face with an eye of wonder.

After the boy had returned to his seat the master cut a small piece from a sheet of paper before him and wrote in that peculiar hand which schoolmasters employ, "JOSEPH GRASSHOPPER." After looking at it for a few minutes he slipped it between the leaves of his Roll-Book. He did not insert the new name among the G's in his alphabetical "list of scholars," but every night the last name he called was "Joseph Grasshopper." Many of the ruder boys would laugh when the curious name was called, and the master did not check them, because he knew that laughing was a healthy exercise. He preferred, however, that the boys should have their laugh at the close of school rather than while he was in the midst of his roll-calling.

At the close of the first day Joseph told his mother how much the scholars laughed. He wondered if all school-boys did so. A tear came in her eye when she told her son that he must have a good heart and all would go right. It does require a very brave heart to breast all the tide which sweeps against a bad name. It requires a very manly spirit to enable a boy to bear

up under misfortunes which were born with him, and which he has no means of removing.

Time does eventually bear us all beyond our greatest earthly sorrows. Walking calmly on with his steady and tireless step, our friend of the hour-glass and scythe leads us by all present afflictions, and makes them mere memories of the past. It often happens, indeed, that we come into new troubles; but we ought to be thankful for the changes which Time brings; for change, though it be not for the better, is attended by some good circumstances.

Time was thus a friend to Joseph Grasshopper. He brought him out of all his boyish troubles to try the realities of the second stage in the journey of life—young manhood. Years made him taller and more manly, and while they did not remove his misfortune, they somewhat modified it. His name, which in earlier life had passed current among his friends as *Joseph*, became *Mr. Grasshopper*.

The most of American young men reflect seriously upon the subject of matrimony when they reach the age of twenty-five years, and Mr. Grasshopper was not different from his contemporaries in this respect. There was one meek-eyed, beautiful girl, a former schoolmate of his, who never laughed as the other scholars did when his name was mentioned. Like a prudent girl she continued to study her lessons, or think her own pure thoughts. This one circumstance made her very dear to the victim of the unfortunate name. One thing, however, tended greatly to diminish his courage. Her name was Isabella Harwood, which every body considered remarkably pretty, just such a name as a novelist would bestow on his favorite heroine. Now, Mr. Grasshopper feared that she would be unwilling to exchange a name made up of such a pleasant combination of vowels and liquids for one composed of so many unmitigated consonants as his.

Caution was a characteristic of Mr. Grasshopper, as it is of most unfortunate men. He was unwilling to launch his bark upon an uncertain sea till he knew that the coast was clear. Neither dared he make any direct inquiries concerning the lady of his love, lest the unsympathising world should guess at his intentions. After putting a few meager and half-made questions to some persons who knew less upon the subject than himself, he resolved to make the attempt. Having brushed his hat and put on his best coat and boots, he started, one mild afternoon, for the residence of Colonel Harwood.

Joseph had always been a thoughtful boy, never venturing to ride, or walk, or eat without

having previously selected some topic for thought. The subject with which he proposed to beguile the two miles between the residence of his mother and his destination was one that had interested him very much of late: "The difficulties which mariners have met in their attempts to discover a north-west passage." It seemed to him that all the icebergs which his imagination pictured in the polar seas appeared very much like the Lombardy poplar trees which grew in front of Colonel Harwood's mansion. He thought of polar bears, but they all seemed to wear a kind of human expression of countenance, somewhat like the whiskered face of Colonel Harwood himself.

Just as Mr. Grasshopper's ideal mariners had reached midwinter in the polar seas he stood upon the stone steps whence he could distinctly read upon a silver door-plate, "COLONEL H. W. HARWOOD." He rang the bell, and as the sound came back to him through the empty hall, he fancied it was like the metallic sound which icebergs make when driven together by the waves. While these thoughts were yet trooping through his brain the door was opened before him, and with all proper dispatch and promptitude he requested an interview with Miss Harwood. He was conducted into the parlor and met by a smile of welcome from his former schoolmate. He was gratified with his reception, albeit he was greatly surprised at seeing a gentleman in the room whom Isabella introduced to "Mr. Grasshopper" as "Mr. Middleton." The only word he uttered while the ceremony was being performed was "Mr. Middleton," and his voice went forth and rang back into the chambers of his brain very solemnly. The name which he mechanically repeated seemed the knell of his fondest hopes, for what lady would hesitate for a moment in making choice between two names when she had an opportunity of comparing them by speaking them together!

On his way home Mr. Grasshopper thought of the great number of mariners who had lost their lives in navigating the polar seas. He considered it a merciful providence that all did not lose their lives.

As Mr. Grasshopper found that the romance of life was not made for him, he determined to try the reality. He would devote himself to some profession—could perform some duty that would place the world under obligations to him.

Convinced of the power and supremacy of the press he turned his attention to authorship. He partly made arrangements with a book-publishing firm to bring out a thin muslin-bound

volume of poems. But the book was never issued. Probably the publishers understood human nature, and knew that a book bearing the unpropitious title of "*Grasshopper's Poems*," could never be popular among people whose heroes and favorites must bear euphonious names and high-sounding titles.

When Mr. Grasshopper surveyed the whole round of arts and professions, and saw that by engaging in them he must link with them his unclassical name, his heart sunk within him. He felt that he was under the influence of an evil destiny. But his afterthought was better and much more manly. He determined to find some appropriate mission and fulfill it nobly for the benefit of mankind, whether rewarded with gratitude or not.

The city of M. was five hundred miles from Mr. Grasshopper's birthplace. For some years the peaceful people of that town had been troubled by the perverseness of a number of graceless boys. The city fathers, in long and solemn councils, had endeavored to find a remedy for the *growing* evil. Finally a wise alderman originated and matured a plan which resulted in the establishment of "The M. City House of Instruction, Relief, and Correction for the Indigent and Evil."

Some of the best business men of the town were appointed trustees, who immediately ordered the publication of the following in "The M. City Weekly Soothsayer."

"NOTICE.

"From and after this date till May 1, 18— the Trustees of the M. H. I. R. C. I. E. will receive sealed proposals for teaching the future inmates of that institution, mentally, morally, and physically. Applicants will direct proposals to the care of U. V. HORNQUILL, City Clerk.

"March 1, 18—."

On the first day of May the Trustees assembled. After the usual introductory formalities the City Clerk produced two letters, which he laid before the trustees for their action. One proved to be from a resident of M., whom they all knew—an energetic and reliable man. His place of residence proved an insuperable barrier in his way, as a man from abroad was desired, consequently he was voted on and rejected without a dissenting voice. The second letter was now taken up. The post-mark, "Pineville, March 15," preposessed them greatly in favor of the applicant. The letter commenced with an elegantly written eulogy on the benefits of philanthropy. Secondly, was delineated the gratitude which all ages will bestow upon those men, and especially

upon those municipal corporations that establish benevolent institutions. Thirdly, was set forth the duty which devolves upon men of talent and education of devoting themselves to the work of benefiting and instructing the erring and neglected, regardless of self-interest or pecuniary emolument. After this introduction the writer avowed his willingness to sacrifice his own personal ease and enjoyment for the good of humanity. The letter was signed Joseph G. Hopper.

The trustees were delighted. They hardly knew what characteristic of their correspondent to admire most, the distance at which he lived from them, the philanthropic sentiments which he expressed, the modesty with which he offered his services, or his entire removal from worldliness, which was manifested by his making no mention of pecuniary consideration. Doubtless all of these influences had their weight in making a unanimous vote in favor of Mr. Joseph G. Hopper for "physical, literary, and moral instructor" in the M. H. I. C. I. E.

Previous to this time, one rainy evening near the middle of March, Mr. Joseph Grasshopper walked down the principal street of his native town and stepped into the bar-room of the Pineville Hotel. He seemed much dejected, and had he lived fifty years before it might have been supposed that he was about to drown his sorrows in the oblivious tide of rum. But forty years had made a great change in the character of inns and innkeepers, and the Pineville Hotel was known far and near as a "temperance house." Hence, no one who saw Mr. Grasshopper go in supposed that he was placing himself in the presence of temptation. He merely entered to beguile a leisure hour in reading some newspapers, which the worthy and intelligent landlord had been so rightminded as to place upon a side-table for the benefit of his guests and friends.

Mr. Grasshopper's eye swept from column to column with the speed and eagerness which characterize the experienced reader of newspapers. One of the newspapers contained a small paragraph in one corner, which especially attracted the reader's attention. He read it once and again. The last reading had an influence on his countenance, for a neighbor who sat opposite asked him if there was any late news from Mexico, thinking perhaps there had been a recent battle between the American forces and those under General Santa Anna. He replied that there was none of importance. He took a small blank-book from his side-pocket, in which he made a hasty memorandum and then left the room. The questioner remained to wonder why

a man who was not a soldier should take interest in unimportant war news. When Mr. Grasshopper reached his room he wrote a long letter, which he signed "Joseph G. Hopper."

In "The M. City Weekly Soothsayer," of June 10th, the trustees were happy to announce to the interested public that the position of superintendent of the M. H. I. C. I. E. was filled by the election and acceptance of Mr. Hopper, a gentleman every way qualified for his high station. The new officer was duly inaugurated and entered upon his duties with earnestness and zeal.

Under his laborious hand, and with the impulse of his philanthropic heart, a place which some men would have made a mere prison-house for offenders became a garden of beauty, a home of happiness, a place of the first kindling in many breasts of high hope and good principle. Many sons of poverty and neglect went forth from his presence with a good prospect of causing the world to forget their early errors and speak only of their subsequent good deeds.

The longest life is soon done, and men sometimes die in the midst of useful labors. Near the close of the fourth year of his new life of labor, Mr. Hopper was seized with a slight illness, which grew worse and worse till one evening just at sunset he died, while many of his friends were weeping at his bedside.

In his will he requested that if his friends should think proper to erect a monument over his body it should be a very plain one, with no name or inscription upon it. People wondered at this singular request, and thought it a posthumous manifestation of that modesty which had so beautifully characterized him in life.

There is not a more tasteful monument in the beautiful cemetery of M. than the nameless one. No grass grows in the walk which winds around from the entrance gate to this grave. Though there is no engraved eulogy, yet the story of his usefulness is often told at the grave-side by living lips which speak more warmly than marble can.

The world looks too much toward names and reputations. At the roll-call on the battle-field of life it matters not so much how well a name sounds as that the voice answering to it be untrembling and firm, as that the heart and soul which bear it be brave and valiant. The names, the characters, the reputations which our ancestors made and bore, if good should not lift us too high in the world; if unfortunate and bad, they should not place us below those who are no better than we.

THE DEFAMERS OF EVANGELICAL ENTERPRISE.

BY JUNIUS.

THE stupendous undertaking of bringing all the races and nations of the globe under the dominion of one faith, is one of the principal features of Christian activity by which the satirical giggle of the "wise and prudent," who have no sympathy with the movement, is provoked. Now, I am not going to enter into any of the questions which such a vast enterprise may very fairly suggest. The ethnologist, the physiologist, the historian, and even the theologian, may have objections to the design, may doubt its feasibility, or may perceive wiser methods of pursuing it. And when such objections are temperately stated, such doubts respectfully expressed, and such suggestions sincerely made, it is the duty of missionary advocates and managers gravely and carefully to consider them. But rude laughter, at the supposed blunders made by those who know nothing of these questions, or who have come to their own conclusions in respect to them, shows but a shallow conceit or a contracted soul. The perpetrators of "the missionary follies" have, at least, done this—they have carried religion to the extremities of the earth as a divine motive to human culture; and this is better than if they had carried a mere human culture as the means to a true religion: but their defamers have not even done this. They have staid at home, and amused themselves at the expense of the generous and faithful, who have left houses and lands for His sake who did the same work on an infinite scale in his day.

The objections to evangelical enterprise are generally associated with a professed solicitude for the interests of civilization and humanity. It is argued that the great achievement of human redemption must begin with the understanding, and that, in time, the heart will right itself. If you would have men pure, teach them cleanliness; if you would see them devout in worship, give them half a dozen lessons in etiquette. When they ask, "What must I do to be saved?" hire them to work in a cotton-factory. Are they dull? Let them have a game at cricket. Do they burn their wives or throw their children in the sea? Read to them a page or two of Elliotson. Are their habits unhealthy, degrading, suicidal? Blessed are those who shall lay hold of a copy of Combe's "Constitution of man!" In short, as a universal panacea for all their ills, there is no specific like Cooker's "Arithmetic!" The multiplication-table is infinitely to be pre-

ferred to the table of ten commandments. Only make a man perceive how two and two make four, and he will cast his idols to the moles and the bats forthwith. Tell him that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, and his countenance will radiate with ecstasy; he will cast off all old prejudices; he will devote himself instant to the problems of his origin and of his destiny; and his hopes will bloom with immortality and eternal life.

Now, supposing, for the sake of a personal application of the argument, we grant all this, will the wisecracks who declaim so loudly, lustily, and wittily about "the missionary follies"—will the disciples of Harriet Martineau or of M. Comte, go to the South-Sea Islands, to China, to Western and Eastern India, to Africa—will they go even to the poor and wretched at their very doors, to teach their glorious gospel? Will they form a society to give a copy of their vaunted "Constitution of Man," or their infallible "Euclid," to every denizen of this unhappy world? Have they their organizations of practical science, and of educational philanthropy? Can they find a single individual generous enough to carry out the theory they so perseveringly defend? It may be very atrocious to give a man a stone when he asks for an egg; and when he asks for a "copper," to insult his poverty with a "tract;" but is it not worse, when they groan in bondage, to mock them with your ethnological hypotheses? and when they ask for salvation, to mystify them by your present of a phrenological bust? But you will not even do this. You tuck the figured crockery-ware under your arm, and say to the poor suppliant, in whose civilization you have so supreme an interest, "No! if you want one of these saviors, go to my shop and buy one. Here is my card."

The fact is, nothing but a profound religious zeal will enable a man to seek out and to save his fellow-man. We hear how much commerce has done for religion: can not somebody tell us how much religion has done for commerce? Till you feel that you are responsible to the great God for doing your duty to others, you have no adequate motive to restrain you from a supreme consultation of your own personal interest. Believe a book to be the veritable revelation of the Divine will, able to make wise unto salvation, and you have then a strong inducement to give it to every man; yea, and to teach every man to read, that he may understand it when he has got it. Draw two pictures in two moments! Here is a simple child of the holy One—untrembling in his faith, uncorrupted in his happiness. He

embarks on the wide ocean; travels to a far-off country, with his Bible in his hand; he sits down, on his arrival, patiently to learn the language of his new home; he laboriously translates his book into the tongue of the natives around him; and then, with unaffected love, he calls them, one by one, saying unto them, "Learn to read; for I have here a book which will teach thee how to live without sin, how to die without dread, how to hope without presumption, how to worship without idolatry." Here is another man: he sets out on the same journey, undertakes the same hardships, and says to the objects of his grand solicitude, "Learn to read this book; for it will instruct you how to cast accounts; what to eat, and what to avoid; how to work without fatigue; how to play without degradation; how to get rich without dishonesty; how to be selfish, and, at the same time, just; it will refine your manners, polish your wit, enlarge your information; in short, it will make you good men of business, sharp at a bargain, and elegant in prosperity!" Who is the fool? Luckily for the sneers at the former character, no man has ever been fool enough to afford the fun of a comparison.

"Ah! but in your picture, you have given too much credit to your client: the missionary preaches first, and teaches his savage auditor to read afterward." Just so; and why? Because a religious interest is as necessary to secure his attention, as it is to lead his teacher to invite it. If the civilized can not acquire the necessary disinterestedness to appeal to the population of the antipodes apart from his profound sense of religious obligation, how can he expect that population to listen to his appeal till the same sense is awakened? He, the intelligent and the refined, will only hazard so much to *save* his brother: is it likely then that his brother, ignorant, bigoted, and proud, will submit to so much but to be *saved*? The religious motive is necessary to the undertaking of the experiment; in even greater degree, it is necessary to its success.

Civilization is the fruit of great religious or national revolutions. The entire history of the world might be cited in confirmation of this hypothesis. And when international conflicts have preceded new developments of civilization, those conflicts have, most frequently, been directly or indirectly incited by religious agitation. A nation can only be stirred from within or from without by deep religious inspirations. Wars may rage; but if faith be not an element of the strife, it will end with the shedding of blood; and its monuments will be confided to the fame of its heroes, and the traditions of its barbaric glory.

Religious corruptions can only be cured by religious purity. A base superstition will in time destroy itself; but its ruins will be dismal, poisonous, disgraceful. If it be removed by the introduction of a more exalted and transparent economy, its abolition will be an era of progress, and a consummation of blessing. The gross abominations of the Papacy in the French Revolution, found their natural, self-wrought explosion. Subsequent political misfortunes may be attributed to the absence of a new and higher faith to engage the conscience and control the passions of the people.

With the prosperity of the Church the general culture of society improves. As the inhabitants are taught a clearer knowledge of God, they intuitively recognize the more sacred claims of their fellows. Reading the Bible, they are prepared to read other books. Having mastered the ten commandments they pass naturally enough to the multiplication-table. Now that they are familiar with the sermon on the mount, it is competent for them to proceed to the study of mathematics. The missionary heroes have imbued them with the hallowed atmosphere of Calvary, they can sustain galvanic shocks, and physiological disquisitions.

"But," say the sneerers, "if these good people are so interested in the redemption and elevation of mankind, it is a pity they will not bestow a little compassion on the miserable sinners of their own country." And are not ragged schools, Sunday schools, city missions, sailor's friend societies, orphan charities, reformatory institutions, female protection societies, humane associations, temperance leagues, and a thousand other domestic philanthropies, advocated and sustained by these very philanthropists? Yes, and are not the ambassadors of both classes of enterprise, almost without exception, the same men? Our sneering scribblers and caviling devotees of science do not show their hand or exercise their benevolence even when the "miserable sinners of their own country" are being cared for. True, some improvement in the method and the enthusiasm of these departments is possible; and, in time, it will be made, but not by the worldly-wise men, or the "positive" philosophers of our day.

Of what, then, is the missionary enterprise truly the type and the center? Of liberality without stint. Of enthusiasm in the service of God, and of untiring perseverance in the service of man. Whatever of official and organic disinterestedness our times have witnessed, has been associated with this glorious enterprise. Mam-

mon-worship is the crime of our age. But here an altar to the true God has been erected, and on it have been deposited the sacrifices of innumerable benevolent and consistent devotees.

A VISIT TO THE SISTER OF MARAT.

BY AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

AFTER hearing from the niece of my old washer-woman the interesting account of the death of Marat, and the courageous behavior of Charlotte Corday after the event, I determined to hazard a visit to the sister of Marat, who was then living. Rue de la Barillarie, No. 32, was the address given me. I found an alley, narrow and somber, guarded by a low gate. Upon the walk I read these words: "The porter is to be found on the second floor." I mounted. At the second floor, I demanded Mademoiselle Marat. The porter and his wife looked at each other in silence. "Is it here?" I asked, impatiently. "O! yes, sir." "Is she at home?" "Always—this poor woman is paralyzed in her legs." "What story will I find her?" "On the seventh—the door to the right!" The wife of the porter, who till then said nothing, exclaimed in a bantering voice—

"You will not find a very young woman, I warrant you."

I continued to mount. The staircase became steeper; the walls, without paint, showed in full day the dirty nakedness of the plaster. Arrived under the roof, before a door badly closed, I knocked; after some moments waiting, during which I gave a last glance of the eye to the wretchedness around me, the door opened. I stood struck with astonishment. The being who opened the door and stood before me was Marat himself. I had been warned of her resemblance, almost supernatural, to her brother, yet was startled to find it so real. Her coarse, shapeless dress, with a napkin wrapped about her head, from under which very little hair escaped, all worn by a masculine-looking woman, added to the illusion—for one remembers the white cloth upon Marat's head at the hour of his death in the bath.

I made the customary salutation, asking, "Mademoiselle Marat?"

She fixed her eyes, black and piercing, upon me, and answered, "It is here—enter." We passed by a gloomy cabinet, where we saw a kind of a bed. This cabinet led to a chamber, very neat, but miserable. The furniture consisted of three chairs, a table, a cage where sung two

canaries, and an open armoire which contained a small collection of books. One of the windows being broken, it had been replaced by a sheet of oiled paper, which threw in the room, from the rainy day, a light gray and dull. I was not able to prevent myself, in noticing all this, from thinking upon the disinterestedness of those revolutionary kings, who had held in their hands the fortunes and heads of all Paris, and yet died leaving their widows and sisters to garrets on the seventh floor, without clothing, and perhaps without food or fire.

The sister of Marat placed herself in an arm-chair, and invited me to sit myself near her. After stating my name, and the object of my visit, I hazarded some questions about her brother. She spoke to me, I must say, rather of the revolution than of Marat. I was surprised to find, under the dress and outward seeming of a woman of the people, a language correct, precise, and vehement. I there recognized all the ideas, and often the expressions, of her brother. Also, she was having over me, added to the gloom pervading the chamber, a strange effect. The terror which attaches itself to the men and things of 1793 penetrated me, little by little; I became cold. This woman seemed less the sister of Marat than his shade. I listened to her in silence—to the words which fell from her lips.

"One finds not," said she, "a republic on gold or ambition, but on virtue. It is necessary to moralize the people. A republic needs pure men, who, to the attractions of riches and the seductions of power, will be inflexible. There is no other glory on earth than to work for the rigid enforcement of just and equal laws. Cicero is great, because he has crossed the designs of Catiline, and defended the liberty of Rome. My brother, himself, is to me something, only because he has worked all his life to destroy the factions, and to establish the welfare of the people; otherwise I would disown him. Monsieur, remember this well: it is not the liberty of a part, but the liberty of all, that is required, and this can only be obtained through reason and virtue. Tyranny does not spring from the unjust nature of the few, but the debasement of the many. The weed springs from the uncultivated, rank soil; cutting the weeds will not correct the evil. Good must be sown, and sustained in its struggles to take the place of corruption. My brother died at his work. In vain they may assail—they can never efface his memory!"

She spoke then of Robespierre with bitterness. "There was nothing in common," added she, "between him and Marat. If my brother should

have lived, the heads of Danton and Camille Desmoulins would not have fallen."

Interrogated if her brother had been truly the horse doctor of the Comte d'Artois—

"Yes," said she, "it is the truth; and, being such, he was pursued, later, by a crowd of countesses and marquesses, who sought to win him from the cause of the people. They judged him by themselves, and thought, because poor, he must be corrupt. Indeed, it was rumored at one time that he had sold himself for a chateau. Monsieur," added she, showing me with pride her miserable abode, "look; I am his sister, and his only heir; behold the chateau."

I surprised her, several times, fixing upon me looks distrustful and inquisitive. The suspicions of the revolutionists of 1793 had not died in her. She avowed to me that she had need of information upon my patriotism. I saw her also become angry at some of my observations—it was truly the blood of Marat. The principles advocated by her brother made up the whole legacy left to her keeping. The man, calamitous, sorrowful, and unfortunate, was in her eyes but the passing shadow—his doctrine, the substantial good left to all humanity.

My interview would have been protracted, and perhaps more interesting, but I left impatiently, on her alluding accidentally to Charlotte Corday, and calling her "an infamous woman of the pave." I am somewhat ashamed to own this, for it was Marat's sister denouncing her brother's assassin; but the language was so severe, and the look so strong, I forgot myself. As I rose to go, she followed me to the door, catching at the table, chair, and wall, as she passed, staggering, for her infirmities seemed under excitement much worse, and said:

"If you wish more information, come again, and if I am alive you shall have it; but age and infirmity make it uncertain. The porter will open this door some day and find a flickering light blown out."

I turned to look at the almost skeleton form, dark, threatening, and terrible, and it seemed as if I gazed upon the last phantom of the reign of terror, scowling as it disappeared.

We never met again.

AFFLICTION.

MANY promises are scattered in the Bible like stars in the firmament; and if it were always day we should not have known there was a star in the sky; so many of God's promises only shine, or at least shine brighter, in the night of affliction.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE ONLY SAFE HIDING-PLACE.—When God gives an organ or an attribute, we may be very sure that he has provided the counterpart object and the appropriate element. Its fins tell us that that little fish was made to swim; its wings tell us that this little bird was made to fly; its finger-rootlets tell us that yonder ivy was made to clasp and climb; his yearning, admiring, adoring faculty tells us that man was made to love and worship. You put the golden carp in a crystal vase; you shut up the singing lark in a wooden cage; you plant the ivy in a Wardian case; and you bestow your whole heart, and soul, and strength, and mind, upon your dearest earthly friend. And each has a little of its element—a little exercise for its peculiar faculty—exercise enough to feel at last cabined, cribbed, confined. The fish has room enough to float, and the bird has space enough to flutter; the plant has room enough to grow and dispread itself a little, and the creature-worshiper has object sufficient to take him out of himself a little way, and break up his absolute selfishness. Yet this is not enough. It is only enough to awaken an instinct which it can not gratify; and till it gets its Creator's counterpart, the craving for its proper good will keep the imprisoned creature restless and unquiet. The finny and the feathered captive each alike want something to complete the fullness of its joy; the twining herb reaches the limits of its range, and curls up its tendrils or twists them back upon itself; and the creature-worshiper is haunted with fear of evil, or grows cross and weary with his idol. But in all this it is man who is marring the work of God. Give each his proper scope, and you will at once make each of them happy. That golden fish God made for the sunny eastern river; that strong-winged bird he made for the blue and boundless firmament; that clasping, tenacious plant he made for the tall crag or the towering forest-tree: even as for that panting, aspiring, clinging soul of yours, he has provided a rest and a rejoicing in his own infinite excellence and uncreated all-sufficiency. Reader, take that range. Launching into the river of God's pleasure, mounting into the high noon of adoring assurance, clinging to the Rock of Ages, and inclasping the tree of life, rise to the fullness of your immortal powers, and taste the blessedness which was man's in the beginning. And if this you learn to do, you need mourn no irreparable loss nor fear any careless sorrow; for in all events your heart's best treasure is secure, your truest Friend is deathless. There may be danger in the sunny creek, but you have a hiding-place and safety in the deep and ample river. There may be a serpent in the grass, or an inundation may drown the nest amidst the meadow flowers; but even while you alight on the sod you keep your eye on the firmament, and when the fields are flooded you can soar upward and sing at heaven's gate. A dear companion may die, or a fond hope may prove a bitter disappointment; but "the Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock." "My flesh and my heart falleth; but God is the

strength [margin, **THE ROCK**] of my heart, and my portion forever."

"**NOT YET,**" AND "**NOT QUITE.**"—"*Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time.*"—Acts xxiv, 25. "*Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*"—Acts xxvi, 28.

In recording the effect of the two last discourses of Paul, the Holy Spirit has indicated with emphatic distinctness the usual state of mind of those who hear the Gospel, and are not saved. Felix said, "*Not yet;*" and Agrippa said, "*Not quite.*"

The judgment is convinced, the heart is touched, the knockings of the Holy Spirit are heard and recognized. Will the sinner absolutely refuse? No; he dares not. He can only say, "*Not yet.*" That is enough. The Spirit is grieved, and is gone. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; but man's convenient season is God's abhorrence.

Another says, "Good Master, I am ready to be a Christian now." The Savior explains what it is to be a Christian; and the young man sorrowfully adds, "But *not quite.*" *Not yet!* and *Not quite!* Fatal words! They are Satan's equivocating synonyms for *never* and *not at all*. They look toward heaven, and take hold of hell.

Fellow-Christian, let us, in self-examination, ponder these words. When the Master says, "Take up thy cross, and follow me;" "Seek first the kingdom of God;" "Go, preach my Gospel;" "Love thine enemies;" "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off;" when the Holy Spirit shows us sins to be mortified, and duties to be done; when conscience awakes, and talks to us, let us listen, lest, perchance, in the recesses of our hearts, may be heard the echo of these sinful words, *Not yet—Not quite.*

THE BOOK OF NATURE AND SALVATION.—Once, when traveling in a railway carriage, Dr. Robert Newton found himself in the presence of an infidel, who soon began to obtrude his opinions upon his fellow-passengers, declaring his contempt for the Bible, adding that he needed it not; the book of nature affording him all the information that he required on religious and moral subjects. Dr. Newton observed a young man in the company who might receive injury from these remarks, and, therefore, deemed it his duty to interfere. Looking at the infidel, he said, "The book of nature, sir, that you have mentioned is a large volume; and he is a very learned man that is acquainted with all its contents; yet there is one subject on which I think it gives no information." "Indeed!" said the infidel: "what is that?" "What is that?" rejoined Dr. Newton: "it is salvation." "Salvation!" answered the infidel. "Ay, salvation," responded the Doctor. "Every man is sensible, from what passes in his own conscience, that he has done wrong; and that which all people confess to be morally wrong every-where meets our sight. To do wrong renders us liable to punishment; and, therefore, we need salvation. But where do you find any thing about salvation in the book of

nature? Do you read it in the grass of the field, either when it grows or when it fades away? Do you find it in the ever-varying surface of the sea, or in the clouds as they pass over your head? The book that you exclusively admire was written too soon for the purpose of instructing men with respect to the nature and method of salvation. It was written before there was sin in the world, and, therefore, before salvation was needed." The infidel stared aghast, but said not a word. An opportunity was thus afforded for calling attention to the value of the holy Scriptures, which are inspired by God, and are able to make men "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

SECRET PRAYER AND HOPE.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see;
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,

My God! silent to thee—

Pure, warm, silent to thee.

So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee!

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,

My God! trembling to thee—

True, fond, trembling to thee.

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my heart turns trembling to thee.

FORGIVING OTHERS OUT OF LOVE TO CHRIST.—I met yesterday with A. You know how much and how grievously he has offended me. I was just about to pass him coldly, when I thought on the Lord Jesus. For a moment the struggle was dubious. I held out my hand, and spoke to him; my heart burned within me, and I could hardly refrain from tears. How perfectly different it is to perform or omit an action on a thousand other grounds, or out of love to a forgiving Savior! I know not whether I am already regenerated; but this I do know, that it must be an inexpressibly blessed thing to be a true Christian. It often appears to me as if, through the knowledge of my own misery and corruption, I had been permitted to lift up, for a moment, the veil of a great sanctuary; and the glimpse thus obtained has so filled my soul with a reverential joy, that I would patiently wait for whole years before that veil if it might be once more withdrawn, fully assured as I am of the splendid glories which are behind it.

SIDE WINDS.—I have heard that a full wind behind a ship drives her not so fast forward as a side wind, that seems almost as much against her as with her; and the reason, they say, is because a full wind fills but some of her sails, which keep it from the rest, that they are empty: when a side wind fills all her sails, and sets her speedily forward. Whichever way we go in this world, our affections are our sails; and according as they are spread and filled, so we pass on swifter or slower whither we are steering. Now, if the Lord should give us a full wind and continued gale of mercies, it would fill but some of our sails; some of our affections—joy, delight, and the like. But when he comes with a side wind—a dispensation that seems almost as much against us as for us—then he fills our sails, takes up all our affections, making his works wide and broad enough to entertain them every one; then we are carried fully and freely toward the haven where we would be, the house of rest to all earth's true pilgrims.—*Owen.*

JESUS EVER ACCESSIBLE.—Jesus, the sinner's refuge, is always ready to save to the uttermost every poor sinner that turns to him for life. In the morning of our days, when the soul presents but the first blush of guilt, we are invited with a promise: "They that seek me early shall find me." At the high noontide of life, though familiar with transgression, and every pulsation is in rebellion against God, yet we may come, with the assured hope of acceptance. And in the winter of our days, though our hoary hairs be stained with sins of crimson dye, still we may come, and not be cast out! The evidence of this marvelous mercy is in the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To realize the toil and burden of sin is the only condition required. And this he bestows: it is the gift of his own precious, distinguishing grace.

FLYING TO GOD IN DANGER.—I recollect once when quite a boy, being on board the packet in the Bristol Channel; a storm suddenly came upon us, and almost overwhelmed us. We all with one accord fell upon our knees, and fervently prayed for the protection of God. Had a stranger to our fears seen us at the time, he would doubtless have said we were a most devout assemblage. But alas! such was not our case: it was the crowd of sins which flashed upon our minds which made us fall on our knees; for when God preserved us through the danger, and made the storm cease, then were we ashamed of having been engaged in prayer—of having asked God for that which, in the riches of his mercy, he bestowed upon us!

THE INFECTION OF SIN.—In the melancholy story of Baal-peor—Numbers xxv—we see the powerful effects of sin—one man the cause of the sin of thousands! It is said, if the plague once got into England, it would quickly spread over the whole land; even a tainted garment would be the cause of the death of thousands. This depicts, though very faintly, the dreadful effects of sin. Are you like Balaam, leading others into sin? doubtless, if you are willful sinners, you are doing so: none are content to sin alone. The last day will prove many not only suicides but murderers: they must then do justice to themselves, and confess that they slew not only themselves, but multitudes on multitudes of others.

A UNIVERSAL CURE-ALL.—I was once sent for to visit a poor woman who was laboring under a cancer, which had consumed almost her whole breast, so that I could see her viscera. How comforting to hear her say, when I compassionated her sufferings, "But, sir, what is a cancer in the breast, if the grace of God be in the heart?" There are many quacks in the world who say they can cure all diseases. It is an awful falsehood: nothing can cure all diseases but the grace of God. Grace is a panacea for all the evils man meets with; grace is the one thing needful—the only thing that can cure man's moral nature.—*Hewitt.*

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

BY CHARLES WHELEY.

Traveler, see thy gracious day
Swiftly drawing to an end;
Mend thy pace, pursue thy way,
Ere the shades of night descend.

Fear to lose a moment's space,
Walk, advance, and hasten on;
And when death commands thy race,
Dying, shout—thy work is done!

Editorial Review.

THE SKIN.*

THE reader will please not be alarmed at the topic chosen for this month's discussion, as we have no idea of turning physiologist and lecturing in detail on the structure or anatomy of the human frame. Our purpose is simply a brief talk on the skin—the wrapper with which every human body is invested—and concerning which the unmedical public know none too much. The skin is a membrane of inconsiderable thickness, enveloping the whole of the external surface of the body, following its prominences, its depressions, and its curves. It is described as consisting of three layers; namely, the scarf skin, the sensitive layer, and the corium. The scarf skin, also called the cuticle and epidermis, is horny and insensible in its character, and is a sheath of protection to the sensitive skin, or derma, which lies immediately beneath it. Our nails, the ends of our fingers, and the palms of our hands furnish illustrations of true and genuine scarf skin. The corium is the defensive portion of the skin, and consists of excessively minute fibers, which are collected into small bundles or strands, and these latter are so interwoven with each other as to form a firm, strong, and flexible net. The fibers of these strands are of four kinds, the greater part being white and inelastic: some are yellow and highly elastic but brittle; a third set are reddish; while a fourth are without strength or elasticity, but possess a faculty of independent motion, producing those states manifested by the skin, denominated goose skin, and causing under mental emotion or physical sensation the instant erection of hairs, etc.

The cells of the scarf skin contain more or less of a peculiar pigment, which makes the difference in hue of the different varieties of the human race—such as the blonde and the brunette, the European and the African, etc. Excepting the tinge which this pigment gives to our skin, all phenomena of color of the skin are referable to the quantity, velocity, or composition of the blood flowing through its capillaries or small tubes. When the mind, acting on the nervous system, causes a sudden distension or swelling of the capillaries, the usual red hue of the skin is suddenly heightened, and the state is called *blushing*. The reason why ladies blush easier than gentlemen, is the greater delicacy of their skin and the more susceptible condition of the nervous system. An opposite effect to blushing, namely, a sudden or intense paleness, may be produced by the same cause—the blood in the capillaries being forced from the skin upon some internal organ, the brain or the heart, and causing, in some cases, instant death. Blueness of the skin depends upon some retardation of the circulatory system; such a condition usually occurring in cold weather, when the vigor of the nervous system is reduced, and the little of blood remaining in the capillaries, after the inward propulsion, is compelled to move with great slowness and languidness.

The pores of the skin are numberless minute tubes, which traverse the three layers of the skin more or less deeply, and open on the outer or scarf skin in as many minute apertures. These tubes belong to three systems

connected with the cutaneous organs; namely, the perspiratory glands, the oil glands, and the hairs. Wash your hand thoroughly clean with soap and wipe dry, and take an ordinary magnifying-glass, and you will, on bringing it over the palm of your hand, discover innumerable little ridges of equal size and distance, and every-where running parallel with each other. On these ridges, without a glass, you can see the pores in even rows. Take your glass and look at the ridge, and each pore will look like a little fountain, with the sweat starting therein as clear as mountain spring water. Wipe it away and the instant you do it additional liquid springs up. Dr. Wilson tells us that he counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3,528 in a square inch. Each of these pores being the opening of a little tube nearly a quarter of an inch in length, it follows that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand there exists a length of tube equal to eight hundred and eighty-two inches, or nearly seventy-four feet. Admit seventy-four feet as the average drainage to every square inch of the human skin, and you can form some idea of the folly of those persons, who, in the neglect of proper bathing and otherwise, clog up their system and thus invite disease to come in and hold a revel with their organs. Physiologists state that on the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceed that of the palm; while on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch is 2,268, and the length of tube only forty-seven feet. Taking 2,800 feet, however, as the average length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, and 2,500 inches as the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk, we shall find the number of pores to be 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube to be 1,750,000; that is to say, 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly 28 miles. This, to say the least, is a very considerable length of drainage for the perspiration of our systems.

We are always sweating, or, rather, perspiring, summer and winter, through the day and during the night, in sickness and in health, and every-where and at all times, from the time we breathe the first breath of life till we die. When the moisture from our bodies passes off in the form of an imperceptible vapor, it is called *insensible perspiration*, and when on excitation of the muscular and nervous systems, and when chemical combination is active, perspiration becomes perceptible, and is more or less abundant, and then we denominate it *sensible perspiration*. Naturalists state as a fact of some novelty, that in the greater number of mammiferous animals perspiration never proceeds so far as to moisten the skin. Horses, cows, etc., sweat in common with man; but dogs, foxes, and wolves never do.

The surface of the skin, as is generally known, is oily in its character. It is so kept by an apparatus in its general particulars similar to the perspiratory apparatus. The tubes of the oil glands, however, differ from the tubes of perspiration in this, that they are more straight and are of greater diameter, being absent in certain situations, such as the palms of the hands and the soles of

* The Skin and Hair, their Preservation and Management, by Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S.

the feet, while they are more abundant on the face and nose, the head, the ears, etc., They produce the amber-colored bitter substance known as the wax of the ears, and on the head they resemble small clusters of grapes, and supply the skin with a pomatum of genuine home manufacture. Sometimes the oil glands, in consequence of certain habits of the person, become unable to expel the unctuous matter contained within, and the tubes of the glands distend beyond their natural limits, and the matter becomes impacted, and is only expelled by art—usually by squeezing the skin between the finger nails. In the year 1841 Dr. Simon, a German physician, discovered in the solid matter of the oil tubes certain minute and active little animals, an account of which he published the following year. Subsequently to this Dr. Wilson set himself to work for six months in succession to an examination of these little skin occupiers. He gave the animalcule the name of *sestosoon folliculorum*, which, translated, means the "animal of the oily product of the skin." The largest of those discovered was a little more than a quarter of a line in extent; that is, forty-five of them placed end to end would measure only one inch. In form and shape, when full grown, they resemble caterpillars, and have a distinct head with feelers, a chest, with four pair of legs and a long tail. Were we to produce as an engraving one of these little skin livers, as magnified by the microscope, our readers might start with a small thrill of horror at the peculiar kind of tenants they hourly and constantly carry by millions in the surface of their bodies.

The purpose of the oil glands is twofold, to lubricate and protect the skin, and to separate from the blood matters prejudicial to life and health.

Every part of our skin, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet excepted, is organized for the production of hairs. So analogous are the hairs to the scarf skin, that they come off when the latter is separated from the sensitive skin by the action of a blister, or by scalding, or decomposition. Over the greater part of the body they are short and fine, scarce rising above the level of the skin; while in other parts, as the scalp, the eyebrows, and the face in man, they grow to a very considerable length. If the hairs are not cut off, they will, at the termination of certain fixed periods, fall off, or be thrown off, as in the case of a change of coat in animals or moulting in birds. Measurements of the length of the hair in women show it to range between twenty inches and three feet, and its average weight about seven ounces or half a pound. In some extraordinary cases it reaches the length of five and six feet. A distinguished Scottish physician mentions a case of a lady of his acquaintance, the hair of whose head was two yards long, trailing on the ground when she stands erect. Another medical gentleman, a German, mentions that in the prince's court at Eidam is the portrait of a carpenter whose beard, in its greatest length, reached nine feet, or three yards, and that he had to carry it, when at work, in a light basket, fastened dexterously to his side. The Encyclopedia Metropolitana, in its article on zoology, speaks of one Hans Steinigen, burgo-master, who possessed a beard of wonderful length, and who, on one occasion, having forgotten to fold it up in descending a pair of stairs, trod upon it, and was thereby thrown down, and had his spine dislocated and himself instantly killed.

Investigations as to the number of hairs on one's head state the average number at 120,000. Persons living far north generally have light hair, while those who reside

in the temperate zones and toward the tropics have darker hair. Of the strength of the hair marvelous statements are made. Robinson, in his *Essays on Natural Economy*, says that the hair of a boy or girl eight years old will support a weight of 7,812 grains, or about four pounds; the hair of a man twenty-one years of age will hold a weight of 14,285 grains, or about eight pounds, while one from the head of a man aged fifty-six will bear 22,222 grains, or nearly twelve pounds weight. Strange as it may seem, physiologists generally agree that the hair of man is finer than that of women. Dr. Wilson, in an examination of the hair of eighteen men and eighteen women, found, in every instance, that the men's hair surpassed the women's hair in smallness of diameter and fineness of texture. Well-authenticated though rare cases can be cited of persons whose bodies have been covered all over with hair of a long growth.

People love to talk about good health and the means of securing it; but as a general thing its ghost is oftener seen than its reality. Any person who, by a neglect in the choice of his food or his clothing, or who by a lack of exercise or ablution, fails to obtain and preserve an agreeable warmth of his skin, will be certain to fail of another thing, the enjoyment of good health. Food, to be wholesome and properly nutritious, must combine all that variety of animal and vegetable which a divine Providence has bestowed on man. Dr. Prout has grouped all nutritive substances into four classes, termed the aqueous, or watery, the saccharine, the albuminous, and the oleaginous. The first of these needs no remark, the saccharine is derived from the vegetable kingdom, the albuminous chiefly from the animal kingdom, and the oleaginous from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Every variety of milk contains something of these four elements, and milk, it is well known, is one of the earliest and best articles of diet of which we can boast. A strictly vegetable or a strictly animal diet can not, on sound philosophical principles, be set down as the best for the development and health of the organs of man. There should be a variety; in fact a great variety in regard to our eating. To be eating the same thing day in and day out, summer and winter, will be almost certain to disorganize our system, and to induce disease of the skin. Children, especially, will suffer from such a course of feeding. "I once went to make a call," says a physician, "on a friend, two of whose children were sick, when something like the following colloquy took place:

"How are the children?"

"Not well, doctor, not well at all."

"Indeed, and what have you been feeding them on?"

"Nothing but food the most nutritious and harmless."

"What have they for breakfast?"

"Bread and butter, and milk and water."

"All the year round?"

"Yes, doctor, invariably the year round."

"What do they have for dinner?"

"Pudding—light, you know, not heavy things—no pastry, no fruit."

"I fear you did not understand my question; have they no meat?"

"Yes, O yes; mutton, say, at least three times a week; no beef—at least very seldom—chiefly mutton."

"Well, and what do they have for supper?"

"Bread and butter, and milk and water."

"This," says the Doctor, "was the end of our talk for that time. I left without any prescription for his children, who were suffering from eruptions on the head,

except this one, that they should have a change of diet at once." The prescription was followed by the somewhat startled father, and his children got well in short meter.

As to the time persons should eat, the quantity, etc., and as to what sort of clothes they should wear, we will not occupy space unnecessarily. It is a little mortifying to see how well and warmly grown-up persons will dress on cold days, while their little boys and girls of two, and three, and four years of age are made to wander about with bare arms and ankles, or with clothing so thin that they wear blue lips and noses the whole day, and are put to bed sick at night.

Dr. Edwards ascertained that the temperature of young puppies and kittens when lying near their mother was two degrees lower than that of their parent, but when these same puppies and kittens were removed a little distance off they rapidly cooled down till their temperature was on a level with the atmosphere. Seeing that such is the case, it is not any matter of wonder that about one-fifth of the deaths among children is traceable directly to colds, or to inflammations of the lungs or bowels supervening on cold.

Of exercise and bathing and their influence in keeping the skin in a healthy condition scarcely too much could be said, and yet we must dispatch both topics in brief terms. English ladies have the reputation of rosy faces and healthy bodies, and American ladies a reputation for handsome faces and delicate health. How far climate goes to make the difference we will not stop to inquire. The women of Britain are in the habit daily of taking regular out door exercise. Especially do they walk much; while our female friends of this side the water do not take regular outdoor exercise, either daily, semi-weekly, or weekly. They occasionally take walks and get tired out in consequence; and they occasionally also take a ride of a few miles and have a headache in consequence when they get home. To render exercise profitable to you, it must be taken as regularly as you take your meals, and it must also be taken with a will. Going out on a walk alone, or poke an hour along to a tune as solemn as *The Dead March in Saul*, will not profit, but injure you. Dr. Franklin, in saying a few words to a friend on the subject in question, used these words: "I am ready to say and prepared to prove that there is more exercise in one mile's riding on horseback than in five in a carriage, and more in one mile's walking on foot than in five on horseback." Do not fret, then, if you can not sport a span of horses and a carriage, but get the company of a friend whose society is agreeable and dash out for a walk—out over the hills, and down the valleys, and through the woods; or if nothing else is practicable and you live in the city, take a couple of miles of parading along the pavement and make the best of your circumstances.

But mark, while exercise is indispensable, directly after exercise the physical system is in a condition susceptible of its most serious damage; in other words, then is the time for taking cold and obstructing the functions generally of one's body. So long as you perspire you are safe; but the instant you begin to reduce the external temperature of the skin the danger begins. A preacher preaches till he becomes excited and the perspiration starts. His lungs are warmed up and he goes out into an atmosphere colder than that in the church. He rides on horseback, may be in company with a friend, a quarter of a mile, or a half, or a full mile, and keeps talking all the while, or

if it is in the evening he hurries along to his stopping-place, eats heartily and goes to bed in a room which seldom gets ventilated, and wakes up in the morning with hoarseness or a cold, or something else of the kind, and wonders how he "got a cough." No person, after public speaking in doors, ought to talk in the open air till his lungs and his system have become reduced in temperature at least to what they were before he commenced speaking. And as to the practice of eating immediately after violent brain and lung exercise, and just before one retires to rest, it is simply absurd.

Of the influence of bathing on the health of the skin we have not space to speak as its importance demands. A man or woman who does not regularly bathe is deprived, not only of a means of genuine health, but of a real luxury. Every moment of one's life a multitude of useless, corrupted, and worn-out particles evaporate through the numberless small vessels of the skin in an insensible manner, and if these are not promptly and properly removed you will have to pay for your indiscretion with compound interest. Every plague of an epidemic, whether in the shape of a fever, a complaint of the stomach and bowels, or by whatever name called, will strike at you as a victim, and damage, either of a temporary or permanent character, will ensue. The most ignorant person knows a horse, in order to look sleek and be healthy, must be curried, washed, and sponged; and that same most ignorant person knows that he himself is of more value than a horse, and yet he never lets a wet sponge or towel get to any part of his body except his face or hands. The way most people act would indicate that water was poisonous as a general wash, and that soap was a powerful irritant. Away with such nonsense. There does not exist in the art of living a greater device for securing a vigorous and buoyant existence than bathing. To quote the language of Mr. Bain before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution: "It is one of the most powerful diversions to the current of business occupation; it can suspend for a time the pressure of our pursuits and anxieties, and return us fresh for the enjoyment of our other delights. To the three varieties of state which our bodies pass daily through, eating, working, sleeping, it would add a fourth, luxurious in itself, and increasing the relish for all the rest. It would contribute to realize the perfect definition of a good animal existence, which is, *to have the appetite always fresh for whatever is before us*. The health of the mind must be based in the first place on the health of the body; mental occupation and refined enjoyments turn into gall and bitterness if they are not supported by the freshness and vigor of the physical frame."

Do not be frightened by the moonshine talk of any body to forego the use of soap in your ablutions; for soap, by the admission of the best of physicians, never irritates the delicate skin even of infants. Depend upon it, when soap does develop irritation it is not the fault of the soap, but rather of the condition of the complainant. Let it irritate at first if it will, and blame yourself therefor. In the continued use of the article the irritation will cease, your skin will become healthy—will have the right complexion and tone, and will be kept comparatively free from wrinkles and eruptions. Follow a different course, bathe when you feel like it, say once a year, that is, in the middle of July or August, and if different results follow you will know readily how to account for them and to whose charge they belong. The blame will be yours only.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

LONDON RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—The London Tract Society held its fifty-sixth anniversary in Exeter Hall last May. From the report read we learn that tracts of this Society, in one hundred and twelve different languages, have been circulated to the amazing number of 673,000,000, exclusive of various other publications. The total receipts of the year 1854 were £69,236, or about \$330,000, being an increase over those of the past year of more than £1,000. The circulation for the past year was about twenty-eight and a quarter millions, being an increase, over that of last year, of nearly a million. Large grants were made for the use of soldiers and sailors in the Crimea and to the hospitals at Scutari.

DYSPEPSIA AMONG PREACHERS.—Dr. Hall, of New York city, in his medical journal, asserts that one great cause of dyspepsia in ministers is eating too soon after preaching. For two or three hours the tide of nervous energy has been setting in strongly toward the brain, and it can not be suddenly turned toward the stomach; but the mental effort has occasioned a feeling of faintness or debility about the stomach, and a morbid appetite; and if food is taken at all largely, there is not the nervous energy there requisite to effect its digestion, for the brain will be running over the discourse.

NIAGARA FALLS.—The gross power of the Falls of Niagara, is, according to Blackwell's observation, equal to that of nearly seven millions of horses; others, from different data, make it as high as ten or twelve millions, and even more. In fact, taking into account the constancy of its operations, the effect of this great cataract will bear a comparison with that of the entire adult laboring population on the face of the globe.

ROMISH MISSIONS.—According to an account just published, the receipts of the Societe de la Propagation de la Foi, in 1854, were 3,722,756f. This amount is the highest they have yet attained, with the exception of the last two years, when the jubilee caused an exceptional augmentation. Of the total amount, 2,205,501 francs have been contributed in France.

GOLD FOR MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.—It is computed that the amount of the precious metals consumed in various ways in the arts, is from forty to fifty millions of dollars' value per annum. The quantity used in the manufacture of watch cases, pencil cases, plate, household materials, and in the arts, is enormous. It is stated that for gilding metals by the electrotype and the water-gilding processes, and in the Staffordshire potteries, England, no less than 18,000 to 20,000 ounces are annually required. In Paris 18,000,000 francs are used for manufacturing purposes yearly; and in the United States \$10,000,000 is the estimated amount converted into ornamental jewelry.

ECHOES.—The best echoes—says a writer on architecture—are produced by parallel walls. At a villa near Milan, there extend two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces from each other, the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or, rather, a word quickly pronounced, is repeated about forty times, and a report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day, and

twenty by night. An echo on the north side of Shipley church, in Sussex, repeats twenty syllables. There is also a remarkable echo in the venerable church of St. Albans.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—This institution was founded over two hundred years ago by a band of the Puritans. In 1775 a Professorship of Divinity was established in consequence of Mr. Thomas Hollis, of London, bequeathing to the institution the sum of 3,610 pounds sterling. Unfortunately for the interests of evangelical godliness Harvard has been in the sway of the Unitarians for an indefinite time past. With its princely endowment of over two million of dollars, it does not educate each year more than one hundred and twenty students, whereas, considering its limitless facilities, it ought to educate from three to five thousand annually.

AN EDITORIAL POSITION.—Mr. James Pummill, for many years connected with the printing office of the Western Christian Advocate and Ladies' Repository, became, June 11th, editor of the Indianapolis Daily Republican. Mr. Pummill is known to many of the readers of this periodical as an elegant and graceful writer, and in his new position we doubt not he will sustain his reputation well.

OHIO COMMON SCHOOLS.—There were in Ohio, in 1854, the following number of youth between the ages of five and twenty-one:

	Males.	Females.
White.....	414,519	392,931
Colored.....	4,919	4,737
Totals.....	419,438	397,668
		419,438

Total number of white and colored youth.....817,196

Of the above the following number attended school during the year:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
White.....	344,089	309,068	453,157
Colored.....	1,265	1,174	2,439

The number in average daily attendance in common schools was 148,371 males, and 125,171 females; and in high schools 2,258 males, and 1,496 females. Of the total number of scholars 239,168 could read and write. The latter is more than one-fourth of the whole number of youth in the state.

The number and grade of schools is as follows: Common, 10,330; high, 57; colored, 48; English and German, 48. Number of teachers in common schools, 7,469 males and 6,413 females; and in high schools, 71 males and 63 females. The number of scholars enrolled compares as follows:

	Males.	Females.
Common.....	189,542	164,214
High.....	2,414	2,197

Number of school-houses built during the year 770; value \$346,943. Number in the state 7,235; value \$2,197,384, including lots and furniture. The amount of common school fund collected and apportioned during the year ending November 15, 1854, was \$1,118,089; special taxes collected to keep up common schools seven months in the year, \$404,378; collected for support of high schools, 25,232. Total funds derived from all sources, \$1,684,694. The average rate per scholar, paid for tuition out of school fund, was \$2.075.

OUR LAWYERS AND LAW SCHOOLS.—The census of 1850 returned the total number of lawyers in the United States in that year at 23,939, which gives one lawyer to every 817 inhabitants, the white population of 19,553,068 only considered. Great Britain in 1841 had 17,334 members of the legal profession, and a population of 18,717,870, or one lawyer to every 1,079 inhabitants. More than two-fifths of the entire number in 1850 were established in four states; namely, in New York, 4,263; in Pennsylvania, 2,508; in Ohio, 2,208; and in Massachusetts, 1,111: aggregate, 9,905. The first law school in the New England states was the Litchfield Law School established in 1783 by Tapping Reeve, afterward Chief Justice of Connecticut. At the present time the principal American Law School is that of Harvard University, founded in 1817. For the last two years the number of students has averaged 140, and the whole number since 1817 is about 2,000, of whom not quite half have taken the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The Law Department of Yale College was established in 1824. The number of students this year is 25; last year it was 38; and the whole number of those graduating and receiving the degree of LL. B. since 1843 is about 100. At Columbia College in New York city a professorship of law was established in 1793. The State and National Law School at Poughkeepsie was established in 1845 at Ballston Spa, N. Y., and was removed to its present location three years since. It has constantly had a large body of students, averaging 100 a year, the larger part of whom have graduated. The Law School of the University of Albany was organized in June, 1851, and the first session was commenced December 16th following. The number of students at the last term was 46, the usual average. The graduates in three years have been 19. The Law Department of Hamilton College was organized a year since, and now has 10 students. Virginia has two noted and long-established Law Schools. That of the College of William and Mary—the oldest in the Union except Harvard—was commenced in 1779. The total number of graduates is 167, which is but a small proportion of all the students. The Law School of the University of Virginia began in 1826, and now has 216 alumni. The aggregate of students since 1826 amounts to 1,448. In 1847 the Law Department of the University of Louisiana, in New Orleans, was opened. The number of graduates each year has averaged about 80. Of other southern schools there are but few. That of Wm. Tracy Gould at Augusta, Ga., has been successfully conducted for several years. That of the University of North Carolina was commenced in 1845, and now has two professors but not many students. The principal Law School in the western states has been that at Transylvania University, in which two professors of law were appointed in 1799. At its last semi-annual session it had 86 students, of whom 26 graduated. The Western Military Institute since 1853 has had a Law Department, with three professors. The Law School at Cincinnati was opened in 1833 with four professors, and for several years immediately following it had an average of 25 students, and is still in effective operation. At Bloomington, Ia., ten years ago, Judge M'Donald had charge of a Law School connected with the State University. The full course of study in all these schools is completed in two years. Graduates receive the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and in some schools this is conferred after eighteen months' study. The degree of LL. D. is seldom conferred except as an honorary title.

BRECKENRIDGE COAL.—The Breckenridge coal, from Kentucky, as a fuel, burns with a clear flame, great heat, and no dust, only some eight per cent. remaining as ashes; but chemical analysis shows it to possess other qualities still more valuable. By distillation there is obtained from a tun of this coal 15 gallons of purified illuminating oil, 35 gallons of lubricating oil, and above 18½ pounds of solid paraffine, worth together, it is supposed, some \$40 or \$50. The cost of manufacturing these substances from a tun of coal is about \$6. The lubricating oil is of great value for machinery, being superior to all animal or vegetable oils for that purpose. It also yields benzole in quantities; and a patent has been taken for making printing-ink from it also. From the paraffine excellent candles can be made, equal in all qualities to the best sperm. At the same time such is the compactness and toughness of the coal that it may be turned into knife-handles, inkstands, buttons, or other articles of that sort. It would be difficult to imagine a mineral which could be put through such a Protean list of transformations as this coal.

THE AUSTRIAN PUBLIC LIBRARY.—The Imperial Library of Vienna contains upward of 16,000 manuscripts on parchment in the Greek, Hebrew, Chinese, Indian, and Arab, and nearly 12,000 in the European languages on paper; there are also 12,000 in the Cunic character, upward of 280,000 modern works, 6,000 volumes of music, and 8,300 autographs of celebrated individuals. There are also in Vienna 17 libraries, among which the Imperial Library and that of the University are the most considerable.

SWEDENBORGLIAN PUBLICATIONS.—The Swedenborg Publication Society have stereotyped 11 royal octavo volumes, amounting to nearly 6,000 pages, at an aggregate cost of \$4,235.23; while about \$1,500 has been expended in plates during the past year, being nearly three times the amount expended the year previous. It has published in all 13,000 volumes, or more than 5,000,000 pages. Nearly 10,000 of these volumes have been ordered, and have gone forth from its depository, and more than 7,000 have been sold and paid for.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY.—It is stated that more than 120,000 volumes of Bancroft's History of the United States have been sold by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., and that the demand still continues. The Post says: "The historian has lately visited the southern states, where he has viewed the places the most remarkable by their historic associations, and is now at his elegant residence in New York, engaged upon a continuance of his truly national history. Another volume, however, may not be looked for under several years, as probably the volumes containing the whole of the next period of the history—the first part closing with the declaration of independence, and the second part completing the history of the war and closing with the peace of Paris—will be printed together.

POEMS OF WILLIAM C. BRYANT.—The poems of William C. Bryant have just been published at Dessau, in Prussia, by the house of Katz Brothers. This edition forms the first of their series of standard American works, which they are publishing under the editorial superintendence of Dr. Karl Elze.

DR. PAULI'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Geschichte von England—lately published, in three volumes, at Hamburg, is spoken of by the London Times as the most complete and impartial history of the island which has yet been written.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE. By J. S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. Two Volumes. Large octavo. Pp. 612, 666. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.—This work is splendidly illustrated with nearly three hundred engravings, and its mechanical execution is superb throughout. Mr. Abbott in this work has attained a style of historical composition surpassed by few historical writers, ancient or modern. Whatever may be thought of the glosses given to the historical facts of which this work treats, no one can deny the power of the writer. The book once taken up, will not be easily laid aside till the end is reached. In respect to his extreme adulation of Napoleon, Mr. Abbott has seriously offended the taste of a large portion of his countrymen, and has exposed himself to severe and just criticism. The work will no doubt be extensively read; and we opine will greatly ameliorate the stringency of the public mind against Napoleon.

BANCROFT'S LITERARY AND HISTORICAL MISCELLANIES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. 517 pp.—We are not prepared to believe that this work will add essentially to a literary reputation already as extended as it is mature and solid. But it will prove a welcome offering to the many friends of the author, and to the friends of English literature. The work, though fragmentary, is less so than might be inferred from its title—being for the most part composed of elaborate and extended papers, comprised under the general heads, "Essays," "Studies in German Literature," "Studies in History," and "Occasional Addresses." The essays are three in number, upon "The Doctrine of Temperaments," "Ennui," and "The Ruling Passion in Death." In the German studies we have the following papers: "General Characteristics," "The Revival of German Literature," "Men of Science and Learning," "The Age of Schiller and Goethe," and "Translations," principally from the German poets. In the historical "Studies" we have "The Economy of Athens"—a paper the American people would do well to read—"The Decline of the Roman People," "Russia," and "The Wars of Russia and Turkey." The "Addresses" are five in number, the closing one being the celebrated oration delivered before the New York Historical Society, at its semi-centennial celebration in 1854. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

LIFE IN EARNEST; or, Memoirs of Rev. Zenas Caldwell, A. M., First Principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary. By Rev. Professor S. M. Vail. For sale at the Methodist bookstores generally.—We have read this book with profound interest; and are most happy to learn that its scholarly and pious author will soon employ his pen in preparing a similar sketch of the late and lamented Professor Merritt Caldwell, a younger brother of Zenas.

STAR PAPERS is the quaint title of a volume of fugitive articles originally contributed to the columns of "The Independent" by Henry Ward Beecher. The first six papers comprise "Letters from Europe," and the succeeding thirty-two a wide variety of the "Experiences of Nature." There is a keenness of perception, a delicacy of fancy, and a fertility of expression and illustration in these papers that at once render them not less inter-

esting than improving. There is no mistaking their mental identity. "Henry Ward Beecher" glows in every thought and beams from every page. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo. 359 pp. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

COTTON IS KING is the quaint but expressive title of a 12mo. of some two hundred pages, recently issued by Moore, Wiltach & Co., of Cincinnati. It treats of the culture of cotton, and its relation to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; to the free colored people, and also to those who hold that slavery is in itself sinful. The author of this work—whoever he may be—has evidently had access to the fullest and most reliable sources of information upon the subject, and has manifested a commendable faithfulness and industry in gathering together the facts that bear upon it. The work will attract attention. While we are compelled to dissent from some of the conclusions of the treatise, we consider its copious aggregation of facts as entitling it to grave consideration.

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT; or, Danger in the Dark. By Isaac Kelo. Cincinnati: E. Hammon. 1855. 12mo. 300 pp.—The great success of Mr. Kelo's first work has induced the preparation of another, which is equally replete with "awful disclosures." We frankly confess we have no taste for such reading, nor do we ever wish to have any. We do not think it can contribute any thing to the moral soundness of even one anti-Papal conviction.

EMILY VERNON; or, Fictitious Exemplified. By Mrs. Drummond. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. 12mo. 380 pp.—A charming volume, well adapted to do good.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.—The second volume of this series is before us. Part I—"The Little Louvre"—contains fifty-two graphic "pictures" beautifully illustrated. Part II: "Frank; or, the Philosophy of Tricks and Mischiefs." Part II: "Emma; or, the Misfortunes of a Belle." The book is got up in fine style; and "Harper's Story-Books" bid fair to be as universally popular as was "Harper's Family Library" in its day. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

HUC'S TRAVELS IN THE CHINESE EMPIRE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. Two Volumes. 8vo. Pp. 421, 422. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.—M. Huc has already become well known in the literary world by his travels in Thibet and Tartary. He possesses a keen, observing eye, and unusual powers of vivacious, lifelike description. M. Huc, it is proper to remark, was a devoted Papist, and whatever concerns Christianity in the Chinese empire was seen and is described from a Roman Catholic stand-point. This mars what otherwise would have been an exceedingly valuable book; and, indeed, in spite of this, the work is one of great value. If we may credit M. Huc, the Romish missionaries have vast multitudes of adherents in the Celestial empire. But we fear the great body of them are but a very imperfect sort of converts—perhaps somewhat like the wholesale converts made by the Japanese missionaries, of whom Mr. Southey said they might as well have been "baptized by a steam-engine," so far as the attainment of any true knowledge of Christianity or experience of its power are concerned. Notwithstanding these defects, the work is one of real value, and will amply repay a perusal, and we commend it to the attention of our readers.

MINISTRY NEEDED FOR THE TIMES. *By R. S. Foster, D. D.*—This is a timely and able production—in the main, correct in its assumption of facts, clear in its elucidations, and forcible in its arguments. It should be widely distributed and read among our ministry and more intelligent laity. It may be that the author takes extreme positions and presents extreme views; but after all necessary deductions, there is a grand residuum of important truth. We do not understand him to assume that no man may enter the ministry unless liberally educated, or that men may be educated for the ministry without reference to a call from God—such propositions we should repudiate with all our heart—but that the Church now needs a more thoroughly educated and liberally informed ministry. That there is a growing conviction of the importance of this in the Church there can be no doubt; and how any man capable of appreciating the position of the Church—the advancement of the laity in intelligence, social position, and influence, the relations of Methodism to the theology of the age, the relations of the ministry to the development of the Church, and especially the nature of the ministerial work—can consider the subject without coming to the same conclusion, we do not well see. Fifteen years ago we were involved in a discussion upon the subject with Dr. Bowen in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*—the Doctor taking the negative. Though then but a boy as it were, the courteous bearing of the Doctor to us in that discussion gave us a high opinion of his Christian and gentlemanly character. Since then, we believe, he has espoused the same side of the question with ourself; and from that time forward we have marked the growing conviction in our ministry and among our more intelligent laity of the necessity of more attention to ministerial culture. The good effects of that conviction are already manifest. More attention is paid to our "course of study" and to our annual examination of candidates in the conferences. And also, through the indefatigable labors of Dr. Dempster, we already have two institutions—one at Concord and one at Chicago—established for this very end. We hope the subject will continue to be presented on all suitable occasions, and that it will be weighed in the balance of reason and truth, and not in that of prejudice and prepossession. We trust also that it will never become entangled with questionable measures of "reform" with which it stands in no necessary connection. We do not regard this so much a reformatory measure as a natural development of our system.

THE CHRISTIAN PROFESSION.—This is a series of letters addressed to a friend on the nature, duties, necessity, trials, and supports of the Christian profession, by Rev. Dr. Claybaugh. It is an excellent work, that can not be read without profit. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Co. 12mo. 216 pages.

PRAYERS OF ST. PAUL.—This is a 16mo. of three hundred and thirty-eight pages, issued by Carter & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Moore, Wiltach & Co., Cincinnati. The allusions to his prayers made in the history and epistles of Paul are here made the bases of forcible delineations of this holy exercise, as illustrated in the Christian life of St. Paul.

A MODEL FOR MEN OF BUSINESS; or, the Christian Layman Contemplated among his Secular Occupations. *New York: Carlton & Phillips. 16mo. 322 pp.*—Mr. Stowell's Lectures were highly appreciated in England. Dr.

Curry has revised them, and prefixed an Introduction, and thus appears as the American editor. The work supplies what has long been a desideratum in our religious literature—something specially devoted to the sphere and duties of business men. The modifications of the original work made by the editor are judicious, and greatly enhance its practical value. If this work can but find its way among our business men, and exert its legitimate influence upon their characters and lives, the results of its publication will be glorious, indeed.

TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE. *By J. M'Clintock, D. D. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 16mo. 154 pp.*—This volume contains the celebrated speech of Mr. Chandler, delivered in Congress during its late session; and nine letters from Dr. M'Clintock, in which the grave errors of that speech are exposed, and the prevailing Roman Catholic theory with regard to the temporal power of the Pope, set forth in the language of the Papal writers. This is a timely production, and will contribute much toward the unvailing of the true character of political Romanism. We wish we had more space to devote to it. We beg all interested in the subject—and what American is not?—to procure the volume and read it. Dr. M'Clintock has done a good service in its preparation.

THE BRIEF REMARKER ON THE WAYS OF MEN. *By Ezra Sampson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. 480 pp.*—We see no note in this volume indicating the fact, and its copy-right dates 1855, but, if we are not greatly mistaken, this is an old friend of our boyish days; but it is as much as we can do to recognize it in its new dress. It consists of compendious dissertations respecting social and domestic relations and concerns, and the various economy of life. The author has a direct way of getting at his thoughts, and a somewhat quaint way of expressing and illustrating them. He teaches many a practical lesson of great value.

A COMMONPLACE BOOK OF THOUGHTS, MEMORIES, AND FANCIES, Original and Selected. *By Mrs. Jameson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This book is divided into two parts: I. Ethics and Character. II. Literature and Art. It is full of striking and pithy remarks relating to a great variety of subjects. H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

LEAVES FROM A FAMILY JOURNAL. *From the French of Emile Souvenir. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is a new volume from the author of the "Attic Philosopher in Paris," who is justly regarded as one of the great lights of French literature. It is a story of domestic life drawn up with great simplicity and naturalness. Some of the scenes are painted with exquisite delicacy. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

MY MOTHER; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence. *Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 254 pp.*—This is a new and enlarged edition of a popular work first issued in 1849. It is not a biography, as many might suppose from its title, but a series of beautiful illustrations of the hallowed influences of a mother in the important work of educating her children. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster quarterlies, and also Blackwood, are republished by L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York city, and are for sale by the booksellers throughout the country; each

at three dollars, and the whole at ten dollars a year. Of the above we have received:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, for May.—Contents: 1. The Crystal Palace. 2. Venetian Dispatches. 3. Madame de Maintenon. 4. The Forrester. 5. Food and its Adulterations—an article worth the cost of the number. 6. The Emperor Nicholas. 7. Sir Richard Steele. 8. Public Affairs.

THE EDINBURGH contains: 1. Slavery in the United States. 2. Travels in Siberia. 3. English Surnames. 4. The Correction of Juvenile Offenders. 5. M. Huo's Travels in China. 6. Pascal Paoli. 7. The Chemistry of Common Life. 8. The Autocracy of the Czars. 9. Lord Brougham and Criminal Procedure. 10. Army Reform.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for May, contains: 1. The Length of Human Life. 2. Zaidée. 3. Poetry of the War. 4. The Campaigns of a French Hussar. 5. Modern Novelists—Great and Small. 6. Notes on Canada and the North-West States of America. 7. The Royal Scottish Academy. 8. The Cold Shade. 9. The Story of the Campaign—Written in the Crimea.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for May, contains: 1. Sir Walter Raleigh and his Times. 2. Scottish University Reform. 3. Works of John Scotus Erigena. 4. Reform of the Civil Service. 5. Mairhead's Life and Inventions of James Watts. 6. Literary Coteries. 7. Our Military Disasters and their Causes.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July, contains: 1. Taylor's Wesley and Methodism, by Rev. J. H. Perry—an able paper, in which the salient points of the work reviewed are canvassed with severe scrutiny. 2. The Plurality of Worlds, by Rev. J. Leavitt—a strong argument against "the plurality of worlds," in which the author makes the absurd proposition, that "it is impossible to make any theory of a plurality of worlds square with the scheme of redemption." 3. Life and Writings of John Pye Smith—principally historical. 4. Relations of Romanism and Protestantism to Civilization—a sturdy, powerful article, well fortified with facts. 5. Were the Ten Tribes of Israel ever Lost? by Rev. A. M. Osbon, D. D., who says "no" in response to the inquiry, and fortifies his negative position with Scriptural and historical facts, and with arguments that appear to us invincible. 6. Roman Slavery—an erudite paper from the pen of Professor Lindsay. 7. Hase's Church History, by Rev. W. D. Godman. 8. Letters on French Literature. 9. Short Notices of sixty-five books. 10. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

CIRCULAR OF THE GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.—This institution has now become a "fixed fact." Dr. Dempster is at its head, and Professors Goodfellow and Wright are his associates. It is located at Evanston, a few miles north of Chicago, which place is also the seat of the North-Western University. The institution affords rare advantages to young men proposing to enter the ministry. We trust the north-western conferences will rally around the institution, and give it a cordial support. A grand assemblage witnessed the closing of its first term, and eloquent addresses were delivered by Bishop Simpson, Rev. J. V. Watson, and others. The Chicago Democratic Press says of Mr. Watson's speech: "Let it suffice that for two hours and fifteen minutes we were regaled with 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.' The burden of that long refrain, whose melody still lingers like far-off music in my heart, was the absolute necessity

for a thorough education of the Methodist ministry—the scouting forever from the ranks of Methodism of that time-worn and obsolete idea, that a call from God, heard in the spirit, and a copy of his word in the pocket, are sufficient to qualify a man to preach. I do not believe Mr. Watson, at the close of his address, could have found a dissenter from his position in his auditory."

SENATOR BROOKS AND "†JOHN."—De Witt & Davenport, of New York, have issued in a pamphlet form the celebrated controversy between Senator Brooks and John Hughes, the Archbishop of New York, growing out of the speech of the former on the Church Property Bill in the state senate of New York. Senator Brooks not only maintains his positions, but he keeps his temper in the controversy, which is more than can be said for his antagonist. But this is not all; he damages the reputation of the Archbishop for veracity, and by a stern array of facts discloses the enormous revenues at the command of that prelate, and the dangerous power with which they are wielded. It is a work for Americans to read.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF THE STATE OF OHIO, for the Year 1854, shows the total amount of appropriations for the purposes of education in the state to have been for the year \$2,266,457. The enumeration of youth of school age is set down at 816,408, or 4,431 more than for the year 1853. The total amount paid the teachers in the common schools, the high schools, and other schools in the state, for 1854, was \$1,364,431. The number of common schools in Ohio is 13,914, in which 9,902 males and 8,502 female teachers have been employed.

CATALOGUES.—1. *Ohio Wesleyan University*.—R. Thomson, D. D., President, assisted by 7 professors. Students—collegiate department, 106; Biblical, 27; preparatory, 68; miscellaneous, 322; total, 511.

2. *Emory and Henry College*.—President, Rev. E. E. Wiley, A. M., assisted by 6 professors. Collegiate students, 73; irregulars, 142; total, 215.

3. *Wesleyan Female College, at Cincinnati*.—Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., is President, and is assisted by 22 teachers. Collegiate students, 147; preparatory, 242; primary, 58; total, 442.

4. *Herron's Seminary, Cincinnati*.—Joseph Herron, A. M., Principal, assisted by 9 teachers. Students, 204.

5. *Ohio Wesleyan Female College, at Delaware, O.*—The Faculty is composed of a president and 5 teachers. Classical students, 82; English, 170; total, 202.

6. *Western Reserve Seminary, Farmington, O.*—Rev. J. Greer, A. M., Principal, assisted by 6 teachers. Male students, 93; female, 98; total, 191.

7. *Xenia Female Academy*.—Rev. M. French, Principal, assisted by 6 teachers. Students, 132.

8. *Louisville Female College*.—Rev. S. Prettyman, A. M., President, assisted by 7 professors. Students, 122.

9. *Brookville College, Ia.*—President, Rev. J. W. Locke, A. M., assisted by 7 professors. Collegiate students, 97; academic, 100.

10. *Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, located in Philadelphia*.—The sixth annual announcement makes a showing of 10 professors, male and female, and 35 matriculated students. Six graduated at its fourth annual commencement.

11. *Scientific and Classical Institute, at Cincinnati—Second Annual Catalogue*.—Rev. E. S. Lippitt, A. M., Principal, assisted by 3 teachers. Classical students, 19; scientific, 17; preparatory, 12.

Notes and Queries.

MILTON OR NOT MILTON.—We give place to the following, and premise that we suspect the claim to Miltonic origin of the verses in question. Some of our critics can, perhaps, definitely solve the question:

"*Mr. Editor*,—Inclosed I send you a piece of poetry which was clipped from an English journal, and is, as you will see, attributed to Milton. The same piece of poetry is published in Harper's Magazine—April number for 1854—and attributed to a lady of Philadelphia. My object in sending it to you is to request you to publish it, and to inform us who is right, the Messrs. Harper or the English journal.

'LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

From the Oxford Edition of his Works.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown—
Afflicted and deserted of my mind—
Yet I am not cast down.
I am weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to thee,
O merciful One!
When men are farthest then thou art most near—
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.
Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.
On my bended knee
I recognise thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—thyself alone.
I have naught to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.
O, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless hand,
Which eye hath never seen.
Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.
It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.
In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.
Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine."

"**TAKING FRENCH LEAVE.**"—A friend wishes to know the origin of the phrase "taking French leave." We have no better solution than that suggested in a new volume before us, and we give the passage, without, however, vouching for its completeness as a solution of the question: "French people commit suicide. With

them it is the great remedy for all life's evils. The pangs of despised love are drowned or smothered; the vexed husband or wife finds here the only divorce; the young, too full of hope, one would think, seek it eagerly; the aged veterans of a thousand ills, and near the house of death by the course of nature, impatiently hasten the end. The very children, dreading punishment for having lost a bun, take flying leaps from bridges. It is the 'French leave' so proverbial."

DRINKING HEALTHS IN NEW ENGLAND.—The following deposition and confession are recorded in the Court Records at Salem, Mass.:

"This is to certify whom it may concern, that we, the subscribers, being called upon to testify against William Snelling for words by him uttered, affirm, that, being in way of merry discourse, a health being drunk to all friends, he answered,

'I'll pledge my friends;
And for my foes,
A plague for their heels,
And a poxe for their toes.'

Since when he hath affirmed that he only intended the proverb used in the west country; nor do we believe he intended otherwise.

WILLIAM THOMAS,
THOMAS MILLWARD.

"*March 12, 1651-2.*—All which I acknowledge, and I am sorry I did not express my intent, or that I was so weak as to use so foolish a proverb.

"GULIELMUS SNELLING."

Mr. Snelling was a physician, and his Latinized signature looks as if he were disposed a little to be pedantic. We heartily wish that "healths" and "toasts" on popular occasions might be utterly ostracized, and that those who make them might be required to make "deposition and confession."

"**COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.**"—This expression is repeated every-where. Who has not heard the famous couplet in Lochiel's warning?

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The English Notes and Queries gives the following interesting account of their origin. It is from Rev. Mr. Hill, who edited an edition of Campbell's poems. He says: "Touching the oft-repeated lines—

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before"—

the following memorial has been preserved. The poet was on a visit at Minto. He had gone early to bed, and still meditating on the wizard's 'warning' fell fast asleep. In the night he awoke repeating, 'Events to come cast their shadows before;' that was the idea he had been in search of nearly a whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increased force. At last the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mingled inspiration and impatience. 'Sir, are you ill?' inquired the servant. 'I'll never felt better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible.' He then started to his feet, seized hold of the pen, and wrote down the happy thought, but as he wrote changed the words 'events to come' into 'coming events,'

as it now stands in the text. Looking to his watch he observed that it was two o'clock, the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his 'cup of tea' he completed the first sketch of Lochiel."

MEET VS. MEAT.—*Answer to Query.*—*Mr. Editor,*—In your department of "Notes and Queries," in the July number of the Ladies' Repository, you give a few queries for your "correspondents to exercise themselves in the work." I propose to exercise myself upon the third query. Your querist says: "I often hear the petition in prayer put up, 'Make us fit meat for the Master's use and the Master's table.'" The passage of which this is a gross corruption is found in 2 Timothy ii, 21, and reads thus: "If a man, therefore, purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." The word *meet* as used here is an adjective, and signifies *fit, suitable, proper, qualified, adapted to a particular use or purpose*. In this form and with this signification it occurs twenty-four times in the Bible. Hence, it is said in Genesis ii, 20, "But for Adam there was not found an help meet [not a *help-mate*, as some will have it] for him." Thus, too, Paul says in Colossians i, 12, "Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet [*fit, adapted*] to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." According to this exposition, then, when we are "purged" and "sanctified" we are suitable for and adapted to the work and purpose of our divine Master. Those who mutilate this passage, by lugging in their *meat* and *table*, entirely destroy its meaning and beauty, and make it appear perfectly absurd and ridiculous.

Yours, etc.,

S. L. Y.

"**FIT MEAT.**"—*Second Answer.*—"Make us *fit meat* for the Master's use or the Master's table." Of course, there is no such expression in the Bible. It is a miserable perversion of Scriptural phraseology; and the expression is positively as barbarous and shocking as it is repulsive.

Men hear or read of being made "*meet* for the inheritance of the saints in light;" "a vessel sanctified, *meet* for the Master's use;" and by some strange jumble of ideas they transform this beautiful expression into the barbarous and uncouth one of "*fit meat*." The word *meet* denotes "fit, suitable, proper," etc.; very different from meat, signifying flesh—venison, beef, pork, etc.

Appropos to these barbarisms: we heard of a man, a minister of no mean standing, who read the text in Hebrews, "The earth which . . . bringeth forth herbs *meet* for them by whom it is dressed," etc., rendering it as follows, "The earth . . . bringeth forth herbs *and meat* for them," and preached from it accordingly!

We suppose that is found in the same book and chapter with those oft-quoted passages: "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." "My people shall be made willing in the day of my power." "As death leaves us, judgment finds us." "When we are in Rome we must do as Rome does." All these we have heard quoted as Scripture; and once we heard an orator close an impassioned appeal thus, "In the words of holy writ, 'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'" Another said he "could now say, in the affecting language of Abraham to Joseph, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" Two-Sticks.

MINOR QUERIES.—We cluster together a few queries, and will be glad to receive solutions from other hands:

"*Wake up, Ned.*"—*Mr. Editor,*—Can you tell the origin of the foregoing?

"*Suits Me to a T.*"—Can you give me the origin of this very common phrase?

Sew and New vs. So and No.—I would like to know, too, if *sew* is pronounced as if spelt so, why *new* is not pronounced as if spelt no.

"*Uncle Sam*" and "*Brother Jonathan*."—"Roderick" wishes to know the origin of these terms.

Jewelry.—An "Anti-Jew" asks us how the term jewelry originated.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

EPIGRAM ON JUDGE EDMONDS'S OPINION.—Judge Edmonds, who is known as a great abettor of spiritual-rappingism, gave, in a legal case, an opinion favorable to the constitutionality of the New York Liquor law; whereupon was written the following epigram:

"If law may stop the spirits' flow,
And make a crime of spirits-tapping,
Why may not law still farther go,
And stop the Judge's spirit-rapping?"

JOHNSON'S PREJUDICES.—In a tragedy read in his presence containing this verse,

"Who rules our freemen should himself be free,"

Johnson rebuked the sentiment—logic!—and said the poet might, with equal propriety, have written,

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

At the close of his Life of Dr. Watts, he pronounces the reader happy who should "imitate him in all but his non-conformity."

THE FIRST IN THIS WORLD.—The Duke of Wellington giving orders one day during his campaign, for a battalion to attempt a rather dangerous enterprise—the storm-

ing one of the enemy's batteries at St. Sebastian—complimented the officer by saying his regiment was the first in this world. "Yes," replied the officer, leading on his men, "and before your lordship's orders are finally executed, it will probably be the *first in the next world*!"

COUNSEL'S OPINION.—An eminent barrister had, some years ago, a case sent to him for an opinion. The case stated was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred to the mind of man, and concluded by asking whether, under such circumstances, an action would lie. He took his pen and wrote, "Yes, if the witnesses will lie, too, and not otherwise."

POLISHING.—A person in public company, accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered very mildly by an Irish gentleman—"that it ought to be otherwise; for the Irish meet with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on the earth."

A TOLERABLY GOOD HINT.—A young lawyer, boasting of his readiness to undertake the defense of any person accused of crime, declared he would as soon undertake the cause of a man whom he knew to be guilty as

one whom he believed to be innocent. An aged Quaker being present, he appealed to him for the correctness of his views—"What say you to that, old gentleman?" "Why, I say, that if thee lived in my neighborhood, I should keep my stable locked, that's all," replied the Quaker.

A FAIR RETORT.—A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay, that, by way of brow-beating her, he exclaimed, "Why, woman, there is *brass* enough in your face to make a kettle!" "And *sauce* enough in yours to fill it," she promptly rejoined.

BLUSHING.—A mistress of a boarding-school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but colored at the accusation. "Nay," said the mistress, "I am sure it must be true, for you blush." "Pardon me, madam," says she, "it is only the reflection of your face."

VERY NEAR A DUN.—A gentleman who had a small claim on Counselor B., met him the other day on his

pony, and observing that he was not of the same color he was a year ago, the Counselor promptly remarked, "That he did not know what color the pony was at that time, but at present he *was very near a dun*."

DR. JOHNSON CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET.—Macklin and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and, with an air of perfect self-possession, gave him a quotation from the Irish.

PLEASANT RETORT.—Professor Porson being once at a dinner party where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite toward the social intercourse, asked him, "Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" "I believe he was," answered Porson, "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

Editor's Table.

THE CLOSE OF ANOTHER NUMBER.—The closing of a monthly number usually comes upon us suddenly and unexpectedly. What, we mentally exclaim, the number full! and then run over the many things additional we had prepared, and intended *crowding* in. But our obstinate type won't be crowded into one jot less space than the founder designed for them. We can get in only just so much. But it gratifies us to know that our readers are generally satisfied both as to the quantity and quality of our gatherings. Our space will not now allow us to "make a note" upon the contents of this number.

How much is the filling up of a number like the filling up of life! Crowd into it all you can, and yet, in the end, how much will we find left out that ought to have been there! But how many a dreary blank, how many an unworthy page, will stare in the face of those who have made no decided effort to fill it up well!

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*The Noonday Rest.*—The scene, as will be observed from the wind-mills in the distance and the costume of the persons in the foreground, is an English one. The sheep and the cattle appear in good condition, justifying the inference that their pasturage is both abundant and good. In the middle ground a village, with a high tower, is seen; while far in the background an arm of the ocean rolls its waters. It would be pleasant, indeed, to take a sail on the latter, or a stroll through the woods on the right, with some companionable friend, in the early hour of morning or the quiet twilight of the evening.

Alice Cary.—Elsewhere from our pen in this number the reader will find a sketch of the life of Miss Cary. Our artist—F. E. Jones, Esq.—has succeeded admirably, we think, in his work. Having seen Miss Cary frequently, our recollection of her features and the general expression of her countenance is in accordance with the engraving. It was copied from a daguerreotype taken by Brady, the first of the daguerreotypists of New York city.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We have a large number to include in this list the present month. Some are almost

too good to reject, and yet they have hardly merit enough to warrant their insertion. We have held a few of them for some time in suspense; but now conclude to clear them out of the way of their respective authors, so that they can give us something a little better. Of prose—"The Ills that Mind is Heir to;" "A Sketch;" "The Sons of God;" "Uses of Poetry;" "The Orphan;" "The Broken-Hearted;" "Qualifications of a Poet;" "Reason and Religion;" "Magazine Literature;" "The Resurrection;" "Spring"—some good thoughts, but will hardly do; "There is a God"—thoughts good, but not well elaborated; "To Yonder Shore"—rather too flowery.

The following poems we must also decline: "To My Sister;" "Lines Suggested;" etc.; "Webster"—can not indorse so high a eulogy; "Show Mercy to the Erring;" "A Remembrance of my Sister;" "To Summer;" "The Christian's Hope"—has been long in doubt; its author does not lack talent. "Thy Will be Done" and "Two Angels" made us hesitate a little; "The Angelic Visitor;" "Evening Musings;" "Is Dead;" "An Idle Word" and "Scraps from my Log-Book" are from hands that would do well to practice. "Rest" has an occasional confusion of imagery, as, for instance, in the three or four lines where "anguish with its rushing pinion" is represented as *weaving* a dirge; but its author has talents that should be cultivated. "To M. R." belongs to a class of sonnets we have uniformly rejected. "Ode to the Flowers;" "My Sister's Grave;" "Midnight Musing;" "Efficiency of Divine Grace" with a little more finish would pass; "Heaven;" "Spring" has some fine lines, and some quite the opposite; "We are Desolate;" "The Passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea;" "My Native Woods" has considerable smoothness and harmony, but is too diffuse.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.—*The Gold, the Silver, and the Cents.*—"Ma," said a little girl of eight summers, "I read in the Bible that the gold and the silver are the Lord's. But who keeps the cents?" The suddenness of the inquiry overcame the mother's gravity for the moment. "Why, ma, Jesus Christ is a different

person from God, isn't he?" "Yes, my dear." "Well, ma, I was so puzzled about it; for I thought that God kept the gold and the silver, and Jesus Christ kept the cents. Then, afterward I went to sleep, and dreamed that God took the gold, and the silver, and all beautiful things up to heaven, and threw all the cents down to hell."

"*Must Robby nod his head at the preacher, too?*"—*Mr. Editor*.—Seeing some practical hints to grown persons deduced from the sayings of children, in your valuable monthly "Repository," I have concluded to send you the following:

We have a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed lad, in his third year, who is a very lively, mischievous child, indeed; nevertheless, he is fond of attending church. One of those hot Sabbaths of last month he had been unusually restless, and, after returning home, his father gave him quite a "talking to" concerning his ill behavior, and gave him, as an example of quietness and proper conduct, several of our Church members with whom the little fellow was acquainted; whereupon he looked inquiringly into his father's face, and asked, "*And must Robby nod his head at the preacher, too?*" They had been sleeping!

ELLEN.

Praying for Mince-Pie.—*Mr. Editor*.—The following incident came under my personal knowledge: Little Eva, of four summers, asking her mother for some mince-pie, was told there was none in the house. She replied, "I'll pray to God for some. 'O God, if you's dot any, gib it to me.'" Eva went to her play contented. Several hours after, meat being procured, pies were baked, though without Eva's knowledge. Upon presenting Eva with a piece, she joyfully exclaimed, "O, I know'd if God had dot any, he'd gib it to me."

Respectfully,

RODERICK.

The Holy Gospel Taking Tea.—We are indebted to Mrs. Sigourney for the two following:

A very young and bright boy was exceedingly delighted with a large book of Scripture prints. Many of them had been explained to him, and he, having a good memory, though entirely unable to read, would repeat their explanations to the children who visited him, till his reputation for knowledge stood very high among them. On one such occasion, when he had quite a number of auditors, their researches were pushed somewhat beyond his own advances. The "Last Supper," by Leonarda da Vinci, became the subject of their inquiries. He was utterly at a loss, but being unwilling to confess there was any part of the volume of which he was not master, replied with as little hesitation as possible: "Why that—that—is, the Holy Gospel taking tea."

Picture Teaching.—A boy before he knew his alphabet had become in some measure familiar with the narrative parts of Scripture, which had been carefully read to him by his parents. One day he was permitted to look at the pictures in a large Bible, by which he was greatly entertained. Suddenly he exclaimed with much emphasis: "Mother, mother, the Bible don't tell the truth."

"How can you say so, my child?"

"Why, did not you read to me that when Daniel was cast into the den of lions, God shut their mouths? Here they are with their mouths wide open."

That which addressed the eye was to him more forcible and convincing than what entered the ear. A hint may thus be gained of the efficiency of picture-teaching to the young mind.

The Port and the Young Girl.—Thomas Campbell, the

poet, in one of his incidental pieces, records his having chanced to meet a beautiful little girl, whose age, but not her name or home, he ascertained from her attendant; and then he says:

"'Twas then I with regret grew wild,
O beauteous, interesting child!
Why asked I not thy name or home?
My courage failed me!—more the shame!
But where abides this jewel rare,
O ye that own her, tell me where?
Too sad it makes my heart and sore,
To think I ne'er may meet her more."

STRAY GEMS.—*Let the Heart be Beautiful*.—Nothing great or good is achieved unless the heart is beautiful; and in order that the heart may be beautiful, we should watch over every action, even the smallest, and try to improve all the time.

Adulation and Obloquy.—I am no more elated by adulation, or dejected by obloquy, than astonished at finding my own shadow of unequal length at different times; never having been led by that circumstance to suppose myself a taller man in the morning than at noonday.—*Politiano*.

Steadiness of Purpose.—It is astonishing how often, if an earnest, heart-felt desire for the gratification of some good feeling or for the performance of some good deed be steadily and unwaveringly held before us, without any regard to its apparent impossibilities, its accomplishment is at length obtained.

Defences of our Moral Principles.—A man's moral principles, like the dikes of Holland or the levees of the Mississippi, need to be continually watched and strengthened. He is ruined if they are undermined or overthrown.

The Living and the Dead.—Were we only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much of happiness might we render them; and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared when the "all-atoning grave" has closed over them!

The Sunshine.—The sun is not the less bright for shining in a cellar, nor is it stained by so shining; and the love of a pure heart is not sullied by falling upon the heart of the wayward, the wretched, and the sinful.

POSTAGE ON THE REPOSITORY.—Some of our country postmasters have been charging our subscribers with a higher rate of postage than that published on the cover. Through the postmaster of this city, the Agents have obtained the following decision from Washington:

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
APPOINTMENT OFFICE, JUNE 12, 1855.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 9th inst. relative to the amount of postage to which the periodical entitled, "The Ladies' Repository," a specimen number of which accompanied your letter, is subject, I have to say that your decision thereon is correct; that to regular subscribers it is subject to a postage of eighteen cents per annum, payable in advance.

"I am, respectfully, etc.,

HORATIO KING,
First Assistant Postmaster-General.

"TO DR. J. L. VATTIER, Postmaster, Cincinnati, O."

Those who have been compelled to pay extra postage can now claim back the amount.

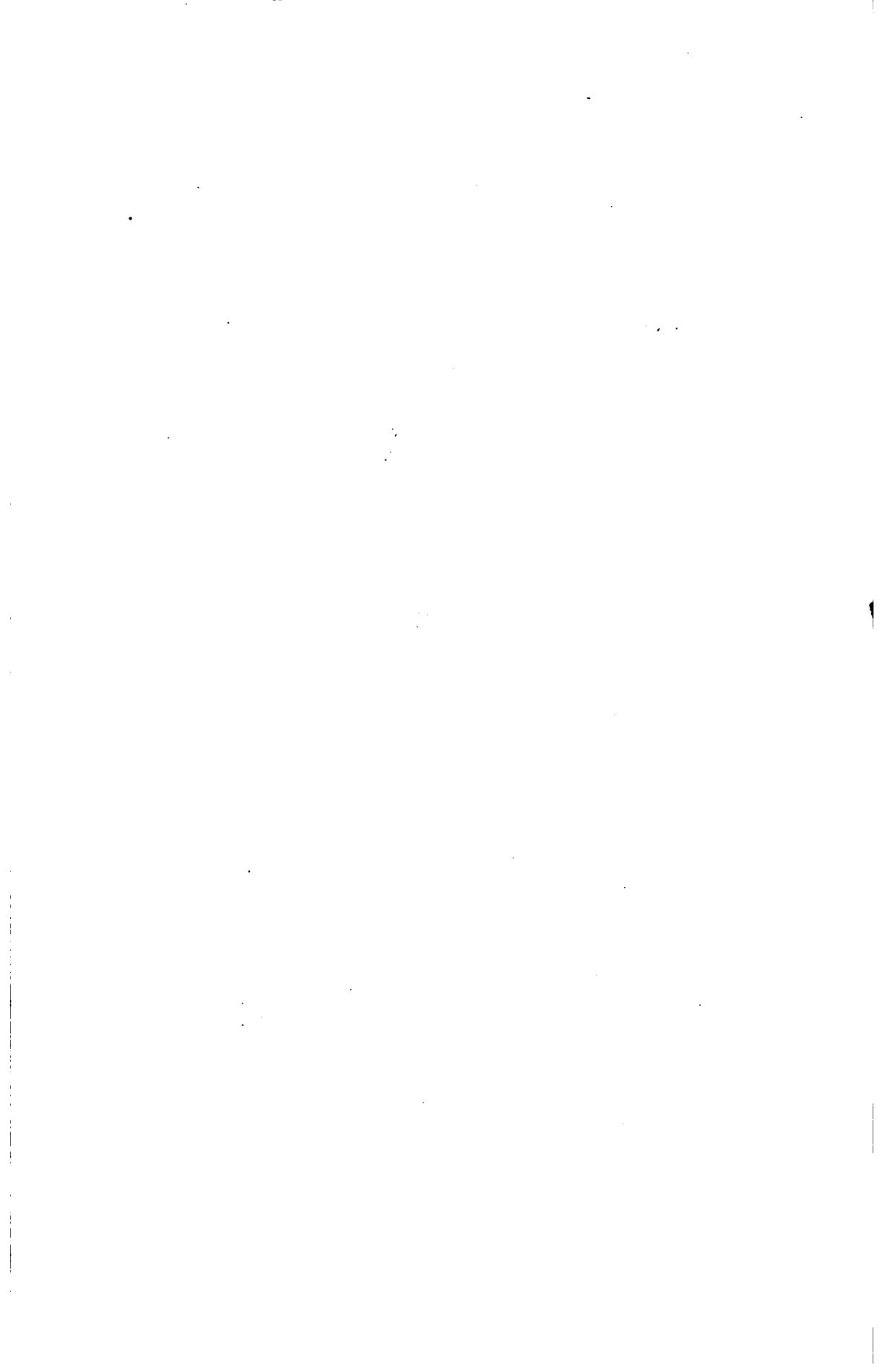
POSTSCRIPT.—By some means or other our "excerpts" from correspondence, which was the last thing prepared, is again crowded out, as is also a little miscellany. We shall try to give ourselves a little more space in this department hereafter.



James Smith

W. H. P. H. H. H.

THE GREAT BRITISH MUSEUM



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

PARADISE LOST.

BY METTA V. FULLER.

FIRST PAPER.

"I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

THROWING himself at once, and fearlessly, outside the gravitating ideas of earth, Milton allows himself to drop down through immeasurable space into the midst of hell; upheld from being dashed to pieces in his audacity by the powerful wings of his imagination. With the slender argument which he had gathered from holy writ as the only key to unlock the awful mysteries, he descends—as he simply words it, "the poem hastens into the midst of things"—and, with the security of an immortal, he visits that "bottomless perdition," and views "that dismal situation, waste and wild," where Satan and the infernal peers lay tossing in the first agony of their fall. Serene in the consciousness of his great purposes and inspiration, he gazes around upon the horrors of the place; self-possessed enough to measure its bounds, to mark the peculiarities of its hideousness, and to recognize the varying features and characteristics of the different angels who were hurled, with their leader, into hopeless woe. He listened to the first vaunting words of the recovering apostate and the sad reply of Beelzebub; and dared to repeat how the archfiend, *lifted above hope* in the height of his despair—lost, transformed, trailing his once resplendent wings in the mire of hell—burst forth, in the rhapsody of his fierce anguish, in a welcome of the blackness of his fate, commanding, in the stubbornness of his ambitious spirit, that infernal world to receive

"One who brings

A mind not to be changed by place or time."

Vol. XV.—33

And being, like the spirits he perceives, beyond the laws of nature and the governments of this world, he contemplates the actions of those

"Who, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes."

Sitting apart in a superior atmosphere of his own, he sees the angels and archangels—that grand, incomprehensible multitude who there were gathered in confusion, having been thrown over the battlements of that heaven which they once graced with their splendor—

"Godlike shapes and forms,
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones;"

whose appalling fate it was to have even their names blotted out and forgotten eternally; but whom he recognized afterward—distorted, debased, under their new names—as the false gods that a corrupted mankind were won to worship

"With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities."

These he heard and saw before they were known on earth, when "highly they raged against the Highest."

Mammon, with his downward looks; Astarte, with crescent horns; Belial, graceful and human; Moloch, the terrible—all these, and many more, came flocking at the call of their commander; their banners blazing, their shields glittering, "sonorous metals blowing martial sounds," and moving on to music so soft and inspiring that it charmed their painful steps over the burning soil, while their leader darts his experienced eye over the mighty, the majestic battalion, invincible to any power save that of the one great God. The pride that kindles in their ruler's heart, the exultation in his eye, the survey of these shining ranks, the armies of hell marching over that desolate parade-ground, make a scene more sublime

than any which Homer sings. All that is martial in the nature of the reader is up in arms; Napoleon and the ancient heroes of Troy, that stood in his fancy supreme, glide away, discomfited shades, before this unparalleled array. And when the poet, after describing the archangel—

"But his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheeks, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride
Waiting revenge"—

makes this haughty being show signs of passion and remorse for the ruin he has brought upon these, his faithful troops, there is something truly terrible in the very naturalness of the conception that follows:

"He now prepared
To speak; wherewith their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth!"

Satan, obdurate still, daring, ambitious still, wept! tears such as angels weep, to see his followers,

"Their glory withered as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the mountain oaks, or forest pines,
With singed top, their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath."

These forces can not rest quiet under their punishment. Mammon by instinct discovers the precious metal in a burnished mount, and the multitudes fall to work to erect that gorgeous Pandemonium, whose archives, friezes, cornices, towers, and battlements are molded of gold, and which rises, as by some sweet enchantment, to the harmony of exquisite bursts of music, upon the torrid plain.

The poet, working out his purposes boldly with his spiritual material, cries, "Behold a wonder!" and makes the giant crowds shrink into comparative nothingness that his temple may contain the myriads, swarming, like tiny bees, to the "great consult." Who wishes to dispute with him the probabilities or possibilities of this wonder—the dignity, or propriety, or necessity of the transformation? If the common herd of devils have dwindled into insignificant pigmies,

"Far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubims
In close recess and secret conclave sit:
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full."

Then follows that dread consultation, in which these give, with masterly speciousness or fiendish subtilty, their reasons for or against continuing their war with the hosts of heaven: in which

are terrible excitements of ambition and revenge; threats of turning against "*the Torturer*" his own punishments, and of blasting the glory of God with black fire and horror, consuming his immaculate throne with strange, obnoxious flames; and which ends in that fatal proposition, the fulfilling of which so intimately affects *our* destiny. If we compare this unique and tragic scene, so attractive yet repulsive, so gloomy yet so pompous, where devils are as yet but newly fallen angels; where the light of heaven still lingers upon the confines of hell; where the splendor of a former state trails brokenly after the lurid darkness of the present; where the leading passions of demi-gods are brought into awful play—if we compare this tragedy with those founded upon worldly events, we shall realize how utterly Milton was thrown upon the resources of his own imagination, and how firmly it supported him through the perils of that unearthly time and place. Belial, so fair in appearance, so hollow at heart, "whose tongue dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason," asks a question which the soul of man still asks in its moods of deepest sadness or fiercest despair:

"To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being?"

and which it still answers in sympathy with him, rather than with the haughty Moloch, who had rather be nothing at all than less than the Eternal, and who counsels the hosts to rush on to victory or to annihilation.

Nothing seems to be forgotten, however minute, by the relator. When Satan, after the acceptance of his revengeful mission, goes forth to find the gate which shall release him into the void of "*unessential* night," he leaves the disbanded powers seeking recreation from the barren means of enjoyment yet left them; practicing the arts of war, tearing up hills and rocks in play, riding the whirlwind as a curbed steed; and others, with mournful hearts, sitting apart, and striving to recall, through the ministry of soothing sounds, their purer pleasures, or conversing one with another upon those engrossing topics, good and evil, happiness and misery, "passion and apathy, and glory and shame." In what immediately follows that Milton borrows much from classic lore is true, and yet he makes it in a measure his own. And to what a weird, tempestuous, chilling, and yet alluring realm does he lead our fascinated fancy, when he ferries it over noiseless Lethe!

"Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms

Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not but gathers heap."

There is something irresistibly affecting to the imagination in this picture of a vast continent given up to the raging of continual storms; its effect is in the highest degree poetical, passing beyond the power of language to describe its peculiar charm.

Poe, in a paper upon Horne's "Orion," quotes this passage:

"For him I built a palace under ground
Of iron, black and rough as his own hands.
Deep in the groaning, disemboweled earth,
The tower-broad pillars, and huge stanchions,
And slant-supporting wedges I set up,
Aided by the Cyclops who obeyed my voice,
Which through the metal fabric rang and pealed
In orders echoing far like thunder dreams.
With arches, galleries, and domes all carved—
So that great figures started from the roof
And lofty coignees, or sat and downward gazed
On those who stood below and gazed above—
I filled it; in the center framed a hall;
Central in that, a throne; and for the light
Forged mighty hammers that should rise and fall
On slanted rocks of granite and of flint,
Worked by a torrent, for whose passage down
A chasm I hewed. And here the god could take,
Midst showery sparks and swathes of broad gold fire,
His lone repose, lulled by the sounds he loved;
Or, casting back the hammer-heads till they choked
The water's course, enjoy, if so he wished,
Midnight tremendous, silence and iron sleep;"

and says, "The description of the hell in 'Paradise Lost' is *altogether inferior* in graphic effect, in originality, in expression, in the true imagination, to these magnificent, to these unparalleled passages." And here, in contrast to the terseness of the beautiful extract which Poe lauds, is conspicuous the principal fault of our poet—that his great learning and excess of resources often press upon him metaphor after metaphor, till the simple grandeur of the first idea is hidden and involved in the blush and bloom of his too luxuriant fancy; and the reader is wearied with a diffuseness that, though rich with sweets, tends nothing toward the goal of the poem.

But even this error is thrown off in the terrible earnestness with which he hurries Satan, on his way out of hell, into circumstances the most awful that the mind of a human being ever conceived:

"At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates: three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamant rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,

But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting; about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, barked
With wide, Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous howl; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb
And kennel there: yet there still barked and howled
Within unseen."

Horrible as this is, it has not the merit of entire originality; but that which follows—nothing that ever was written is so mysteriously and shudderingly appalling:

"The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

It is the shadowy, uncertain character of this phantasm which renders it so frightful. If it had taken any shape but *that* which was no shape at all, we might meet it with more assurance; but to be haunted by the vagueness of this ideal monster—ah! we gasp out our shivering admiration of the archfiend whose prowess enables him to meet undaunted the "execrable shape." We almost shrink, if the traitor-angel does not, when the goblin utters his denunciation.

"So spake the grimly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deformed."

Yet Satan, burning like a comet, faces him indignantly; they prepare for a conflict:

"And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and, with hideous outcry, rushed between."

All the instincts of our nature recoil within us at her address:

"O father! what intends thy hand,' she cries,
'Against thy only son? What fury, O son!
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head!'"

Here, indeed, is a revolting relationship; and the horror grows complicated, when Satan, asking her:

"What thing thou art thus double-formed, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st thy son?"

she replies with the story of her being both his daughter and wife—that SIN that was born from his head, when in heaven he plotted his conspiracies—continuing:

"At last, this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,

Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transformed; but he, my *invred enemy*,
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
 Made to destroy: *I fled, and cried out, DEATH!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH!
 I fled:

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surrounded me, as thou sawest, hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with *corrosive infinite*
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afraid, with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved; and knows that *I*
Should prove a bitter morsel and his bane
Whenever that shall be."

All that is shocking to the moral sense, repelling to the affections, detestable to the mind, and frightful to the fancy, is here mixed in huge ugliness; and yet so redeemed by the grandeur of its conception as the image of spiritual truths, that it is all strictly and solemnly poetical. To add the last touch to the repulsiveness of the picture, Satan, concealing the hatred within him, addresses the hag with that wily softness which renders him a dangerous foe, as his "dear daughter," and his son as his "fair son here."

We should think the blind bard, in the midst of his physical darkness, would be terrified at his own conjuring, were we not always forced to think of him as one superior to harm, the privileged witness of else unrelated things.

But we are glad to escape with him through the adamantine gates, even though it be with the wicked angel into "a dark, illimitable ocean, without bound, without dimension," where "the *ancestors of nature*" hold eternal anarchy. The fearless strength of the poet's will is again put forth in describing the flight of the wary fiend:

"At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight,"

on to where we

"Straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
 Sat sable-vested Night, *eldest of things.*"

We are ready, with our leader, to cry, "Hail, holy light!" after escaping from these profound spaces, and to rest our wearied minds upon the contemplation of that purest world into whose beauty he now ushers us. It is not for him to attempt a revelation of what God has seen fit

to conceal; and he attempts no account of the how and wherefore of the Son's existence; he tells us of him, sitting by his father, holding conversation with him about the events to come, and offering himself, a love sacrifice, to that man over whose as yet sinless head a sorrowful fate is impending. The fervent gentleness with which this part of the story is told shows that the poet had a deep and loving interest in dwelling upon the unspeakable graces of Christ's character. The spirit that he breathes is hopeful and affectionate, exalting itself at times into rapturous worship, putting into the mouths of angels hymns of praise, and describing

"Where the river of bliss through the midst of heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream,"

in words as befitting as are vouchsafed to mortal use in picturing splendors and joys immortal.

The whole flight of Satan, from the depths of hell, through Chaos, to where he discerns our world, "hanging in a golden chain" from one side of heaven, and farther, till he alights upon the dark planet, is one magnificent stretch of unbroken poetry. But when, on this "windy sea of land," "the fiend walked up and down alone, bent on his prey," he got himself into a strange place; the earth becomes visible in spirit as well as scene, as the poet indulges in a little satire of a very solemn but cutting kind. This strange place, "dark, waste, and wild," under the "frown of night starless exposed," is the after abode of those vanities which some have thought take refuge "in the neighboring moon;" and after enumerating several great follies, he continues:

"*Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,*
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery,
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
 And they who, to be sure of paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed
 And crystalline sphere, whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved:
 And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
 Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!
 A violent cross-wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues away
 Into the devious air; then might ye see
 Crowds, hordes, and habits with their wearers tost
 And flattened into rage; then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispensations, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds: all these, upwhirled aloft,
 Fly o'er the backside of the world, far off
 Into a limbo large and broad, since called
 The Paradise of fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled and untrod."

We must be forgiven this long citation from a poem so well known. The grim humor of the conceit, in the midst of the on-rolling harmonies of the grand procession of thoughts, is too admirable to be passed by.

And, too, perhaps it is presumptuous to comment at length upon a poem so universally appreciated. But as love, and hope, and fame, life and death, beauty and immortality, the stars, the pensive moon, the golden sun, the changing seasons, present themselves under new aspects to each observer, and are endless themes of praise, discussion, and song—so a “thing of beauty” which “is a joy forever,” like the “Paradise Lost,” may become a ceaseless object of admiration, and each new reader may discover new graces; especially in such a jewel-studded web as this, where every gem that sparkled up from the deep sea of the poet’s soul for years was caught and woven into the rich fabric, till it became heavy with priceless brightness.

SELFISHNESS; OR, PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.

BY GEORGE KINNEY.

MANY a marriage has resulted in unhappiness, not so much because the husband and wife were unadapted to each other, as because a certain undefinable something, perhaps best named selfishness, came in between them and checked the communion of their confidences, and divided the oneness of their lives. It may be deemed a trifling thing for lovers to speak sharp words now and then; they may make up at their next meeting; but for those whose hearts have come for lifelong to one home, it is not a trifling thing: cold looks then, unkind words then, however lightly given, however lightly spoken, are full of danger, and may be of destiny. How often has one chilling glance, one cutting word, prompted by nothing, perhaps, but this unaccountable flat-tery of self, separated those whom affection had united, and made home a hated spot, instead of a heart-place!

When Gordon Wilber and Fanny Olifford were married they would not have believed that one harsh word could make their hearts cold toward each other; nay, they would not have dreamed that the one harsh word between them even could be uttered. Yet it was uttered; and that one harsh word was mother to many more, that were harsher and harsher still, till a cloud of gloom thickened at their hearthstone, and shut out heaven.

“Fanny, I would rather not go to-night, if it will not disappoint you too much, I am so tired.”

“If you were kept at home as closely as I am, Gordon, I presume you would be disappointed at such a promise-breaking as that.”

Little Fanny Wilber thus was plaintiff; and more in the manner in which she said it than in what she said; it was a tone of pettishness, a look of vexation; and Gordon, who had a spirit no less fiery and impetuous than it was generous and forgiving, became defendant at once.

“I should like to be ‘kept at home’ a little more, Fanny; but our living must be earned, you know, and it is I that must be kept away to earn it. I want a little rest once in a while, shouldn’t you think?”

“Mr. Wilber, you needn’t ask me to go out with you any more! I—”

“Fanny!”

The pretty name of *Fanny* had never before been uttered in that home with such an emphasis: it was as if a clap of thunder had miraculously pronounced it, so unexpectedly and shockingly it came. It was past love’s belief: Fanny could not credit her ears. But when her astonished eyes, looking Gordon full in the face, saw the wild passion come up there like the rush of a tempest, her sick heart knew that he had said *Fanny*, as he had never said it before, no, never!

And what was little Fanny Wilber’s first emotion? It was a thrilling, torturing anguish, which made her breath come quick and gasping, and her brain throb and reel. O, if she had only yielded herself to her heart then, and done its bidding, how many a bursting ache might she have spared it in the future! But, just as she was about to fling her arms round her husband’s neck, and let her tears plead with him for his harshness, that vague something—false pride—obstinacy—call it selfishness—rose and rebuked the woman in her soul, and froze it to calmness in a moment. Her lip quivered once or twice; her eyes merely moistened, but nothing more; that was all: the fount of tears was suddenly iced over by the one breath of selfishness. She thought of nothing but her wrong, felt nothing but resentment.

And her husband, who, when he saw on her face the shadow of that tearful cloud in her heart, had been ready to catch her to his breast and implore her forgiveness, was now checked by selfishness answering selfishness. He beheld unforgiveness in her countenance; and presently he believed it was as much her fault as his own that he had spoken so sternly; and then, come to think of it, he had said nothing but *Fanny*,

after all: what was *Fanny*, that he should beg forgiveness for that one word? No; she should rather ask him to forgive her for her vexatious spirit toward him, who devoted his whole life to her comfort and happiness. Well, he would not be the first to speak, though she looked icicles at him for a twelvemonth.

With such an impassable gulf between them, there they sat at the same hearthstone in silence, plaintiff and defendant, each justifying self, each accusing the other. The evening—O, how wearily long!—wore away, but brought no compromise, no reconciliation. Neither spoke, and their faces, averted from each other, were overclouded with a cold, obstinate dismalness, which was a shadow of the gloom of their spirits. Their customary pleasant occupations of the evening—reading, singing, mutual assistance in study, and the like—were omitted, while they sat silently cherishing that cold viper, *Selfishness*, giving it life to sting their affection to death. Painfully still they sat till late bedtime; for each felt it would be a concession to make the first movement; then, finally wearied out, they retired, one after the other, without the interchange of a word. They had never before gone to sleep without saying good-by; but now they could not speak even the words of common courtesy; and how could they take upon their lips so sweet a word as that? Perhaps they did not sleep, and, therefore, had not need to say the word of separation. Perhaps they slept, and dreamed all night of sorrow, because they had not charmed their slumber with the spell of that dear word, uttered in love.

But, whether they watched or dreamed, in the morning they were both very, very unhappy; for they found themselves more unyielding and farther apart than ever. No friendly greeting, no accustomed kiss, no word, no look for each other: all chilly silence and sullen aversion. Breakfast was dispatched like a prison meal, and Gordon started off to his business with a proud step and in silence. How far he proceeded with that haughty bearing may be left for conjecture; suffice it, that he went out of sight of his home with it, and never once looked back to see how proud and unbending his little *Fanny*, too, appeared, as she pursued her morning occupations, without noticing his departure.

But when *Fanny* felt sure that her husband was too far off to hear her, now alone with her heart, it got the better of her directly; and she leaned her face down on her two hands, and sobbed aloud. She wept till her own sweet blue eyes were swollen and bloodshot; till her heart

ached in her throat; till her brain throbbed almost to bursting; and yet no thought of blame did she entertain toward *Fanny Wilber*. No, she was too selfish for that. She had been the "little *Fanny*" of the paternal home, loving and petted; she had been the "fair *Fanny Clifford*" of society, amiable and flattered; she had till now been the "dear *Fanny*" of *Gordon Wilber's* new life, fond and loved; and what, what had she done to deserve such treatment as this? O *Gordon*! *Gordon Wilber*! thought she, what devoted love you have insulted, what feelings you have outraged!

Ah, selfish *Fanny Wilber*! Better you had never entered the sacred state of matrimony at all, than to have entered it without better understanding the necessity of compromise in it, of concession, of reciprocal charity, and of mutual self-denial. The married should not be two selves, *Fanny*; not myself and thyself; but they should be only *ourselves*; and you should think that, in blaming your husband, you are blaming this one self that you both are.

Had *Fanny* regarded it thus, she could have gone down into her own soul, and, looking from it, have seen her poor husband, as soon as he was out of sight, losing his haughty air, and seeming to grope along the street, as if it were all dark from the center of his life every way to the very heaven. His heart was lead, lead. He felt that he had done very wrong; that he had spoken as, had he stopped one moment to reflect, he would not have spoken for the world; and he condemned himself without mercy. But then his wife ought to have considered his impulsiveness, and forbore to exasperate him. Why should she have chosen his weakest point, and tempted him there? Must she not have designed to provoke his temper? If she did, then she was even more in fault than he. And if she did not, she was as much so; for she became angry with him as well as he with her—and first, too!

Thus did *Gordon Wilber* defend himself to his reason; but his heart would not admit the plea. Several times before he reached his place of business he was tempted to return home, and tell *Fanny* how sorry he was, how remorseful, how repentant. But as often as his heart prompted him right, his selfishness prompted him wrong; and all day the latter whispered his spirit full of evil, and held him away from his duty. He did not go home at noon as usual, but dined at a hotel. If, while he was gloomily seated at this meal, he could have seen the interior of his home, the table spread, and his little wife waiting

for him, pale and haggard with the long forenoon's anguish, and pressing back the tears from her sad eyes, that she might meet him proud—had he seen all this, could the wind have borne him home to repentance as swiftly as he would have longed to go? He came very nigh seeing it once, soon after he had seated himself at dinner, and he half rose from the table with the impulse to fly and atone for all; but suddenly right before him appeared the face of his wife with its haughty, forbidding look of the preceding evening, and utterly shut out the scene. He would have his revenge!

Let lonely, watching, weeping Fanny Wilber say how well he had it; how one of the clock struck upon her heart; how two brought a double pang, dull, deep, deeper than tears; and how each added hour, ticked off more slowly than ever hours had gone through clock before, alarmed, thrilled, agonized her more and more. What if he had been taken very sick? Yet that could not be, or else she would have been informed. But what if he had fallen into the river—mind, *fallen*—and drowned?

One—two—three—four—five—six! Supper was ready, supper was waiting. Six o'clock, and he not come! Fanny could not bear another hour: one more stroke of the clock, and he away, would break her heart. She would go and seek—but supposing she should meet him, what could she say? Her graceful little figure straitened up haughtily at this thought, and her lip slightly curled for a moment; but her poor, loving, bleeding heart could not be held back any more by such a pride as that, and she began to put on her outdoor apparel; when all at once a noise was heard at the gate. Suddenly wrapping all day's sorrow in her selfishness, she hurriedly put off and away her things, and stood ready to meet rebuke with rebuke, sternness with sternness, silence with silence. When Gordon opened the door, and beheld his wife looking so cold, so distant, so unyielding, he well-nigh forgot the resolution he had formed on his way home, and was about to seat himself at the supper-table in silence, when the pale, haggard look of her face caught his eye, and smote upon his heart like a stunning blow. He advanced to her, saying, in a faltering voice,

"Fanny, O, how I have wronged you! Can you not forgive me, darling, for?"—

He choked upon that word, caught his wife in his arms, and cried like a child. And Fanny, who thought she had long ago wept her tears all away, leaned her face upon his breast, and sobbed with him. Long did they mingle their

tears without speaking; and at length, when he had recovered himself so as to talk coherently, he told her how much he had suffered for his harshness toward her, how sincerely he repented of it, and how earnestly he desired her forgiveness. How noble and magnanimous he was, thought Fanny, as she smiled to him through her tears; and she forgave him with all her soul, and only wished she had tenfold more to forgive. And yet it was enough; for, as her heart was, he had poisoned twenty-four hours of two loving lives, and caused *one* to suffer innocently. She loved her husband more than ever for his generous spirit in confessing his fault; yet, she thought, he did no more than his duty. If she herself had acted so wrong, she would have done the same.

That was what she thought; but what thought her husband? When he had acknowledged his offense, and obtained her glad pardon, he expected she would criminate herself and beg of him forgiveness, and then he should have the sweet pleasure of gratitude in pardoning her for having pardoned him. But she never once alluded to her own share of the blame. Could it be that she had forgotten it? Did she not remember how she had acted and what she had said? It seemed even so; and for the first time Gordon Wilber perceived how blind is selfishness.

But the two were quite happy again, notwithstanding Gordon felt as if there were an incompleteness in their reconciliation, a something lost, which his heart failed to find. The evening glided away swiftly and pleasantly; and not till very late in the night did they say good-by.

For many weeks again their happiness was uninterrupted. Both carefully shunned all approaches to misunderstanding, and were very charitable toward each other. If they had known their enemy, perhaps they never would have wrangled any more. Or if Fanny had been as generous as Gordon was at their first quarrel, this enemy would have been vanquished, and the danger removed. But, as it was, under somewhat similar circumstances another disturbance, deeper than the former, divided them for several days, when Fanny was plaintiff again, and her husband defendant. He at length asked and received pardon as before, though not till he had freely indulged that unconscious spirit in himself, which he now so plainly perceived and so greatly deprecated in his wife.

This second quarrel, so made up, rendered the next more readily approachable; and the next, compromised in like manner, was but a mild precedent to the one that succeeded it; till finally

Gordon and Fanny Wilber's home—with the little boy now, that should have been to it a charm of harmony—had only glimpses of clear sky between clouds of continual storm. Fanny would thoughtlessly say some taunting thing, and Gordon's impetuous nature, growing daily more uncontrollable, would thoughtlessly rise to resent it; bitter words would follow; and long days of sullenness would succeed, terminated at last by his acknowledgment, in words or actions, that *he* had done wrong.

Thus the suit of selfishness was prosecuted, and plaintiff and defendant became less and less reconcilable as the suit went on. She never doubted that he was blamable, because he generally confessed it; and he deemed her so, because she never confessed. How soon this state of affairs might have severed the ties of home, and estranged man and wife forever, had it not been for the simple prattle of a little child!

"Mamma," said little Frank Wilber one morning to his mother, after she and Gordon had quarreled, and the latter had gone out, "don't you love papa?"

"Yes, my darling;" and Fanny colored scarlet, even in the presence of her little boy, to such a question.

"Well then," continued he, "why do you say ugly words to him?"

"Because he says ugly words to me, my child," answered Fanny, filling up with a strange emotion.

"But he never says them to me, mamma; and I am sure he *couldn't*; for I love him so well that I should keep kissing him when he tried to; and then he wouldn't say any thing but 'My own little boy,' and kiss me back again, you know, mamma."

Fanny took the pretty child to her bosom, and almost smothered him with kisses, and wet his face with her tears, weeping all the while aloud. Poor child, he cried, too; but he did not know for what; and if he had asked his mother twenty times more earnestly than he did, she could not have told him. At length, with the great drops chasing down her cheeks, she fixed him for school, kissed him again and again, and sent him away. Then, shutting herself in her room, through all her blinding tears she saw herself as she really was; she saw her husband irritable and violent, but generous and yielding; she saw how all the concessions had come from him, and how selfishly she had forgiven him when she herself had most needed forgiveness; she saw how almost all the provocations had proceeded from herself, trivial though they were, yet enough to rouse so impulsive a temperament as

his; and she saw how a little disinterested love might have prevented all their inharmony and unhappiness, and how it yet might bring back peace to their home. To see all this, with so affectionate and truly good a heart as Fanny Wilber's, was to resolve to be better and do better. Fanny brushed away her tears, and looked glad, as she formed the resolution. Then, with the sweet resolve in her heart, she bathed her face, and cheerfully set about her household duties.

When, at a late hour, Gordon returned for dinner, far from mollified from the mood of the morning by the unpropitious business transactions of the forenoon, Fanny and little Frank were at dinner, as it was nearly the hour for him to go back to school. Gordon's selfishness came uppermost, and this, added to the memory of the morning, fired him instantly.

"After the first table have done, I suppose I may be permitted to eat *my* dinner," he began. "I can wait. Vulgar people who marry above their condition in life must 'learn to labor and to wait,' I presume Longfellow meant. I have labored, and I have waited; but I am used worse and worse every day; and, Mrs. Wilber, if you imagine I will put up with this state of things much longer, you shall soon find you are laboring under a grand mistake. My patience is about exhausted. I don't intend to endure your pettishness and insulting behavior any more. Now, hold your tongue, woman! I don't want to hear one word from your lips, and I won't!"

While Gordon, leaning forward in his chair, with burning face and flashing eyes, was thus pouring out his passion as rapidly as his breath would permit, Fanny felt the hot blood rush up once and throb in her cheeks; but the sweet, imploring look of her boy, whose eyes were swimming in tears, bade it back; and then she sat as meek as her little child, and waited till her husband would let her speak. He, fresh from his excitement, and sullen with the aversion he felt toward his wife, had no disposition to eat; and he turned his chair to the window, and sat gazing out in silent bitterness. Now Fanny rose and noiselessly glided to where he sat with his back turned toward her. Without giving him any other warning of her presence, she softly stole round to his side, and, putting her arm gently round his neck before he knew she was there, laid her soft cheek against his, and murmured, in a tremulous, broken voice,

"Dear husband, won't you *forgive* your poor little Fanny, and love her as you used to do?"

The man, whose heart but an instant before

had been cold iron giving out sparks to flinty selfishness, turned to his wife with a look of speechless astonishment, and then, leaning his head against her bosom, gave way to a loud and uncontrollable burst of anguish. His spirit was subdued to the tenderness of a babe's; she could lead him now to the end of life with a thread of air. "O, my dear little Fanny, how could I be so cruel!" was all he could speak for a very long while. The defendant was utterly lost; both were plaintiffs now; not plaintiffs of each other any more; plaintiffs of self now.

When they could find voice again, with little Frank between them on the sofa—glad little Frank, who had now learned what he and his mother were crying about in the morning—Gordon and Fanny Wilber told each other all how willful, how wicked, and how unhappy MYSELF had been; and resolved all how forgiving, how harmonious, and how peaceful OURSELF should be; and repeated, and could not stop repeating, all how they loved each other now more fondly than before, how each would live for the other always thereafter, and how selfishness should be banished from their hearts forever. And so now there is not a better husband, a better wife, a happier family in all the land, than you may find at the pleasant home of Gordon and Fanny Wilber.

TALK WITH THE SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I SAID, with a moan, as I roam'd alone,
By the side of the solemn sea,
"O, cast at my feet, which thy billows meet,
Some token to comfort me!
Mid thy surges cold, a ring of gold
I have lost, with an amethyst bright;
Thou hast kept it so long in thy casket strong
That the rust must have quenched its light.
Send a gift, I pray, on thy sheeted spray,
To solace my drooping mind;
For I'm sad and grieve, and must shortly leave
This rolling globe behind."
Then the Sea answered, "Spoils are mine
From many an argoey,
And pearl-drops sleep in my bosom deep,
But nothing have I for thee."
"When I mused before on thy rock-bound shore,
The beautiful walked with me—
She hath gone to her rest in the church-yard's
breast,
Since I saw thee last, thou Sea!
Restore! restore the smile she wore
When her cheek to mine was pressed;

Give back the voice of the fervent soul
That could lighten the darkest blast."
But the haughty Sea, in its majesty,
Swept onward as before,
Though a surge in wrath, from its wrecking path,
Called out to the sounding shore,
"Thou hast asked of our King a harder thing
Than mortal e'er claimed before;
For never the wealth of a loving heart
Could Ocean or Earth restore."

THE HEART-HARP.

BY MANNIE CLARK.

HEAR'ST thou that strain of sadly wailing music,
Whose trembling notes fall gently on thy ear,
Reminding thee of some sweet minstrel singing
Between a radiant smile and trembling tear?
'Tis like the whispering of the autumn breezes,
Just floating o'er the beds of faded flowers,
And softer far than Æolia could waken
From her sweet harp, 'mid amaranthine bowers.
Sweet trembling heart-harp! once thy strings did
vibrate
To the clear notes of wild, impassioned bliss;
And the bright angels—Hope and Joy—that tuned
thee,
Made vows of love, and sealed them with a kiss.
But, ah! full soon a stranger hand swept o'er thee,
And gone fore'er were those gay tones of thine,
And from thee broke a low and mournful wailing,
And sadly sweet, yet seeming half divine.
Sorrow had come; and happy, bright-eyed Joy
Affrighted grew, and ceased her glad some lay,
And, bending one fond look on Hope beside her,
Clapped her bright wings and lightly soared
away.
And now while Sorrow sings her saddest numbers,
Bright Hope sits by with holy, upturned eyes;
With Sorrow's notes her own she sweetly blendeth,
And sings of Joy and bliss beyond the skies.

NEVER GIVE UP.

BY ALICE CARY.

FLY not ignobly, threatening harm,
Nor by vain courage be misled,
Trusting the serpent's power to charm
Ere that your heel be on his head.
But in the hour of evil chance—
And hours of evil chance will fall—
Strike, though with but a broken lance!
Strike, though you have no lance at all!
No matter what the odds may be,
The utmost strength you have, assume;
Life's barest possibility
Is brighter than the bravest tomb.

LIGHT AT HOME.

THE heart that answers not gushingly to the following description of an Eden-home must be depraved, indeed:

Where congenial creations meet here in a true holy relation, the children thus born are the flowerings of Eden, as John Neal has said, "the cryptogamia of the sky." Lovingly the heavens brood over the roof-tree. Earliest in the morning, Hesperus beams in golden bright through the lattice, and aslant his rays glide down the fingers of angels, each sliding with lute-like melody to bless the morning dream. More gladsome and more powerful angels use the sharp, warm rays of the sun, courser-like, and they enter in and move here and there with a great joy, making glad every thing within the precincts, magnetizing all within into happiness, so that the discords and turmoils of the world without are forgotten or unknown.

All day they come and go—they move in what men call sunshine athwart the carpet, they dance like a golden ball through a crevice in the cornice, and adown the garden walk they march in bright battalions. They stir at the curtain; they press the bud, and it blooms; they kiss the fountain, and it is a rainbow; they even touch the strings of the harp, and it gives out one note so heavenly sweet that you turn round, and look and wonder whence it came; then the pendants of the chandelier click, and the birds give out melody, and the baby smiles in the cradle, all because of the loving angels who come to the household, just as they go to any heaven where love is.

Ah! the garments wax not old there; the moth and rust of discontent mar no line of beauty there; birds and blossoms cluster there; white doves coo from the eave-tops, and the trees lean away from the roof lest their great branches shut out the sunshine, and the blue sky, and the loving stars that brood over. Fair children creep to the threshold, and look out wondering, yet glad-some, as if they looked first out into the great world from the heaven of home—they shrink inward again, but at length they bound over the door-sill away, leaving the sunlight upon the door, and stealing inward, inward, to where lies the Bible upon the table, and a mother's pure brow lifted in prayer.

Onward, onward, casting but few and transient glances backward, they go; but at length sickness comes, and they long for the dear old home; sorrow comes, and they see the sunshine streaming as of old through the open door, and falling

upon the sacred word. But the mother is an angel now, and they long to return to the dear old home. Then passion, and change, and tumult, shake the man mightily, and he rests not day nor night till he, too, sets up the altar of home, and calls the angels to enter the tabernacle he has built. Woman, thou art the angel of home. Go, look not into thy gilded glass, but look down into the clear, bright fountain which gave back thy face in childhood. Art thou an angel of light, causing sunshine over the sill? or of darkness, brooding like a raven wing over the family altar?

DARK AT HOME.

IN contrast to the above, the following is set—for hatred has its home also. Here it is. Do you wish, reader, ever to see your home the reflection of it?

The morning star sends down his angels into the abode, but it is already filled. Discord is knotting the cruel nerve, and making deep the harsh wrinkle. Wiry, mischief-loving spirits prompt the blow-loving hand, and whisper and gibber malicious, envious, and jealous dreams into the sleeping ear. The sun glides jubilant into the window; but he is repelled by damp, noisome images lurking within. Snake-like creatures keep ward and watch. Moles, and bats, and moths, and reptiles silently destroy. Dark vines darken the lattice. The raven and the night-owl have usurped the roof. Obscure rappings and mysterious movements fill the space more with terror than with awe. The child in the cradle cries sharply, for his holy guardian contends with the black spirit which would force him away. Children creep to the threshold, and look into the great unknown world, but it looks less terrible than home, and they creep forth, willing to encounter the worst. They look backward, but there is no sunshine on the sill, no brooding love-angel there. Sickness comes, and the cold charity of the stranger is welcome. Sorrow comes, and the "silver cord" which binds together the great human family draws him into the circle, and owns him brother. Passion and crime pluck at the miserable man, and there are no memories of holy wisdom to say "remember;" no prayer rising like a cool incense between the scorched heart and heaven, and he battles the world alone, weak and unaided, for home was no home for the spirit. Woman, look to it. This is thy work—this blood is upon thy skirts.

LIFE SCENES AND LESSONS.

BY REV. J. W. WILEY, M. D.

I SAT a few days since by the bedside of a pious but lowly and afflicted child of God. For many months she had been confined to her bed of suffering, and had not only endured the pains of disease, but also the discomforts and anxieties of poverty. Her name in better and happier days had been entered on the registry of the Christian Church, and stood now enrolled on its poor list, and she had frequently received of its charities. Formal relief had thus been ministered to her immediate necessities as they arose, and the kindly visits and ministrations of some of her neighbors, but little raised above herself in the goods of this world, saved her from actual want. Money had been placed in her hands—the tea, the sugar, the arrow-root, the sago, and the little indispensables of the sick chamber, had been provided for her; but one thing had been lacking during these months of suffering and confinement; and how much the want of even one thing will annoy the poor and suffering, and mar the enjoyment of even the comforts which are possessed! The little food that the varying appetite had craved to nourish a sinking body had always been given, but there had been provided no food for the mind; and the craving appetite of the pious soul, seeking for Christian communion, and longing for fellowship with kindred minds, had only been met by the occasional and brief visitations of those appointed over the administration of the Church's charities—visits which, like those of angels, to quote a familiar expression, were few and far between.

One kindred spirit, not on errands of charity, but of kindness and love, had found, and as frequently as possible visited this stricken child of her Master. She was blessed of the Lord as the bearer of peace and strength to this afflicted disciple, and the return of her visits was looked for by the sufferer with much more interest and anxiety than for those of the formal almoners of charity; for she brought light, and peace, and strength to an anxious and aspiring soul, while they only brought bread for a feeble appetite and sinking body. But ill health and a pressure of other duties had long prevented this messenger of peace from visiting her friend, and the lonely sufferer was left to the communion of her own thoughts, and to draw upon the resources of her own mind for encouragement and strength. No wonder her spirits drooped, and her faith began to decline; for the exercise of faith, too,

depends much upon circumstances, and is greatly aided by means.

One of those strange seasons of doubt and darkness which not unfrequently, and sometimes most inexplicably, visit the children of God, came upon this suffering disciple; and after struggling with the tempter through two dreary days and sleepless nights without receiving light or comfort, she at length sent for her friend. She came, and the communion of kindred spirits—both touched by the love of God, the one light, and free, and full of faith, but the other drooping and weighed down through manifold temptations—the interchange of thoughts and feelings, the mingling of hearts and voices in prayer, soon gave wings to the faith of the desponding sufferer, and she soared above the adversities, the pains, the mysteries of the present, and rejoiced in hope of the goodness and glory of God.

On the following day the writer sat by her bedside, and listened to the story of her lonely sufferings and tedious confinement; but was most of all interested in the manner in which she spoke of the blessed services of her friend who had ministered to her in holy things. With a voice tremulous with emotion, and tears coursing down her pale cheeks, which disease had thinned and chiseled out with a ruthless hand, she spoke of the visit of the previous day—of how the clouds broke away, of how her fears were dispelled, of her faith mounting up as on eagles' wings, as they talked and communed together of God, and the Savior, and the better world above. "O," said the sufferer, "she seemed like an angel of light—like a messenger that the Savior had sent, as he sent Ananias to Saul, to instruct and comfort me." "Do you not think," she inquired, "that God often sends his children to the poor, the suffering, and the tempted, as the instrument through whom he imparts comfort and faith?" My heart responded affirmatively, for I thought "we are laborers together with God;" and I remembered that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in *their affliction*, and to keep ourself unspotted from the world." And I remembered, too, that the Savior had said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." And then I thought how many a sick chamber might be made light, how many a home of poverty might be cheered and blessed, how many broken and sorrowful hearts might be bound up and healed, how many a drooping, suffering Christian might be comforted and strengthened,

if we had more ministering angels in human form meet to be sent by the Master as messengers of peace to his suffering saints; and I thought, too, how many might be blessed themselves while thus blessing others, for I felt a strange warmness about my own heart, and a little loftier flight of my own faith, while listening to the experience of this suffering, but rejoicing child of God.

Not many days ago there was a loud ring at the door-bell, just as we had sat down to dinner. The bell was answered, and we heard a rough voice in the hall ask if "the preacher" was in. The speaker seemed to be in a hurry, and was unwilling to wait till we had finished our meal. Our visitor was a poor drunkard, whose soiled and tattered garments, bloated countenance, and trembling hand, proved that rum had enslaved and impoverished him, and his loaded breath betrayed his recent debauch. He was accompanied by a little girl, about thirteen years of age, whose forlorn appearance needs no other description than that she was a drunkard's child.

"I have come to sign the pledge," was the first word spoken by the wretched man, as he grasped our hand and burst into tears. "I am a poor, miserable creature that have been trying for four months to drown my sorrows with liquor, but find that it is only adding fuel to the fire that burns within me."

Poor fellow! he had, indeed, been a subject of affliction and a man of sorrows. Twelve years ago, with the companion of his heart and life and three pledges of their wedded love, he left England, the land of his birth, in humble circumstances, but full of hope that in the land of liberty and equality his strong arm could earn the means of support for his little family. He brought with him his credentials of membership in the Church of Christ; but, as is too often the case, even with these he found he was a stranger in a strange land, and that the reality of a life in the new world was quite different from the golden dreams and anticipations he had of it when at home. Ten years had passed away in struggling with adverse circumstances, meeting with and enduring the many disappointments and reverses which come upon the friendless and portionless stranger, on whom we too often look with suspicion because he is unknown, and for whom our sympathies too often move slowly, because he first saw the light and breathed the air of heaven in some other land than ours. During this time, by first losing confidence in man, he lost his hope in God, and thus lost the only sure anchor to the soul that is given to the poor.

Two years ago his wife sunk beneath the weight of cares that had come upon her, and was relieved of the burden of a sorrowing life. During the progress of another year two of his children fell, and in a few months another, and about four months since his first-born, just rising into womanhood, was removed from the scenes of a sad and dreary life, leaving him alone—O, how much alone!—with the last of his demolished household, the little girl that accompanied him. The strokes were too heavy, and he sank beneath them. He had lost the only principle that would have sustained him in these sore bereavements, and he sought to drown the remembrance of them in the drunkard's cup. Four months of almost perpetual intoxication could not stay the pinchings of want, nor drown the memory of his loved ones, nor crush the aspirations of a deathless soul.

"I have come to sign the pledge, for I find that rum only adds fuel to the fire that burns within me;" and then he added, in words that reached the heart, and that have been recurring to my thoughts again and again ever since, "Excuse me, sir, but I have come to you, because I find that no one will come to me." I heard his story; I wrote him a pledge and received his signature; I listened to his earnest prayer to God that he might be able to keep that pledge; I saw him place it—signed by his own name, and, at his request, witnessed by mine—in the hands of his little, ragged child, and heard him say, with the big tears coursing down his rough cheeks, "There, Maggy, I have done it, and I will stand to it; keep this, and if your father is ever again tempted and should fall, show him this that he may see his shame and dishonor;" but still the words that had gone before would recur to my thoughts, and have made the most vivid impression of all on my mind—"I have come to you, because I find that *no one will come to me.*"

True, poor drunkard, no one comes to you. We do not forget you; we have temperance societies, and temperance meetings, and make temperance speeches; we labor faithfully and hard to secure prohibitory laws, and to remove temptation out of your way; but we do not come to you. We do not visit your wretched hovel; we do not sit down in your rum-blasted home; we do not take you by the hand, and administer encouragement in your adversities, comfort you in your sorrows and bereavements, affectionately urge you to abandon your home-desolating, body-paralysing, and soul-destroying habit, and strengthen you by our countenance,

our sympathy, and our aid in breaking away from your thralldom. We hate intemperance; drunkenness is disgusting; and too often a portion of our hatred and disgust passes over from the vice to the unhappy victim, and our charities fail for the drunkard. Want and wretchedness visit your household; but too often our charities are chilled because it is the home of the drunkard. Our sympathies are moved when we reflect on the solitude and loneliness of your wife, unloved and uncared for in the miserable home your intemperance has made for her; but they droop again when we remember she is the drunkard's wife, and is lonely and desolate because you have yielded to a demon passion. We often think, but we seldom *come*. We often turn aside and withhold our charities from your ragged, hatless, and bootless boy, because he is a drunkard's child.

Reader, let me give you two texts, not to build theories upon, or even as subjects from which to preach sermons or enforce homiletics, but to take with you into your hours of thoughtfulness and meditation, and to carry with you into your practical every-day life. The first is the language of the poor, lone, suffering child of God, pining in solitude for the communion of kindred spirits: "Do you not think that God often sends his children to the poor, the suffering, and the tempted, as the instruments through whom he imparts comfort and faith?" Yea. Go thou and see if God will not make thee a messenger of strength and comfort to some disquieted and tempted child, deprived of the means of grace, and pining in solitude and suffering. Go thou, and God will make thine own heart the channel of mercy and joy to his suffering child, and its beams and its bliss will illuminate and thrill thine own soul.

The second is the language of the poor drunkard, convinced of his folly, ready to turn from his iniquity, and feeling after God and purity, but finding no one to visit him, no hand to lead him: "I have come to you, because I find no one will come to me." Go to the poor drunkard. Be not afraid of the filth and wretchedness of his miserable home. Do not despise him because he is an unhappy slave, nor his family because his vice has made them wretched. The drunkard has a heart, and mostly, too, a heart that can be easily touched. Listen to his story—for every drunkard has his story to tell—and it is a story of human life, of wrongs endured, of affections blighted, of blasted hopes, of a withered heart; and often his story will soften and greatly palliate his crime, and repay you for

listening by its interest and its warnings. The drunkard is to be pitied, not despised; and we must be careful that our detestation of the vice does not fall on the unhappy victim. There is danger of this, and we let the drunkard, and his smitten wife, and his ragged child alone. Go to the poor drunkard; there may be many more ready to abandon the miserable vice, and turn again to virtue and industry, but they find no voice to encourage, no hand to lead them forth. Going to the poor, friendless outcast has a powerful influence on his heart, and he sinks under the living voice of kindness and entreaty when nothing else would move or bend him.

THE MANY AND THE FEW.

BY J. D. BELL.

WE often hear it said that in America the people hold the sovereign power; or, in other words, that with us the majority, not the minority, rule.

Now, in one sense, this is true enough; but in another it is far too true. Did you ever think what sort of a sway a purely popular one would be? We have lively hints given us often from which we may form some notion of the nature of such a sway. These are had in all those sudden emergencies where, for the time, we find the people left entirely to themselves. Such emergencies are by no means uncommon. They happen in every nation at least by the year. In ours they occur oftener than that. They are occasions when the ordinary restraints imposed upon the masses by the intelligent individuals scattered through society are quite thrown off. The many, in a word, are without the few. And in all such cases, you know, there is unfolded to us a scene of wild confusion and disorder. The people go rampant. They seem to have lost all power of reason and all appearance of intelligence. They run blindly into dangerous pathways of error; chase hotly the butterfly whims of fashion; give unbounded credence to the most visionary theories; and, overleaping all landmarks and barriers, go heaving, and panting, and shouting after the flying phantoms of infatuated fanaticism,

"Like ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

It takes but small, and often insignificant, causes to bring about seasons of evanescent anarchy. You can not tell how soon the masses in America will rise and rush under the wild impulses of a contagious passion for the curious and the new.

A very little wine will make any nation drunk enough to reel. Think what an effort at restraint is required to be made on some of our days of public festivity to keep the masses from corrupting themselves! Think of the strange freaks and follies incident to our elections and party scrambles, when they seem to be let loose with all their fury!

All popular excitements too sudden in their rise to admit of being suppressed at once, and all instances of unrestrained hero-worship, go to show us what would become of the majority without the minority, the many without the few.

The popular mind of every nation is always more or less liable to be characterized by the same weak fickleness that was exhibited in such an extraordinary manner by the French in the days of Napoleon. You know how the masses of Paris under the Bourbon administration changed in spirit through all the degrees of feeling, from utter aversion to unbounded favor, as the falcon-eyed Corsican made his way from Elba, the seat of his exile, up to the capital. By a strange metamorphosis, he was one day a hideous monster, at whom the whole city seemed to gnash their teeth in scornful defiance; and the next a beautiful emperor again, at whose feet that very host of haters bowed in sycophantic idolatry.

The history of every nation will give you numberless instances analogous to this—all which are significant of that state of things which would follow upon an entire resignation of the sovereign power into the hands of the people.

Thus, by supposing it for a time to be inoperative, can we form some just estimate of the influence of that limited number of men who keep the world in its orbit of reason. We are quite apt to forget that there is a far-seeing aristocracy of merit, ever planning, creating, and conserving for the well-being of humanity. The influence of this wise and intelligent minority is the secret of human progress. Take this from mankind, and all the nations of the world would soon be groping in heathen darkness. It was only when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down from the top of Sinai, that they gathered themselves together, and, forgetting the God whose voice had just been thundering in their stupid ears, and the radiance of whose countenance still lighted up the summit of the mountain before them, set up the molten calf and worshiped it. It was only when Solon had withdrawn his wisdom from Athens, and gone to visit surrounding nations, that the spirit of the Athenians began to grow corrupt. It was only when Lycurgus doomed himself to voluntary exile, as he vainly

thought for the good of Sparta, that the Lacedæmonians ceased to flourish and began to decline. So long as these great lawgivers and guides were at their posts dispensing counsel and exercising control, their people were prosperous and progressive. Moses with the Jews was security enough against their corrupting themselves by the worship of false gods. The Areopagus was but a council of Solons, and every Athenian knew his place and kept it, while Solon stood over the people the great democrat of democracy. Freedom, peace, good order, personal and public religion, the fine arts—in a word, all that makes society secure and government strong, had then a value too high and sacred to be trifled with. And so in Sparta the presence of Lycurgus was evidence enough of the truth of his significant maxim, that "that city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of bricks." His voice alone was sufficient to maintain the currency of iron specie; and with him to sanction it, a yoke of oxen drawing the value of ten minæ was no scene for popular ridicule.

We see, then, that it is not the many but the few that control the destinies of nations. And thus we find that there is something sure for society and all good systems of government to lean upon. It is in this fact, too, that we are to look for the secret of the origin and conservation of every human good. Nothing is valuable but as an intelligent minority will and fix it so to be. Every invention, book, custom, law, and institution, whether old or new, thus comes by whatever enduring worth and significance are attached to it. It has not been the many, but a persevering few, that have thought all the great thoughts, made all the great discoveries, and devised all the great schemes, by which the triumphs of civilization have thus far been achieved. It was not the many, but the mere handful of thinking individuals, that rescued Homer's Iliad and the histories of Herodotus, and the works of Horace and Tacitus, and Milton's Paradise Lost, and Shakspeare's plays, from the merciless grasp of oblivion. It was not the many, but a few wise men in the east, that saw and interpreted the star of Bethlehem. It was not the many, but a small party of Christian scholars, that first gathered together the precious manuscripts of the holy Bible, and kept that book of books from growing old up through the long dark ages of superstition and treachery.

But to see more clearly to what an extent the many are dependent on the few, in all the departments of social life, let us observe, as one of many examples that might be given, how fluctuating

and uncertain would be the estimate put upon all established customs if left to popular caprice and dictation.

You can not say how long the present modes of social intercourse—the forms of salutation, manners of showing regard and reverence, rules of propriety and decency, and all those unnumbered conventionalities of refined life that tend to restrain men from insolent boldness and open vice—would survive an entire surrender of power to the people, or a complete practical acknowledgment of the principle of popular sovereignty. The great body of mankind do but use and enjoy. They have no capacity for exercising that wise conservatism whose aim is to preserve good customs from untimely desuetude by oft-repeated consecration. We may judge by the strange fickleness of fashion how unstable would be the value of every custom if left to popular predilection and control. Think how like the fancies of a dream the wandering whims of arbitrary innovation throng upon each other! And this is but the consequence of handing over to the masses the entire sovereignty of style and etiquette. From the same ever-hankering appetite for novelty the very continuities of tradition are in danger. What are periodic commemorations and national annals but means made use of by the guides of mankind to keep great events and great names from being forgotten? Not long would the people, if left to their natural proclivities, preserve the succession of the great days of history. The nativity of Christ would soon cease to be celebrated on Christmas, and the very Sabbath might be suffered to pass by, as it did in France during the Reign of Terror, without the sound of a church-going bell or the sanctitude of a Gospel sermon. The states of our own great republic, before many generations, would fail to observe their appointed days of fasting and thanksgiving, and forget, perhaps, to hail their Fourth of July with declarations of heart-felt gratitude and active patriotism.

Thus are we irresistibly forced to the conclusion, that there are no inherent tendencies in the popular mind which necessitate or do ever produce absolute progress in the right direction. In other words, the masses can in no case be safely left to themselves. But this, however, as you can not but see, does in no wise weaken the claims they have upon the regard of all intelligent men. It is rather a fact which is calculated to awaken in the heart of every enlightened patriot and philanthropist a deep and abiding anxiety for the humanity of the people. It should prompt to a closer watching of the beat-

ing of the great human heart and to wiser attempts at general improvement. How should this fact arouse the great and good men of the world! How zealous and self-sacrificing should it make them in endeavoring to impart a right tone to popular sentiment; to make the voice of the people, as near as may be, the voice of God; to stimulate the people to co-operate with magnanimous individuals in working out pure and noble ideals of human beneficence; to build up useful institutions; to enact wise laws; to defend good customs from popular tendencies to dissolution; and to warn the masses faithfully of the danger of presumption and the doom of wrong! Not to be despised are the people for going wrong as often as right. As well might the planets be scouted for their eclipses and half days of darkness. Those men who were designed by Providence to be the great enlighteners of mankind are responsible, more or less, for popular evils and errors. They have power to mold the people at will. To them belong the keys that unlock the gates of reform. They are the suns to shed light where there is darkness, and to carry heat where there is coldness; to make the desert places of society fresher and bloom, and its dead communities live and flourish. The many may be culpable, but the few will be more culpable. The Epicureans were blameworthy; but Epicurus was more so. Pontius Pilate was more guilty of the blood of Jesus than were the Jewish rabble. In the day of doom Mohammed shall suffer for the dupes of the Koran, Joe Smith for the Mormons, Voltaire and Hume for the infidels, and the Papal hierarchs for their poor, misguided devotees. Thus all the great leaders and tacticians, by whose stubborn ambition and misdirected genius nations and communities were misled on earth, will find in eternity the masses victimized by their influence depending on the sacrifice of their souls, just as the children of Israel sought an expiation for their sins in the shed blood of goats and bullocks.

But, on the other hand, what "an eternal weight of glory" will be found in store for those illustrious men whose lives were spent in labors of magnanimous and holy love! "On the day of resurrection some faces shall become white and other faces shall become black." Herod, the Tetrach of Galilee, from some dark table-land in the world of despair, surrounded by his emissaries of persecution, will then see John the Baptist, whom he ordered to be beheaded, seated in glorious light, with an army of saints arrayed in white robes gathered about him. And here

and there on neighboring heights, in the same sunless realm, the haughty old popes, each thronged with the fawning minions and willing dupes that bowed at his feet on earth, will see the great Luther and his co-workers in the Reformation leading over the beautiful hills of paradise, in long and majestic lines of march, the myriad host of Protestants redeemed by their influence from the dominion of the Man of Sin.

Thus shall the fate of all those who gained fame in doing evil, and the fate of all those who became illustrious in doing good, be brought into awful contrast in God's last reckoning-time with human souls!

So thou canst not but see, great man! that to elevate, and improve, and bless mankind should be thy only business here in the world. This was the task thy Creator assigned for thee to do. Lay aside then thy inglorious aims, thy schemes of vain ambition, and go down among the people and save them. They plead for thy influence and thy counsels, those masses of poor, ignorant, misguided, stumbling men, women, and children. Go thou and lift them up to higher vantage-grounds. Give them more light. Shine upon them with thy sunlit soul. Lead them to the pure fountains of intelligence. Be to them a faithful guide and guardian in thy day and generation.

So do, and then, when the time comes for thee to depart from earth, it shall be thine to hope and trust, unfalteringly, that thou hast not lived in vain.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

THROUGH a forest quaint and quiet,
Under arches green and cool,
Lay the path so often trodden,
Leading to our summer school.

Fir-trees flung their somber shadows
O'er the wild and winding way;
Long green branches o'er us clasping,
Kindly keeping out the day.

Half-hid nooks of blushing flowers,
Tempting oft our wayward feet,
Led us, lingering, from the pathway
Till the moments, flying fleet,

Brought at length the cheering summons
Of the distant school-house bell,
Waking, as we went, faint echoes
Which along the forest fell.

Rough and rude their humble school-house,
All the seats ranged in a row,
Making quite unheard-of angles
With the windows wide and low.

But the grass grew green before it;
Mossy maples murmured round;
Graceful birches, bending o'er it,
Trailed their tassels to the ground.

Back not far among the foliage
Glanced a gently gliding gleam,
Coming with the mellow music
Of a softly singing stream.

Loved and loving was our teacher,
Ellen of the soft blue eye,
Memory in our heart hath shrined her
With the things that can not die.

Kind and careful, gentle ever,
By her tender, thrilling tone
Banishing all dread and making
Rhythm of the "rules" alone.

Welcoming each blessed beauty
Which her loving search had found,
Mingling it with dally duty,
Making all things bright around.

All the day thus learning, loving,
Till each trying task was done;
Happy only at our parting
If the teacher's smile were won.

Turned we then our footsteps homeward,
Lingering to greet each glade,
Till the sinking sunshine made us
Fearful of the evening shade.

From the forest to the farm-house,
Passing o'er a pleasant plain,
Greeted we the blooming orchards
And green fields of growing grain.

Buttercups in bunches blossomed
All along the rural road;
O'er the hedges clumps of clover
Heavy with their honey-load.

Soon at home, retiring, weary
Of the rambles of the day,
Sleeping soundly till the morning
Roused us with its rosy ray.

Out amid the buds and birds'-nests,
With the bees among the flowers;
All together sporting gayly
Through the merry morning hours.

Thus all day, from early dawning,
Weary only with the light:
Bees, and birds, and blessed blossoms
Mingling in our dreams at night.

O the charms of early childhood!
Changing in a cheerful chime;
All its shadow turned to sunshine,
All its round a running rhyme.

HAPPINESS.

How cheap

Is genuine happiness, and yet how dearly
Do we all pay for its base counterfeit!

THE P'S AND Q'S OF MODERN REFORMERS.

BY REV. O. M. SPENCER, A. M.

THIS is an age of unprecedented change. The heaven of reform is pervading the whole mass of community. "Old things are passing away, and behold all things are becoming new." Every thing is assuming a new aspect. The bells of time are ringing incessantly, and every successive peal gives a new coloring to the complexion of passing events.

This is an age of unparalleled power. The human mind is exerting its utmost energies, as if about to compass heaven and earth and grasp the infinite. At each convulsive throb it endeavors to surpass the last, and at each successive throes gives prodigious birth to mental triumphs, more startling and unaccountable than if legions of warriors, armed cap-a-pie, should leap forth from the rocking base of a laboring mountain, or the fiery crater of an angry volcano.

This is an age of feverish excitement and energetic action. Every thing appears to be in motion. The public pulse is throbbing wildly, and every pulsation is the death knell of some expiring system or the harbinger of a new. This is no time for the mentally maimed, the halt, or the blind. No facilities exist for constructing crutches—no provision is made for intellectual cripples. Infirmarys have been transformed into gymnasiums, and hospitals into garrisons. A moral whirlwind is sweeping with fearful energy through both hemispheres, and thousands of all ages, and sexes, and conditions in life are attempting to direct its pathway.

These all, without distinction, call themselves reformers, though many of them, like the plagues of Egypt, are more potent in destruction than in reformation. The fire, and hail, and swarms of locusts would leave no trace of any thing green or beautiful.

Others are harmless because they are powerless. The foamings of their impotent rage only serve to excite the pity of their friends and the contempt of their foes. Like scorpions encompassed by fire they only lacerate themselves and each other with their poisonous stings. And if in their misguided zeal they should assail virtue, or in their delirious lunacy should hurl their weapons against the Bible, like the arrows which the Parthians directed toward the sun, they will return with double vengeance upon their heads.

And yet there are others who possess the spirit of true reformers. This is to be seen at home in the remodeling old constitutions and the adoption of new, better adapted to the wants and demands

of society; while pilgrim bees from abroad are extracting honey from the existing institutions of our country to deposit in the political hive of their own. It is to be seen in all those social or religious reforms which have for their object the amelioration of man and the glory of God. Their energies are directed by love and their zeal is tempered with discretion. Such we would bid God-speed. But there are others whom we can not wish such good success. A few classes of these we propose briefly to notice.

And, first, we would call attention to a class of spurious reformers whom we shall call

QUIDNUNOS.

These are they who know, or pretend to know, every thing—who will stand up and say,

"I am Sir Oracle,

When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

They conceive society to be an arch and themselves to be the keystone, and they graciously condescend to sustain this important position to the social fabric, lest the whole structure should be precipitated in ruin. It is not difficult to perceive that they "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think;" for by some self-magnifying process the simpleton has become a sage, and the fool a philosopher. They are a good deal like young Sheridan without his honesty, who once told his father that if he ever got into Parliament he meant to set a sign upon his head inscribed, "to let." "Yes," said Sheridan, "and add, *unfurnished*." Were it not that nature is opposed to a vacuum, their heads, on a post-mortem examination, would be found as "concave as a worm-eaten nut;" so in lieu of *brains* she has substituted *brass*.

Vanity is the atmosphere in which they live and breathe. Like frogs in an exhausted receiver, they swell and inflate themselves almost to bursting with empty nothingness. Were we a physician we would pronounce their disease mental plethora, and for a reduction would prescribe "leeches and cataplasms."

The second class we notice are,

QUACKS.

Reformers of this description are found in every department of the social, professional, religious, and political systems. Like the frogs of Egypt, they "come into our houses, and into our bedchambers, and upon our beds; into our ovens and into our kneading-troughs." We find them every-where. We have *professional* quacks. These abound, especially in the practice of medicine, so that the false disciples of *Æsculapius* not only outnumber the faithful, but meet with more extensive patronage. "Their eyes stand out with

fatness," and "their tongue walketh through the earth." It is scarcely possible to conceive with what presumption and effrontery they palm off their villainous compounds upon an unsuspecting public. Were a mountebank, while vending his panaceas, to proclaim in the market-place that a bubble swallowed without breaking would be a certain cure for baldness and blindness, pain and palsy, headache and heartache, verily there are many who would try the experiment.

We have *political* quacks. There are *parvenus* politicians, who seem to think that taxation is the alpha and omega of the science of government. They have not even learned the alphabet of civil polity. And yet by dint of their dexterity in political legerdemain, they succeed to admiration in deceiving the "dear people." Some of them have two creeds, which, like the beds of the Neapolitans, serve them two purposes—one for *show*, the other for *service*.

Nor is the ministry exempt; for all ministers are empirics who depart from a clear and common-sense interpretation of the Scriptures.

There are *social* and *religious* quacks; the advocates of Millerism and Mormonism—of the different species of Agrarianism and Communism, together with the high-priests of other charlatanical systems, who would, if possible, "deceive the very elect." If we regard the public health, the only safe way is to let their nostrums alone.

The third class of spurious reformers we would call

QUIXOTISTS.

We can not pause to enumerate the several subdivisions that go to constitute it, for their "name is legion." Suffice it to say, that all who are the advocates of visionary, impracticable, or, in a word, Quixotic schemes of reform, belong to this class. Some of their systems are merely the fickle fancies of distempered brains. Others, like the utopia of Sir Thomas Moore, with much that is infeasible, contain many valuable suggestions. Others, again, are as wild and extravagant as the exploits of the hero of Cervantes.

It is said of the fountain of Hammon, that it is cold by day and hot by night. So there is a certain class of reformers, who would not only *revolutionize* the natural order of things but entirely *reverse* them. While the Socialists would have all the heavenly bodies possess an equal share in the rings of Saturn or the satellites of Jupiter, there are others—with whom Joan of Arc is the type of womanhood—who would have the sun rule by night and the moon by day, or both rule together. So they go to work to construct levers to lift the pale queen out of

her orbit, and thus leave night without a luminary.

And yet these all think that they are verily doing God service, and it may be they are. Pope says:

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

We would not condemn all attempts at moral reform; far from it. It was natural enough for a boy, when going to mill, to consider it a good reason for carrying a stone in one end of the bag and flour in the other, because his "father did it." But we will not reason thus. We will stand, if possible, upon the shoulders of our forefathers and take in a more extended view. There is great necessity for a moral reform. The Augean stable needs cleansing; where shall we find the Hercules to do it? 'Tis true, God almighty might, if he saw proper, work without means. He can at any time make "the wickedness of man to praise him." Beneath his controlling hand the lust of Henry VIII became a propagandist of the Reformation in England, and the ambition of Philip III, of Spain, a sentinel to guard and keep it there. And now he could commission hair-brained visionaries to become the apostles of a mighty revolution; and from the wild insanity of their dreams evoke systems of moral beauty and sublimity. But this is not his general course; he works by instrumentalities. Among these we propose noticing briefly the pen, the pulpit, the press, and the platform—what they are, and what they should be in order that each may accomplish its great moral mission. And first,

THE PEN.

Colton divides readers into three classes—those who read to think, those who read to write, and those who read to talk. To cater to the tastes of these three kinds of readers authors have divided themselves into three classes also. 1. Those who write to please. 2. Those who write to profit. 3. Those who write to please and profit.

There are many who write to please only. This being their main object they convey little or no instruction. Fruit will be found very scarce—flowers and foliage in abundance.

Volume succeeds volume in rapid succession. As they fall from the press they are devoured with avidity by the reading public, and after enjoying a temporary notoriety, like that of a popular ballad, they are thrown aside and are soon forgotten. A very few works of this class will live forever. Though possessing but little intrinsic merit in themselves, having been embalmed

by great genius, as flies in amber, their destiny is thus linked with immortality. Authors of this class we can not but respect for their talents, though we think they might have been employed to better purpose.

There are others, however, worthy only of contempt. While master minds create the taste, they supply it. While others kill, vulture-like they feed upon the carcass. They are literary scavengers who will gather up the offal and refuse of others, dress it over and then present it to the public palate. In this respect they resemble the French cooks of the Parisian *cafés*, who consider a metamorphosis of tainted fragments as the *ne plus ultra* of the culinary art. Finding that they can not present to the public taste the wine of a pure literature, they deal out the very dregs that persons of the baser order may "wring them out and drink them," or else they will enter the literary vineyard of another, pluck flowers, and fruit, and foliage, and then graft them upon their own puny, dwindling vines as if they were their natural growth. For this petit larceny upon the personal property of literary men, such persons ought to be condemned like common criminals; and as they steal and write merely for a living, they should be furnished with bread and water at the public expense.

There are other novel-writers who are more original. Like a spirit lamp they generate their own fuel, but it is only gas. And yet such authors would fain persuade themselves and others that their literary gaslight is superior to and cheaper than mental daylight. It is easy to perceive that such writers are in love with themselves, and so unfortunate as to have no rival. They write to please, but they please no one but themselves; and while they are in raptures over the productions of their genius, others, who have the patience to read their sickly sentimentalism, find their pens to be pointless and their tales without a moral.

Another variety of this class remains yet to be noticed. Those who constitute it are neither original authors, servile imitators, nor literary pilferers, but translators of transatlantic thought, all tainted, putrid, and corrupting as it is, and then wholesale merchants of the same. They are literary funnels through which French poison is poured down American throats. The electrical spiders of literature, carrying discharges from the positive to the negative pole, till there is an equilibrium of corrupting influences. "I am ashamed," says a modern writer—Dr. Beecher—"that any satanic pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the Dead Sea of her abominations a

baptism for our sons." For such no usage would be too severe. They are villainous vagabonds, to whom correction with a cowhide would be the greatest charity.

But we notice, secondly, those who write to profit. The productions of these authors are the bone and sinew of literature. Their books contain *multum in parvo*. Their merit consists not in their style but in their matter. You meet with no useless ornaments or adventitious appendages; no rhetorical paraphernalia or broad phylacteries, but an exceeding "plainness of speech." Every sentence bends and breaks with the burden of its meaning. They are especially adapted to those who read to write—who wish to become authors, and are too indolent to think for themselves. One page of the writings of the former would, in the hands of the latter, spread over a score and yet not be tasteless, although so diluted. It is plainly evident that these are not the books for the million. They require thought, patient thought; but the multitude will not think.

In striking contrast with these we may notice those who, flattering themselves that they belong to the class of profitable authors, have filled whole libraries with the productions of their prolific pens. Many of them have no other merit than that of being voluminous. If authors were classed into folio, quarto, octavo, etc.; and did they rank according to the size of their volumes, as in former times a man's title was known by the size of his shoes, they would stand high; but according to the modern standard they rank very low. A folio in this laconic age would never live to see the light. Who now ever reads the *Histriomatrix* of Prynne, or the *Adversaria* of Barthius? No one; and the time is fast approaching when an author will never be read, unless he is an adept in the art of mental stenography.

We notice, thirdly, those who write both to please and to profit. This class will have the greatest influence upon the mass of community. They bear the same relation to the one preceding that the Corinthian does to the Ionian column. The latter would find admirers among the cultivated few, the former among the uncultivated many.

The true design of composition is to convey the best instruction under the most pleasing form—to profit and yet delight. The mind is not only informed by presenting to the imagination images of thought, but if they are lively and appropriate, it is delighted with the moral as the eye with the effect of a painting. Nature

exhibits fruit and foliage together, and so should the author. He should study to blend the useful with the ornamental—to be at the same time attractive and instructive. The Bible, the oldest of all writings, and the best of all books, combines poetry and philosophy—mingles instruction with delight. He who inspired the eloquence and logic of Paul, tuned the harp of David.

Let those, then, who aspire to the craft of authorship, first of all study the Bible. According as they copy after or depart from this model, in an eminent degree will be their success. The immortal epic of Bunyan, and the Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns derived their inspiration from the Bible. Milton was deeply read in the Scriptures, and they form the ground-work of his, and, we might say, of England's masterpiece. Gay, when about to compose, was in the habit of reading the most poetical passages of the Bible. Shakspeare drank deeply at this fountain of inspiration, and, in fact, the prime agent which gave the Elizabethan period of English literature so distinguished a pre-eminence in the world of letters, was the translation of the Bible.

After becoming thoroughly imbued with the style and spirit of the sacred writings, the author should feel deeply impressed with his fearful responsibility. "*Scribere est agere*"—to write is to act. If the pen does not clothe thought with omnipotence, it invests it with a kind of omnipresence and renders it immortal. It gives it a ubiquity both in time and space. The works of genius will live, and their leafy tongues will speak when the hand that penned them has moldered into dust and ashes, while thousands yet unborn will bless or curse them as the instruments of their weal or woe world without end. They will set in motion waves of influence that will roll on till they dash upon the shores of eternity.

Of the responsibility of authors the Russians have given us a very striking, though rather a ludicrous illustration. On a plate, in which part of hell is represented, are two kettles. In one of them there is a robber, in the other a bad writer. Under the kettle of the latter the devil is busily engaged in making a large fire, while the bandit seems to be enjoying only a comfortable degree of warmth. The author, who has raised the lid of his kettle, complains to the devil that he torments him more than the robber; but the devil thumps him on the head and says, "Thou wert worse than he; for his sins and misdeeds died with him, but thine continue to live for ages."

Last of all; if the author does not wish to be a mere literary fungus he must make frequent use of the *limas laborum*. Like a good artist, he should spend much time in retouching and polishing his compositions; and although his emendations may seem to be of a trifling character, yet as Michael Angelo once said to a friend, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Virgil did not consider his *Æneid* perfect after laboring upon it for eleven years, and Diodorus Siculus devoted thirty years to the composition of his history. Says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "*In æternitatem pingo*"—I paint for eternity—and let this be the motto of every author—"I write for eternity."

THE STORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

IT was night. The bleak winds blew across the prairie, howling and shrieking with a rage almost terrific. A storm of snow and hail was at its utmost height.

The rich man sat in his stately mansion before his cheerful fire, surrounded by his happy family, enjoying the bliss of domestic comfort. What cared he for the storm without, when all was good cheer within! He rather enjoyed the wild raging of the tempest; and as he thought of his well-filled barns and comfortably sheltered cattle, he rose, and, with a smile of entire satisfaction with himself, went to his amply stored library, and taking from it one of the "poets," read aloud "The Winter Evening."

Mark the contrast. Two weary travelers were crossing the "prairie." They were well prepared, they thought, to meet the keenest blast; but they were strangers to the "prairie winds," and knew not what they had to contend with.

One of them rode on in sullen silence, but the other, a Frenchman from Texas, who had never, in his coldest dreams, imagined that such intensity existed under the sun, at first raved and swore, then, as the icicles attached themselves to his mustache and stiffened his lips, he cried, "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" and was at last compelled to content himself with a few smothered groans.

A poor widow sat in her lone hut in the edge of the prairie. For her that had been a sad day. Early in the morning little Willie, her only child, came into the hut bringing with him his little pet chicken, which had perished the night before. After awhile he came again, "Mother, my little dog is dead." Tears rolled down the cheeks of the child, but his mother kissed them away. In

the evening he came to her again, telling her his calf was dead; and a little later, when she went to look after her cow, she found her just expiring.

All had perished from cold and starvation, and the widow felt that she, too, must sink under this heavy burden of care. All was gone. She had only a crust for her supper, and the pitiless storm raged so fiercely she could not attempt to seek for aid. But she thought of her boy—that was sufficient to rouse her, and with a cry of thankfulness she ran into her hut, clasped him to her heart and exclaimed, "O God, I thank thee thou hast spared my boy! That child was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'" The meaning of those words can be felt but not imagined.

They had swallowed their last morsel. Morning would find the widow without a crust for her darling. She knew no means by which to procure food, but God knew. How beautiful was that faith! With a countenance irradiated with the light of faith, hope, and thankfulness, she undressed her sleeping boy and laid him in their comfortless bed; then throwing on half her fagots a warm fire was soon blazing in the hearth. She then took from a shelf a small Bible. This was to her a priceless treasure, not only because of the great truths contained therein, but it was the gift of her husband. She opened it and took from between its leaves a lock of jet black hair. It was her husband's. Memory was busy now. She thought of happy days gone to return no more, and she wept. Again she composed herself, and by the light of the fire read in the "holy book" much concerning the mysterious providence of God, and with a cheerful smile she closed the book, feeling that in the sight of Omnipotence she was indeed of more value than "many sparrows."

The tempest was at its height. Her door flew open and the piercing winds seemed to cut through her threadbare garments. O how she shivered as she went to close the door! There was enough of the fagots left to make a fire in the morning—only enough. But, singular caprice! she gathered them all up and threw them on the burning coals. Singular caprice, indeed! That caprice was her salvation. The fire blazed, and as it sent relief to her stiffened limbs it cheered her aching heart, and sent streams of light, like heavenly messengers, through the large crevices in the walls of her hut out into the prairie. Our two weary travelers saw that light, and hastened to reach the hut lest they should perish in the storm. The widow, astonished,

opened the door to let them in. God of mercy, one was her brother! She had trusted in Heaven and she was saved.

LITTLE CHILDREN, O I LOVE THEM!

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

"For of such is the kingdom of God."—MARK x, 14.

Little children, O I love them!—
Love their happy, winning smile;
Father's arms around, above them,
Gently guard them here the while:
O thou Father,
Thou wouldst rather
Safely guard them here the while!

Little children, flowers from heaven,
Strewn on earth by God's own hand;
Earnest emblems to us given,
From the fields of angel-land;
Life adorning,

Gems of morning,
From the fields of angel-land!

Little children, watchful spirits,
Sent to guide our footsteps here,
While to learn them they invite us,
They to us are doubly dear.

Us they cherish,
Them we nourish—
They to us are doubly dear!

Little children, let us heed them,
While their hearts rebound with bliss;
For a hand unseen doth lead them
To a better world than this;

They are going,
Young and glowing,
To a better world than this.

Little children, hear their voices,
Tuned to strains of love and light;
Their glad music soothes, rejoices
Manly bosoms with delight.

Joy is filling—
Gladness thrilling
Manly bosoms with delight.

Little children, blessed creatures,
Kindly sent with us to stay;
Let us ever kindly treat them—
Childhood's hours soon flee away.

Yes, we feel it,
Years reveal it—
Childhood's hours soon flee away.

Little children, O I love them!—
Love their happy, winning smile;
Father's arms around, above them,
Safely guard them here from guile;
Then, O Father!
Wouldst not rather
Let them tarry here the while?

A HALF HOUR AMONG THE EPIGRAMMATISTS.

BY JAMES FRISWELL.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE is such an easy, playful exercise of wit in the epigram; such sparkle, glitter, and surprise in it, if successful, that the employment of these trifles, to amuse their friends, by very sober divines, must not be wondered at. Bearing this in mind, we shall not be surprised at that right reverend prelate Bishop Atterbury, making an epigram upon a lady's fan; though we may be glad to hear that the fan belonged "to Miss Osborne, afterward his wife." Atterbury was the friend of Pope and Swift, and seems to have caught some of their grace and wit in turning this epigram, the conclusion of which we shall only quote. The fan, he declares,

"Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame."

We appeal to the reader if this be not very neat for a bishop? But another Churchman certainly excels him in wit, if not in compliments—we allude to Dr. Edward Young; a poet whose genius was of so full and pregnant a nature in wit, that in regard to that quality but one name in our whole gallery of poets can come near it, and that name is Butler.

Dr. Young, before he took orders, danced about the court, and no doubt expected an appointment. But he was a moral, a good, and an earnest man; and every now and then this earnestness showed itself in the midst of a very lax, low Church age. Being at a party of literary men he meets with M. de Voltaire, then just arrived in England to mix with the wits, and to show how clever he was. In Young's presence Voltaire ridicules Milton's sublime image of Death and Sin, whereupon the Englishman pencils the following.

TO VOLTAIRE.

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin."

The death and sin, as regards leanness and profligacy, come in very well; but the idea of any one mistaking Milton for Voltaire is preposterous even as a compliment.

Courtship brightens any one's wits. Young wishes to marry, and pays court to a noble lady whom he afterward marries, wedding "discord in a noble wife." But at the time of courtship this discord is concord, and the grave poet, playing at bowls with his lady love in the garden at Welwyn is called away by a servant. With a

backward glance he departs, sees the visitor, and returns with the following:

"Thus Adam goes, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent by Heaven.
Hard was his fate, but mine's still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, mine remained behind."

In the same garden at Welwyn was afterward erected a statue to Sleep, under which the Doctor, then a married man and wishing for rest, inscribed one of the most beautiful epigrams in any language. It is in Latin; we give the original, and also add a translation for such ladies as have not matriculated at the "Ladies' College."

AD SOMNUM.

"Somne levis quamquam cutissimæ mortis
Consortem cupio, te tamen esse tori imago,
Alma quies, optata veni, nam sic sine vite
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori."

"Light sleep, though death's cold image, prythee give
Thy fellowship while in my couch I lie;
O! gentle wished-for rest, how sweet to *live*
Thus without *life*, and without *death* to die!"

The grace of the Latin, the sweetness of its numbers, has escaped us; the point alone is preserved. To quote the whole of Young's epigrams would be to quote the whole of his works: the "Night Thoughts" alone furnishing more epigrammatic turns than any book in the language. We will, therefore, pass on to another Churchman, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a Lincolnshire rector, and father of the celebrated John of that name. He was but an indifferent poet; but the editor of his works, with a sort of wild justice, commits an epigram himself when he declares "that the virtues of his sons, John and Charles, will atone for his poetical crimes." The following is pointed, but, like Young's, depends for its point upon a Scriptural simile. It is also faulty in that eighteenth century diction which abounds in "wretches," "creatures," "souls," etc.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a *stone*."

We must not linger upon the epigrammatists of unknown names and of fugitive poetry books. Those thick old volumes which Tonson indulged in, those miscellanies of verse by "gentlemen of quality and other eminent hands," abound in them. Some are good, some are very bad indeed; we therefore follow our subject to fresh fields and pastures new in the pages of two illustrious men, Pope and Swift.

The first was an epigram in himself, and a devoted admirer of them in verse, presuming that

verse was epigrammatic. But even his direct epigrams are by no means contemptible, and they have a turn which belongs to them alone. Who does not know that peculiarly insolent one on the collar of a dog presented to his royal highness?

"I am his highness's dog at Kew;

Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

This, however, seems to be but borrowed; for in Sir William Temple's heads for an essay on conversation, I find the following: "Mr. Grantham's fool's reply to a gentleman who asked whose fool he was? 'I am Mr. Grantham's fool: pray, whose fool are you?'"

That "upon one who wrote long epitaphs," is true of most performances of that funeral kind; when we recollect that the gentleman addressed was Dr. Robert Friend, the pun on the name gives piquancy to the verse:

"Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,

Where still so much is said;

One half will never be believed,

The other never read."

These are all we shall quote of Pope, the most polished, the most musical and silvery of our deca-syllabic verse-writers; his name not only recalls the host of brilliant wits with whom he was associated, but also that of one of the most courageous, bold, witty, and unwomanly women whom we meet with in literature; and when we have said that, we have said a great deal.

Dr. Swift, for whom Mr. Thackeray has such an intense hatred, and we so great a respect, taking, in fact, a very different theory upon the dean's behavior and madness, to that which the greatest novelist of the present day holds, wrote perhaps more epigrams than any literary man of his age or of ours. Like most deep and earnest men, he was at the same time a trifler. It may seem a paradox, but it is true; the dean, as others have done, felt the truth of Horace's maxim, *dulce est desipere iis loco*, and, following, invented curious ways of passing the time. He wrote a kind of Dog-Latin, which was, when read quickly, nothing but English; he wrote an essay upon punning; advice to servants and characters of the nobility whom he knew. I wish some of those who pride themselves on their birth, would ponder upon the characters which the dean has given to their ancestors. I am traveling out of the way of the epigram in this, but really it is worth the while. It does not show Swift to have been a very good-natured man; but, as some even of his personal enemies are praised, and that judiciously, by the dean, we may rely upon the general truth, that is, from Swift's view of the case;

he was besides, too proud a man to tell a lie. The remarks I allude to are those upon the "Characters of the Court of Queen Anne," written by a Mr. Davis. Swift appends his epigrammatic remarks to the glowing descriptions of Davis. Thus, when Davis calls the Duke of Marlborough "a tall, handsome man, for his age, with a very obliging address, of clear and sound judgment," etc., Swift writes in the margin, "Detestably covetous," a character we now know to be true. "The Duke of Ormond has," says Davis, "all the qualities of a great man, except that [those] of a statesman," to which Swift assents; but the Duke of Somerset "has hardly common sense;" the Earl of Nottingham is "an endless talker;" the Duke of Bolton is "a great booby;" Earl Rivers is "an arrant knave in common dealings;" the Earl of Portland, "as great a dunce as I ever knew;" the Earl of Derby, alas! for Stanley, "as arrant a scoundrel as his brother." Then comes a good nobleman, the Earl of Thanet—he is "of great piety and virtue;" but, alas! the Earl of Sandwich is "a puppy;" Earl Ranelagh, "the vainest old fool I ever saw;" Lord Lucas, "a good, plain humdrum;" the Earl of Chesterfield, "the greatest knave in England;" the Earl of Berkeley, "intolerably lazy, and somewhat covetous;" Lord Guilford, is "a very silly fellow;" and Lord Wharton, "*the most universal villain I ever knew.*" Now, we submit that, historically, these characters are true; and also we beg to infer from it, that the gentlemen of England, descended from these, have nothing to be proud of, although their ancestors' portraits are painted by Lely and Jervis, and their names are mentioned by Burke. In short, they come in the category of those—

"—— whose ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept through fools and villains since the Flood."

And, alas! for that silly pride, the pride of birth; is not this, since no human being is perfect, also true of our own?

Swift's epigrams are, it may be supposed from the foregoing, exceedingly plain-spoken; two of them upon windows—diamond-pointed pencils were then common; and Mr. Pope turned a pretty compliment with one of them, both curious and good. Of course, the window written on was that of an inn, some of the glass of which would, with such an autograph, fetch a good price in the market of curiosities.

ON AN INN WINDOW.

"The glass, by lover's nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So, when our passions love hath stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light."

The doctor always had something to say against love. The second preserves a hit against another mistress, whom he hated—the Church:

AT AN INN AT CHESTER.

"The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very much akin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within."

The couplet below satirizes the musical feuds between Handel and Bononcini, and does not say much for the dean's love of music, however greatly it may enhance his wit:

ON A MUSICAL DISPUTE.

"Strange! all this difference should be,
Twixt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE."

In the following batch, some of our readers will find old friends. They are, indeed, the most pointed which we have.

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, *there's no body at home.*"

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you, yourself, may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet."

ON A CHILD'S DEATH.

"My friend complains that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short.
Consider, Peter! he's in heaven;
'Tis good to have a friend at court."

I heard Mr. Thackeray in his admirable lecture attest that Swift had never spoken well of a child; nay, nor had mentioned one, except to say, "that it squalled." I hope he will consider this an exception. The thought, which seems abrupt in four lines, is a very solemn and touching one, and has been expended by worse rhymesters than Swift into twenty or thirty verses; and so adieu to the "dean," as pre-eminently *the* dean, as well as Wellington was *the* duke. We have omitted many, very many, of his epigrams, some of them searching, bitter, and cutting sharply as a razor; especially that one, upon Whitshed's motto on his coach. Let us believe this: it were good for us to have a Swift alive now, to lash the stupidity and the vices of pretenders to talent, to government, and to *places*.

Dr. Abel Evans, whose name fills a conspicuous place in a wretched Oxford hexameter and pentameter,

"Alma novem genais celebres Rhedycina poetas
Bubb, Stubb, Cobb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickel,
Evans,"

wrote some curious trifles. His smart versicles on Sir John Vanburgh, the architect, are worthy of quotation:

"Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee."

And so also is the couplet on that enormous fat fellow, Dr. Tadloe, whose name has only been preserved from his bulk:

"When Tadloe walks the streets, the paivors cry,
'God bless you, sir,' and lay their rammers by."

Dr. Johnson, sitting at a party at Mrs. Thrale's, mentions a certain "Molly Aston;" she was "a beauty, a scholar, a wit, and a whig, and she talked all in the praise of liberty; so I made this epigram upon her:

"Liber ut ease veline, suavis, pulchra Maria;
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale!"

"She was the loveliest creature," says the Doctor, with enthusiasm, "that I ever saw." "Will it do this way in English?" said Mrs. Thrale, repeating her translation:

"Persuasions to freedom fall oddly from you;
If freedom we seek, fair Maria, adieu!"

"It will do well enough," replies Johnson: "but it is translated by a lady, and the ladies never liked Molly Aston."

But the present writer, not thinking the version close enough, although it may do "well enough," begs to retranslate it:

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO SPOKE IN FRAMES OF LIBERTY.

"Freedom you teach; so, burning to be free,
Adieu, lest I should be enslaved by thee."

We shall next quote Doctor Doddridge, with, according to Johnson, the finest epigram in the language; it is a happy little sermon in verse, on a very unchristian motto which had descended to him from his ancestry:

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasure of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord! in my life let both united be!
I live in pleasure, while I live to thee."

Let us turn now to Lord Chesterfield:

ON SEEING A WHOLE LENGTH OF BRAU WASH BETWEEN THE
BUSTS OF NEWTON AND POPE, IN THE ROOMS AT BATH.

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a job
More cruel on mankind."

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Gives satire all its thought:
Wisdom and wit but little seen;
But folly at full length."

Goldsmith has left one very beautiful specimen

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

"Sure 'twas by Providence designed,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate."

The following is from the Persian, translated by Sir William Jones:

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

"On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou satst, while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking in death's last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep."

Pye—the Laureat—Mason—author of *Caractacus*—Wolcot—Peter Pindar—Aikin, and Mrs. Robinson, have all left epigrams.

Let us now hasten toward the close of a gossiping article, by culling some of the unknown—one, on

THE OPERA.

"An opera, like a pillory, may be said,
To nail our ears down, and expose our head."

Another,

ON A FALE LADY WITH A RED-NOSED HUSBAND.

"Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has its place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?"

A very pompous, overdrawn compliment is that upon Pope's translation of Homer:

"So much, dear Pope, thy English Homer charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after ages will with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek."

Curious also in its repetition, is this one:

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF KILDARE.

"Who kill'd Kildare? who dar'd Kildare to kill?"

DEATH ANSWERS:

"I kill'd Kildare, and dare kill whom I will."

And rich in its satire is the one on that head of a College at Oxford, who starved his horses. The doctor had set an undergraduate the task of making verses on the theme, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. And these, so the story goes, were the result:

"Averse to pampered and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopt straw Avaro feeds;
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn!"

Good, also, is that repartee,

TO A BOASTER OF HIS ANCESTOR'S EXPLOITS.

"Still storming cities! burning ships in harbor!
I wish your grandfather had been a barber."

In the days of the Regency, among the galaxy of wits, the effulgence of whose fame lightens even the present day, we find, of course, plenty of epigrammatists. There was Wolcot—Peter Pindar—who, after satirizing "great George our King," extended his favors, when he himself was an old man, to his successors. There were the writers in "The Oxford Sausage," that eccentric but witty magazine; there were Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere, the editors of "The Microcosm;" there were Hunt, Lamb, Moore, and Byron, the

last of whom, as being for the most part illustrative of his feelings, we shall quote. The first was addressed to his wife a few months before their separation:

"There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none."

The next tells a very different story:

LORD BYRON TO HIS LADY,

On the Sixth Anniversary of their Marriage.

"How strangely time his course has run,
Since first I paired with you;
Six years ago we made but one,
Now five have made us two."

Neither of these, however, is a very excellent specimen of the art. The last we shall quote is in the best style of the serious epigram. It is printed in the French edition of Lord Byron's works—Paris, 1826, page 716—but has been attributed to Scott. Nor have we now the proper books near us to verify the authorship. With us they bear the title of

Lines found in Lord Byron's Bible.

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
O! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better they had ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

The idea of a French invasion in 1803, called forth a host of broadsides in verse, and caricatures, and loyal and patriotic epigrams. The divine *afflatus* was not wanting in the songs, as those who, like us, have seen the original broadside of Campbell's "Mariners of England," can witness; nor was point wanting in the epigrams; but they are too much adapted to the times to quote, and for this reason also we omit many upon the fashions, the dandies, and the dandizettes of the Regency. In fact, we have come to the limits of an article like our own, and should we continue any longer might tire our readers. For this reason, also, we forbear to quote any theatrical epigrams, which abound in all sorts of magazines of the days of Garrick, or of Kemble, Siddons, and Kean.

In our own days, Punch and other satirical publications have been the outlet for epigrammatic writers, and some of these productions have been of the most brilliant and forcible kind. But a feeling has gradually arisen that the versified epigram is old-fashioned, and therefore the prose style is now more indulged in than before. In this, especially in his comedies, Douglas Jerrold is unrivaled, and one of the most beautiful

in the language by this author is to be found in "The Hermit of Bellyfulle," the finest and most philosophic of this writer's works; a writer, by the way, whose wit is too fine ever to reach extreme popularity. The Hermit is preaching patience. "Do you know," said he, "what patience did?" "Patience *wanted* a nightingale, patience waited—and the egg sang!" The ellipsis is there perfect; the space between the small egg and the singing-bird charming; the silence of the listening night is something of the sublime.

But from even an essay short as our own, upon this subject, one should not omit the name of that poet, dear to all lovers of humor as of poetry, Thomas Hood. We have but space for one of his productions; but that is a good one; neither has it a melancholy cadence. Our sparkles shall not be touched with a lurid light; let therefore even the German tourist, who, accompanying Prince Albert from "Vaterland," made this mistake, laugh at the

EPIGRAM.

"Charmed with the drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveler exclaimed with glee,
Potsausend! sare, if this be Athol Brose,
How good de Athol Boetery must be!"

We have seen that these small darts of wit can be serious or jocose, inimical or friendly; that they can give us a hint upon love, upon war, or even upon religion. Connected with this we shall find, that even in the small space of an epigram we have perhaps the best definition of the most sublime idea which ever entered the brain of man—need we say,

ETERNITY!

"Reason does but one quaint solution lend
To Nature's deepest yet divinest riddle;
Time is but a *beginning* and an *end*,
Eternity is nothing but a *middle*."

This is from the pen of the author of "Althea;" verily, after reading it, let us hope that the general reader will say, that, even from our imperfect sketch, "there is much in an epigram."

So ends our half hour.

PRIDE.

THEOPHRASTUS, an ancient Greek writer, says that the proud man regards the whole human race with contempt, himself excepted. If he has rendered a service to any man, he will remind him of it as he meets him in the street, and in a loud voice goad him with the obligation. He is never the first to accost any man; he returns the salute of no one in the public way.

KIND WORDS.

BY MAHALA.

"A word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Can heal a heart that's broken,
And make a friend sincere."

KIND words! What are they? They are a healing balm to the wounded heart, when the soul is overwhelmed with sorrow; and when hope's brightest prospects are withered, they are a fertile spot in life's desert. When the heart is burdened with the ills of life how soon a few kind words will diminish that burden! They are more valuable to the friendless and the afflicted, and by them are more highly prized than the most costly gem that ever decked a monarch's crown.

Kind words to the erring! for they will make a deeper impression and exert a greater influence toward winning them back to the path of virtue and truth than all the harsh words ever uttered.

Kind words to the angry! for "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Kind words to the aged! for they have endured enough of life's ills; they will sink past scenes into the soft, peaceful lap of forgetfulness.

Kind words to children! for they will cause a smile so full of joy and gratitude that it will lighten their face like a sunbeam.

Kind words to all! for they cost nothing but what they will bountifully repay; for they are like a spring of water on a hill-side, spreading beauty around; nourishing the beautiful flowers of friendship and love; causing them to grow and expand their foliage; imparting their fragrance to all around till transplanted to a heavenly clime, where they will bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty forever.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him, by gentle means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

BY MORRIS BROOKS, ESQ.

Written on visiting my native land after an absence of more than thirty years.

Hark of my youth! that silent long hath hung
On the lone willow, with neglected string.
Where the green mistletoe around thee clung,
And hushed the notes that thou wast wont to sing,

Awake once more! as when in boyhood's spring
I first essayed, with trembling hand, to sweep
Thy yielding chords, and soar on Fancy's wing
Through realms of thought, or delve th' unfathomed deep

To coral caves below, where sea-nymphs vigils keep.

But these were days that like a dream have fled,
And only left the memory that they were;
While busy Time hath silvered o'er my head,
And shorn the raven locks that clustered there.

Land of my birth! where first the vital air
Kindled the spark of being in my breast,
Though absent long, I can no more forbear
A swift obedience to the high behest

That prompts to visit thee before I sink to rest.

My native home! to me 'tis holy ground,
Where oft beside my mother's knee I've knelt,
At morn and eve, with reverence profound,
While heavenly influence would my bosom melt.
And yonder, too, is where the dear one dwelt,
Who kindled fond emotions in my breast,
Which none can fancy who have never felt,
None comprehend who have not been possessed
Of such transcendent charms as hers that made me blessed.

How evanescent are our blisful dreams!
For soon, alas! she faded from my sight;
As when the setting sun's last, lingering beams
Reflect their splendor on the brow of Night,
So did her kindling graces shine more bright
As health declined, and beauty passed away,
While my fond bosom felt the withering blight,
Doomed to behold her wasting day by day,

Till Death his trophy claimed and quenched life's
trembling ray.

Here, too, I mark the slowly moldering power
Of Time's omnipotent, unceasing away,
Wasting at noonday and the midnight hour,
Whate'er he touches in his onward way:

How sad the theme for this my humble lay,
Perchance the last that I shall e'er indite,
To brood upon the emblems of decay.

Where every scene was lovely once and bright,
Filling my youthful heart with exquisite delight!

But, Susquehanna! thou art gliding now
As when I left thee thrice ten years ago;
Time has not written on thy placid brow
His autograph, nor bid thee cease to flow;
Thy youth fades not away like the brief glow
On beauty's cheek, but thou wilt onward sweep,
Nor pause, until the last loud trumpet blow,

Bearing thy treasures to the mighty deep,
Till earth shall cease to roll and thy proud billows
sleep.

The day has dawned which to the prophet shone,
When knowledge is diffused from pole to pole.
Now Science, standing on her starry throne,
Withdraws the veil of darkness from the soul,
And beckons nations to their destined goal;
And thou, my native region, with delight,
Hast seen her hope inspiring hand unroll
The future's dawning glories to thy sight;
And o'er thy hills and valleys streams her radiant light.

Thy hills are leveled for the thundering car,
Thy valleys raised that it may onward fly;
And hark! the iron-hoofed coursers from afar
Neigh in wild triumph his loud signal cry,
While mountains tremble as he rushes by.
Lo! now he comes, with flaming fuel fed,
Swift as the blazing comet of the sky,
Dark curling wreaths of smoke upon his head,
Hot vapor in his mouth, and terror in his tread.

Yes! knowledge has increased; and now we see
The lightning, leaping from its native cloud,
Submissive yield to man's supremacy,
And at his bidding all its terrors shroud.
To Science now its haughty crest has bowed;
And lo! the angry tyrant of the sky
Stoops on his flashing pinions, late so proud,
And lays awhile his bellowing thunders by,
Along the noiseless wire man's messenger to fly.

But stay, my muse! nor with vain ardors burn
To follow Science in her radiant way;
Nor even pause where many a moldering urn,
In which the ashes of my kindred lay,
So strongly plead from me a longer stay.
Farewell, Owego! now a long farewell;
Thy pleasing charms I leave perhaps for aye;
But in old age and distant lands I'll dwell
Upon the beauteous scenes my childhood loved so well.

SONNET TO WASHINGTON.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

GREAT Washington! his calm and god-like eye—
The mirror of a mighty soul—could show,
Like some deep, placid sea, the whole broad sky,
Serenely read for struggling man below.
The noblest son of earth he saw not nigh;
But like rapt prophet of creation's dawn,
Whose vision-wings adown the ages flew,
As eagles cleave the mountain gorges through,
Until earth's future stood with visor drawn.
'Neath Europe's frozen ribs his name can call
Up pulses strong and deep enough to start
Her craven kings, and rock them to their fall.
He nothing was to self—his country's all;
O when a tree roots in a nation's heart,
It spreads to heaven and doth the world intrall!

THE OLD PRISON—A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. DOWN PIATT.

NEAR Rue Bonaparte, in one of the dark courts made by old buildings of various shapes, but all high and weather-stained, stands an old prison which we had often gazed at with much interest. Every thing about it pertained to a former age. The long, narrow windows, the arched door-ways, and, above all, the round projections at the corners, gave evidence of a time when the place was not only a prison, but often a garrison. Every few years the houses in the neighborhood are scraped, and to a certain extent repaired; but the old prison, like a place accursed, is neglected, and the dark stains of years gather and thicken upon its walls—while on the slates grow in corners the green moss—all giving a somber expression, as if, like a human head, the old house had thoughts and memories which wrote readable characters upon the countenance.

I had an intense desire to walk through and see the interior of this relic—but the sentinel who paced slowly to and fro before the entrance gave me to understand, very clearly, that such excursions were forbidden. One day, however, we made again an attempt—the sentinel shook his stupid head, and we were about turning away, when an officer, who had witnessed the scene, stepped forward, and after a brief talk, politely invited us to enter. The invitation was as surprising as our request, but we followed, and were placed under the supervision of an old woman, the ordinary conductor on such occasions, and were soon staring intensely at the murky interior. We ascended a few steps, traversed a long, narrow, dim hall, from which opened low arched doors, and were shown room upon room, small, dark, and unwholesome, where humanity must have pined slowly, for the building was constructed before Christianity had taught the art of ventilation—to say nothing of the further care and comfort of the unfortunate. As I gazed at the heavy walls, the double-barred windows, the thick oak and well-ironed doors, I wondered at the care taken to keep a few miserable wretches shut out from liberty and sunlight, and asked had any ever escaped? We were in a small apartment lit by a single, narrow window heavily ironed, when I asked this question, more to myself than aloud—when the old woman nodded her head affirmatively, and pointed to a name, deeply engraved in a very rude manner, near the fireplace. After some study, I made out to reach the name of "Philip

Comte de Villeneuve." Another name was evidently engraved below, but so filled up and worn by time we could not make it out. The old concierge seeing my attempt, said briefly, "Louise Bertole." I asked if she knew any thing of the history connected with these two names, but the answer was incomprehensible—something in reference to a book—so I dropped the subject; but as she passed the little room, serving her probably as a bed-chamber, but formerly an office to the prison, she ran in and returned with an old book, a little torn, and a good deal smoked, called the "Prisons of Paris," and, opening, pointed to the page where began the history and incidents connected with the building we had just examined. Of course I purchased this addition to an eccentric library, and was soon deep in the subject of our prison. A portion of this relating to the names I have mentioned is here given, translated well as one can translate not the best French in the world.

Count Philip de Villeneuve was the admirable Crichton of his day—young, handsome, and rich, his accomplishments were without limit, as his courage was beyond question. All concurred—save Cardinal Mazarin, who was jealous, and old General Hubre, who was stupid—in believing that were Philip to turn his attention to some serious pursuit, he would be famous in the world. But the careless youth was given up to pleasure, and did he for a short time devote himself to study or work, it was in quest of some trifle, unworthy the exertion. Philip was liked and admired by the Queen Mother, and of course hated by the Cardinal. It was not a safe or pleasant thing to be hated by the Cardinal. Secretly married to Anne of Austria, the Queen Mother, he had the government under his control, and made all suffer who crossed, or was believed to have crossed his path. Sprung from a low origin, he felt ill at ease in the presence of gentlemen; having struggled slowly into place, he never felt secure, and was forever anticipating trouble. Villeneuve was a gentleman, and admired by the Queen. The Cardinal hated him for the one, and feared him for the other. He was a doomed man, only waiting for an overt act to justify his ruin. It came after awhile.

That the wily statesman had secured his position by secretly marrying Anne of Austria is now admitted as a historical fact. Be that as it may, certain it was that almost at any moment he could claim an audience with her Majesty, and gain admittance to her presence in a manner quite unknown to the great majority of the court. The gardens of the Palais Royale lay between

the apartments of the Cardinal and the residence of the Queen Mother. They were exclusively appropriated to the latter; and one night, when the statesman was returning through them to his rooms, he found to his consternation he had lost or forgotten the key to the secret panel that would admit him to his apartments. Here was a dilemma. He dare not return—he dare not call for assistance. It was a chill evening in December, with the rain descending in thick, penetrating mists, that made way through garments no wise fitted for a night in the open air. The cunning Cardinal was sorely puzzled. He clinched his hands in very vexation. He walked hastily to and fro to warm up his already chilling blood. He turned over and over various suggestions, but none were practical. He must do something or freeze. A high fence of iron railings crossed the gardens where now stands the gallery erected by Louis Philippe, to swell with rents the private coffers of the state—and, seeking the corner farthest from the sentry, the dignitary attempted to climb. By the aid of a small tree and a window-shutter, he gained the top, but, although said to be excellent at climbing, politically speaking, he made a bad business of this; for when he found himself on the points of the railing, it was with so little strength left, that he missed his hold, and, but for his gown catching upon the points, would have tumbled to the ground. As it was, he hung dangling between heaven and earth—without grace, comfort, or dignity. The Cardinal shouted lustily, and the two sentries ran to his assistance—not precisely to his assistance, for they believed him a thief—and one placed himself on guard, while the other ran for aid. The sentinel, to amuse himself, asked numerous impertinent questions, and, to hasten the replies, poked the unfortunate with his musket. In vain the poor man asserted his position—the stupid fellow only laughed the more, and asked his highness “how he found the Queen’s kitchen,” and other questions equally absurd, such as whether he was taking a lesson in hanging, so as to be ready for the halter. The return of the soldiers, with an officer and guard, relieved his excellency from his painful and awkward position.

Of course so startling an adventure could not be suppressed. It was whispered, with much exaggeration, from salon to salon, and last shaped itself into an epigram, which the delicacy of the French language, and yet more the delicacy of my own, will not permit me to translate. It is sufficient to say that it was very pointed—enough so to cause the shrewd Italian to trace it to its

author, the Count Philip de Villeneuve. The sufferer was too wise to make an example avowedly of the author; that would be making bad worse; and Philip was seized on a charge of high treason, and hurried to the Bastille. He took the proceeding with his accustomed grace and gentlemanly indifference. On being conducted to his cell he at first complained of its accommodations—but immediately added that it was quite well enough for his brief stay. “Monsieur le Comte relies upon his influence at court,” said the Governor, who accompanied him to his cell. “By no means,” coldly replied the Count; “I shall escape.” The only answer to this was a smile of derision. But sure enough, the prisoner did escape. It was the simplest thing in the world. He purchased a disguise of a guardian from one of the guards, and pretending madness, would throw his books, or stool, or pitcher at the turnkey, when he came in the evening with his dinner. It was a very disagreeable procedure for the keeper to have to jump out of the way of articles flying by so fiercely and irregular—and accordingly the little ceremonies were hurried through briefly as possible. One evening he found the Count asleep, and, not caring to awaken so troublesome a gentleman, he placed the meal upon the table and hastened away. It was not necessary to take any precaution. A great deal of noise would not have disturbed the occupant of the bed. In fact the Count had placed there a very bad imitation of himself, and, standing in the shadow of the door, quietly walked out with the keeper, who of course mistook him for one of the guard. He continued a short time with them—dropped behind and turned into the first passage, and, by the aid of a little money and much self-possession, soon found himself outside of the hated prison.

One would suppose, after this, the Count would have concealed himself, or at least have avoided observation till his friends at court could have secured a pardon. He did no such a thing, but returned to his hotel—donned his best apparel, and, after a hearty dinner, drove to the palace, where the astonished Mazarin found him gayly chattering with his friends, as if nothing had occurred. Mazarin was not of course in the best humor; he attributed this audacity to the interference of the Queen Mother, and his venomous little nature was aroused. That night the Count was re-arrested and returned to the Bastille before the wonder-stricken Governor had discovered the trick that had been played upon him.

The Count was placed in a room considered

the most secure in the prison. It was in one of the towers, and, while almost cut off from the main body of the building, was at such a great height that no communication could be had from without. The Governor said, ironically, "that he hoped the Count would find the apartment sufficiently to his taste to remain in it!" "By no means," was the reply, "I shall escape." This was considered absurd, and so treated. And really the brave gentleman was puzzled. A large number of guards—a great quantity of huge doors were between him and the entrance—and one could not fly—at least the attempt would as likely free one from earth as from prison. Fortunately his friends kept him supplied with money from his estates, and he set about corrupting the guard. But one came near him, a grim old Cerberus, with as much wickedness and cruelty in his one head as that celebrated dog could possibly have in three. The first approaches were slow and painful. The overtures were rejected with threats; but the Count persevered. The enemy yielded slowly. At first he lent only an ear to the proposals—then he received money, and the sums grew larger and were given more frequently, as various evidences appeared of willingness to assist. He secured a file to remove the bars from his window, and lastly a rope by which to descend into the moat below. Once or twice the Count's suspicions were aroused. The man was too ready. He even went so far as to assist in removing the iron bars which crossed the window. But why hesitate—why suspect or quarrel with the only chance of escape? He put aside his suspicions, and carefully hid his rope, waiting patiently for a night sufficiently dark to attempt the dizzy feat. It came at last, a night of storm—the rain was dashed by strong winds against the casement, and the old towers murmured as if holding talk with the genius of the tempest. Nothing daunted, the brave young man pulled away the bars—fastened the rope, and gave himself without hesitation to the perilous descent. The winds blew with a force that made him vibrate to and fro, in a manner greatly to increase the labor of the task. He swung from side to side, striking against the projections of the building with a violence at times almost sufficient to make him lose his firm grasp upon the cord. He persevered, reaching at last with much pain and peril the end of the rope, but, to his astonishment, not the water. His first impulse was to let himself drop, thinking the distance not great; but a second's thought made him hesitate, and well it was that he did. A vivid flash of lightning ex-

hibited the terrible fact that he was swinging half-way between his window and the ground. The treason—the cruel trap was but too evident. To let himself fall would be certain death—and yet he could not continue clinging in the storm to the cord; his remaining strength would soon be exhausted. He determined to return. With desperate efforts he clambered a short distance up the rope, and, holding by his teeth and one hand, with the other he passed the end of the rope around his leg in such a manner as to afford him a support—and loosening his wearied grasp he gathered breath and strength for his new efforts.

As the Count swung, resting upon the narrow cord, the storm swept by, but the wind continued, and the stars twinkled in the blue depths, which the many lights of the vast city seemed reflecting. One little life in that vast multitude—one little existence in the immensity of space—appeared scarcely worth struggling to preserve; yet to the young man, whose brave heart never faltered, the multitude below, and the very stars above, seemed only secondary to himself. The sublime egotism of heroic character nerved him to the contest, and he commenced his painful ascent. Slowly he strove, gaining little by little, till the window ledge was within his grasp—by a terrible and last effort he gained this, drew himself in, and fell exhausted upon his bed. He did not despair; but from the very mouth of a treacherous defeat won his victory. Seizing cloak and hat he threw them from the window, and, in the dim light of coming day, had the satisfaction of seeing them floating in the moat below; he then concealed himself, waiting patiently for the approach of his cruel jailer. He came at last, opened the door, and uttered an exclamation of delight on seeing the bars removed, and the cord yet hanging from the window. He gave but one glance at the cloak and hat swimming below, and hastened away to announce the death of their troublesome prisoner. In his hurry he left unlocked the prison-door, and Philip was quick to follow. In the hall he found a number of tools, left the night before by a workman employed on some repairs. He seized a hammer, followed with a quick, light step, the treacherous keeper, and at the first door he stopped to unlock, felled him to the floor. It was so sudden and fierce that the man fell like a log. Philip seized the keys, unlocked the door, and, after shutting and locking it behind him, fled swiftly along the deserted hall. He encountered many other doors, history tells us, and several domestics; but by his wit and impudence

passed them all, to find himself once more beyond the walls of his hated prison.

One would suppose, now at least after this narrow escape from death, he would make some effort to escape the hands of enemies so unrelenting. By no manner of means—the very night of his escape he appeared as usual at the palace. One can but suspect, after all, while reading from this true history, the Count Philip's pertinacity in courting the vengeance of the Cardinal, that he had, or believed that he had, some influence in the quarter suspected by his powerful enemy. Be that as it may, he was immediately seized upon by the guards under command of "this shade of Richelieu," and the shade set about thinking of some disposition other than the Bastille afforded. The weak imitator of a great man regarded the Bastille as a state prison, subject to the interference, if not under the control of others than himself, and had, on that account, what he called his "petite maison," entirely subject to his tyrannical and somewhat capricious will. To this Count Philip was consigned, with orders to place him in the best-secured apartment, and, under penalty of death, suffer no escape. To the adventurous young man the prospect was not cheering. He found himself in a low, arched chamber, into which the light struggled dimly from a long, narrow window heavily barred. Into this he had been brought blind-folded, traversing many passages—hearing numerous doors open and shut for him, and, being fairly bewildered by the many turns he was forced to make. He seemed, indeed, introduced to his tomb. With a heavy heart he turned from the material obstacles to the human. He turned at first from the glance with horror. His keeper was a woman—a deformed woman. Indeed the responsible guardians of this prison were an old soldier and his daughter. The man, a wreck of former strength eminently developed, had but one arm, and was lame. The daughter, as I said, was deformed. I can not give, as the French author has, a minute description of this ill-looking person. An injury to the spine, when young, had destroyed all symmetry of figure, and nothing but the head remained to testify to the beauty so cruelly destroyed. Could that head have been separated from its fearful support, it would have appeared the head of a Madonna. But placed as it was, it seemed to add to the deformity. The great quantity of silken black hair fell over a complexion of startling purity—and large lustrous eyes lit up a face, so exquisitely regular, so delicate, so expressive, that a sculptor might give a life

of ideal effort for this—our reality. But, alas! this head of an angel was chained down to the body of a fiend, was indeed its exponent, and exhibited but expressions angry, impatient, or painful. The heart born to be full of sympathies—kind as the spring, generous as the day—had been locked up in its loathsome prison-house; and like a plant shut out from light, wilted into a living death. But I write in advance of my story. Day after day went by, and Philip's active intellect found no means of escape. No one approached him save this woman, with the domestics; and she stood silent, with keys in hand, while he ate his meals, and they arranged his cell. This ended, she followed them out, giving one or two searching glances to the interior as she went. He was, indeed, well guarded—the only important prisoner, he had the undivided attention of an honest, stout, old soldier, aided by the vigilance of a morbidly sharpened intellect, and stimulated by the hope of reward if successful in keeping the prisoner, and the certainty of death if he failed. Philip's was not a spirit to despair. He said to himself, "Why, this is a woman; I will appeal to her feelings. I will make love to her." The first interview after this resolution made him start back from his own hidden purpose—so hideous in person—so cold and sarcastic in expression. But it was necessary, and he accordingly approached cautiously his victim. So clear a head—so shrewd an intellect would suspect at once the design of approaches too hastily made. There was no reasonable motive to which to appeal—nothing natural to rest upon. I wish I had the space to follow the French author in his history of this affair—in his cold anatomy of the being he had selected to dissect. The poor heart, imprisoned in its fearful tomb, was yet human; the strong, yet unrecognized, unacknowledged longing for human sympathy—that great principle of life that moves and controls all our actions—there had its growth, morbidly perhaps—like a plant deprived of light—yet positive and strong. It is hard to know the fact that one created to love and be loved saw the world shrink away; the very child to start from the offered caress, and no recognition given but of horror and disgust; walked alone in crowds, and could die unlamented. For even the father, rough old soldier as he was, saw only a deformed child where he had hoped for comfort in loveliness, and forgot that although the beauty was gone, feeling remained. The soul thus shunned turned upon the world, and gave harshness for harshness. The winter freezes the surface of the stream, yet

the water runs fresh below; and so Philip found beneath the hard exterior the quick throbbings of loving humanity. "You should not treat me so harshly, but rather let us be friends. We are enough alike. I am buried here for life, and you also. Come, let us make things pleasant." The answer was an impatient one—but, nothing daunted, he continued. As I said, I have not the patience to follow with the French historian, step by step, this strange affair. The many approaches—the many repulses—yet still patient, persevering, ever kind and sad in appeals to a heart that was at last awakened to a sense of its own impulses—to its own power. No great boon suddenly bestowed—no gift of light to the born blind—no draught of water to the famished traveler—no cry of a first-born babe falling upon a mother's ear, ever gave half the delight, the intense enjoyment, as did the first utterings of sympathy and affection to this poor, forlorn, out-cast of humanity. Her hard, harsh nature softened and changed. To her, as if by magic, changed the world—all things grew beautiful—life had an object, the earth a heaven. Such natures will not be trampled or imposed upon. Philip conceived his plans, and made his approaches in intense selfish hypocrisy. He pretended kindness when he felt only disgust—he sought to awaken affection only for the purpose of betraying it. But all this gradually changed when he found himself fascinated by a clear, but subtle intellect, approaching almost genius, and stored with treasures to which his own could make no pretense. The mind, turned upon itself, had not been idle. The books she had devoured—the poetry she had treasured up—the sciences she had mastered, were all spread before him. The dim, ugly, little cell gradually changed to the closet of a student. Philip found himself supplied with books, pen, ink, paper, and a lamp, things denied to him before, and the comforts, even luxuries to which he had been accustomed. These were much, but nothing to the charm—the fascination of the strange being accident had brought him in contact with. And she became less and less repulsive as the attractions of her mind grew upon his likings. Week after week, month after month, passed away, and, lost in study, lost in the interest of other and higher things, Philip forgot his projected escape. New desires, new hopes of purer ambition took possession of his fine nature, and he looked back with astonishment at the idle life of stupid dissipation he had passed. Under the teachings, at least under the influence of the weird creature he had sought to use, his nature was realizing, to

a degree that surprised him, its own strength and high destiny.

What would have been the result of this had it continued as it commenced, we can not say. But a new fact came to change the current of events. Accustomed to an active out-door life, the close, badly ventilated cell began in time to exercise a pernicious influence upon his health. He slowly wore away, losing appetite and spirits. His respiration seemed impeded, and a subtle fever the greater part of the time seemed to be consuming him. All this was seen with intense anguish by Louise. She nursed, encouraged, and prescribed for him, as she would for a child. But it was of no avail. The prison-fever had taken possession of its victim, and was not to be baffled or destroyed. "Ah me!" she said in her soft, low voice to him one night as the lamplight fell upon his sunken cheeks and ghostly eyes—"you will die here, Philip—you are dying;" and her words seemed struggling up through tears; "but no, you shall not perish here—you want air, exercise—pure air."

She hastily left the room, but in a few minutes returned, bidding Philip follow her. He did so, slowly threading the intricate passages, and opening door after door, till at last they stood upon the threshold—the stars glittering above, and the free, cold air came dashing against their faces. Philip was almost giddy with delight—like a very child he almost shouted in the sense of exquisite enjoyment. A second's thought brought the reality to him, and he turned to his guide. "Go," she said, "be free, be happy." "But you?" he asked. "Have no thought of me—or if you do, only as a prison dream, having no existence." "But you will be punished for this—and your father—" The poor girl started, yet said nothing. "No," continued Philip, "to leave in this way will be the act only of a coward—let us return—return to our books—and laugh at the Cardinal, brigand that he is. Let us return and be philosophers. I will tell you how deformed bodies have fair and truthful souls—and deceitful, crooked, cruel souls are hid in beautiful bodies. Let us return and mock them all—we will be happy in spite of Lord Cardinals and forgetful Queens." But the persuasive words had no effect. She had evidently determined upon securing his release, whatever the consequences might be; and after some hesitation Philip, feeling this, and above all, seduced by the exquisite sense of freedom, acting upon a nature made yet more sensitive by ill health, said:

"I must go, but will not desert you. I will

see my friends, find means by which you can be saved, and return to my cell." He stooped, imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of his poor little liberator, and in a second had disappeared. She was alone; and from the silent street she looked up through blinding tears to the stars, as if searching for the happiness so lately fled, and then slowly entered the prison. Many and many a poor wretch had beat out against those dreary walls his miserable existence—but never before had the prison been such a prison as that moment when receiving its keeper.

Philip returned, but not as he had promised. The fever he carried away gathered sufficient strength to prostrate him upon his bed, where, protected and concealed by his friends, many days were lost—a sad loss indeed. The first efforts in returning consciousness was inquiry as to his poor friend, and the information was of such a nature that, regardless of advice and entreaties, he hastened, ill as he was, first to the Queen Mother and then to the old prison. He returned too late—the vengeance of the Cardinal had been swift. I hasten over the fearful scenes so minutely described in the book, in which poor Louise Bertole realized her cruel destiny, and saw not only her own fearful end, but that of her old father. It was a chill dark morning, with the rain falling in thick mists, when Philip staggered from his carriage to see a scaffold in the court-yard, and, on a rude table in the little office, two forms covered by a sheet, the peculiar outline of which but too plainly indicating the dead beneath.

Philip never returned to prison. The interference of high personages in his behalf, and subsequently the death of the Cardinal, restored him to liberty, but never to his former self. All were surprised at the sober, thoughtful man, who, from a reckless courtier, became a student and a philosopher. This is the little romance of the "Old Prison," and let all who visit Paris procure the book, with its rude details, and under the shadow of the frowning witness to their truth, read to the sorrowful end.

A FORGOTTEN THING.

MANY men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just going out of it, they bethink themselves and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all this while forgot, namely, the main business for which they came into the world—to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity.

VOL. XV.—35

LAST WORDS OF THE DYING.

BY M. M. HAM.

A GREAT many feel a natural horror of death. They shrink whenever it is mentioned. The love of life is such a ruling passion with men that the breaking of the silver cord is looked forward to with more dread feeling than any other event which can possibly happen. The mention of the subject causes an almost invincible repugnance. Very few like to speak of it, and still less have an inclination to write about it. Indeed, those authors who have dwelt most upon it have exhibited only the bent of a morbid taste or diseased imagination. So it was with Edgar A. Poe; so with Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe; so it is, in fact, with every writer who has loaded his pages with gloomy pictures of death and the charnel-house.

Now, we hope to be accused of no such proclivities, though, judging from our title, many might honestly suppose that we were going to indulge in some death-bed scenes, where only the terrible yearnings after life are exhibited as dissolution comes on. But such is not the case.

The ideas usually entertained about death are erroneous. We are accustomed to associate the separation of soul and body with horror and dread, as if death were necessarily agonizing and distressing, but this is far from being the case universally. The instances to the contrary are both numerous and striking. How often do we hear or witness the departure of a spirit from its frail tenement with all the calmness of a summer sunset, wholly insensible to pain; indeed, joyously relinquishing its hold upon things of earth! "Death always means us a kindness, though it sometimes has a gruff way of offering it," says Lowell in one of his books.

The last words of the dying come from their innermost nature. They reveal the true workings of the heart, and from them we get the best insight into the real character of the man. This is no time for dissimulation. When one is taking his last adieu of earth and every thing the heart holds dear, nature must and will speak out, often involuntarily. Though hypocrisy and deceit may have blinded the world to the true character of the man, yet here they find no harbor. He speaks what is uppermost and reveals himself as he really is.

"The grave's the pulpit of departed man,
From it he speaks."

While yet alive a man of any prominence whatever is often viewed with envy or prejudice, with fear or hate, and so of course his cotempo-

aries are not fit judges of his talents or his worth. But as soon as the grave closes over him, men, having nothing to gain or lose, will give him his full meed of praise, and he will pass among them for what he is really worth. So it was with Homer:

"Thirteen cities claimed the Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

So it was with Milton. His books were not noticed at all while he was yet alive, and after he died they were fast sinking into oblivion, when Addison, in the *Spectator*, pointed out their beauties to a new generation. The impressions make upon the world lives after them. Webster's last words seem almost prophetic, for he "still lives," and will so long as the institutions of the country exist on which he made so deep a mark.

The death of Adams and Jefferson has always seemed a strange coincidence. Both had been presidents. These two were the most prominent actors in the Convention that framed the Declaration of Independence, and they both died on the anniversary of its passage just fifty years after. Jefferson, with the usual confidence of his nature, spoke his last words, "I resign my soul to God and my daughter to my country;" while the dying words of Adams were still more characteristic. A few minutes before dying, being roused by the firing of a cannon, and told that his neighbors were rejoicing for the Fourth of July, he exclaimed, "It is a great and glorious day!" and expired with the words, "Independence forever!" on his lips.

Napoleon's last words were "*Tete d'armee*"—an unmistakable evidence of how his thoughts were employed on the eve of his departure. What words could be supposed more in accordance with his warlike career?

The great Lord Clarendon, who occupied so conspicuous a position in English affairs during the reign of James II, dropped his pen from his hand when seized with a palsy which put an end to his existence. In fact, death has come upon very many while they were yet at work. Sir Isaac Newton died in the act of winding up his watch—an emblem of the winding up of his own brilliant career. Seneca, the old Roman moralist, suffered a death that was long and torturing; yet his sufferings, severe as they must have been, could not repress the fortitude and ardor of his nature, for he dictated a discourse to his secretary that was read with avidity after his death.

Addison died in a manner full worthy of his exalted principles and virtuous life, when he

called to his bedside his profligate son-in-law, exclaiming, "Behold, with what tranquillity a Christian can die!" It happened to Hadyn, the great musical composer, as it often has to men of genius, his faculties became impaired before his frame. His old age was that of a drooping, driveling, demented old man. He was living just in the outskirts of Vienna, the city of which he was so proud, when the French army advanced upon it in 1809. They set up a heavy cannonade upon the town from within a short distance of his house. It roused the old man from his dotage; his fears for his city and his sovereign gave him renewed energy. But the excitement was too great, and soon, reaction coming on, his strength visibly diminished. Nevertheless, having been carried to the piano at his request, he sang three times, with a feeble voice, "God preserve the Emperor." But it was the song of the swan. While yet singing he fell into a sort of stupor, and shortly expired.

It will be well remembered that Sir Walter Raleigh was made a martyr to his political opinions, and because he dared to think for himself received the reward which has awaited so many eminent statesmen. He was beheaded. When on the scaffold he requested to see the ax, and, feeling of its edge, said, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils." Being asked which way he wished to place himself on the block, he replied, "So the heart is right, it is no matter which way the head lies." A like fate also overtook Anne Boleyn, Henry's unfortunate queen. When on the scaffold, looking at the ax, and then clasping her neck, she exclaimed, "It is but small—very small." When Sir Walter Scott was near his end, he requested his son-in-law Lockhart to read to him; and when asked from what book, he replied, "Need you ask? there is but one." Lockhart then read to him the fourteenth chapter of St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc. There was a deal of withering rebuke in what Caesar said when he saw Brutus among the conspirators who were seeking his life, "*Et tu, Brute!*" And throwing his mantle over his face, he would shut out the faithlessness of friends, as well as prevent their seeing his face during his death agonies.

The last words of Lord Chesterfield exhibited his usual politeness, when a friend having entered his chamber he said to an attendant, "Give Daryoles a chair." Sir Thomas More pleasantly said, when mounting the scaffold, "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down I will shift for myself." The last words of Lord Nelson were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet

to an anchor." It is said that Homer died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle propounded by a simple fisherman, "Leaving what we took, what we took not we bring"—a rather knotty question to be sure, but scarcely worth dying for.

But while there are so many pleasant, calm, and peaceful departures to that bourn from which no traveler returns, like that of Addison to which we have already alluded, there are also many which are made terrible by the bitings of remorse. There is many a story told of mental anguish, distressing fear, and harrowing terror accompanying the hour of dissolution of those whose lives have been spotted with crime. The death-bed of the Countess of Nottingham was one of remorse for her faithless conduct toward the Earl of Essex. It is said that Queen Elizabeth shook her on her dying couch with, "God may forgive you, but I never will." This same Queen, in her turn, suffered all the pangs of an unappeased conscience in her last moments, for she exclaimed, "My kingdom for a moment of time!" How many, like Voltaire, Tom Paine, and so on have vainly regretted the evil they had done—the seed they had sown, and which was to blossom after they had gone!

We best learn to die by attaching ourselves as slightly as possible to human affairs. The less our affections are placed upon these matters, the less will be our regret at leaving them. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine houses and gardens, instead of his replying with flattery and praise as is usual, he said, "Ah, David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible." And if it were possible to shake off all thought, care, and desire for things of earth, it would seem that death, instead of being feared, would rather be welcomed. The poet Lowell finely expresses this idea: "If the soul lose this poor mansion by sudden conflagration of disease or slow decay of age, is she, therefore, houseless? If she put off this poor soiled garment, which at best is but a poor protection, is there not something laid up for it that will prove a better? The land beyond the grave is often viewed as an enemy's country, but the dying words of the truly eminent convince us that it is rather one of quiet and rest."

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THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honors; then to retire.—*Addison*.

ALBERT'S NEW CLOTHES.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER.

BY ALICE GARY.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an old and homely saying, but not more homely than true; and I wish the countryman and woman who reads this story would ponder it more wisely than they have heretofore done, for, unless my observation and experience belie the truth, too much is expected of children, more especially of the children of farmers. It is their crowning excellence, so they are taught to believe, to behave like men and women, and be emulous of work—playthings they are told are for babies; and so soon as they can toddle alone, they are shamed out of them, and the hoe and the broomstick take their place.

A good many years ago there lived in our neighborhood a young woman of the name of Rachel Daley—a good, kind-hearted, industrious young person, who had been early thrown out upon the world, and had taken up her portion of labor and poverty with a meek spirit and willing hands.

She was slight and thin, with soft yellow hair, mild blue eyes, and never a rose on her cheek. She was not much given to talk or mirth; perhaps the hard experience of her life had left no room for any thing but simple duty. She never received for her work, poor girl, more than a dollar a week, oftentimes a quarter of a dollar less; for every body said, "you don't need money, Rachel," and "my work is easy," and the like; and sometimes it happened that she was asked to wait a month or two for her wages, which waiting often amounted to a year or two, at the end of which the obliged person would think it very hard to be asked to pay so old a debt, and so Rachel would give half her dues to obtain the other half. A sort of charity sister was she; and when the shadow of affliction rested on any house, there the quiet sunshine of her presence was sure to be found. Were any one in trouble, they told it all to Rachel. She had no sorrows of her own, and could well afford to lighten their burden with her sympathy. The last time I ever saw her she was, with her bundle, crossing the fields toward the loneliest house in all our neighborhood. She did not see me till close upon me, for I was a long distance from the homestead, quietly piling up heaps of fragrant yellow walnuts, to be afterward poeled and dried to make merry with on winter evenings. She was holding her handkerchief to her eyes when I first saw her; but when she came near she said

it was to shade them from the sun. I believed her; for though they looked very red and dim, I could not think she had any thing to cry about. I don't know now that she had; but every heart knoweth its own sorrow, and it is not unlikely that the heart of Rachel had its share. I remember the fashion of the dress she wore that day, and the color of the faded ribbon that trimmed her bonnet, and remember, too, how she stooped as she went along her way; and I thought of how folks said she had not enough of pride and ambition to keep herself up straight. I never thought the bent shoulders might be owing to weakness—poor Rachel!

She was going, as I said, to the loneliest house in all the neighborhood—old Mr. Dedham's, a man who owned a large farm a mile from the main road, a grist-mill, a bag of money, and seven children. I say he owned the children, for he worked them as he did his oxen and horses. Never a holiday saw the Dedham children—never a Fourth of July oration did they hear—never partake of the extra nice dinners of such occasions, nor hear the guns, except from a long way off. Francis Dedham, the oldest of the boys, could not remember when he had flown a kite, if ever; but he knew right well when his father had whipped him till lines of red blisters streaked his back and arms, for bartering with a boy at school to give a dozen goose quills for half as many marbles. He is the miller now, and a sullen, selfish, deceitful man; his naturally hearty and genial disposition was not left a righteous scope, and at home he suppresses his liberality and his mirth to give the freer vent to them abroad. When his father thinks him at work in the mill, he is not unfrequently carousing with boon companions at the tavern miles away.

Mrs. Dedham, who has fine linen enough and to spare, has bargained to give Rachel, for the spinning and weaving, one-third of the piece of cloth she shall make. But there is work before Rachel she never dreams of—work that is done before she is aware.

When the apples or other fruits were ripe, all the nicest were sold, and all the dollars tied in a bag, and hidden safely away. When the harvest was gathered it was the same, and the lean cattle loved hungrily. All the fat turkeys and hens went to the market, and nothing came from the market but the cold hard dollars. When Francis's cow, as she had been called, brought home her second calf, and was worth forty dollars, Mr. Dedham sold her, and tied the money in the bag with the rest. Afterward Francis's

young yoke of oxen, that he had taken such pains to rear with feeding and care for years, went the same way; then the shining black horse that, when a little colt and almost dead, he had brought back to life and reared so tenderly, one night when he called came not neighing to his hand—he had gone into the bag. No wonder Francis began to think nothing was his, not even his health and strength; for these were being coined into dollars, too. When other young people were merry-making, he was kept at work, poor fellow; and so it came that he said if there were any enjoyment he would find it; and as other mistaken youths have done, he leaped over the middle ground, where pleasure is, to the excesses, where it is not.

And Mr. and Mrs. Dedham repined at providence, and bemoaned their ill-fortune in having so bad a son; he had always had set before him their good example, they could not blame themselves; but his perverse and wicked way was a thorn in their flesh, so they gave him hard words with which to mend his hard fortune; and with no one to strengthen or encourage him, it often happened that he fell flat to the ground, and lay there, sometimes all night and sometimes all day.

One day when the sunshine had warmed him into life after one of these terrible respites from work, Francis found, as he crossed the field toward home, blooming right in a patch of briars, and in spite of the November winds, a flower so sweet and modest that he could not help stopping to gather it. He could not tell why, but it reminded him of Rachel. Carefully he wrapped the delicate stem in some leaves, and carried it to her, saying, "It made me think of you, and I brought it."

"Has it taken you all day and all night," said Mrs. Dedham, sneeringly, "to find that worthless thing? If so, you have been poorly set to work, and Rachel don't thank you."

Rachel said not a word, but she put the flower in her bosom, and it pleased her not a little that so sweet and pretty a thing should have reminded Francis of her. She stopped her wheel often after that to hear if the mill was going; and when at night she could hear no sound, and see no light glimmering through the dusty windows, she was sure to cease singing the song she had lately learned, and the lightest wisp of flax grew heavy in her hands—poor, poor Rachel!

One of those hot days that come sometimes late in the fall was shining. It was not more than the middle of the afternoon, but Rachel had finished a day's work, reeled up her skeins,

and set by her wheel. She had worked late the night past, hoping, perhaps, to see a light in the mill before she should go to bed, and now her limbs dragged so heavily, and her wheel was so hard to turn, it seemed as if she could not go on with the spinning, though it was not often she stopped while the light lasted. There was no light in her heart, I am afraid. Presently she had left the old house, with its must, and mice, and melancholy, and money, and striking into the narrow and deep-worn path that led across the field to the main road, she walked forward very fast, except the times she stopped, and, placing her hand before her eyes, looked as earnestly as though watching the fate of some foundering ship.

When she reached the patch of briars where Francis had found the flower, she seemed to feel a calmer atmosphere, and to hear a voice telling her to go no farther. She stood still, and saw close at her feet, lying on the white scorched grass, his head pillowed on his arm, poor Francis. She made haste to gather leafy bushes, and stick them in the ground about his head, so as to curtain the sunshine away. This done she knelt beside him, and took from his pocket a black bottle, the contents of which she blamed for Francis being there, not himself—poor Rachel! Softly she pushed the fallen hair from his eyes, and for one moment bent her cheek close to his to be sure he was sleeping, and not dead, and then, her heart trembling with pain and fear, and the miserable consciousness of interest in one despised by every body else, she retraced her steps; yet how much lighter they fell along the bare, hard path!

Directly she was spinning again. It was strange, but she felt strong enough to go on with her work now. She had lost the faded flower—that was a grief to her, for every day she had worn it in her bosom till then. The sunset light was shining on her head as she stooped to reel off the last skein of the day's work. In two more days the hard task would be done, and she sighed as she thought of it, half wishing it were all to do over—loving Rachel!

Across the sunshine that was on her head fell a shadow. Francis was crossing the threshold of her room—a glow on his cheek and a happy smile on his lips. In common coarse clothes he was dressed, for he had no other, but they had been just put on; his hair was combed smooth, and in his hand was the withered flower Rachel had lost. "Here," he said, placing it in the Bible, which was open on the table, "if you

value this, you must put it in a safer place than a drunkard's bosom."

"O, Francis," she said, her eyes filling with tears, "it is not true; you are not a drunkard; and I did not give you the flower—how came you by it?"

"Dear Rachel," said Francis, speaking tenderly and earnestly, "if you could be so kind to me when I was brutally insensible to it, will you not now give me your pity and your forgiveness when I can appreciate them? If there had been any body to care for me, if you cared for me now, I think I could forget all my past life, and be a new man."

The sun went down, and by little and little the darkness came and filled the room; but they saw it not—to them it was light enough. O glorifier and beautifier of humanity! what a dreary and work-day world we should have without thee! The heart which has never beat faster for the light of another's smile knows not half how good God is.

Rachel gave to all her years of poverty and toil the sweet interpretation that they were so many scourges to drive her into the felicity of the present hour, compared to which all previous happiness had been like the cold, cheerless glimmer of the frost compared to the full warm sunshine. "Even the degradation into which I was fallen may," said Francis, "have been the means that drew you to me as otherwise you would not have been drawn. O the wonderful wisdom of Providence that brings good out of evil!"

At midwinter they were married—happy Francis, and happy, happy Rachel.

If half the dollars had been taken out of the bag tied so closely and hidden so well, they might have done good now; but the bag was not untied. Mr. and Mrs. Dedham were, in fact, outraged that their son Francis should marry and go to work for himself, leaving them to *hire* a miller; and more especially that he should marry a poor girl, for right well they knew Rachel could not have much money if other people had not paid her more than themselves.

One-third of the piece of linen was given to Rachel as had been agreed, and, having fulfilled the contract, they satisfied their consciences, perhaps; at any rate, the young people went away provided scantily enough, except with love.

Something Rachel had saved from the industry and economy of many years, and with this she and Francis began life—hopefully, happily. Their new home was in one of the frontier settlements, and the new house a very poor one—the wind and the rain came through the roof and the

chinks of the wall, and one time in a great storm their straw bed was wet through and through. If it had been summer at the beginning of their new life it might have been better with them, but it was summer only in their hearts.

One of the wild March mornings Rachel sat rocking to and fro before her dim fire alone; now and then she checked her tears, and listened as if for the stroke of the ax in the great wood that threw its shadow over the cabin; then the tears would come thicker and faster, and the sobs break out aloud. Poor Rachel! She knew she could hear no sound from where Francis was gone; it was still there—very still. It was weary working now, and the days were dismal and long; but Rachel planted about the house to make it pretty, just as she knew it would have pleased the eyes of the dead to see her do, the flowers she had brought from home; and the hardiest of them were blooming yet when there smiled out among them an immortal flower, brighter than they all. Something of its old sweetness came back to the voice of the young mother, and her cooing to the little one made music in the pauses of the wind.

The good neighbors who came to see her said she must be very careful, for she looked so thin and so white they were afraid, be careful as she would, they would have to lay her by the side of Francis before long. She smiled at their fears, for she had something to live for and to work for now, and she thought she was quite as strong as ever—dear, dying Rachel!

She could see the color of the father's eyes and hair in the little boy long before any one beside she could see it, and his first smiles and sensible motions were to her indications of a wonderful genius.

By the hour, and he understood not one word she said, she would talk to him about his good grandfather and grandmother who lived far away, and how exceedingly beautiful every thing was about their house; for she really believed, as she looked out of her spinning-chamber for the last few days of her working there, that the yellow and fading woods were lovelier a thousand fold than ever the spring woods had been.

In caring for little Albert she forgot that she had any needs of her own to be cared about; and well she might forget them, they were so nearly over.

A farmer stopped one day of the early winter, for he saw no smoke in Rachel's cabin, and was uneasy; for all his knocking at the door no voice said "come in," and, lifting the latch, he saw, sitting in her accustomed chair before the dead

embers, Rachel, not much paler than she was used to be, but making no answer to the little boy who was crowing on her knees—faithful, faithful mother!

From that hour it seemed as if little Albert went into another world, and the hard experiences of his father and mother put together were not harder than his.

While yet a baby he was set to mind other babies by the poor, hard-working woman who took him home with her; and if any thing went wrong the mother was sure it was his fault, and not that of her own children; he was a bad boy, she thought, and did not deserve to be treated as she treated her own children. When she baked cakes she gave him a piece of bread, telling him if he were hungry he could eat that very well; and if he pouted, she shut him up in the pantry for half an hour; and if then he came not forth smiling and good-natured, she took from above the door the limber switch she kept there, to "doctor him with," as she said in her coarse way. He would never come to any thing good, she was sure, and all the pains taken with him would be pains wasted.

He had been pushed about from place to place, suffering hardships in each, till he was eight years old, when, one blustery morning, he might have been seen making his way toward the log school-house, wearing a torn straw-hat and patched trowsers, a good deal too big for him, and lifting his little naked feet very nimbly from the frosty ground; in the one hand a spelling-book—in the other a slice of heavy corn-bread. The school-master was a kind-hearted old man, and a sensible one, and soon saw the large mournful eyes of the boy were full of intelligence, and that he was meek and sweet-tempered above all the children of the school.

One day the man with whom he lived came into the school-house—Albert was near ten years old at this time—and, seizing him roughly by the arm, accused him of having stolen a dollar from the drawer at home. Albert had been studying his spelling-lesson for half an hour, so hard that he almost spoke aloud, his cheeks flushed with happy excitement—indeed, he was almost sure he should go up to the head of his class that day, when the seizure of the angry man frightened all the lesson out of his head, and the tears out of his heart—poor little Albert! Hard is the fate of the orphan!

"Eh," said the boys, who were fearful of his spelling better than they, "it was just to make believe he was good that he has been studying so hard, the little thief."

Albert trembled and cried, and, looking pleadingly at one and another, said he never saw a dollar in his life as he knew of.

"Big liar!" said the son of the man who accused him—putting his hand in Albert's pocket, and taking out the dollar—"what's that?"

Albert said if that was the dollar, he did not know how it came there; but nobody believed it for all his saying it. The man said he would not have the young rascal in his house any longer; but that if the master did not whip him soundly for the good of the school, he would.

It was a dreadful thing to steal, the master said, and the thief must not only be whipped, but turned out of school. A most solemn process of preparation was gone through, and all the school was requested to stand up and witness the flogging.

The poor child shook like a leaf in the wind, and looked one way and another to see if nobody would help him, saying all the time he did not know any thing about the money; but nobody helped him. His coat was ragged and thin enough to be sure, and would not have been much protection from the master's thong, but Albert was made to take it off. One blow after another fell across his little shrinking shoulders, and to his appeals for mercy the master said he must whip him till he confessed the crime. Many of the children cried, but one of them shook in every limb, and turned his face to the wall. It would not do; he could not keep his face to the wall; and rushing between Albert and the whip, he cried, "Don't, O, don't! I stole the money! And when I put my hand in his pocket I only pretended to take it out."

The father was not so desirous of having his own son whipped for the good of the school, and went away very much ashamed.

That night the schoolmaster could not sleep; he was seemingly sorry; and before going to school in the morning he took from the trunk containing all his treasures five little gold dollars—all bright and new. All the morning he kept his eye on the dusty way Albert would come, but without seeing him. When it was time to "rap" for the scholars to come in, he could not bear to call them—it seemed as if it would be shutting Albert out to begin the school before he came; so, opening his watch, he laid it on the desk before him, and waited five minutes, and five more, and five more, and yet five again. The boys were not playing as usual; they, too, were looking for Albert, all seated on the topmost rail of the fence, except the one who, balancing himself steady, was walking in the direc-

tion Albert was expected. "There he comes," he shouted; "I saw him first;" and a general shout of gladness followed. "He is going into the big class; he has got a whole bundle of books," said one lad to another; but the delighted hum sunk quickly to silence when it was seen that it was not a bundle of books Albert carried, but a bundle of clothes.

He was going away off, he said; he did not know where; may be to his grandfather's, if he could find the place.

"You can't never find it," said the boys, for all would gladly have detained him.

"Then I will find some other," said Albert, "and I can't find a worse one;" and he held up one hand that was streaked and sore with the marks of the whip.

"But you can't never carry that heavy bundle," urged the boys, for they felt now how much they loved him.

"O, it is not heavy," said Albert; and he added sadly and simply, "I could carry a good deal more if I had it."

When he began shaking hands every boy was wiping his eyes, and saying, "Don't go! O don't go!"

Directly the master came out, and told Albert he had better stay till he was a year older; and when the child answered that he had no place to stay, the old man put the five bright dollars into his hand, saying may be they would help him along, and having told him as well as he could how to find the way, and for one moment laid his hand on the bright head of the boy, went into the school-house, weeping like the rest.

Sitting down in the shade of a tree to rest, Albert counted the gold dollars; and when he saw there were five, thought he should have money enough to last all his life. But by and by he grew hungry, and when he had eaten his dinner, quarter of a dollar was gone; and when he had had a bed for the night and his breakfast, a whole dollar was missing.

Sometimes he went aside from the direct way, and sometimes the people with whom he ate, or the teamsters in whose wagons he rode for awhile, asked more money than they should have done for their little kindnesses, and the five dollars dwindled gradually to three, and then to two, and then to one, and at last for two days before he found his grandfather Albert had no money at all.

It was as if the story his mother had told him in infancy lived fresh in his mind, for he thought to get to his grandfather's house would be like getting into Eden; and lighted through the

darkness by the bright pictures of the happy life he was going to lead, he zigzagged along in the right direction; for faith is sure to be answered by protection, and the feet that have none to guide them go oftentimes aright.

Little Albert was not mistaken—every step was bringing him nearer the bright morning gate that was soon to uncloset for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CANARY BIRD.

A SMALL girl, named Caroline, had a most lovely canary bird. The little creature sung from morning till night, and was very beautiful. Its color was yellow, with a black head. And Caroline gave him seed and cabbage to eat, and occasionally a small piece of sugar, and every day fresh clean water to drink.

But suddenly the bird began to be mournful, and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in the cage.

And she raised a loud lamentation over the favorite animal, and wept bitterly. But the mother of the girl went and purchased another, which was more beautiful than the first in color, and just as lovely in its song, and put it in the cage.

But the child wept louder than ever when she saw the new bird.

And the mother was greatly astonished, and said, "My dear child, why are you still weeping and sorrowful? Your tears will not call the dead bird into life, and here you have one which is not inferior to the other."

Then the child said, "O, dear mother, I treated my bird unkindly, and did not do for it all that I could and should have done."

"Dear Lina, you have always taken care of it diligently."

"O no," replied the child, "a short time before its death I did not bring to him the piece of sugar which you gave me for that purpose, but ate it myself." Thus spoke the girl with a sorrowful heart.

But the mother did not smile at this complaint, for she understood and revered the holy voice of nature in the heart of the child.

"Ah!" said she, "how can an ungrateful child have a peaceful mind while standing at the grave of its parents!"

What a moral does the above teach the young! Many a child has had his peace embittered by undutiful conduct to his parents. A single act of filial impiety is often the cause of life-long regret.

MEMORY.

BY HON. HORACE P. BIDDLE.

MEMORY holds the sacred treasures
Garnered for the heart and mind,
And records our dearest pleasures,
Leaving care and pain behind.

And without its radiant pages,
All our years once having flown—
Though they numbered thrice our ages—
Would be lost and ever gone.

But in memory we recall them,
Thus their pleasures ever last;
No sad fate can now befall them,
For they're hallowed in the past.

Memory is the secret mirror
Of the soul, wherein it sees
All it loves, that dear and dearer
Grows as time still onward flees.

Though it may not dazzle brightly,
Yet its light fades not away,
And the heart, if beating rightly,
Feels its warm and genial ray.

Oft it changes pain to pleasure,
And subdues the keenest smart;
Even grief becomes a treasure
To the true and chastened heart.

Still we see a sister, brother;
Still we clasp a blooming bride;
Still in dreams our gentle mother
Comes and watches by our side.

And the faith our mother taught us,
On the spirit's noiseless wing,
Comes as if an angel sought us,
Robbing pain of half its sting.

Sweet impressions of our childhood,
Flowers and birds, the rocks and stream,
Pleasing haunts along the wildwood,
Long survive our manhood's dream.

These, when all the rest have perished,
Are the latest to depart,
For the things that first we cherished
Are the last to leave the heart!

THE FOOT OF TIME.

Too late I staid—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass!

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

HEBREWS VI, 4, 5, 6.

BY REV. WM. JEWETT.

I SAW in one of the numbers of the Ladies' Repository, remarks made by the editor in reference to some question or questions in which there was reference to Hebrews vi, 4, 5, 6, at which time I thought I would "show thee also mine opinion," and will endeavor to do it briefly.

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance."

We may inquire, to whom was this address made? Were they, or were they not, Christians? By Christians I mean children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. We take the ground that they were *real* Christians, deeply experienced in the knowledge and love of God. And to sustain us in this view we might quote a great portion of this epistle. See chapter iii, 1: "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the apostle and high-priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." Here they are called "brethren," "holy brethren," "partakers of the heavenly calling;" and as such they are urged to consider the apostle and high-priest of their profession. In verse six they are called the house of Christ; and if they hold fast the confidence and hope firm to the end, they continue to be his house. In verse twelve they are exhorted to take heed lest they depart in heart from the living God. Again, verse fourteen, we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.

Those who are not satisfied with the above may consult the following: chapter iv, 1, 3, 11, 14, 16; v, 12, 13, 14; vi, 1, 9, 11, 19; x, 15, 19, 22, 23, 24, 32, 34, 35, 36; xi, 16; xii, 1, 3, 7, 15, 28; xiii, 1.

From the way in which the fifth chapter is closed and the sixth commenced, it is evident that the apostle was speaking to his brethren. After admitting they were children, he labors to have them mature, become adults, or fathers in experience.

One argument, among many others found in this epistle, is, the one contained in the three verses at the head of this paper, "For it is impossible," etc.

We will first make a few remarks on a word or two found in the text, not that we think they are hard to be understood, but because there are some who put a meaning to them which we think

erroneous, and, perhaps, to avoid clashing with a doctrine of their creed.

The term "*taste*" is twice used and once implied in the text: as, "*tasted* of the heavenly gift," "*tasted* the good word of God;" it is implied in the latter clause of the fifth verse, and then it would read, "and tasted of the powers of the world to come." What does the apostle mean by tasting? Did he mean that those who tasted of the heavenly gift, the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, actually did participate in the heavenly gift, good word of God? We reply that he did. The following Scriptures abundantly prove that tasting is the receiving a measure or portion of the thing tasted. Cruden, in Concordance, says, "To taste, is to have an inward experimental knowledge of a thing." Let us look at the word of God on this point. Psalm xxxiv, 8, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Again, 1 Samuel xiv, 29, 43, "I tasted a little of this honey. And I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and, lo, I must die." If tasting does not imply the receiving any portion of the thing tasted, how did Jonathan come under the curse of David? Again, Hebrews ii, 9, "Jesus *tasted death* for every man." Did Jesus actually die, or was it appearance only? To ask the question is enough to induce a correct answer. The reader may consult the following Scripture: Matthew xvi, 28; xxvii, 34; Mark ix, 1; Luke ix, 27; xiv, 24; John viii, 52; Colossians ii, 21; 1 Peter ii, 3; Job xxxiv, 2. We think, if there be any meaning to the term taste, it means to receive a portion of the thing tasted, and is synonymous to the phrase, made partakers; hence, we are made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and enjoying this great favor, the Christian can assert, "*I know* I am accepted of God; he is mine, and I am his."

"Tasted the good word of God." The Bible is to him the book of books; on the Gospel he feasts; it is his meat and drink. See Psalm xix, 10, 11; Proverbs xxiv, 13, 14. He delights to read it, to hear it, to meditate upon it, and to obey its teachings.

"The powers of the world to come," he has a foretaste, he partakes in a degree of the same holiness and enjoyments he will enjoy to the full if he gets to heaven. This is what we denominate perfect love, holiness, entire holiness, entire consecration to God, bringing with it feelings of joy, and enabling the soul to rejoice evermore, and in every thing to give thanks. Well might Moses say, "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved

by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" Deuteronomy xxxiii, 29.

We have now taken a view of what all may attain to in this life, and no doubt but that many do enjoy years before they change this life for eternity.

Some will now ask, is it possible to change from this state, be lost; or changed from it in part, and be restored again? In regard to the first part of this inquiry, we answer: this man may change, or fall away. He may fall to a very great extent, and be restored again; and he may fall away so that it is impossible to renew him again to repentance. The Greek phrase, in the text rendered "if they shall fall away," is thus rendered by three great men: Dr. Macknight, who was a Calvinist, says that the phrase "ought to have been translated, '*have fallen away*,'" and he says this is "according to the true import of the word;" Mr. Wesley and Dr. Clarke agree, and render it, "and having fallen away." We shall not undertake here to prove that the doctrine of the possibility of falling from grace is a Bible doctrine, but to present the text in a plain and simple way before your readers:

1. The man is found where all sinners are till they are enlightened—in darkness; but God enlightens them—here called *once enlightened*—without this he never can exercise a godly repentance: this enlightenment renews him to a state where he may repent; and if he does, he

2. Will taste of the heavenly gift—that is, he will be pardoned and be brought into favor with God—and then

3. He may partake of the Holy Ghost, by which he will know for himself, "my sins are pardoned;" he will have an assurance of this fact; and

4. He will then taste, enjoy the good word of God; he can take hold of the great and precious promises of God's word, and apprehend the Savior; and then

5. He shall taste or partake of the power of the world to come; and if diligent to the end, shall obtain a seat in heaven.

Now we will turn our attention to another view of the subject—if they fall away. Fall away: do they fall instantly, or is it gradual? We answer, generally it is gradually; as,

1. They lose the blessing of perfect love; he has lost the enjoyment of the power of the world to come, and he may be restored again; or,

2. He may so fall as to lose all relish for the word of God; he may neglect to hear it

preached, or even to read it, as has been done often, and after this be reclaimed; and now he is in a state

3. In which the Holy Ghost has so far left him, that, though he once could and did say, "I love God," he can not now; and even from this fallen state he may be reclaimed; there is mercy for him; and yet he can go farther,

4. And lose all enjoyment of the Son of God, and be as destitute thereof as any poor sinner, and yet he may be brought back to the fold, for the Spirit of God still enlightens his mind, alarms his fears, and shows him his danger, and urges him to return to God from whom he has fallen. If he listens, he will be restored; but if not, he will take the

5. Step, and fall from the enlightening grace of God, and be given up to believe a lie and be damned. A man who has so fallen can not be renewed again to repentance, and, of course, he can not be saved. Repentance is a preparation to the exercise of faith, and faith, if it can not be exercised in relation to such persons, renders it impossible for them to be saved. What a state must such be in, not only here, but hereafter! May the good Lord have mercy upon us for Jesus' sake!

I give you what I think to be the true meaning of the apostle on this text.

GRAND CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.

As there is no such thing in the heavens as a rectilinear motion, it is evident that the Sun, with all his planets and comets, is in rapid motion round an invisible body. To that mysterious center we may, in another age, point our telescopes, detecting, perchance, the great luminary which controls our system, and bends its path into that vast orbit which man, in the whole cycle of his race, may never be allowed to round. If the buried relics of primeval life have taught us how brief has been our tenure of this globe, compared with its occupancy by the brutes that perish, this grand sidereal truth must impress upon us the no less humbling lesson, that from the birth of man to the extinction of his race, the system to which he belongs will have described but an infinitesimal arc in that grand orbit in which it revolves. If reason ever falters beneath the weight of its conceptions, it is under this overwhelming idea of time and of space. One round of this immeasurable path the Sun may be destined to describe. How long a journey has it been in the past! How brief in the present! How endless in the future!

MEMORIES AND LEGENDS.

NUMBER II.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A LADY OF THE OLDEN SCHOOL.

I WILL first tell you about her mansion, as the frame of a picture has something to do with the impression it makes. Look back to the close of the last century, and come with me to a parallelogram of white wood, characterized by amplitude and durability. The doors and windows are in the right place, and a broad hall dividing the house longitudinally gave free passage for the summer air. Alternate columns of the white rose and the sweet-brier were trained quite to the eaves of the slightly-projecting roof. Paved walks, leading to the principal entrances, intersected the green court-yard, and lightly swung the gate upon its hinges, under the protection of a pair of noble spruce-trees, like tutelary deities, over whom the seasons had no power.

Three gardens were there, where the heart of childhood especially disported itself. In the one, principally devoted to flowers, was a geometrical disposition of parts, which the fathers were accustomed to call "a knot." Enthroned in the heart of the central bed was the peony, in its rich mantle—its full, red cheeks looking more apoplectic than queenly. Troops of tulips, in every variety of costume, guarded it, and the lily peeresses, in their creamy satin robes, declined their graceful heads as in a royal presence. Damask roses, scattered here and there, as if scarce in hereditary rank, looked down with contempt upon usurpation. Violets and bluebells nestled lovingly at the feet of the aristocracy. Soldiers in green flirted with the ragged ladies, regardless of the monk so near in his somber hood. Lilacs, and snow-balls, and the hardier shrubbery, made pioneer settlements, or partially screened the spot consecrated to the domestic *materia medica*. There flourished the hoarhound and tansy; thyme and balm armed themselves against the formidable array of fevers; the climbing hop and heavy-headed poppy lulled your senses to forgetfulness; and the honest, rough-leaved sage seemed inwardly repeating the old Latin proverb, "*Cur moriator homo, dum salis crescit in hatur?*"

The two other gardens were devoted to fruit-trees and esculents, and kept in perfect order. In their beautiful bounds might often be seen walking, yes, and working, too, the lady of the mansion. Her knowledge of horticulture and floriculture had become practical, as well as theo-

retical. Somewhat above the common hight, all her movements were marked by grace and dignity. Her clear, blue eye was singularly expressive, and her voice an echo of the soul's harmony. She had grown old in this lovely retreat; but Time had respected the beauty which he had been unable to conquer and was reluctant to impair. Birth and marriage had nurtured her in aristocracy and affluence. The discipline of sorrow, that had held in check this flood of prosperity, was severe: the death of three fair sons, her only children, in the bloom of childhood, and early widowhood. Deep sympathy for all who mourned, ineffable tenderness for the little ones, and a pious trust in the Fatherly hand that had smitten her, were the results of affliction.

Emphatically was she a lady of the old school, looking well to the ways of her household—touching every spring of order and economy—thinking nothing beneath her that promoted the comfort and improvement of those whom God had gathered under her own roof. A sacred relation seemed to her to grow out of the circumstance of sharing the same home, which she strove to make conducive to rational happiness.

If in her worldly ambition had ever existed, it had been so chastened by the adversity of suffering as to leave only apparent the elements of exquisite refinement and high intellectual culture. Her piety partook more of her own idiom of character than of the spirit of the times, combining active benevolence with an innate forbearance, and having no admixture of that bigotry which would fain extinguish every light which its own torch hath not kindled.

To liberality of sentiment was added a free expenditure of money and of time, as the needs of those around her suggested. Counsel was sought for from her, experience and wisdom having made her a kind of Delphic oracle. She took the minute concerns of others into her heart, having more room for them from the circumstance that self did not monopolize the usual amount of space. The colored person and the poor Indian—for the remnant of an aboriginal tribe dwelt near her—were received with courtesy and kindness, whether they came for bread, or for a garment, or for the sweetness of advice.

Her benevolence was proverbial. Gifts for display formed no part of it. Her almoners were trained to an invisible ministry. Food for the hungry and shelter for the homeless were ever found in her hospitable abode. That a bounty so unrestricted should be sometimes

abused, was to have been expected. There were those who counseled her to more of worldly wisdom, or a sterner discrimination.

Among these was a gentleman whom she greatly respected—the brother of her departed husband. The residence of his family being opposite to her own, he daily came to inquire after her welfare, and to offer that counsel and aid which are so soothing and acceptable to the widowed heart. The winter of life had fallen upon him, but without chilling his fine social feelings. He had never changed the gentlemanly costume, which was then beginning to be somewhat antique—the white, full-bottomed wig—the cocked three-cornered hat—large silver buckles in the shoes, and smaller ones at the knees—with fair, plaited ruffles at the bosom and over the hands.

Seated side by side, in her scrupulously neat parlor, he might sometimes be heard to say,

"You have been deceived lately in some of your objects of charity. The good are unsuspecting, and the designing ready to turn it to their own advantage."

"I know," she would reply, with that sweet-toned voice, "I have sometimes given to the unworthy. But how shall I discriminate, not having power to read the heart? Suspicion might save us from imposition on some occasions, and on others seal up our sympathies from the deserving. God sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust. If we too rigidly adjust our scales, may we not withhold from those poor who are his family? Does he require us to proportion our bounties accurately to the merits of the receiver? Methinks I had rather give to ten unworthy persons than neglect one lowly servant of my Lord."

"Your arguments honor your benevolence, my sister. Shall I say that they impeach your judgment? I know you do not intend to reward deceit or encourage vice. Indiscriminate alms tempt the thriftless to continue in indolence, and the sinner to repeat his sin. Both these results are an injury to the community."

"What, then, do you consider the safest mode of charity?"

"Undoubtedly that of investing capital in the industry of the poor. Thus you preserve their self-respect and lead them to a right use of their being and its capacities. Whoever undertakes to support the family of an intemperate man, takes from him the strongest motive to his own reformation."

"Brother, your theory is good, but the practice difficult. Childhood, sickness, and imbecility must always be exceptions. The roaming

beggar would evade it. It can be only well tested in the families of the active and healthful poor. I have myself distributed wool and flax among this class, and found them gladly received and faithfully manufactured. This afforded them profitable occupation and me an opportunity, through the intercourse that followed, of becoming better acquainted with their character and habits, and ministering to their improvement.

"Systems like these can not be too highly praised; but they will never become general. Love of ease is the insuperable barrier. As long as the gift of money, with little inquiry, involves no labor, quiets conscience, and is the form of charity of which the world takes cognizance with praise, it will be apt to prevail."

Conversations of this nature were prone to end by the kind gentleman's forgetting to practice what he preached, and leaving a donation for some of the numerous pensioners of his sister.

In the days of which we speak, large private collections of books in the provincial towns were almost unknown. Yet in the library of this lady was a cabinet of dark, rich wood, whose shelves were stored with standard authors, selected by her husband during a visit to London. In their pages she found aliment for intellect and taste, and solace for loneliness. Most frequently drawn from their recesses were Tillotson and Sherlock, and the witty South; among historians, Burnet and Clarendon; and that keen, political satire, "*Chrysal*; or, the Adventures of a Guinea;" of the English Augustan age, Steele and Addison, Pope, Dryden, and Young, but especially the "*Night Thoughts*" of the latter, which was her daily companion.

That same precious cabinet had a nook for children. Meager enough would it be thought nowadays, when Genius and Fancy take them upon their wings, and Science and Literature bow to them at every turn. What do you think was in that small and rather secret nook, climbed after, surreptitiously peeped into, and even rifled by the little ones? I take shame at writing the list which then excited my cupidity: "*Grumbolumbo*," "*Mother Goose*," "*The Bag of Nuts ready Cracked*," "*Robinson Crusoe*," and the dramatic elegy of "*Who Killed Cock Robin*?"

This lady of the olden school had a delightful habit of gathering around her, by invitation, groups of her juvenile friends. Who knew so well as she how to make them happy, and, at the same time, better and wiser. Seated around her every eye was fixed, every heart a listener. Stories she told them, either from the inspired volume or the broad range of history, with

which she was familiar. Songs she sang them, her voice being one of great compass and melody. Flowers she had for them, as little text-books of botany, or themes to illustrate the bounty of the Giver. Her skillful and flying scissors produced for them imitations of the beautiful things of creation—birds on the nest, squirrels among the branches, clusters of grapes, and wreaths of the rose and lily—keepsakes that they pressed in their Bibles, or sent to distant friends as forget-me-nots. When the sun grew low, she seated them at her tea-table, not thinking it beneath her to minister bountifully yet judiciously to those animal appetites, which, among juveniles, are wont to have so keen a life. As their social visits were generally on the afternoons of Saturday, some earnest precept about reverencing the Sabbath, obeying parents, loving brothers and sisters, making playmates and all people happy, were so tenderly mingled with the parting kiss as to be as a gem in memory for all future time.

The good thus done by this childless mother, whose heart yearned over those whom Jesus Christ took in his arms and blessed, will be known in that world where all hallowed influences are traced to their true source. Thus loving and loved—making woman's own sphere beautiful and more and more venerated by each succeeding race—she serenely numbered fourscore and eight years. Beautiful was she to the last. Like unto the angels was she, when they stood around her couch and claimed her company.

Let no one think that extreme age need be unlovely or lonely. More than seventy years had scattered almond-blossoms on her temples ere I saw the light. Yet by that intuition by which children discern the loving and the good, I drew near to her in a companionship blessing and blessed; and now, after this lapse of years, tears of gratitude suffuse my eye at the memory of her sublimated goodness—her active and beautiful old age.

WHERE WE MAY SEARCH FOR THE ANGELS.

SEARCH for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

NUMBER VI.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME NOTICE OF THE WRITINGS AND GENIUS OF ALICE CARY.

WE have already intimated that, besides the temporary consideration which she has attained as a successful magazine writer, the literary fame of Alice Cary rests mainly upon her *Clovernook* series,* and upon her published poems.†

The recent publication of her select poems has contributed much to forward her growing reputation, and also to place it upon a substantial basis. Here we have a collection of her best poems that have heretofore appeared, and also a new poem of some length, "The Maiden of Tlascala." Alice Cary has written much during the past fifteen years—we know of no one who has written more—too much, we think, for the good of her own reputation. She writes with great facility; her thoughts flow with ease; and she revises, prunes, and condenses comparatively little. She exhibits but little of the pains-taking of some of the choice English authors who "built for all time." We think it would have been better for her literary fame had she written less and elaborated more. Nevertheless, these poems vindicate the claim of Alice Cary to rank among the poets of our country; nay, we will go further—to rank among the poets of the world. Wherever the English language is spread she will be known as one gifted with the inspiration of song.

Brought up, as we have already seen, under the genial influences of rural life, her communings are with nature and with the heart. And as the music of nature is always solemn, so is it with the productions of nature's poets. With Alice Cary the sad, the almost despairing melancholy predominates. We may say of her as she says of the genius of poetry:

"But mostly were his visions sorrowful;
For all the higher attributes of life
Have still some touch of sadness."

We see it in her choice of themes, in her imagery, in her thoughts, and, above all, we feel it in the very spirit that pervades the productions of her pen. A critic—himself a poet!—justly inquires:

"To say nothing of the distressing sameness

* *Clovernook*; or, *Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West*. By Alice Cary. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1851.

Clovernook—Second Series. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1853. 12mo. 364 pp.

† *Poems*. By Alice Cary. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 16mo. 399 pp.

‡ Coates-Kinney.

of the subjects, are not four hundred pages of sorrow too much to be bound in one volume? Does not one come out with a rather cloyed sensation of crossed love and sentimental death, after having agonized along these thousands of passion-dyed and fancy-spun lines of beautiful woe? Why should the silvery ringings of the running brooks, and the delirious music of the wild birds, and the whisper of the winds, and the glory of the stars, and the sunsets of summer, and the bloom of the earth, and the blue of the sky—all beautiful things, below and above, be muffled to the melancholy pitch of poetic pathos, and wailed in a most melodious dirge forever?"

And yet poetry that *is* poetry must be the outflowing of the heart; and if the heart be sorrowful, how shall its creations be otherwise than tinged with somber hues?

We do not care to compare her with other female poets. But it is due to truth and to her to say that it is a partial judgment that places her first among the female poets of America. Few have excelled her; she is equaled by few. She may yet surpass all, for she has the elements of growth. A high yet unreachd goal is before her. The past ten years have marked a rapid development of the elements of the genuine poet in her. Let her struggle onward and upward.

We know that men talk about genius as though it were something distinct from and independent of labor. Greatness, they think, is the gift of nature and not a product of labor. We do not much wonder that such an impression should obtain, when we reflect how seldom the popular mind rests upon the care and watching, the privation and toil the truly eminent have struggled through before their brows were decked with the laurel of renown. Their long and painful cloister struggles, the patience and endurance with which they met and overcame the obstacles in their path, are all unknown to the world. We gaze upon the victor, we are dazzled and astonished at the glory which encircles his name, but we forget the mighty struggles of the battle-field. No one, however celebrated in his course, has spontaneously "burst away from those bands thrown by nature around our finite capacities," and glided without effort up the rugged summits of literary fame. The altitude where they seem to peer above the vast multitude has not been attained without distinguished effort.

We appeal to history, that faithful chronicler of the characters and fortunes of men. You all recollect the beautiful eulogium pronounced by

Erskine upon one who was undoubtedly the greatest philosopher that ever lived: "Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy . . . who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists." Not less sublime is the tribute of the muse:

"Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound."

Turn now from the panegyrist of Newton to his faithful biographer.* "The flower of his youth and the vigor of his manhood were entirely devoted to science. No injudicious guardian controlled his ruling passion, and no ungenial studies or professional toils interrupted the continuity of his pursuits. His discoveries were, therefore, the fruit of persevering and unbroken study; and he himself declared that whatever service he had done to the public, was not owing to any extraordinary sagacity, but solely to industry and patient thought." The genius of Newton was the genius of persevering industry; his inspiration the inspiration of patient thought.

Nor is this scarcely less the case in any department of literature. In proof of this we appeal to the laborious industry, the patient research, and the multiplied revisions of those who have written for immortality. What, then, is genius? Labor—persevering, energetic labor. Without this every gift of nature will be blighted and withered. Whatever of extraordinary gifts may lie at the foundation, they are only the basis upon which the *work-man* is to build. The foundation will be but a by-word and a hissing, comparatively useless, unless the superstructure go up by patient toil.

We apply these thoughts to the poet. We look for him, if he be a true poet, to increase by labor. We expect him to be constantly enlarging the domain of his knowledge, rising to clearer perceptions of the beautiful and the sublime, chastening his fancy and endeavoring to enrich it with those finer and more delicate touches that distinguish the genuine muse, and, not least, do we expect his heart to be constantly

* David Brewster, LL. D.

expanding in the breadth and depth of its sympathy with all that is great and good. In this sense the poet is made by labor.

We do not, then, underrate the genius of Alice Cary, because the labor performed in and for its development is so apparent at every stage of her intellectual history. She has read, thought—for Alice Cary *thinks*—and written almost incessantly for the past fifteen years; and but for this labor Alice Cary would have been unknown in the world of literature. Had she labored more intensely in *working out*—in elaborating her ideas, rather than in multiplying her poems, we have no doubt she would have produced much more than she has done that would possess “the ring of the true metal.” She would have worked off her mannerisms; she would have enriched her productions with a greater variety of ideas, and ideas of higher value; she would have freed herself from the too frequent repetition of certain set phrases and images—good enough, poetic enough in themselves, but offensive enough in their repetition.

Yet we must do justice to her talents and attainments. In a journal of high literary merit we find her thus characterized:

“There is in her verse a luminous flow of thought and feeling, sometimes unambitious, but always true to nature and her own consciousness. Of her shorter pieces, many have been widely copied in the newspapers of the day, and are familiar to the hearts of thousands; but her fame will assuredly rest—if she, unhappily, writes no more—on the longer poem, ‘The Maiden of Tlascala,’ now first published, which closes the volume. In this are displayed a readiness of expression, a vigor of thought, a wealth of imagery, a power of imagination, and a delicacy of fancy, for which her most partial admirers were scarcely prepared. It occasionally reminds us of ‘Festus,’ by a suddenness and daring of imagery; of the ‘Princess,’ by the masterly skill with which a soaring thought is overmastered and trained to the uses of beauty by rules of art; of ‘Evangeline,’ by fervor of feeling, and mellow and undefinable sweetness as well of conception as expression.”

The truthfulness of this all who have read her poems will admit. “The Maiden of Tlascala” is perhaps the most ambitious of all her poems. It is a narrative poem founded on events in the history of Tezcuco during the golden age, as described by Prescott. Our readers are already familiar with many of her best poems—for many of her richest gems found their egress into the literary world through the columns of the Ladies’

Repository. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves mainly to a notice of some of the beauties and defects of this poem.

The opening paragraph evinces descriptive power of no ordinary character:

“White-limbed and quiet, by her nightly tomb
Sat the young Day, new-risen; at her feet,
Wrapt loose together, lay the burial clouds;
And on her forehead, like the unsteady crown
Of a late winged immortal, flamed the sun.
All seasons have their beauty: drowsy Noon,
Winking along the hill-tops lazily;
And fiery sandaled Eve, that bards of old,
Writing their sweet rhymes on the aloe leaves,
Paused reverently to worship, as she went,
Like a worn gleaner, with a sheaf of corn
Pressed to her bosom, lessening, down the west;
And thou, dusk huntress! through whose heavy locks
Shimmer the icy arrows of the stars—
About whose solemn brow once blinded Faith
Wound the red shadows of the carnival,
Till o’er its flower-crowned holocaust waxed pale
The constellation of the Pleiades—
Fair art thou: but more fair the rising day!”

Young’s Night Thoughts does not present a passage that teems with deeper thought, sounder philosophy, or more genuine poetry than the following. When we see

“The purposes God puts about our woe,
Behind the plowing storm run shining waves,
Like beetles through new furrows; the same hand
That peels the tough husk of the chrysalis,
Gives it its double wings to fly withal;
The rain that makes the wren sail heavily
Sets on the millet stocks their golden tops:
And earthly immortality is bought
At the great price of earthly happiness.
Only the gods from the blue skies come down,
Mad for the love of genius—Genius, named,
Also, the Sorrowful; and from the clouds,
That dim the lofty heaven of poesy,
Falls out the sweetest music; in the earth
The seed must be imprisoned, ere to life
It quicken and sprout brightly; the sharp stroke
Brings from the flint its fiery property;
And that we call misfortune, to the wise
Is a good minister, and knowledge brings:
And knowledge is the basis whereon power
Builds her eternal arches. In the dust
Of baffled purposes springs up resolve,
The plant which bears the fruit of victory.
The old astrologers were wrong: nor star,
Nor the vexed ghosts that glide into the light,
From the unquiet charnels of the bad,
Nor wicked sprite of air, nor such as leap
Nimble from wave to wave along the sea,
Enchanting with sweet tongues disastrous ships
Till the rough crews are half in love with death,
Have any spell of evil witchery
To keep us back from being what we would,
If wisdom temper the true bent of us.
We drive the furrow, with the share of faith,
Through the waste field of life, and our own hands
Sow thick the seeds that spring to weeds or flowers,

And never strong Necessity, nor Fate,
Trammels the soul that firmly says, I WILL!"

What a beautiful moral lesson in the following lines, and with what power is it uttered!

"We all at some time have need to say, Forgive!
Far from the banished Eden though we be,
Some beautiful provision meets our need—
Slumber, and dreamy pillows, for the tired;
For labor, plenteous harvests, and for love
The crowning nuptial; for old age, repose;
And for the worn and weary, kindly death
To make the all-composing lullaby.
But nothing in this low and ruined world
Bears the meek impress of the Son of God
So surely as forgiveness."

One who can give existence to such conceptions as the following lines needs no argument to vindicate her claim to a place among the poets:

"'Tis not the outward garniture of things
That through the senses makes creation fair,
But the out-flow of an indwelling light,
That gives its lovely aspect to the world."

So of these:

"Genius goes with melancholy steps
Searching the world for the selectest forms
Of high, and pure, and passionless excellence—
Large-browed, unmated Genius—yearning still
For the divinities which in its dreams
Brighten along the mountain-tops of thought."

So of these:

"Complainings ill befit the sunset time
That folds earth's shadow, like a poison flower,
And leaves life's last waves brokenly along
The unknown bowers of eternity.
'Tis an extremity that warns us back
From staggering on, alas! we know not what."

And so also these:

"For sometimes, *keen, and cold, and pitiless truth.*
In spite of us, *will press to open light*
The naked angularities of things,
And *from the steep ideal the soul drop*
In wild and sorrowful beauty, like a star
From the blue heights of heaven into the sea."

What power is condensed in the following!
It would not dishonor Shakspeare:

"The attempt
Is all the wedge that splits its knotty way
Betwixt the impossible and possible."

Here, too, is hate:

"By the power
Of all the gods, his wanton lip shall drink
The wine of wormwood. I will *husk full soon*
The splendor from his ugly body down,
And *whistle him out to run before my hate,*
Unkingdomed and unfriended, for his life."

Here is poetry:

"Our deaths are but the mystic stope
In the great melody of love."

Hear what she says of formal prayer:

"Words that are lip
By the anointed priesthood, day by day,

May need more to be prayed for than the curse
Of a profane, unmeditative word."

But, says one, "Are nothing but gems to be found in Alice Cary's poems?" It would be strange were it not possible for the critic to ferret out some hidden defects. Let us try our hand. Here we have it:

"She could not pause, but birds pecked round her feet,
Fluttering and singing; if at eve she walked,
The clouds rained tender dews upon her head;
Meeting a hungry lion in the woods,
Grinding his tusks, he crouched and piteously whined,
Then turned his great sad face and fled away—
Love was her only armor, yet he fled.
Her wheel spun round itself; the trickiest goat
Stood patient for the milking; jubilant,
The smooth-stemmed corn its gray-green tassels shook,
As she went binding its broad blades to sheaves."

We have rarely ever seen so many blunders crowded into a single sentence. We should like to know whether those birds "pecked" and "sung" at the same time. Then, too, about the dew, whether the clouds actually "rained" it down, and whether it fell only upon the "Maiden of Tlascala?" But, still worse, we have a "lion" in Mexico; he had "tusks"—what a monster!—he "whined," and, to crown the whole, he had a "great sad face!" We wonder if the race has become extinct! Nor must we overlook the mysterious wheel that "spun round itself." A glorious invention that! Both the lion and the wheel are a curiosity in their line.

Here is another furnished to our hand:

"Once when we lingered, sorrow-proof,
My gentle love and me."

Whatever we may say of the poetry in this couplet, we can not "stand up" for the grammar. Poetic license will not warrant putting *me* for *I* in order to make a rhyme.

We had marked some half a dozen exceptionable passages, but have room for no more. Our fair author has precedent for such occasion lapses; for nearly every poet, high or low, has occasionally fallen into them. But they are defects nevertheless, and we can but wonder that, amid such a constellation of real gems and such critical good taste, they should have slipped from under the hand of the author.

PRAISE.

PRAISE not people to their faces, to the end that they may pay thee in the same coin. This is so thin a cobweb, that it may with little difficulty be seen through; 'tis rarely strong enough to catch flies of any considerable magnitude.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

"SCATTERING, YET INCREASING."—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."—Proverbs xi, 24.

Were it not that the process is so familiar, we would see something very strange in the operations of the husbandman. Here, on the thrashing-floor, stands a heap of corn—so daintily sifted—so pure and so precious, like a little mountain of burnished gold or glistening pearls; and there, outside, is a piece of plowed earth, so black, and bare, and uninviting: and yet into that beautiful heap he plunges his sieve, and from the snug barn carries it abroad and ruthlessly consigns to the cold and dreary loam the bright relics of last summer, and leaves them in the rain to burst, and macerate, and waste away. You remonstrate, and he replies, "There is no other way to change that black loam into an expanse of waving verdure. And now that this barn is well-nigh empty, there is no other way to fill it with sheaves next autumn. Each of these grains I hope will grow into an ear, and for this bushel I hope to get back twenty. I scatter to increase."

So with the merchantman. How can you let go those sovereigns, so fresh and true, so radiant with the regal visage, so rich in multifarious promise? How can you bring yourself to part with all this solid joy and concentrated happiness? "I intend that they shall come back to me, and before they return I hope each messenger will find his fellow. By trading I hope that my ten pounds will grow to ten pounds more. I scatter to increase."

But it is not in husbandry and merchandise only that the principle obtains. You read a new publication; and when you close the book, the story or the argument is bright in your remembrance. But having no society, or having that silent humor which even in society makes the man solitary, you keep your acquisition to yourself: you never speak of it, and six months hereafter a rusty reminiscence, a dim notion or an ambiguous fact, is the entire remainder: whereas your affable companion, who shared his intellectual feast with friends and neighbors, retains his treasure unimpaired. Or a young scholar is making his first trial of composition; and he fears that this essay will exhaust the sum-total of his literary property. He thinks he has a few good ideas, and one or two rather striking illustrations. But if he puts the whole into the present speech or poem, what is to become of him? There will be no assets left: he will be reduced to intellectual bankruptcy. But you say, No fear. An earnest mind is not a bucket but a fountain; and as good thoughts flow out, better thoughts flow in. Good thoughts are gregarious; the bright image or sparkling aphorism—fear not to give it wing; for lured by its decoy, thoughts of sublimer range and sunnier pinion will be sure to descend and gather round it. As you scatter you'll increase. And it is in this way that while many a thought which might have enriched the world has lain buried in a sullen or monastic spirit, like a crock of gold in a coffin—the good idea of a frank and forth-spoken man gets currency, and after being improved to the

advantage of thousands, has returned to its originator with usury. It has been lent, and so it has not been lost. It has been communicated, and so it has been preserved. It has circulated, and so it has increased.

Again: it is the Christian's duty to scatter kind looks and gracious words, good gifts and friendly deeds; and although not the prompting motive in so doing, God has so arranged the moral husbandry that he who thus scatters will increase. Not only will he make the world the better, but a recompense will come back into his own bosom.

The Gospel is the expression of God's love, and the believer is a man who, filled with Heaven's emanating kindness, becomes in his turn a living Gospel. There is an ecclesiastical Christianity, and there is a dogmatic Christianity. The former regards it as the main thing to belong to a particular Church; the latter lays all the stress on maintaining certain doctrines. The true Christian of the one is a sort of kerb-stone, warning off trespassers; and the true Christian of the other is a denominational flag-staff displaying a specific testimony, or a theological lantern holding on high a certain light or doctrine. But the Christian of the Bible, if he be all this, is also a great deal more. By believing what God reveals, he becomes what God desires—a holy, devout, beneficent presence in society; a sick world's healer; a sad world's comforter; a sympathizer and a fellow-worker with the supreme Beneficence. Remembering

"That, throned above all high, He condescends
To call the few that trust in him his friends;
That, in the heaven of heavens, its space he deems
Too scanty for the exertion of his beams,
And shines as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace."

In other words, important as are soundness in the faith and steadfastness of principle, these are but the roots and stem from which spring love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness; and it is hardly uncharitable to doubt if that religion be Divine which does not visit the fatherless and afflicted, as well as keep itself unspotted from the world. Not that we disparage Church order or systematic theology, but that we deem vital Christianity a great deal more than either. It is the life of God in the soul; it is a transfusion into the disciple of the mind of the Master; it is a ray of Divine gladness kindling a human heart, converting it into a living sacrifice, and filling all the circle with such a fragrance, glow, and brightness, as can only be created by fire from heaven.

When a man is thus possessed and animated, it becomes his propensity—a necessity of the divine and diffusive nature within him—to "scatter." To do good and to communicate are his purest delight, his favorite

and familiar employment. To the hungry he draws forth his soul, and from his relaxing grasp his abundance drops in alms-deeds on the indigent and in alleviations on the surrounding misery. His pleasant words are a healing elixir to the chafed ear of mortified hope or disappointed affection; and even in a case where grief is so great that, like Job's friends, he is constrained to be silent, there is a soothing charm in his presence, and, refracted through his glistening eye, there steals a ray of comfort into the very soul of sorrow. Moved with compassion for the multitude, he performs a good shepherd's part to some of those sheep he finds in the wilderness; and with loving contrivance, through the alluring book, or the affectionate letter, or the fervid outpouring of some solemn interview, he longs and labors to lead souls to the Savior. And betwixt his radiant smiles and cordial recognitions, his obliging services and friendly offices, his gifts and intercessions, his provident care for his own house, and his far-stretching care for the heathen, it would be hard to tell how much he does to augment the sum of human happiness, and diminish human misery. Losing none of its stateliness or strength, in such a man the religion of Jesus puts forth its beauty. No mere sectarian kerb-stone, he rather resembles a tree in an avenue, whose soft shade and mellifluous murmur at once mark the path and refresh the passenger; while a Church composed of such members does not suggest lamp-posts all in a row, iron and coldly orthodox, but rather reminds you of an orchard on an autumnal evening fete, where tinted lights gleam forth from every leafy canopy, and mellow apples are banded down by every laden bough, where every trunk is a living pillar, and holy love the banner over all.

The believer in Jesus is the universal benefactor, and it is by such free giving of his free receivings that he not only enriches the world, but that he obtains grace for grace, and augments the strength, the beauty, and the happiness of his own soul. By such scattering he increases.

What we are about to state is not urged so much as a direct motive to Christian love and liberality. Even as a motive it is legitimate, but with a real Christian there are motives of stronger force, and more constant operation. We rather invite attention to that admirable law in the Divine economy which renders good done to the community a gain to the doer; and which, even when the actuating motive is altogether unselfish, makes the result so rich in personal blessing. And surely it is a striking testimony to the Divine benevolence, that God has so arranged the world that every generous impulse does as much for the giver as the receiver, while a man is never so happy as when wholly intent on the happiness of others.

Reading over the printed but unpublished memorial of a dear friend, whose face we never saw in the flesh, but who gave tens of thousands to colleges, hospitals, and various charities, we found several entries like the following: "January 1, 1849. I adopted the practice ten years ago of expending my income. My outgoes since the 1st of January, 1842, have been upward of four hundred thousand dollars; and my property on the first of this year is as great as on January 1, 1842. The more I give, the more I have." Again: "January 1, 1852. The outgoes for all objects since January 1, 1842—ten years—have been six hundred and four thousand dollars, more than five-sixths of which have been applied in making other people happy." Here is an example of reproductive

profusion—"The more I give, the more I get;" scattering, yet increasing. And, along with the increase of substance, what is still rarer and more precious, the increase of personal felicity. Instead of scattering, had he concentrated all this outlay on himself, had he spent the half million on dainty viands and costly wines, on sumptuous furniture and glittering vehicles, he would have done no more than many do, on whose careworn, dissatisfied countenances God has inscribed the curse of self-idolatry; but by spending it in an effort to make other people happy, Amos Lawrence extended the sphere of his enjoyment as wide as the objects of his philanthropy, and in his shining face he habitually showed that God had given him the blessedness of a man for whom many prayed and whom he himself greatly loved.

So essential to the truest enjoyment is a generous disposition, that we can not refrain from quoting the words of one whose kind deeds were almost as numerous as his brilliant sayings, and who gives the following "Receipts for making every day happy:" "When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves, light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result; you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy—at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, 'I would if I could.'"

What Sydney Smith recommends was the practice of Cotton Mather, two hundred years ago. Few men have ever condensed into the narrow limits of human existence so much substantial service to their fellow-creatures as that good man, whose name is still a household word in New England homes. And it would appear that it was his custom every morning when he awoke to consider these three things—What is there I can this day do for the welfare of my family? What is there I can do in the service of my neighbor? What is there I can do for the glory of God?

Reader, are you not so happy as you would like to be? Then learn to be unselfish. If your acquaintances, or even your relations, are not all you could wish them, make a little more effort to render yourself agreeable or useful to them, and you will be surprised to find how much they improve, and how remarkably you and they deepen into one another's affection. If you have hitherto been spending all your income on yourself, and are no whit the happier; if every stick and straw you carry home for the improvement of your own nest, and still do not find it comfortable, try the scattering system; go to the help of others, and you will make the delightful discovery that the wealth which was too small for one, is ample when dispersed over many; that the best way to make your own lot delightful, is to labor for the good of your brother. You who complain that you can not find the consolations of religion—you read, you frequent the sanctuary, you come to the communion, and

yet you can not realize your own interest in the Savior, "why stand you all the day idle?" Go, work in the vineyard; and as you strive to reclaim the vicious, to instruct the ignorant, to guide inquirers to the cross, you will find your views of truth growing clearer, and your heart growing warmer, till at last you shall be unable to deny that Jesus is the Master, and that you are his servant. And you who complain that you have no enlargement in prayer—you try to confess your sins, to pray for your own salvation, to ask the Holy Spirit for yourself, and yet the aspiration will not ascend; the faint petition falls short of heaven. Try to intercede. Think of others. Think of our soldiers on the battlefield. Think of your afflicted neighbor. Think of the prisoners in Papal dungeons. Think of the perishing heathen. And as thus you think you may find that you have risen to that region where prayer is already answered, and that, after becoming inaccessible to habitual egotism, the door of the mercy-seat has been thrown open to brotherly kindness and charity.

No doubt, to render service to another needs self-denial. We can not do at one and the same moment what is easiest for ourselves, and at the same time best for our neighbors; but by doing what is best for him, we do what is, in the long run, best for ourselves. That bushel of corn—the farmer knows very well that he can not use it as bread, and at the same time use it as seed. To eat it at once would be the easiest; but "man shall not live by bread only," and for the sake of next harvest, and all the good things which that harvest may procure, he denies himself, and instead of baking and eating this bushel, hungry as he is, he consigns it to the faithful furrow. Perhaps before that harvest comes, he himself may be "sown" in the sepulcher; but no matter—the harvest will come, and when it arrives, the world, perhaps his own family, will be twenty bushels richer for the one which his forethought and self-denial scattered. This hour of time, you can not spend it at once in recreation and in beneficence. It looks more enjoyable to bestow it on an entertaining book or a country walk; but you might employ it in finding a situation for that poor, fatherless boy, or in visiting that bed-ridden neighbor. And those dollars you can not spend at once on yourself and on others. It would be most natural, and at the first blush it seems most desirable, to get the bust or the picture you so long have been coveting, or to spend them on a festive occasion which you have sometimes been mentally planning. But in that case you can not spend them in charity. You can not buy back his tools and his furniture for this hard-working artisan, who has been laid aside by a twelvemonths' affliction. You can not give the donation you would like to contribute to yonder school or home mission. You can not contribute to the establishing of a neighborhood or society library. But should God incline your heart aright—at the critical moment, should he lead you to think of the future more than of the present—should he inspire you to take for your model the self-renouncing Savior, rather than the self-indulgent epicures around you—you will forego a momentary gratification for the sake of enduring usefulness. And although that may not be your motive, such is God's arrangement. What you have preferred to scatter rather than devour, he will take care that it shall yield increase. He will make it fruitful. The very effort—the self-sacrifice—the devout or philanthropic achievement, he will make a blessing to your own soul. And while he will see to it that those you love are no losers

for such merciful loans, he guarantees the harvest against that day when the salvation of another's soul, or a jewel added to the Redeemer's diadem, will, to the perfected spirit, be a satisfaction unspeakably more exquisite than the remembrance that it once dwelt in a cedar palace, and commanded the plaudits of Christendom.

"RELIGION MAKES MEN GLOOMY."—Who told you so? "My own heart." Your own heart! But have you not read, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" And will you believe that heart? "My light-headed and trifling companions." Your companions! But what do they know about it? they never tasted any of its joys or sorrows, and are in utter ignorance of both. Would you ask a blind man his opinion of colors, or a deaf man his opinion of sounds, and form your judgment by their decision? Go you to other sources for your information, ere you pronounce religion gloomy. Go ask those who have felt its power, who know all the joys of sin and many of the joys of religion, and ask them if such has been its influence. Go to Solomon, the wise king of Israel; ask him, "Does religion make men gloomy?" He had drank of every cup of earthly joy that wealth or influence could command. "I gathered me," he says, "also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces: I gat men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men. I was great; and whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from joy," Ecclesiastes ii, 8-10.

But was he happy in consequence? "Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit," verse 11. But when he turned to religion, and her sweet influence came upon his mind, he exclaimed, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," Proverbs iii, 17.

Religion makes men gloomy! Did it make Paul and Silas gloomy, as they sang praises in the dungeon? Did it make the first martyr, Stephen, gloomy, as he breathed out his soul in peace, and his countenance shone as the face of an angel?

But go higher for your answers. Let heaven and hell be appealed to. Which is the happiest place in the universe—is not heaven? Which is the most miserable place in the universe—is not hell? Which is the most religious? Heaven is the most religious; it is all religion there. Which is the most irreligious? Hell is the most irreligious; there is no religion there. Let the joys of heaven and the agonies of hell, then, give the answer. No! religion never makes men gloomy; but, on the contrary, it has gilded the path of many a tried and afflicted soul through life, and proved the sweetest solace in the hour of death. And the more I feel its influence, and live beneath its power, the nearer I shall come to the joys of heaven, and the light, and love, and bliss that reign around God's throne.

HOW TO READ THE SCRIPTURES.—Pause at every verse of Scripture you choose, and shake as it were every bough of it, that if possible some fruit at least may drop down to you. Should no thought suggest itself immediately to the mind, capable of affording matter for a short ejaculation, yet persevere, and try another and another bough. If your soul really hungers, the Spirit of the Lord will not send you away empty. You shall at length find on one, and that, perhaps, a short verse in Scripture, such an abundance of delicious fruit, that you will gladly seat yourself under its shade, and abide there as under a tree laden with fruit. Will you thus, reader, try to read?

A Paper on Biblical Research.

We have laid aside our usual Editorial Disquisition to give place to the following interesting paper, which will be followed by another of still greater interest.—EDITOR.

HAVE THE ANGELS A HISTORY?

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

AMONG the strongest and most universally experienced of all the various desires which animate the mind of man, we find a longing to penetrate the hidden mysteries of creation, and arrive at a clearer understanding of the motives and purposes of the Creator. Strongly as such a longing or desire may smack of that arrogance which assumes equality with the Creator, and little as such an ephemeral as weak man can reasonably expect to understand of the motives of action of an all-wise, all-foreseeing, and all-powerful Creator, the want was doubtless implanted in the heart of man for a wise and beneficent purpose—to impel the spirit, too apt to become absorbed in earthly cares and pleasures, to look upward, above and beyond the range of its selfish and terrestrial interests—to move it to approach nearer to its God, its Creator, Preserver, and Hope. Savage and civilized man, the heathen as well as the Christian, has felt this irrepressible longing. The savage has been content to satisfy it with the traditions handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, in his nation or tribe. The heathen philosopher piled theory on theory, speculation on speculation, while the heathen priesthood exercised all their powers of invention, to produce mythical explanations satisfactory to the minds of their devotees. The Christian alone is blessed with an inspired, and, therefore, authentic, account of the creation, and of its purposes, *so far as those purposes concern the human race*. In the word of God, and there alone, can we find the facts upon which, as upon a sure foundation, we may rest the lever of our inquiries, in the endeavor to lift aside a portion of the veil which has been thrown about these mysteries in consequence of the fallen condition of our race. It is by the aid of the lights of revelation only that we can succeed in penetrating into the hidden things of the past, present, and future. And even here we can only go so far as those lights extend; and when the philosopher, having gathered a start in the book of revealed truth, attempts to advance alone, by the aid of his own light, he soon loses himself in a wilderness of speculative doubt, from which there is no path to extricate him, but the back track to Scripture truth.

The Bible, as the revealed will of the Creator, is entitled at our hands to implicit and unrestrained credit, which no Christian refuses it. Upon the account given us in different parts of its inspired pages of the grand work of creation, we must depend, as containing all the facts accessible to us on the subject. And while coming here for facts for *our own* purposes, we must bear in mind that whatever stands recorded there was placed there by our Maker for a purpose of his own—that of preparing us for and leading us on the way to salvation. We must ever bear in mind that in order to arrive at a correct understanding of its truths, it is requisite that we be especially careful to view them in their connection with the purposes for which they were intended. A statement made strictly with reference to a particular

object requires to be interpreted in its connection with that object. Taken independently of this connection it may acquire a very different or an entirely opposite meaning. For example, when we read of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still, we may not infer therefrom that the Bible inculcates the doctrine that the sun moves about the earth, any more than we could argue from the particular expression used, that it requires us to believe that the sun actually stood upon Gibeon, or the moon in the valley of Ajalon. We must look to the context then, keeping in mind that the Bible teaches us, not astronomy, or geography, or geology, but true religion; and also that the inspired writers, in their communications of Divine truth, received no supernatural knowledge of purely scientific matters, and in their views of the various phenomena of nature were not at all likely to have advanced beyond their cotemporaries. And even had they been, they would still have been necessitated, by the nature and extent of their divine offices, which reach to the humblest and most ignorant, to clothe their inspired ideas in such language as would be intelligible to all. Paul says, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect—thoroughly furnished unto all good works," 2 Timothy.

It is by following out this principle only, then, that the candid inquirer after truth can make the Scriptures available for the purposes of scientific research. As man is to gain from the soil "by the sweat of his brow" his physical nourishment, so, in like manner, is he to provide subsistence for the spirit by laborious investigation, ceaseless struggle and inquiry. When, therefore, the researches of the astronomer and geologist seem to contradict the words of Scripture, let him bear in mind that his discoveries relate to one portion of a subject, while the Bible touches on an entirely different part. And, farther, before he claims to have found a vital contradiction between *his facts* and the Bible, let him be very sure, not only that he interprets rightly the language of Scripture, but that his discoveries are genuine, unmistakable facts, and that he has reasoned correctly and logically from them, and not made up his theory first, and reconciled his discoveries to that. Having observed all these precautions, we apprehend that a candid inquirer, one unprepossessed in favor of any pet theory or speculation, will find but very little to contend with in reconciling the facts of geology and astronomy to the Biblical account of creation and general arrangement of the universe. And when difficulties do occur, a reference to the errors of his predecessors in the same field will make him hesitate ere setting up his wisdom in opposition to Divine truth.

It is on principles such as those laid down above that the author of the work,^o to the consideration of a portion of which we propose to devote a little space, attempts to reconcile the latest discoveries of geology and astronomy with the recorded word of God. Our author commences

^oThe Bible and Astronomy—A Contribution to Biblical Cosmology. Bibel und Astronomie, ein Beitrag zur Biblischen Kosmologie, von Johann Heinrich Kurtz. Berlin. 1852.

with an analysis of the first chapter of Genesis. The account of the creation which is there given he supposes to embrace three periods, and two distinct and separate series of demonstrations of God's creative power. The first of these is included in—Genesis i—the first verse, which he understands to be an account of the creation of the *entire universe*—especially including and more particularly mentioning the earth, because *its* creation is naturally a more important matter to us, its inhabitants, than that of any other one of the heavenly bodies. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth"—or the entire universe—appears to him not as a kind of heading or index, but a separate account of a distinct work of creation, and one which was much more vast, as calling into being an entire universe, than that which follows. The second period he understands to be described in verse second, where the earth is declared "without form and void," in which condition he supposes it to have been from a period subsequent to the time of the creation, till the commencement of the third period, and second manifestation of creative power, a relation of which is begun at the third verse, and takes up the balance of the chapter.

The limits of our article will not permit us to give here more than a very condensed view of the arguments brought forward in support of this commentary on the Scriptural account of the creation. First comes the consideration that the two paragraphs of the first sentence—the first two verses—are too closely connected by the word "and" to allow us to regard the first as an independent heading, or summary, or index, to the balance of the chapter. Second, the words of the second verse point out the condition of the earth at a period subsequent to the events related in verse 1. It was "without form and void." This is anterior to the occurrence of the events related in the succeeding verses. Thirdly, we find in various portions of Scripture, when reference is made to the work of creation detailed in Genesis i, from verse 3, explicit and positive evidence of the existence of the angels and of the stars previous to the time when the sacred historian tells us the latter, with the sun and moon, were created, on the fourth day. Thus, in Job xxxviii, the Lord questions Job: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stones thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Nothing could possibly be plainer than the meaning here expressed, that the stars, "the morning stars," were in existence, and even *inhabited*—by the "sons of God," or angels—before that creation of the earth, an account of which we have in the latter portion of the first chapter of Genesis. Have we not here, and in other places, at least strong circumstantial evidence of the correctness of the supposition that there was a creation—of the universe—prior to the six days' work, in the fact that we do not, in that circumstantial relation of God's creative work, find any mention made of the creation of angels, while it is certain that they were in existence, and, being so, had their habitations somewhere in the universe? The passage in Job made mention of above plainly proves that good angels existed prior to, and *assisted* by their praises at the six days' work; and the history of the temptation and fall prove conclusively the existence at that time already of a bad angel—one who had been in existence long enough to fall from his high estate in heaven. For we can not suppose for a moment that God

would *create* an evil principle. The angels being in existence, we come to look for their abodes, and here the passage in Job xxxviii comes to our assistance. The expression, "the morning stars sang together," standing in the connection it does with the succeeding clause, "and the sons of God shouted for joy," can not be regarded as a mere hyperbole or poetical license. Looking at the connection in which it stands, and judging the whole sentence by the ordinary rules of metaphor in use among oriental nations, we do not fail to find the implied sense of the sentence to be that the "sons of God"—that is, the angels—were the inhabitants of the "morning stars." And what are the morning stars? Plainly the stars which stud the entire firmament of heaven: "*morning stars*" because appearing first after the deep darkness of chaos, and presaging the first dawn of the creation of the earth.

The words used in verse 2 to describe the condition of the earth, "without form and void," "*tohu va bohu*" in the original Hebrew, are found in three other places in the Scripture, in each of which they are used to represent a state of confusion, ruin, or disorder, consequent upon some great convulsion or disaster, and succeeding a condition of order and life, in contradistinction to a chaotic state, natural to a body yet in an embryotic or unfinished condition. There is, however, no positive proof that the expression, "*tohu va bohu*," is not, like its English equivalent, used in both or either of the above senses. As far, however, as we understand the nature of the Creator from his works, we have no reason to suppose that he would turn any thing from his hands in an imperfect condition, such as the earth is described to be in verse 2. On the contrary, wherever we have accounts of the manifestations of his creative powers, we find invariably that his works spring at once from his hand, perfect in all their functions—not, be it understood, perfect in the sense which would bar all further progress, but having within them the germs of a higher perfection, and *perfectly* prepared to bring those germs into immediate use. Thus we find in each of the six days' works, that whatever was called into being by the Creator was from the first fully prepared for the use for which his divine will intended it. Shall we make of the earth alone an exception to such a rule, which appears to prevail throughout all the creation of God? But we come to a more extended consideration of this portion of the subject farther on.

In considering upon the third period—Genesis i, from verse 3 to the end of the chapter—our author sees a good reason why the account of the work of creation there given should be *literally* interpreted, either as to the time occupied in the work, or as to the work itself. While the account of the primary creation of the universe—verse 1—and of the condition of the earth at some subsequent period—verse 2—evidently have the shape of a relation of facts not seen by the sacred historian himself, but recorded by him from hearing or impression, inspiration taking one of those shapes on that occasion, the style of description used in the succeeding verses, on the contrary, leads our author to the conclusion that that portion of the inspired history was communicated to Moses in a series of *visions*, each presenting to his view a special and distinct portion of the great work of creation, and the vision, and the succeeding interval of darkness before the occurrence of another vision, including a certain space of time. Each vision being complete in itself, the darkness preceding it, and

the light existing throughout its duration, were naturally likened in the mind of the sacred writer to "a day," whereof "the evening and the morning" were the original chaotic darkness, and the succeeding light. Taking this interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation, we can not assign any definite portion of time to the fulfilment of this portion of the labors of the Creator. In each of the tableaux presented to the eye of the inspired seer he beheld the beginning and completion of one portion of the work of creation. His attention was called to the matter and manner of the creation, not to its duration. And we are not compelled in this single instance to take the term "day" in its literal signification, when we find it so often used by the prophets, and under circumstances not altogether dissimilar, to signify various periods of time, more or less extensive.

It is by the train of reasoning which we have here sketched that our author is led to believe: First, that there was a primary creation of the entire universe, including our planet, the sun, moon, and stars. An account of this portion of the creation he finds in Genesis i, 1. Secondly, that by some convulsion, spiritual and physical, of which we have no account, the surface of our planet was transformed from the perfect state in which it emanated from the hands of the Creator into a condition which is described in verse 2, as "without form and void." And, thirdly, that subsequent to this the Creator changed the chaotic condition of the earth, to one more regular and suitable to the various conditions of animal life—an act certainly of *creation*, not of restoration, because preparing it for the development of a new phase of life, entirely different from any previously called forth—and then farther manifested his power in the creation of vegetable and animal life, and finally of man, to inhabit the earth and rule over all in it.

Having, by this interpretation of the Scriptural account of the creation, opened the way for its reconciliation with all the acknowledged facts elicited by the discoveries of astronomers and geologists, our author is led to search the Scriptures for farther traces of the history of those beings, the angels, whose existence, previous to the creation of man, we find so plainly asserted in the thirty-eighth chapter of Job. "For data for an inquisition of this kind," says he, "we must depend entirely upon the Bible. And although we may not hope to find there any connected history of this race—as being not pertinent to the purposes for which Scripture is given us—we shall endeavor to gather from the fragments which we meet here and there through the Bible such an understanding of their nature, their aims, and their connection with and influence upon our race, as well as the points of difference between the two, and different relations in which we stand toward our mutual God, as will, perhaps, help us to a better understanding of the great purposes of the Creator."

First, as to their existence previous to the creation of man. Of this we have evidence in the passage—Job xxxviii—previously quoted, as well as in the fact that the fall of man was brought about by an angel, who had already completed so much of his history or career as to have fallen from his first state. We can not suppose that the Creator of all gave life to an *evil* being. If we find such in existence, we must suppose that they have fallen from the station in which they were originally placed by the Creator.

There can be no doubt as to what species of creatures

are meant in Job xxxviii, by "sons of God." The angels are called "sons of God" in many places in the Bible, as in Job i, 6; ii, 1; Psalm xxix, 1; lxxxix, 7; Daniel iii, 2, 5.

All created spirit needs both time and *place* wherein to bring into full use and exercise its life and liberty of action. It stands in need of a place which shall, on the one hand, lend to it a certain consistence, and, on the other, serve it as a place of residence and trial, where to bring out and fully develop its powers. We look, therefore, for a place of residence for the angels, and find it pointed out in the passage of Job before mentioned. The "morning stars" which—or whose inhabitants—sang together were doubtless the habitations of angels. "The heavens," which it is said—Psalm xix—"declare the glory of God," are composed of these stars. And we see, therefore, how these stars were existent before the six days' works—how the *heaven* which is mentioned in the account of the latter can not be identical with that created "in the beginning." But where was the habitation of the *angels* who fell from their first estate? As the habitations of the good angels were—and, not having changed their nature, may be reasonably supposed still to be—the stars, so we must suppose the fallen angels to have inhabited one of these spheres. We find in Scripture that when the angels fell they were deprived of their original dignity. This we find written in the general epistle of Jude, the sixth verse, where they are spoken of as "the angels which kept not their first estate, [or principality,] but left their own habitations."

As the earth, at the fall of Adam, fell with him under the curse of sin, so it is reasonable to suppose that the abode of the fallen spirits, after their banishment from it, and by the influence of their sin, became a dreary waste, and in the struggle of its inhabitants against omnipotence probably sustained some terrible convulsion, which would make applicable to it the expression "without form." Void it naturally became upon the expulsion of those who had been appointed by God its guardians.

Look we about now for evidence of such a state of things, and we find precisely such a description given in Genesis i, 2, of the earth. We have here at hand, then, a cause, and an effect—the one a destroyer, the other a thing destroyed or ruined, fitting so closely to one another, that where no obstacle interposes to such a conclusion, but rather every thing favors it, we do not go too far when we admit the connection, and acknowledge the "*tohu wa bohu*" of Genesis i, 2, as a natural consequence of the fall of angels, upon a sphere which had served them as a residence, and with which they stood in so intimate connection.

We have reason to believe, then, that the stars were designed by God for places of residence and trial for the angelic hosts; that, as only a portion of the angels have fallen, those who still remain true to God still inhabit the stars—the heavens; that, as the angels were in existence and inhabiting the "morning stars," the heavens, prior to the creation of man, this heaven of stars must be entirely distinct from that which we read was created on the fourth day; that is to say, the stars which were created "in the beginning" were on the fourth day simply brought into that connection with the earth in which they now are. We have now found *on earth*, which, created "in the beginning," is something entirely different from that which appeared above the waters on

the third. And we have a "heaven" which, dating from the beginning, was used for its original purposes before God divided the waters, and made the terrestrial "heaven" to separate the waters above from the waters below.

Having ascertained the probable residence of the angels, the next object which strikes our attention in considering upon their being is this, that they partake of the nature of free, self-conscious, and individually responsible spirits. This arises necessarily out of their condition as *intelligent creatures*. For we take it to be impossible that any intelligent, reasoning creature can stand in any other relation to his Creator than that of personal responsibility to him for all his acts. As creatures of this kind they did not emanate from the creating Hand in that perfect state to which, in the goodness of the Creator, they were permitted to aspire, and to which they might attain. They were not from the first placed upon the highest step of development of which their nature was capable, but could only attain this after struggles and trials, and by a free, unbacked expression of their will. God, in his justice, demands no compulsory service of any of his creatures. As a God of justice and mercy, he gives them free choice, and on their own determination must rest their future. Thus he placed within the angels the necessary germs for that higher stage of development to which, in his divine goodness, he desired them to be raised. But there he rested, and left the final decision to themselves. With the angels, as with Adam, the *possibility* of a fall existed.

Another fact, having a most important bearing upon the nature, and, consequently, upon the history of angels, is this, *that they were created endless*. Aside from the fact

that this lack of sex is apparent throughout the Biblical view of their condition, we are explicitly taught by our Savior—Matthew xxii, 30—that "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, *but are as the angels of God in heaven*." The important bearing of this peculiarity upon the history of the angels can scarcely be realized at first view. As a more immediate consequence of such a state, it is evident that the angels must have been created in their original numbers from the first; that each individual must emanate *directly* from the hand of God, and sees in himself a living manifestation of the power and goodness of the Creator. It is plain, too, that all the various effects of this one cause, all the different interests, hopes and fears, happiness and unhappiness, the motives to and causes of action, which take so prominent a place in the history of our race, must be to them totally strange. The bond which unites them, and always a certain influence over their course, can not be, like that which binds our race together, a *successive* one, arising from the unity of the race, the blood relationship which exists between all the sons and daughters of Adam. The bond which binds them, and unites them into one race, can arise only from the homogeneity of their powers, of their aims, of their nature. This condition became of especial importance in the history of their race from the fact, that in consequence of it each individual was made entirely independent of all the rest, and the fall of one or more of their number did not by any means, as with our race, involve the fall and condemnation of the rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

BRITISH WESLEYANISM.—The general summary of all the missions under the direction of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee and British conference, in Europe, India, China, Australia, Polynesia, South and West Africa, British America, and the West Indies, was as follows:

Central or principal stations, called circuits.....	377
Chapels and other preaching-places.....	377
Ministers and assistant missionaries.....	539
Other paid agents, as catechists, interpreters, etc.....	798
Unpaid agents, as Sabbath school teachers, etc.....	8,913
Full and accredited Church members.....	111,557
On trial for Church membership.....	6,478
Scholars.....	84,076
Printing establishments.....	8

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.—The receipts of this Society, according to its Forty-first Annual Report, were \$114,907.58, and the expenditures \$145,528.31. There are under its direction 22 missions, 84 stations, and 574 out-stations, 406 of which are in Germany, connected with which are 57 missionaries, 63 female assistants, and 237 native pastors and preachers; 3 missionaries and 3 female assistants have joined the missions, 3 missionaries and 2 female assistants have retired from the service, and 5 missionaries and 2 female assistants have died. There are 218 Churches, to which 2,910 have been added by baptism, making the whole number of members 17,548; there are 107 schools and 2,500 pupils.

A GOOD YEAR'S WORK.—The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society the last year was \$625,000,

being \$40,000 more than that of any previous year. The Society has been the means of issuing nearly 29,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in 170 different languages.

CONNECTICUT SCHOOL FUND.—The school fund of the state of Connecticut, on the first day of April last, amounted to \$2,049,953; and the income therefrom during the past year was \$156,248. This sum was divided among 100,000 children. Independent of this school fund, the state owns \$400,000 of bank stock, and is free from debt.

OLD SCHOOL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.—In all the theological seminaries connected with the Old School Presbyterian Church, the number of students is 283; if of these one-third, or 94, leave at the close of each year, it will exceed the number of ministerial removals by death only one and a half per cent., or 87; but the population of the country increases at the rate of three and a half per cent., and to maintain the ratio between the ministers and the population, the increase ought to be at least 87.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—This ecclesiastical body is but about fifty years old. In 1822 it had but 48 ordained ministers; in 1850 it had 1,000 such ministers, and 800 licentiates, and 100,000 communicants. It has 10 colleges for young men, and 2 for young ladies. Besides these, it has 2 theological schools and 10 academies or seminaries, with 60 instructors, 1,994 students,

and 56 theological students; property amounting to \$86,700, and endowments worth \$126,000. All this, for a denomination that separated from the original Presbyterian Church because too much learning was required for the ministry, as it is understood, argues well for the good sense and hidden wisdom of the body.

BAPTISTS IN NORTH AMERICA.—The following table shows the number of Baptist churches and Baptist Church members in North America:

	Churches.	Members.
Alabama.....	614.....	46,162
Arkansas.....	164.....	5,869
Connecticut.....	111.....	16,907
Georgia.....	903.....	72,516
Illinois.....	438.....	24,058
Indiana.....	438.....	24,682
Iowa.....	90.....	3,533
Kentucky.....	833.....	73,373
Maine.....	299.....	19,355
Massachusetts.....	258.....	31,854
Michigan.....	117.....	9,691
Mississippi.....	529.....	35,644
Missouri.....	534.....	31,358
New Jersey.....	107.....	14,074
New York.....	823.....	57,754
North Carolina.....	535.....	47,755
Ohio.....	439.....	24,958
Pennsylvania.....	343.....	34,105
South Carolina.....	446.....	49,119
Tennessee.....	557.....	40,334
Virginia.....	642.....	92,428

The states of Louisiana, Maryland, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin, Texas, and the territories foot up a membership of over 56,000, and a list of about 1,000 churches, making the grand total of regular Baptists in the United States about 842,660, and 10,488 churches. Add the number in the British provinces and the West Indies, the number of regular Baptists is in

	Churches.	Members.
North America.....	10,933.....	903,110
Anti-Mission Baptists.....	1,720.....	58,000
Freewill Baptists.....	1,173.....	49,809
General Baptists.....	17.....	2,189
Seventh-Day Baptists.....	71.....	6,351
Church of God.....	274.....	18,500
Disciples.....	175,000
Tunkers.....	150.....	8,000
Mennonites.....	300.....	36,000

Grand total.....14,638.....1,261,069

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—The following table shows the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the number of members in each for the year 1854-5:

Kentucky.....	24,618
Louisville.....	24,982
Missouri.....	15,582
St. Louis.....	16,958
Tennessee.....	41,879
Holston.....	44,252
Memphis.....	38,438
Mississippi.....	26,116
Louisiana.....	11,761
Virginia.....	39,592
Western Virginia.....	7,315
North Carolina.....	42,613
Georgia.....	73,590
South Carolina.....	80,258
Alabama.....	59,684
Florida.....	11,136
Texas.....	8,448
Eastern Texas.....	11,824
Arkansas.....	10,150
Wachita.....	9,487
Pacific.....	886
Indian Mission.....	3,734

The total number of effective traveling preachers is 1,942, of supernumerated 150, and of local preachers 4,350. The total number of white members is 428,511, of colored members 164,584, and of Indians 8,757; showing a grand total of 603,303, or an increase of 23,992 over the number of last year. There was a decrease in the Indian

Mission of 44, and in the Kentucky conference of 170; in all the other conferences there was a handsome increase. At the time of the secession of the Church South in 1845, their membership was about 483,000, showing an increase since then of 120,000.

NEW YORK CITY CHURCHES.—In the city of New York there are 29 Baptist churches, numbering 8,383 communicants; 8 Congregational churches, with 1,050 communicants; 23 Dutch Reformed churches, with 4,866 communicants; 5 Lutheran churches, with 3,048 communicants; 35 Methodist Episcopal churches, with 8,452 communicants; 48 Presbyterian churches, with 13,947 communicants; and 48 Protestant Episcopal churches, with 8,160 communicants. This makes an aggregate of 196 churches, when there should be at least 300, if a place of religious worship were provided for all the inhabitants.

NEW METHODIST DOCTORS.—The following Methodist preachers have received the honorary D. D. at the late college Commencements; namely, Rev. Schuyler Seager, of the Genesee conference, from the Centenary College, Miss.; Rev. J. H. Perry, of the New York East conference, and Rev. W. H. Rule, of the British Wesleyan conference, and one of the editors of the London Watchman, from Dickinson College; Rev. Edward Cook, of the Wisconsin conference, and President of Lawrence University, from Harvard University; Rev. L. D. McCabe, Professor of Mathematics of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O., from Alleghany College, Meadville, Penn.; Rev. J. G. Blair, of the Ohio University, from M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Ill.; Rev. E. E. Wiley, President of Emory and Henry College, from Genesee College; and Rev. D. R. M'Anally, editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, from Emory and Henry College.

COLLEGES.—The Commencement exercises of the Ohio Wesleyan University took place June 18th. Number of graduates, 12; whole number of students in attendance for the year, 511. President, Rev. E. Thomson, D. D.

Genesee College Commencement took place June 25th, but we have no account of the number of students or graduates. The institution, under the Presidency of Rev. J. Cummings, D. D., is succeeding nobly.

Dickinson College Commencement exercises July 12th; graduated 23 young men. President, Rev. C. Collins, D. D. The institution is in a most flourishing condition.

Indiana Asbury University had its Commencement July 19th. Graduates, 8; whole number of students for the year, 337. Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., President.

Alleghany College Commencement June 27th. Graduates, 21. Rev. J. Barker, D. D., President.

M'Kendree College had no graduates this year. President, Rev. Peter Akers, D. D.

Ohio University, Athens—Commencement August 1st. Graduates in regular course, 2; scientific department, 2. Rev. S. Howard, D. D., President.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.—Commencement August 1st. Graduates, 28. Rev. Augustus W. Smith, LL. D., President.

OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—Rev. C. D. Burritt, A. M., of the Oneida conference, was elected President of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, O., in the latter part of July, and entered upon the duties of his office August 9th.

IOWA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—Rev. L. W. Berry, D. D., President. Number of students, 254. Location, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE AND TIMES OF BISHOP HEDDING, D. D., late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Bishop E. S. James. New York: Carlton & Phillips.—Such is the title of a work recently issued from the Book Concern in New York, and which is now on sale at the Methodist bookstores generally. It can also be obtained through any Methodist preacher. We doubt whether a finer specimen of typography was ever issued from the Concern—large type, well leaded, fine paper, and beautiful margins make a page grateful to the eye. It makes a volume of six hundred and eighty-six pages. The Agents have published a large 12mo., and also an octavo edition of the work; the former at \$1.50, the latter at \$2. The latter is a somewhat formidable, but really a splendid book. It is probably the cheapest edition, compared with the expense of getting up.

It is not in place for us to speak of its literary character. We are too nearly related to it. But we must take the liberty to say a few things about it. Bishop James, it is well known, was, in the will of Bishop Hedding, constituted his biographer, with power to choose a substitute. His episcopal duties rendered it impossible for him to perform the work, and, after consulting with his colleagues, the writer was appointed to write the book.

No literary labor could have been more congenial with his feelings, yet he entered upon his work with many misgivings. First of all, he was fearful he should not be able to do justice to his exalted subject, or to meet the expectations of the Church. Then he was aware of the great labor necessary to gather the materials for such a volume and work them up into one homogeneous production. This labor he found he had not overrated; for though much had been done in this respect by Rev. M. L. Scudder and others—for which they deserve the thanks of the Church—much more remained to be done; and the author was compelled to wade through old volumes and old files of magazines and newspapers almost without number; also through piles of letters, papers, documents, etc.; gathering one fact of history here and another there.

The work was one of no little delicacy as well as labor. Bishop Hedding had passed through and been a prominent actor—that is, made prominent by his official position—in many of the stirring events and controversies in the Church during the past fifty years. The author could not do otherwise than become a commentator upon those events. This often involved personal allusions to the dead as well as the living; it also involved the necessity of presenting controverted points in a light that will not be acceptable to many. In all these matters he has endeavored to study carefully the facts of history; and so well satisfied is he that what he has set forth in each case has a solid foundation in fact, and that his comments are legitimate and truthful, that he has not much fear of their being controverted. Errors there are undoubtedly in the book, mistakes of judgment. It shall be the author's work hereafter to correct them, should any such come to light.

While we decline making any comment upon the lit-

erary character of the work, it is proper our readers should know the estimate placed upon it by the press. We therefore subjoin the first paragraph of an extended editorial notice in the Commercial Advertiser, of New York city:

"Those who loved and venerated Bishop Hedding may well congratulate themselves that the interesting records of his life and ministry have been intrusted to so judicious a biographer. Dr. Clark has executed his task with most admirable judgment, and yet with that warm and genial affection for his subject, without which the biographer is apt to degenerate into the cold critic and passionless essayist. Bishop Hedding was a 'representative man;' the type of a class for the full development of whose capabilities, mental and physical, if Methodism was not necessary, it at least supplied peculiar facilities; and upon this idea Dr. Clark has acted in the work before us. The book is just what its title implies, and upon no other plan could the strong points in Bishop Hedding's character have been harmoniously developed. The 'times' in which he lived are part of his 'life.' The latter could not have been rightly estimated or rightly depicted apart from the former. The Bishop kept pace with the times in every respect, making his mark upon them as indelibly as they made their impress upon him. And it is impossible to read the felicitous blending of autobiographical sketches with cotemporaneous Methodist history which Dr. Clark has supplied, without recognizing in the subject of the memoir an instrumentality specially adapted to the marvelous work on which it was employed. The noble introduction, from the pen of one of Bishop Hedding's survivors in the Episcopacy of the Methodist Church, adds largely to the intrinsic value of the volume. A remark often applied to Boswell's Life of Johnson, and also strikingly true of the published 'Journal' of the founder of Methodism, that they have the engrossing interest of the most skillful fiction, will apply to this volume."

WHICH: RIGHT OR LEFT? is the quaint title of a book that has attracted no little attention. The publishers are Garrett & Co., New York, and the work is a good-sized 12mo. of five hundred and thirty-six pages. It has been highly commended by the religious as well as secular press. We have read it; and we must confess to an instinctive repugnance to it, as to something impure. It smacks of Solon Robinson and his Five Points fictions. Its author gloats in the delineation of those sham professors who dishonor Christ and religion, and shows himself more *au fait* in the delineation of sham than of true religion. He takes such evident pleasure in exposing the hollowness and hypocrisy of worldly and fashionable professors, that one can not help suspecting he was not profoundly grieved at the existence of those evils. We doubt whether the influence of the book will be healthy. For sale by Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati.

REV. ROBERT NEWTON is almost as widely known in this country as in England. Mr. Jackson has made an excellent biography, and the republication of it will be welcomed by thousands on this side of the Atlantic. It makes a 12mo. of four hundred and twenty-seven pages.

We intend to glean some of its gems hereafter for our readers.

PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES. *By Abel Stevens. With an Introduction by Dr. Bond. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1855. 12mo. 266 pp.*—We always had a feeling bordering on contempt for "manuals" on preaching; and it does us good to see with what right hearty good will our brother of the quill whacks away at them. As to models of effective preaching, we could never conceive of any more glorious than those furnished by the mighty men of God who illustrated the heroic age of Methodism. Could we bring back their spirit, fire, and power, the mighty energies of aggressive Methodism would overrun the globe. We are glad these stirring essays have been put into their present permanent form;

for we believe they will do good. No minister of Christ can read them without receiving benefit.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY, at Westerville, O., presents a summary of 5 professors and 144 students. Rev. Lewis Davis is President.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, at Wilmington, Del.—President, Rev. George Loomis, A. M., assisted by 13 teachers. Students—in the collegiate department, 188; in the primary, 69: total, 257.

OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, at Hillsboro, O.—Principal, Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, A. M., assisted by 3 teachers. Number of students, 73.

Notes and Queries.

A NOTE TO NOTE AND QUERY WRITERS.—In some instances we have several solutions of the same query; in such cases we take the first received when they are equally to the point. Those who contribute to this department will do well to compress their notes into the briefest possible space. Querists, too, should put their queries direct, and without any circumlocution, beyond what may be necessary to the full expression of the question. After these preliminaries, we invite the curious and the inquiring to aid us in enriching and giving variety to this department.

AUTHOR VS. AUTHORESS.—"Mr. Editor,—I perceive you apply the word *author* instead of *authoress* to female writers. Will you allow me to inquire what shall govern us in such matters; is there any principle involved, or is each one to be governed by his own taste?"

The Editor is governed in the matter by this simple principle; namely, that what is merely intellectual and spiritual can not properly be characterized by gender. Some use the term *authoress*, *poetess*, etc.; but, so far as we can see, we might as well say *Christianess*, *scintess*, etc.

APPEALING FROM PHILIP DRUNK TO PHILIP SOBER.—"The origin of this phrase, according to the English Querist, was on this wise: Philip of Macedon, when under the effects of wine, unjustly condemned a woman, who appealed from his judgment. "To whom, then, do you appeal?" said the enraged King. "From Philip," she replied, "drunk and slumbering, to Philip sober and wakeful."

SPACE REQUIRED FOR THE BURIED POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—"Mr. Editor,—We often hear it stated that there is not a foot of earth on the globe that has not served as the burial-place of man; and also that were all the dead raised to life, the earth would not afford them room to stand upon. Is there any foundation for such assertions?"

None at all. Look at the facts. The population of the earth now does not exceed 1,000,000,000, and three generations pass away each century. This would give, without making any allowance for the greater longevity of the race in the earlier ages, one hundred and seventy-six generations that have passed away. This, at the present population, would make 176,000,000,000. But as the race increased from a single pair, and, therefore, presents an ascending series, we may take one-half as the aggregate.

This would give us 88,000,000,000 as the grand aggregate of the dead.

On the supposition that one-half of the race die in infancy, it has been usual to allow an average of three square feet for the occupancy of each individual. This would give us 264,000,000,000 square feet of earth occupied by the dead. Reducing this to square miles, it gives us an aggregate of 9,469 square miles. The area of New Hampshire is 9,500 square miles; so were it turned into one vast graveyard, the entire buried population of the earth might be deposited side by side in the inclosure.

These data also show the absurdity of the assumption, that were the dead raised to life the earth would not afford room for them to stand upon.

A CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.—"Dear Doctor,—As you publish in the Ladies' Repository "Notes," I submit the following, which I do not recollect ever having seen in print. It is said to have been inscribed over the altar of an old church in England under a copy of the ten commandments. After remaining nearly a century, its meaning was discovered. By the addition of one vowel it becomes a couplet, and rhymes:

P R S V R. Y. P R F O T M N.
V R. K P. T H S. P R O C P T S. T N.

The solution is as follows:

"Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten."

Yours, etc.,

THE THUGS OF INDIA.—"Another Note.—Mr. Editor,—I can't receive your definition of Thugs unless I repudiate all the authorities I have seen. They may be incorrect, however. In M'Kay's Popular Delusions there is a long description of these marauders, giving as authorities Dr. Sherwood's treatise and Sleeman's "Ramasecana, or vocabulary of the peculiar language of the Thugs." They are called Thugs, or Thunga, and their profession Thuggee; in south India they are called Phansigars: the former word "deceiver," the latter "strangler." Their profession is hereditary, "and embraces, it is supposed, ten thousand persons trained to murder from their childhood; carrying it on in secret and in silence, yet glorying in it, and holding the practice of it higher than earthly honor." "During the winter months they usually follow some respectable calling to elude suspicion; in

the summer they set out in gangs over all the roads of India to plunder and destroy." The gangs contain from ten to forty, and sometimes two hundred. "*They never cause death by any means but strangling.* If they chance to fall in with an unprotected traveler his fate is certain. One Thug approaches him from behind, and throws the end of a sash around his neck, the other end is seized by a second Thug the same instant, and drawn tightly, while with their other hand the two Thugs thrust his head forward to expedite the strangulation; a third Thug seizes the traveler by the legs, and he is thrown to the ground, *a corpse before he reaches it.*" They sometimes thus strangle a caravan of forty persons. Their profession is one of honor in India; is entered with difficulty; is persevered in, believing thereto they have a special vocation from the goddess Daves. Their code forbids the strangling of women or cripples. More could be said if space permitted. T. M. E.

BEEN VS. BIN, AND SEEN VS. SIN—ANSWER, WITH SOME NOTES ON OUR ORTHOGRAPHY.—*Mr. Editor*,—In the May number of the *Ladies' Repository*, I noticed a query, which, so far as I have observed, is yet unanswered. With your permission, I will try and elucidate it. The query is: "If we pronounce *been* as though it was spelled *bin*, why not pronounce *seen* as though it was spelled *sin*?"

Simply because *custom*, which seems to hold almost unlimited authority in this and similar matters, has dictated otherwise.

Here, having answered the query to the best of our ability, we might be expected to drop the subject; but, as a few thoughts suggest themselves just now in this connection, we will write on.

We know that all spoken language is composed of *sounds*—simple sounds, that can not be divided and remain audible. In fact, if a simple sound is divided, it ceases to be a sound. Compound things are divisible, but *simples* are not; and this principle is equally as applicable to sounds as to other things. Every simple sound is capable of a distinct utterance or articulation, entirely independent of and distinct from all other sounds whatever. The union of these separate and distinct simple sounds forms words. Thus, the word *me* is composed, we readily perceive, of two simple sounds, uttered in close connection, and either may be uttered *separately*, just as easily as the two *letters* composing the *written* word may be *written* separately. This is the case with all words; every word being capable of separation or resolution into its several distinct simple sounds.

Leaving this, we would call attention to the *use* of *letters*, and ask, for what were they invented? What are they made for? The answer is very evident—to represent *sounds* to the eye. This being the case, may we not suppose that we require as many letters as we have sounds to represent? We think the conclusion perfectly legitimate, that we *ought* to have a fixed and invariable representative for each different sound, and that no one letter should represent *different* sounds. If this were the case—and who will contend for a moment that the position is not perfectly philosophical?—the pronunciation of all words, except in the matter of accentuation, would be a work of the utmost certainty. Knowing positively what sounds each letter *always* represented, there could never be the least possible doubt in reference to any word we might see written or printed, and, as a matter of course, we could write any word we might hear spoken correctly and without hesitation.

But, objects one, this principle of "a letter to each

sound," and "but one sound to each letter," if carried out, would overturn the whole system of our present orthography. Very true—if, indeed, we can call our present mode of spelling, with its countless irregularities and defects, a *system*—and should we deplore the destruction of what the learned Dr. Noah Webster himself—a man whom all will acknowledge competent to express an opinion of reliable authority on the subject—has pronounced "*a barbarous orthography*," never learned by a foreigner except from *necessity*?" Ought we not rather to rejoice for an opportunity to rear a superstructure based upon truth instead of caprice?

Another objector cries out, You would destroy our etymology. We answer, that there is frequently as much etymology in the pronunciation of a word without the orthography, as in the orthography without the pronunciation. But supposing this would actually be the case—that all traces of the derivation of words should be destroyed—we ask, would not the advantages *gained* by the multitude, in the increased facilities afforded for the acquirement of practical knowledge, be more than sufficient to balance the loss sustained by the learned few? Must the mass of mankind grovel in the crooked paths of debasing ignorance to foster the inordinate desires of a few literary antiquarians? Must the Genius of universal education be stifled in the arms of those who should be its supporters and protectors? God forbid! Let any thing which tends to elevate the mind, and more widely disseminate the truths of science among mankind, be hailed with joy, and adopted with enthusiasm! Let D. D.'s and LL. D.'s, A. M.'s and M. D.'s, march boldly to the work, and put shoulder to the wheel in right good earnest; leave their squeamish notions about the destruction of etymology, and set about the education of mankind. They will thus perform a work which is not only benevolent, but highly honorable, and their names will be handed down to posterity as men whose lives were devoted to one of the greatest interests of their fellow-beings—

EDUCATION.

A CURIOUS EPIGRAPH AND TRANSLATION.—We have somewhere fished up the following curiosity:

EPIGRAPH.

Si mors mortis morti mortem morte non dedisset, portæ vitæ æternæ semper clauderantur.

TRANSLATION.

If death's Destroyer had not, by dying, given death to death—or made an end of death—the gates of eternal life would have been forever closed.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "FOOLSCAP PAPER."—We find in an exchange the following note upon the name of an article with which we are all familiar:

"It is well known that Charles II, of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of his government. Among others was the privilege of manufacturing paper. The water-mark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles to the scaffold, and, by way of showing their contempt for the King, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool, with his cap and bells, to be substituted. It is now more than a hundred and seventy-five years since the fool's-cap and bells were taken from the paper, but still paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals

bears the name of the water-mark then ordered as an indignity to Charles."

SIGNIFICATION OF COLORS.—"The following," says a correspondent of the London Notes and Queries, "which I recently met with in an old commonplace book, may not prove an uninteresting note, particularly as in some parts of the country certain colors have still a proverbial signification—such as *blue*, true; *yellow*, jealous; *green*, forsaken, etc:

Ash colour.....	Repentance.
Black.....	Mournfull.
Blue.....	Truth.
Carnation.....	Desire.
Crimson.....	Cruelty.
Greene.....	Hopeful.
Mouse colour.....	Fearful.
Murry.....	Secret love.
Orange colour.....	Spitefulness.
Purple.....	Nobility.
Sky colour.....	Heavenly.
Tawny.....	Forsaken.
White.....	Innocency.
Willow colour.....	Despaire.
Yellow.....	Jealousie."

NEW ZEALAND SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE MAN IN THE MOON.—In the English "Notes and Queries" we find the following version of a superstition about "the man in the moon" among the New Zealanders. It is in substance as follows:

Before the moon gave light, a New Zealander named Rona went out in the night to fetch some water from

* A dark reddish-brown, called by the heralds *sanguine*.

the well. He stumbled and unfortunately sprained his ankle, and was unable to return home. All at once, as he cried out for very anguish, he beheld with fear and horror that the moon, suddenly becoming visible, descended toward him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it for safety; but it gave way, and fell with Rona upon the moon; and he remains there to this day.

According to another version, Rona fell into the well, or was falling, and laid hold upon a tree, which was afterward removed with him to the moon; where, to this day, he is visible. This looks like an antediluvian tradition.

QUERIES.—Deprivation of the Means of Grace.—Dear Sir,—Will you or some of your able correspondents answer the following inquiry: Does a deprivation of the means of grace by circumstances over which we have no control endanger our final salvation? Give us something direct—to the point.

A SUBSCRIBER.

N. B. This question takes the missionary enterprise by the horns.

Variations of Climate in the Same Latitude.—If the opinion be correct, Mr. Editor, that the waters of the Gulf Stream breaking on the coast of Great Britain cause the mildness of the climate there, how will we account for the fact that the climate is much milder on the western than on the eastern part of the North American continent? Will some of your correspondents give a more satisfactory answer to the question?

H. J. H.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

A WITTY RETORT.—Dr. Bond, editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, is somewhat celebrated for the keenness of his wit. His son, Dr. T. E. Bond, jun., of Baltimore, seems to be "a chip from the old block." The Baltimore correspondent of the Advocate, having occasion to refer to him, reminds the father of the following witty retort, which is too good to be lost:

"Pardon me, Doctor—some even intimate that he is ahead of his father. He certainly was *once*, when you, he, and several ministers of our conference were dining at Dr. M'Culloch's. At that time your son was connected with the Charles-street station. In the course of conversation, said he, 'Father, come up to our church and preach for us.' 'O yes,' you replied, 'you are such great sinners there you need all the preaching you can get.' With sang froid he answered, 'O no, you are mistaken; we can stand bad preaching there better than any where else.'"

A MAINE-LAW ANECDOTE.—A correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine some time since got off the following Maine-Law anecdote:

"Just before the passage of the 'Maine Law,' I came out of a little establishment in N., of a dark and rainy evening, behind a very drunken fellow, who 'beat up' the side-walk a couple of rods in advance. Presently he 'missed stays' on the 'starboard tack,' and ran into a tree. He pulled off what was originally intended for a hat, 'tettered' a moment on his toes, and apologized to the jostled individual, with a 'hickup' between every other word:

" 'Schuze me, shir; I 'shure you, sir, 'tirely 'tentional

on my part. Sho dark, shir, I didn't shce you. 'Schuze me, shir, 'schuze me, shir, 'f you please.'"

"After which obsequious explanation, and an abortive effort to put on his hat, he essayed to continue on his way; but brought up again on the first lurch against the same tree:

" 'I really beg your pardon, shir; I'm afraid you'll 'spect that I'm 'tossicated; but I 'shure you, shir, I never was more shober in all my life. It's dark and splashy; and really, shir, I 'shposed, shir, you'd gone along!'"

ANOTHER.—The same writer produces another equally to the point:

"A friend of mine returning from the depot a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly imported 'Maine Law,' saw a lady in advance of him whom he must inevitably join. So, tucking the bottle under his arm, he walked along side. 'Well,' said the young lady, after disposing of 'health' and 'the weather,' 'what is that bundle you are carrying so mysteriously under your arm?'"

" 'O, nothing but a coat which the tailor has just been mending for me.'"

" 'O, it's a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one more hole, for it *leaks* now!'"

A CURT LETTER.—The following specimen of curt letter writing is worthy of a place in the next edition of "The Complete Letter-Writer." "A legal friend of mine commenced his professional career in the small neighboring village of W. Among the inhabitants was a tough old subject, a manufacturer of lath. The first sight of

our friend's new 'shingle' brought him to a halt; and having deliberately spelled out the contents, and reflected thereon for a moment, he turned on his heel, *lined* for home, and indited the following to a delinquent customer:

"SIR,—There's a young *lawyer* moved into our place. *Pry for them laaf!*"

"It is unnecessary to add that the 'laaf' were paid for without the young '*lawyer*'s' assistance."

EATING THE SHOW-BREAD.—Cecil once hearing a person censuring a Churchman for going to hear the Gospel in a meeting—the only place in the village where it then could be heard—he exclaimed, "Did ye never read what David did when he was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the show-bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them that were with him, but only for the priests?"

HOW THE DOGMATIST SILENCED ROBERT HALL.—A self-conceited, dogmatical minister, popular, too! one day said to Mr. Jay, "I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him into Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him." I concluded how the truth was; and, some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. "I lately traveled with him," said he, "and it was wonderful, sir, how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He disgusted and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN FOSTER AND WILLIAM JAY.—Mr. Jay says, "I had many opportunities of seeing Mr. Foster, from the time he was a student at Bristol to the period of his death. He was thrice settled near me; namely, at Downend, at Frome, and at Stapleton. His wife had relations in my congregation; and he sometimes passed a Sabbath in Bath; but I could never induce him to preach for me. He declined commonly by saying, with complacency and pleasantry, 'You know neither you nor your people would ever ask me again; I am never desired to preach a second time.'"

ONLY THE BURNING OF A JEW.—Dr. Cogan relates that he was once, when abroad, walking with a young Portuguese lady, and saw at a distance a fire surrounded with a number of persons; and when he was disposed to notice it, she pulled him on, saying, "O, I suppose it is only the burning of a Jew." "Yet," said he, "she was not wanting in humanity, yea, she was even tender and benevolent." But see the effect of persecution, education, and custom!

A COW IN A BOX VS. A COUGH IN THE CHEST.—A Frenchman, who was making slow progress in the mysteries of English orthography, caught a severe cold, and sent for a London doctor. Thinking over what he should say to Dr. John Bull, he found his symptoms described by the word *c-o-u-g-h*, and having already learned that *p-l-o-u-g-h* is pronounced *plow*, "I have him," he exclaimed, "*cow*."

Dr. Bull soon entered and felt his pulse.

"No trouble there," said he, "but here," laying his hand upon his throat, "I got a *cow*."

"Well, I am not a cow-doctor," said the surgeon, indignantly. "Why do you send for me to see your cow?"

"But you will not understand me," said the disconcerted Frenchman; "here is my *cow*—here!" and he thumped his breast in desperation.

The Doctor shook his head, as though he thought him demented. The patient had recourse to his dictionary, thinking, if he got the precise locality of his *cow*, the doctor would understand. Accordingly he looked for the word "*chest*," and found the first definition to be "*box*;" then shouting as loud as he could, he exclaimed: "Now you understand: *I got a cow in my box!*"

The doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin.

THE MONK AND THE HEBREW BOOK.—A monk, being charged with making a catalogue of a library, meeting with a Hebrew book, put, "Item, a book which begins at the very end."

UNION OF WORLDLY WITH INTELLECTUAL MATTERS.—The union of worldly with intellectual matters—of business or professional engagements with literary pursuits—makes a pleasing mixture, and causes the one to serve as a relaxation to the other. Dr. Johnson is said to have exclaimed, "O that I had been brought up to some profession!"

A REPLY IN A PROPER PLACE.—Two persons of a satirical turn met a neighbor and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most a knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, and, walking between them, after some hesitation, replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

LIVING WELL.—He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of better value.

ON PROLONGING LIFE.—Were the life of man prolonged, he would become such a proficient in villainy, that it would be necessary again to drown or to burn the world. Earth would become a hell; for future rewards, when put off to a great distance, would cease to encourage, and future punishments to alarm.

AN OLD CLOCK.—The following lines, says the Rochester American, may be seen on an old clock in Scrantom's auction store in that city. The clock was made by "Tobias & Co., Liverpool and London," and is a hundred years old. It is still "going," "going," like the auctioneer, and is likely to be "going" long after the auctioneer has been "struck off," and "gone!" On its face are these lines:

"I am old and worn, as my face appears,
For I have walked on Time for a *hundred years!*
Many have fallen since I begun,
Many *will fall* ere my course is run!
I have *buried the world*, with its hopes and fears,
In my long, lone march of a *hundred years.*"

A COURTIER'S REPLY.—Charles II, having one day met the poet Waller, joked him on his facility in having written laudatory verses first upon Cromwell and then upon himself. "Nay, more," said the merry monarch, "those you writ on Oliver are more complimentary than those addressed to myself." "Poets, may I please your Majesty," was the reply of the practiced courtier, "always excel rather in that which is fictitious than that which is true."

A SEVERE RETORT.—Robert Hall, while suffering a temporary loss of reason, was visited in the mad-house by a person who, in a whining tone, asked, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Touching his brow significantly with his finger, Hall replied, "What will never bring you, sir—too much brain."

Editor's Table.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—The opening article on "Paradise Lost" is critical, but well sustained, and will pay a perusal of more than ordinary care; "Selfishness, or Plaintiff and Defendant," will start your tears, perhaps, and can not be read without profit; "Life Scenes and Lessons" teaches a lesson which those wishing to be charitable ought not to overlook; "The Many and the Few" is marked by vigor of thought and style, and, though the reader may not indorse all the writer's views, he will concede to him honesty and strength in their discussion; "The P's and Q's of Modern Reformers" has good hits; "A Half Hour Among the Epigrammatists" may be somewhat literary, yet it abounds in fine paragraphs and sentences; "The Home of my Youth" is from one of the fathers of Cincinnati Methodism, and breathes genuine Parnassian fire; "The Old Prison" is thrilling in its details and its sequel; "Last Words of the Dying" abounds with incident; "Albert's New Clothes" is in the best vein of the author of *Clovernook*; "Memoirs and Legends" tells a story in the mellowest and best style of the great American poetess; while the other articles of the number, poetical as well as others, are fully able, and with promptness, to speak for themselves.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*Philadelphia.*—Mr. Wellstood has succeeded remarkably well in his engraving of the city of Brotherly Love, so far as excellence and clearness of finish are concerned. Philadelphia, which is situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, was settled by the Swedes in the year 1637. The city proper is situated on a plain, the highest point of which is sixty-four feet above the ordinary high-water mark of the river. In form it is a parallelogram, two miles long by one wide. The view in our engraving is from the city of Camden, on the east shore of the Delaware river, where terminate the Camden & Amboy and the New Jersey railroads. Ferry-boats, several of which may be observed, ply constantly between Philadelphia and Camden City, the Delaware being here about one mile wide, and of sufficient depth for the largest vessels. Among the public buildings of Philadelphia may be named Independence Hall, from whose steps, July 4, 1776, the Declaration of the Independence of the United States, by order of the Colonial Congress there assembled, was first read. The Custom-House on Chesnut-street, formerly the United States Bank, built in imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, at a cost of \$500,000, is one of the finest specimens of Doric architecture of modern times. Girard College, founded by Stephen Girard, with a bequest of \$2,000,000, for the gratuitous instruction and support of destitute orphans, is in the district of Penn, one mile north of the north boundary of the city proper. The corner-stone of the college edifice was laid on July 4, 1833, and the buildings were completed in 1847. The institution, however, did not go into operation till January 1, 1848. The grounds contain forty-one acres, and are inclosed by a wall ten feet high. The total cost of the college buildings and the improvements was \$1,933,821. The United States Military and Naval establishments, the University of Pennsylvania, the American Philosophical Society and its building, the Pennsylvania Hospital, the Fairmount Water-Works, the American Sun-

day School Union buildings, etc., are institutions giving character to Philadelphia, and too well known to render description necessary here.

Bay-Side Avenue presents one of the striking views in Greenwood Cemetery—that vast city of the dead, in the environs of the emporium of the western world. We have spent some solemn and profitable hours in meditations among these tombs. From the summit of Bay Grove Hill, whose ascent is seen in the left, we have at once a glimpse of the lower part of New York Bay, the Narrows that open out into the broad ocean, and Staten Island. In another direction the eye is arrested by the numerous buildings, the tall steeples, and the forest of masts that mark the sites of New York and Brooklyn. Standing upon this summit, surrounded by the dead, and looking out upon those scenes of active, bustling, craving, importunate life, we can realize the force of that beautiful stanza:

"Our lives but lasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
And swallow all."

But this is not all—another voice comes to us:

"A voice within us speaks that startling word,
'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touch'd, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domains,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air."

But our space will allow us to delay no longer. Along the side of this hill are found some of the most substantial monuments in this world-renowned cemetery. The beauty and perfection of the engraving will command the admiration of all judges of what is really excellent in this department of art.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Each month we find upon file a list of articles which have been read—some of them re-read—and laid aside as unsuited to our columns. Some of these are possessed of considerable merit, and indicate that, with practice and patient study, their authors will yet succeed in the line of composition. Ability to write comes not by the inspiration of genius, but as the result of patient, persevering culture. The rejection of an article from the pen of a young and unaccustomed writer is, therefore, no cause for discouragement.

The following articles are respectfully declined; namely, "Redeeming Love;" "God in Nature;" "Life, a Beautiful Shell washed up by Eternity's flow;" "Sunny Side;" "The Christian's Welcome Home;" "A Fragment;" "Reflections on the Anniversary," etc.; "The Maniac Bride;" "Trusting in God;" "The Last Visit;" and "The Consecration." The first stanza in "My Hope" is the best:

"One day, like a beam of sunlight,
Hope-angel came to me,
With a voice some like a runlet
That murmurs o'er the sea."

"Life's Voyage" has two or three good stanzas, and we were half tempted to insert it; and may do so yet, with a few corrections.

"Life and Death" has some striking thoughts; but we can hardly pass it.

Were it not for some confusion both of idea and imagery that mars its beauty, "My Angel Babe" would have been inserted. It has more of the genius and power of the Muse than many pieces which are rigidly squared by the rules of the poetic art.

We would have liked to publish "The Man of Rhyme;" but some parts of it lack euphony. We give the first two stanzas:

"Amid the carking cares of time,
Amid the world's wild strife,
What mission hath the man of rhyme?
What purpose hath his life?
'Cui bono?' cries the multitude
Who tug at Mammon's car,
Whose nobler thoughts but interlude
Their din of earthly war.
'Tis not his part to rake for gold!
'Mid rubbish, muck, and sand.
He thirsteth not with gore untold
To steep the loathing land.
He lengtheth not for pomp and power,
For dazzle and for show,
To singe a wing or scorch a flower
In Fashion's sick'ring glow."

"The Resurrection" is altogether too grandiloquent. The closing paragraph of it reads as follows: "Heaven's gates of pearl shall swing upon their diamond hinges, while the redeemed hosts of God press in. Upward shall they fly to where living clouds of white-robed seraphim float with gossamer ease in the expanse of heaven; while myriads of mellifluous voices are trembling on the Eolian winds of glory. They shall traverse the groves of living emerald that skirt the margin of life's crystal stream; and upward still ascend, and play with familiar dalliance among the clustering cornucopations of glory that wreath the immaculate throne of the Eternal, and gaze with undazzled vision on the flashing scintillations of immortality that radiate from the bosom of the triune Jehovah." The author has an exuberant imagination. It needs culture, chastening. Let him see to that, if he would make a *writer*.

"The Sabbath in the Prairie Land" has some excellent descriptive passages in it; but it is too long, and is not well sustained at the close. We should be glad to hear from the author again.

"Old Letters" will hardly do. We take a few lines:

"Then old letters—yes, O, spare them!
They are sacred to the dead;
And many, many times have I
Their tear-stained pages read."

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—*Note from a Contributor*.—Here is a note too genial to be lost—a model in its line:

"Dear Brother Clark,—Here come my 'victims' again, you perceive. They have been waiting long for that dissecting-knife of yours, and they will probably soon share a fate as destructive as a ride over the Falls of Niagara. But they will no doubt look you in the face till you look them out of countenance. My motto is one thing at a time; and when this is disposed of, I will try again. If ever published, let it be through *merit*, and not through *mercy*. With a thousand good wishes for your prosperity and the Repository."

Another of the Same Character.—"Rev. Mr. Clark—Dear Sir,—I take the liberty to send you a small poem, which, if you deem worthy of the Repository, is at your service, 'free gratis for nothing.' But I do not wish you to publish it to oblige me, although I am a 'regular subscriber.' The poem has been pronounced a little *outré* by a good poetry critic. If you, being also a 'judge of poetry,' consider it as 'commonplace,' give it to the rag-picker; but, if not, I shall be pleased to open the Repository some time in *future* and find myself a small contributor to its success."

Struggling for Knowledge in Conflict with Poverty.—The following is an outgushing of thought and feeling from one who is struggling for an education amid the stern obstacles of poverty:

"For many dark, long years of gloom have these un-resting hopes and aspirations impelled me on. The way is dark. It has always been dark. It requires a heart stung to almost madness by thirst for knowledge and desire for *expansion* to nerve and buoy up an obscure and ungifted boy, with no means but his hands, no resource but his *will*, no encouragement but despair, while he measures himself with adversity, and rushes to battle with destiny. Perhaps you were never there. But I do not believe in 'fortune.' I believe in *making destiny to suit one's self*."

Is there no one to help a boy who can write like that? Who will respond?

Note About the Author of Sunny Side.—A literary friend of the editor—rather of the editor's wife—makes the following note of her impressions and feelings after having read the article in the June number:

"I finished the sketch of Mrs. Phelps last evening, and present the editor my thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me in the perusal. I have never read of a literary woman with whom I could sympathize so fully. Nearly all highly gifted females have seemed too masculine for me; but Mrs. Phelps was a *true woman*. Like her, I once was fond of mere natural beauty; but for years I have loved to study '*character*,' and all loveliness seems tame unless it expresses 'a soul.' Like her, too, I love to write for amusement and improvement, and have always had the same apprehension lest I should neglect duty for literary pleasure. I might have loved the study of languages had I been in her situation, but I think not. Her Christian experience, too, is much like my own. I often cling to the cross, and yet fear that I shall not 'be saved.' And then I can not think of death with pleasure, esteeming it a 'duty to live,' comforted by the assurance that my Savior will enlighten the dark 'valley of the shadow of death,' *when he leads me through it*."

SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN.—"*Thy Will be done*."—A little boy, whose infantile mind had already imbibed—yes, that is the word, *imbibed*—some of the sublimest truths of Christianity, seeing his mother overwhelmed with anguish at the death of his father, while nestling in her lap, he threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Dy will be done on eart, as it is in heben!"

Who can tell what an amount of maternal care and labor was compensated for in that one brief sentence!

Touching Incident in a Police Court.—Not long since a small lad, about eight years of age, was brought before Judge Pruden, in the Police Court of Cincinnati.

"What do you do for a living?" said the Judge.

"Sell papers, sir."

"What do you do with the money?"

"Give it to my father, sir."

"And what does he do with it?"

"Buys whisky."

This proved to be literally true. The little boy earned money enough to furnish him with food and decent clothing; but the inebriated father squandered the whole for rum. His mother is also grossly intemperate. Alas for that bright, intelligent child! Thank heaven, he has been removed where the influence of his wretched parents will press less heavily upon him!

The Little Girl who Loved her Bible.—Mr. Hone, the well-known author of the "Every-Day Book," in the days of his infidelity, was traveling in Wales on foot, and being rather tired and thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage, where there was a little girl seated reading, and whom he asked if she would give him a little water. "O, yes, sir," she said. "If you will come in, mother will give you some milk and water." Upon which he went in, and partook of that beverage, the little girl again resuming her seat and her book. After a short stay in the cottage, he came out and accosted the child at the door: "Well, my little girl, are you getting your task?" "O, no, sir!" she replied, "I am reading the Bible." "But," said Mr. Hone, "you are getting your task out of the Bible, too." "O, no, sir! it is no task to me to read the Bible; it is a pleasure." This circumstance had such an effect upon Mr. Hone that he determined to read the Bible. And he has now become one of the foremost in upholding and defending the great truths contained in that holy book.

How Could John Go Away?—Mrs. Sigourney, in her "Sayings and Doings of Children," gives the following incident:

"A boy had taken great interest in hearing incidents read from the life of the apostle John. That he had leaned on the breast of Jesus at supper, and was called the 'beloved disciple,' were to him themes of pleasant contemplation. To be loved by the Savior seemed to him an unspeakable privilege, a source of delightful happiness.

"Being too young to read, some time elapsed ere he happened to listen to the passage, 'Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.'

"What, all the disciples?" said the child. 'Did he whom Jesus loved go?'

"Then, bursting into a passion of tears, he said, 'O, why did John go? How could John go away?'

"Nor was he easily comforted for the fault of the character he had so much admired, nor able to understand how the dear Savior, who had so loved this friend and follower, could ever have been forsaken by him."

STRAY GEMS.—The Excellence of Knowledge.—Wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense; but the excellence of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.—*Bible.*

Thoughts of Heaven.—Our thoughts, when exhaled toward heaven, like the waters of the sea, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, till they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men.

The End of Learning.—The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may be nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*Milton.*

Loquacity.—Thou mayest esteem the man of many words and many lies much alike.—*Fuller.*

Levity.—Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—*Seneca.*

Music of Nature.—As a general thing, it may be remarked that the music of nature is sad: the cricket in the hearth, the nightingale in the grove, the owl in the wood, the wolf in the glen, the jackal in the desert, all have melancholy and plaintive voices set to melancholy melodies.

Friends of What?—Wealth maketh many friends, says Solomon; but the possessor has need to distinguish between its friends and his.

Below are a few gleanings from "Recollections of Maternal Influence."

Absence of Religion.—The absence of religion is irreligion; and how can irreligion exert a religious influence, or fail to exert an irreligious one? If, in all a parent's plans and conversation, religion has no place—if the will of God is never referred to—if the name of Jesus is never spoken—if eternity is never mentioned or practically regarded—if there is no religious instruction, no family prayer—what is the natural effect of this upon the child?

"Example strikes

All human hearts; a bad example more:
More still a father's."

Sowing beside all Waters.—My dear friend, let us sow beside all waters. And in the morning sow thy seed, mind; and then, of all the good thy children do, thyself will be the grandmother, yea, and the ancestor of all the good which thy children's children, and the whole line of thy posterity shall do, down to the world's end.

"The good begun by thee shall onward flow,
In many a branching stream, and wider grow."

The Elements of a Happy Home.—What are the elements of a happy home? Love, first of all, the soul of all—mutual love, conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal—love, confidence, and harmony. There must also be neatness and order, and a measure of taste and refinement, even in the humblest dwelling, such as Christianity, if listened to, dictates and commends. There must be industry and mutual helpfulness; judicious reading, conversation, and innocent amusement. In such a home—if pity pervade, or, at least, preside over it, without which such a home can hardly be—all virtues have their most congenial soil, all pleasures their purest and most unfailing earthly source.

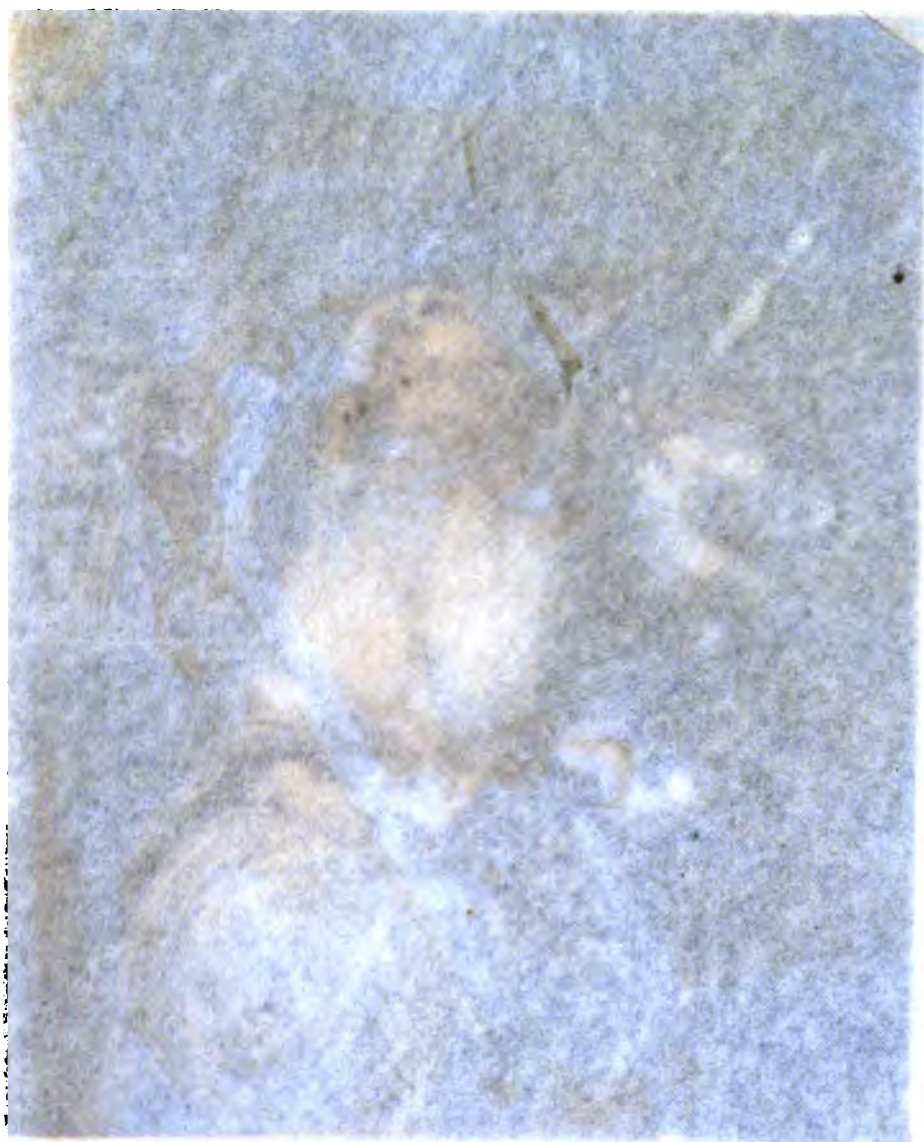
Family Religion.—All the duties of religion are eminently solemn and venerable in the eyes of children; but none will so strongly prove the sincerity of the parent; none so powerfully awaken the reverence of the child; none so happily recommend the instruction which he receives, as family devotions, peculiarly those in which petitions for the children occupy a distinguished place.

Hidden Causes of Good.—How often does the descending stream of influence owe its salubrity to the salt some pious hand cast into it at a point so high that it has ceased to be acknowledged or known!

A PERSONAL NOTE.—The editor gratefully acknowledges the pressing personal invitations he has received to attend several conferences. It would afford him great pleasure to comply with those requests; he would like to take his brethren by the hand, and extend his personal acquaintance among them; indeed, he determined and partly promised to visit several conferences; but he finds home duties so imperious that he must enter this general apology to his brethren for what might otherwise seem to be intentional neglect.



THE
W. G. GARDNER







MOTHER AND SON

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VIRGINIA'S TWO BRIDGES.

BY REV. C. COLLINS, D. D.

A GREAT scholar once remarked that "the world could produce but one Homer. Nature was exhausted in that one effort." Whether this be so or not, we need not now stop to inquire. But all will concede that there is but one Niagara, and to make that requires the drainage of a continent. There it stands, single and alone, sublime in the very solitude of its unapproachableness. The mind seeks in vain for a parallel with which to compare it. All the thunder, majesty, and mist of all other waterfalls find their sublimest representative and expression in the unutterable grandeur of this most stupendous of all aquatic wonders. Niagara is without a rival.

But the world-renowned Natural Bridge of Virginia stands not alone. Travelers have pronounced it "a greater curiosity even than Niagara." On what principle this comparison is founded we are unable to say. The one is calm, silent, majestic; lifting itself in solemn grandeur against the clear blue of the silent sky. The other is vast, noisy, tumultuous, terrible. The voice of one is the eloquence of silence addressing the soul through the elements of beauty and sublimity. Historic association gilds it with additional luster. It excites us by its wonderful imitation of art. Surely, we say, the hand of the Architect hath done this. The other speaks to the senses in eternal thunder. The soul is overpowered and awe-struck by the sense of majesty, magnificence, and terror which overwhelms us. The one is Nature in her climax of sublimity. The other seems Art in the perfection of majesty.

But if the world has produced but one Homer, one sun, and one Niagara, this uniparous law stops when we come to bridges. There is cer-

tainly more than one great natural bridge. Here, as in the stars, Nature has introduced the "binary system." More prodigal of her wealth than in the case of her Homers, suns, and waterfalls, we have on our own continent, and in the single state of Virginia, two natural bridges—real wonders—putting to shame the little works of human art—grand, gloomy, and stupendous, worthy to excite the admiration, every-where, of the lovers of the sublime and picturesque in nature, and to attract the visits of the pleasure-seeking tourist.

If Homer was necessary to give Achilles immortality, it is nevertheless true that Achilles was *worthy* of immortality without him. So, if the Natural Bridge, in Rockbridge county, Virginia, had not found a Jefferson to give it celebrity, the want of a historian would have detracted naught from its simple and sublime beauties. There it stands, unique in its style, throwing its graceful, elliptic arch high in air over the mighty chasm, and there it has stood ever since the chasm was made. We assume not to give its chronology. We know not when the arm of the Almighty clove down that hill of solid lime-rock and made a gorge for the insignificant stream which has crept into it, and which now rejoices in the self-appropriated inheritance. We leave it to geognosts and geogonists to settle the question of times and causes. It may have been in some of those unappropriated centuries of which modern world-builders are so prodigal: long before the "six days" of which the Scriptures speak, and when the deinotheria, and other slimy monsters of the deep, now extinct, rolled their lazy sides in the tepid waters of the preadamite ocean. Or it may have been in more modern times—the age of earthquakes—antediluvian or postdiluvian—somewhere since the great patriarch of us all entered upon the possession of his terrene inheritance, when vol-

canic fires, struggling beneath, lifted the crust of mother earth and left this mighty fissure. The span of the bridge—what is it but the adhering stratum of the upper surface not withdrawn from the corresponding precipice on the other side? Construct it, or account for its construction as you will, there it stands, a solid and sublime reality—a veritable *bridge*, striking the beholder with admiration for its simple and graceful proportions—not a mere *thing*, which imagination can torture into the semblance of this work of art, but a genuine *pons materialis*.

We remember, as if it were but yesterday, the sublime emotions which, nine years ago, thrilled our heart as we looked for the first time upon this sublime work of God. We say the “work of God,” because we have a poorly concealed repugnance against the use of the more familiar causative, “nature.” Men are perpetually assigning the wonderful phenomena which meet the eye to “nature,” as if nature and not God were the cause. This habit of speech tends to keep the Almighty out of view. We thus practically rob him of the honor of his works. Piety is nourished and philosophy honored by rendering directly unto God the things that are God’s. We protest against these second causes.

We remember when, for the first time, we ran to the edge of the giddy precipice, and leaning against that “old cedar stump,” looked down into the awful gulf. It requires steady nerves to look into a yawning gulf two hundred and thirty-four feet in perpendicular depth. The head grows dizzy. A slight reel and you are—gone. My heart trembled to think that a young lady, venturesome and foolhardy, had *stood* on that stump, self-poised, leaning over the frightful abyss. Far down that giddy void were seen the gliding waters of Cedar creek, now concealed by trees and bushes, now reflecting the sun like a thread of silver, now rippling with faint murmurs and gentle cascades over its rocky bed. Here and there were a few visitors at the bottom of the gorge, strolling about in rapt astonishment and wonder, surveying in silence these displays of Almighty power. If they spoke their voices were lost in the cavernous depths. Men seemed children—how tiny and mice-like! I thought of Shakspeare and Dover Cliffs:

“How fearful

And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low;
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice.”

We ran around and passed on to the bridge itself. Curiosity is fruitful of expedients. Why should man’s vaulting ambition be contented with the calm and prudent enjoyments which nature supplies? On the very edge of the bridge, extending even some ten or twelve feet *over* the dizzy verge was a frail structure, in which was a sort of lantern-shaped car, with windlass and rope, for the purpose of treating visitors to a “ride” down those frightful depths. A ride, too, at the end of a rope! Perilous adventure! but down we went in company with another, besides the merry fiddler, who went along to saw his catgut, and by making hideous dissonance with the solemn and sublime emotions which the place inspired, to soothe, I suppose, our excited nerves. Benevolent soul! if his music was bad, he willingly exposed himself to danger for the sake of “serving the public” and making his—“quarter.” Half-way down, as you look through the arch from that giddy situation, the projections of rock present two striking human profiles. These have received the names of “Washington” and “Jefferson,” as if the genius of Virginia had carved there in the eternal rocks the visages of her immortal sons. I fancied, in their rude contour, a striking correspondence with the pictures of those great men—the retreating forehead and calm majesty of Washington, and the erect brow and firm lips, bespeaking the intellectual superiority and daring will of Jefferson. High above, in the crown of the arch—to add to this wonderful combination of curiosities—spread out on equal wing, is a strange resemblance of the American eagle configured in the rock. The resemblance is striking; and what food is thus presented for a superstitious mind—the bridge itself, a thing of grace and beauty, fashioned not by earthly architect, but the hand of God; spread out with majestic wing, and painted on the crown of its glorious arch, the bird of Jove, the chosen emblem of our national banner, and the rather equivocal but, perhaps, just representative of our national character, looking down from its lofty eyrie with triumphant pride upon this broad and glorious land, and surveying, at the same time, the images of the hero and statesman whose pen and sword, with equal valor, vindicated the inheritance of freedom which we enjoy!

And there, too, were the famous initials, “G. W.,” of which every body has heard, inscribed high up on the right abutment. Interesting memorial of the hero’s youthful visit to this celebrated spot! Other names, more ambitious, yet all unknown to fame, are carved above it. Alas!

this is *their* only record. We examined also the daring path by which that adventurous youth, Colonel Piper, scaled the bridge on the opposite side. We traced his track with the more interest because James H. Piper was our friend. We knew him well—as a man, a scholar, a legislator, a teacher, and a civil engineer—in all of which relations he served his generation with honor, and left behind him the fragrance of a spotless name. But he is gone to the land where all curiosity, no doubt, finds its gratification, and that without hazard. Peace to the memory of a ripe scholar and an amiable, virtuous man! Grateful recollections hover around a name consecrated in the annals of friendship.

The stories told about his carving his way up the perpendicular walls of that awful chasm with his knife; his being drawn over when near the top with a rope let down by his companions; his fainting and his hair turning white in consequence of the terror excited, are all exaggerations—those pleasant touches of the fancy which stories generally gather as they travel from home—mere accretions of the rolling snow-ball. It was a mad adventure—one in the memory of which Colonel Piper took no pleasure, and to which he never voluntarily referred. It might be repeated by any active youth of steady nerves. It was repeated the year before my visit. A natural shelf in the precipice winds up from under the bridge, along which a man may creep. But think of a human being thus periling his life, where the slightest misstep and the least unsteadiness of nerves would dash him down a perpendicular gulf of more than two hundred feet!—a mere ledge in the side of the wall for a squirrel to run on, but on which the instincts of the squirrel would be too wise to venture! It is an act that appeals to the imagination. No wonder at the exciting fictions with which the truth has been garnished.

But we have said that Virginia has *two* bridges. The Natural Bridge over Stock creek, in Scott county, as a natural curiosity, is considered by many as decidedly *superior* to the one already described. Had this been known to the author of "Notes on Virginia," another eloquent chapter on Virginia's curiosities would doubtless have been written. But in his day civilization and discovery had scarcely entered the dip of the great Mississippi Valley. That was a gloomy wilderness—an unbroken continuity of vast uncertainties—the abode of savage beasts and still more savage men. We have seen both of these wonders of nature and enjoyed them. Who, indeed, seeing them could fail to enjoy? But

we essay not to become the Homer of the Stock creek bridge. Though not so deficient in poetic sentiment as to see, like the tailor, in Niagara only a place "to sponge a coat," or in these two bridges of Virginia only a "neighborhood convenience," yet we doubt our descriptive power to become the herald of this new claimant on popular admiration. There is poetry here that needs a poet to give it voice—one of the poets "born," with true divine afflatus inspired. But who that possesses any of the elements of sensitive humanity can stand in the presence of these sublime works of God and not feel his soul swell with holy emotion? The voices which they utter are pure and heavenly. In such a presence no man can be groveling.

This bridge is more properly a stupendous natural tunnel. The hill has been perforated by water. Through it winds the unclassic but not less romantic stream of "Stock creek," rejoicing in its way to the far-distant Father of Waters. Our impressions of this lovely spot are the reminiscences of thirteen years ago. We were younger then than now—in the hey-day, indeed, of our young life. In company with the fair spirit, who, the year before, had united her destiny with ours, and who ever since has been the sunlight of our path, we started on an excursion to this wonder of nature. It was a brief episode in our brief sojourn at the Holston Springs, from which the bridge is distant eighteen miles. We have a vivid recollection of that rocky ford of Clinch river at "Spear's;" for the depth of the water and the swiftness of the current had well-nigh unseated our fair companion. Indeed, the lingering impression of the whole of that charming ride now and then still start up with astonishing freshness, as some associated thought sends its flashes through the chambers of memory. Coleridge says that our thoughts never perish, and we more than half believe in the theory. Beautiful scenery—hill, valley, mountain! What gigantic trees! what luxuriant vegetation!—the glorious grape-vines, covering, with their dense foliage, the trees like a canopy—the herds of "stock" cattle "ranging" on the hill-sides—the singing of the birds, and here and there, in the distance, a solitary buzzard floating high in air in huge circles above some hapless carcass—how vividly these pictures of the past still sail before the mind's eye! But down in that ravine is the only accessible approach to the bridge. Like the other, the approach to this gives an unfavorable impression. As in that so in this, you may ride over it and never suspect its presence. Public convenience here, as well as there, has

turned it to account by constructing a road directly over it, and huge trees grow along on either side, even to the verge. We followed the "bridle way" down the ravine, and were soon in view of the arch. The visitor here misses the graceful ellipse which constitutes the striking beauty of the other bridge. It is not an ellipse, but, rather, a semicircle, and the height of the arch bears but a small proportion to the thickness of the superincumbent floor. On entering it seems a lofty dome. How can we measure its height? I had heard of Washington throwing a missile entirely over the other bridge. A stone thrown with all my power returned without seeming to ascend half the height. You pass along through a magnificent cavern—not a tunnel bored by art for the transit of the iron horse and his thundering train—not straight, but circuitous, like the letter S. The other bridge is but eighty feet wide—this is four hundred and fifty. As you stand midway in this singular perforation, the gloom of almost total darkness surrounds you. In either direction there is only a faint twilight. If you speak, the cross echoes and reverberations on every hand confound you. Amid the darkness they seem the voices of whole troops of spirits in the infernal shades, whispering, chattering, and shouting to each other. The effect on the imagination is exciting and intense.

But passing out at the lower side you comprehend at once the stupendous grandeur of this wonderful work. Here the tunnel comes to an abrupt termination, and you find yourself at the bottom of a fearful gulf, with mural precipices on either hand, about four hundred feet in perpendicular height. On the extreme right is an isolated cliff about the same altitude called the "chimney," towering about sixty feet above its base, which is a part of the same cliff. Says Professor Langley—we quote from an eloquent description in a late number of the Southern Repertory and Review—"The height of the walls so engrosses the sense by its predominance, that the area within, while it furnishes ample space for various interesting points of view, is too narrow to satisfy the imprisoned vision, and the eye is led upward and upward to the tops of the trees that wreath the wall and then to the small sky—the smallest sky we ever looked up to. It happened, when we came out of the tunnel, that the moon was hovering apparently low over the right wall, and the trees up there seemed almost to touch her silver disk, which glanced down upon us brightly, despite the dazzling beams of an unclouded summer sun that diffused

their midday glow through the atmosphere above. It looked so strange to see the moon so near and in such company. *That was a beauty consonant with the surrounding grandeur.*"

But the Stock creek bridge has its historical associations as well as that of the valley. The wild and daring adventure of young Piper has acquired a world-wide fame. Every visitor of the latter must talk about it, and retrace, with his eye, the perilous path. It is a part of the regular "stock in trade" of "mine host" of the hotel. To think of it and look upon the frightful track gives the soul a regular freeze. But the spirit of adventure is confined to no locality. The Cedar creek bridge had its Piper. So the Stock creek bridge had its "Dotson." Near the debouchure of the creek from the arch, and high up in that towering wall, is an opening in the rock, which seems the mouth of a cave. The precipice is here four hundred and ten feet in height, and projects over the base from twenty-five to thirty feet. The cave is about half-way up. About the time of the last war, when salt peter was manufactured from the nitrous earth formed beneath the tunnel, it was determined to explore it. As the sequel to our story we quote the account as found in Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia, taking the liberty to correct his figures:

"An adventurous individual by the name of George Dotson was lowered from the top by a rope running over a log and held by several men. The rope not being sufficiently long, the last length which was tied around his waist was made of the bark of the leatherwood. When down to the level of the fissure he was still twelve or fourteen feet from it horizontally, being thrown so by the overhanging of the wall of rock. With a long pole, to which was attached a hook, he attempted to pull himself to the fissure. He had nearly succeeded when the hook slipped and he swung out into the middle of the ravine, pendulum-like, on a rope of perhaps two hundred feet in length. Returning on his fearful vibration, he but managed to ward himself off with his pole from being dashed against the rock, when, away he swung again. One of his companions stationed on the opposite side of the ravine to give directions, instinctively drew back, for it appeared to him that he was slung at him across the abyss. At length the vibrations ceased. At that juncture Dotson heard something crack above his head; he looked and saw that a strand of his bark rope had parted! Grasping with both hands the rope immediately above the spot, he cried out hastily,

'Pull, for — sake, pull!' On reaching the top he fainted. On another occasion, the bark rope being replaced by a hempen one, he went down and explored the cave. His only reward was the satisfaction of his curiosity. The hole extended but a few feet."

Semi-tragic and horrible, indeed! Think of a human being swinging thus, like a pendulum, at the end of a rope two hundred feet long, and two hundred feet above the rocky stream below! The story is horrible enough without the "leatherwood." This, perhaps, is the only part of it where fiction has glided into the place of truth.

This Stock creek bridge, beyond a doubt, is one of the notable curiosities of Virginia, and of the continent. It stands in the same category with Niagara, the Mammoth Cave, and the Bridge of Rockbridge county. Remote as it is from the usual routes of travel, and, therefore, comparatively unknown, yet its locality is in the heart of a most fertile and delightful country, toward which the commercial improvements of the age are pressing as if with instinctive prescience of the teeming population and overflowing wealth which it is destined to afford. When these avenues of travel are open, the admirer of nature, from all lands, will not fail to visit this wonderful spot. As well might he claim to have seen the curiosities of America without a sight at the glorious Niagara.

WOMAN'S TRUE BEAUTY.

IT is a low and degrading idea of that sex which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! Colors artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty. When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by her mind which shone in them, and gave them the power of charming:

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love."

PARADISE LOST.

BY METTA V. FULLER.

SECOND PAPER.

LET us enter into Paradise: not yet lost. For once let us satisfy our pining souls—souls yearning after the unattainable perfection—with the contemplation of bloom without blight, joy without fear, life without death, music without discord, absolute beauty, absolute purity, and love without jealousy. Let us overlook, for a season, what the saddened spirit of the prophetic poet could not overlook—the tempter, sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, and gazing down with fiendish eye into this garden of delight; the cormorant, bird, thence, more awful than the ancient mariner's albatross. Let men who would know what the true stature of a man should be, and a woman who would behold a woman's sweetest powers and sweetest graces, here look and learn. Here are roses without a thorn to crown Eve's lovely forehead. Here are murmuring streams, from which if we might drink we should thirst no more after the fountain of youth. Here, amidst all abundance of glowing fruit; amidst thickets of fragrance, beneath the rustling of unfading foliage—groves, whose rich trees weep odorous gums and balm—ambrosial syrups brimming in cups of "vegetable gold," and flowery roses filled with dewy nectar—see the young lovers at their cheerful work; while, for their amusement, "sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw dandled the kid;" and "the unwieldy elephant, to make them mirth, used all his might and wreathed his little proboscis." With intellects curious to know and keen to understand, they mingle with the pleasures of sense and the bliss of soul, the exalted happiness which attains from the acquirement of mental riches. Let impassioned hearts, burning to perfect their ideal of love, here learn its fondness, purity, and dignity. Eve, sensitive to impressions of beauty, tells her companion, with gentle confidence, how pleasant and grateful all nature is to her, ending, wife-like, with the assurance that *without him* none of all its charms would be sweet. And he, addressing her as

"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,"

treats her to a philosophical disquisition upon the loveliness which she admires, ending with leading her thoughts from them to their indulgent Creator. Her quick intuition, submissive grace, and fair, attractive beauty; his eminence of understanding, his tenderness of her, his protective dignity, his piety; their engrossing affec-

tion in which could be no taint of rivalry; their peaceful employments; their noble and befitting manner of addressing one another; their sacred bower, upon whose soft carpet of thickly-woven flowers "no worm or insect durst intrude;" for the embodiment of these in enduring words we owe the poet gratitude, however vividly we may have pictured them to our own imaginations.

With infinite melancholy, after such contemplation, do we return to the consciousness of the lurking presence of the "first grand thief that clomb into God's fold." In his gloating eye burn the conflicting passions which agitate him. Hovering darkly over that beautiful garden, *almost* he resolves to love, and pity, and relent—a touch of purer feeling softens him—but

"With necessity,

*The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds,
To do what else, though damned, he should abhor,"*

and he flies down into its midst, resolved upon ruin. And now, so wrought up are our sympathies by the genius of the poet, that we can not endure to think upon the night, so peaceful and holy, coming on, and the blest pair, innocent of danger, going hand in hand to their blissful bower, while such a subtle enemy is creeping upon them unawares. We know that the angel stationed in the sun has flown down and warned Gabriel to keep strict watch; but we can not trust even to this heavenly guard—we weep, we yearn to cry out—a chill dread creeps over our faculties, like one who, motionless with terror, sees a mighty weight descending upon him—only our trust in the ultimate goodness of God keeps us from utter despair. The shadow—the shadow of the curse that has lingered over humanity now thousands of years—begins to steal athwart the dewy slopes of Eden: we feel it thrilling our hearts with indefinable awe, when, with the two strong angels who are sent in search, we find the author of our woe

*"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying, with his devilish arts, to reach
The organs of her fancy."*

Eve—the pure, the winning, the lovely and beloved, the beautiful—ah! how could he be permitted? and the sadness grows immeasurably deep, and our souls might be left in doubt, did we not lift them, as Raphael after lifts Adam's by causing him to acknowledge this—

*"That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself;
That is, to thy obedience:
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power."*

The fearless manner in which the young and once inferior angels confront the grizzly king when they find him at Eve's ear, is illustration of that power of innocence which at another time subdued the forest lion before the gentle Una. In vain, with haughty scorn, he replies to their demand of who he is, "That not to know him argues themselves unknown;" he can no more endure the firm answer of Zeptron than dross can endure fire.

*"So spake the cherub, and this grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible; abashed the devil stood
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined
His loss."*

All his after contest with Gabriel, whom, when compelled to meet, he, "like a proud steed reined," went "champing his iron curb," leaves him equally defeated; neither sophistry, nor that contempt behind which guilt is known even yet to sometimes intrench itself, can stand against the force of reason and goodness.

The ingenuous manner in which Eve relates her unquiet dream, and the tender manner in which her husband comforts her, when that last morning of their innocence arises, is beautiful. There is something more Shakspearian than Miltonian in the lines in which Adam, reassuring her, says:

*"But know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties which serve
Reason as chief; among them, fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining frames
All that we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion, then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her, but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft."*

There is the philosophy of dreams in short, satisfactory sum. Another assertion which follows, reminds us of the trouble the unsettled question gave our childhood, when some hateful image, creeping stealthily into our heart, alarmed our conscience:

*"Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind."*

Though we had read it a thousand times there could be no loss in dwelling again upon the sweetness and sublimity of the orison with which our first parents greet their Maker upon rising from sleep to view the dewy, fragrant

beauty of the early morning; so we give a part of it:

"Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirt with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise!
Whether to deck with flowers the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave!
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise!
Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise!
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught my praise.
Hail! universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good."

The soul of the poet is in this song; giving way to the harmonious sweep of the tide of prayer and praise within him, his numbers flow on with a softness of rhythm unusual with them.

That power of genius which arrogates to itself its own rules, refusing to be bound within the petty scope of every-day propriety, hastens the flight of Raphael, on his warning errand to Adam, into an inconceivable swiftness that bewilders us to imagine. Safe in its own magnificence the passage tells us how, after he

"From among
Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
Vailed with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light
Flew through the midst of heaven,"

"Down thither prone in flight
Speeds, and through the vast, ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds with steady wing,"

and in the course of an hour or two measures the immense distance. Mark! how from this lofty sweep the poet descends to tell us that this radiant angel, when

"Within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gazed by all as that sole bird."

The poem is full of such minute particularity as this, which shows two things: that the subject, with all its attendant scenes, circumstances, and characters, is not a visionary, shadowy thing, half-conceived in the poet's mind, but is to him a matter of fact, as visible in all its lights and shades, its greatness and littleness, as some real landscape is to the visible eye; and that he hesitates not to give all things, however small, due honor, knowing them becoming in their place;

which argues in him that cosmopolitan spirit which should be possessed by one who would create *even* an epic. Thus, continuing: while our primitive sire walks forth in simple majesty, without "pomp or retinue," to meet his "godlike guest," the relator forgets not to charm us with the domestic qualities of the first housewife, proving to us that Eve was a true, sweet woman, with all the peculiar intuitions of her sex quick within her:

"So saying, with dispatchful looks, in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent."

And we love her all the more when we find that she has the feminine accomplishment of arraying the board with generous bounty and in tasteful order.

"For drink, the grape
She crushes, inoffensive mead, and meaths
From many a berry; from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odore from the shrub unfumed."

We have read, somewhere, recently, a critic's remark, that Milton in his "Paradise Lost" at times sank very low. If this is the kind of lowness to which he refers, illustrated in the playful affection and caresses of the first pair of lovers, and in trifles like these we have mentioned being exalted to our notice, we would advance our opinion in reply, that in such very smallness, dignified by suitable consideration, the genius of the poet shows itself universal and triumphant.

That the angelic guest partakes of the viands which Eve has arranged upon the grassy table, "not seemingly, as is the common gloss of theologians," but "with keen dispatch of real hunger," shows a singular freedom from the religious prejudices of the poet's time. The guest, while explaining to his attentive host the kind of food which spirituals use, the effect of bodily nourishment upon man and angel, and the various degrees of substance, the more refined the nearer placed to the Almighty, makes use of this exquisite comparison:

"So, from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathe."

We may well believe that the muse who inspired the bard, was, as his wife said, a heavenly spirit, when we lose ourselves in the engrossing interest of the angel's relation of the cause and circumstances of Lucifer's fall. That a man should attempt a theme so awful in itself, and so guarded as with hedges of fire by all the reverences and adorations of our natures, and escape

without fatal injury to himself, is immediate proof of his triumph. He would be blasted by our indignant scorn of his presumption, did he fail in his attempt.

"As yet this world was not, and chaos wild
Reigned where these heavens now roll, this earth now rears
Upon her center poised,"

in the day upon which God declares to his angels the existence of his Son, and commands them to pay the homage and admiration due to one whose exalted rank is second only to his own; all are well pleased to obey, or all seem so at the time:

"That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill,
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, interwolved, yet regular
Then most when most irregular they seem."

"The sacred hill," upon whose summit the very throne of the Eternal veils its insufferable brightness in resplendent clouds; and around its base these legions of rejoicing spirits moving to ineffable music, divine music—"to which God's own ear listens delighted"—in the intricate mazes of their mystical dance! Feasting and dancing in the heaven of heavens upon the great occasion of the introduction of the Son of their God to his dominion! Verily, there is no lack of majesty in the argument. Drinking of the rubied nectar, and mingling in the harmonious dance, is Lucifer, that splendid angel, beneath the effulgence of whose wings is burning a heart on fire with envy of this superior power to whom he is to bow down; and when the "roseate dews" of heaven's soft twilight dispose all spirits to sleep—"all but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest"—he lies in his celestial tabernacle, plotting to usurp this new authority. His treasonable thoughts he communicates, in the dead of night, to the prince next beneath him in authority, and both these to those under their direction, till a third part of the angelic hosts are disaffected. Thus, it seems, through impellents not very remote, that the Son who afterward becomes the blessed Redeemer of man, is the prime cause of his fall. This is a matter upon which we do not care to intrude in an esthetical disquisition upon the poem.

That parallel which Milton has kept up between the material and the immaterial—natural things being the shadow of things spiritual—and which makes him so consistent and comprehensible, is broken in upon by a line of pure fancy when he says—

"There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,

Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dialodge by turns; which makes through heaven
Grateful vicissitudes, like day and night:
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obscure darkness enters till her hour," etc.

See what forces are first sent into the field to meet the rebellious Lucifer:

"Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed saints
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault; and, to the brow of heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall."

As in "sonorous metals blowing martial sounds," in this—

"Nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow"—

the "sound makes echo to the sense," stirring us up to the dread reality of the events, and thrilling through us with its clearness like Tennyson's Bugle Song.

In the passage describing the meeting of the "faithful angel," Abdiel, with Satan, are two of Homer's finest characteristics—the vividness with which the action is brought before us, and the beautiful manner in which it is illustrated by a phenomenon of nature.

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knees
His massy spear upstayed; as if on earth,
Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines."

That the blind poet, loving and studying his blind predecessor, while describing events in many respects similar, should, at times, catch his style, and, almost, his expression, is not surprising—rather it is remarkable that his imitation is not greater. Superior in might of theme he transcends Homer when he cries—

"So under fiery cope, together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all heaven
Resounded, and, had earth been then, all earth
Had to her center shook;"

and tells us of "cherubic waving fires" placed round the encampments. It is well conceived, that the hellish engines of war still in free use by civilized, Christian nations, are the invention of the archfiend, first used in furthering his

unjust, unholy war. To protect themselves from these infernal cannon, the opposing angels tear up hills and mountains and hurl down upon their adversaries.

"The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighboring hills upore;
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculations dire."

"And now all heaven
Had gone to wreck, with ruin overspread,"

had not the Father interfered and sent the Son to end the contest, who goes forth alone in his invincible state and majesty, and easily drives the rebels backward to the verge of heaven, whose crystal walls opening, leaves them staring dismayed into the "wasteful deep" awaiting them.

"Hell heard the insufferable noise, *hell saw Heaven running from heaven*, and would have fled Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep Her dark foundations; and too fast had found. Nine days they fell."

Sweet and pleasant is the language in which his guest describes to Adam the events of the creation; yet we are so predisposed in favor of the brief sublimity of the Bible record—"and God said, Let there be light, and there was light"—that we ask no more. More interesting it is to us when Adam, now become the modest relator, tells of his sensations upon discovering his own existence; and more interesting still, when he confesses his wish for a companion, intelligent like himself, the birth of Eve and his meeting with her. Our hearts are moved to entire sympathy with this delightfully told story. If men and women would study as their ideals the picture of this first pair, the relations of husband and wife would be ennobled.

Again: with foreboding anguish we know, for the poet tells us, that the tempter is creeping in the guise of a black, low mist, into Paradise; but Adam knows it not, and, overpersuaded, he allows Eve to wander off by herself, in that first absence from his side to meet the despoiler of her innocence, lying in wait in the subtle shape of the lovely serpent: the serpent, so odious to Eve's descendants, that we wonder how the term *lovely* could ever have been applied to it. With compassionate tenderness the poet speaks of the beautiful being, "veiled in a cloud of fragrance," tending with gentle care the various glowing flowers by which she is surrounded, as—

"Herself, though, fairest, unsupported flower
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh."

Alas! that this lovely humanity could not remain

immaculate! Insidious was the temptation, and she fell:

"Earth felt the wound; and nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works, gave signs of woe."

With consummate judgment the wisdom of the serpent and the weakness of Eve are set forth; but difficult as the placing of all this false and true philosophy before us in satisfactory argument would be to a less masterly mind, to us the crowning beauty of this book is in the great love of Adam, in the midst of this astonishment and distress resolving to share the fate of his wife:

"Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet *loss of thee*
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

A devotion afterward repaid by Eve, in the midst of their misery and humiliation.

When they, after feasting freely upon the forbidden fruit,

"Swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,"

we are appalled at their jesting, as if we saw intoxicated persons at play upon the brink of an immeasurable precipice. How madly still rage through the world those "high winds" which began to rise in their breasts, after awaking to a sense of their folly!—high passions surging through their souls, urging them to complete their misery by bitter reproaches and mutual crimination—sorrowful, angry winds, never to be allayed till the multitudes of their children are restored to the Paradise now lost.

Sin and death are more terrible than ever to us, when we view them personified in the hideous mother and son, traveling from hell over the bridge they have erected, eager to enter into and lay waste the world given up to their ravening. The transformation of Satan and all his legions into hissing serpents, in the midst of their exultation at his success, is graphically told.

The lament of Adam is a mournful piece of eloquence; but when Eve, listening, humbled and dejected, creeps up to comfort him and he cries, "Out of my way, thou serpent!" we are shocked at the contrast between this and his former manner of address. Well for their happiness it is, that in their love for each other they conclude to henceforth find sweet solace, and in their reconciliation feel how much dearer each must become, how much closer drawn to each other's friendship, now that nature and heaven frown around.

Love, that spiritual, divine passion which is left them, to preserve them from utter selfishness and evil, and to renew at times Paradise in their hearts and in the hearts of their descendants: to the strength of this love, and of their Father's love, we must be content to leave them.

When the angel who is sent to drive them out of Eden, takes Adam aside and causes him to behold in a vision the future great events which are to befall mankind, either because we are already familiar with these events at length, or because the poet has wearied himself somewhat with his theme, this part of the poem does not seem so replete with poetical riches as the preceding; though it is by no means meager or unworthy; and it ends with hopes and promises which rest the fatigued and melancholy mind. It inspires with courage and hope the desponding pair who, otherwise, would faint beneath the glare of the sword which drives them out forever from their happy home.

"Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

There is a curious coincidence between that well-known passage from Shakspeare, "The course of true love never did run smooth," etc., and Milton's assertion—

"For either
He shall never find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or when he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, or shall see her joined
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall wed, already linked and wedlock bound
To a fell adversary, his hate and shame:"

and as the former was the first to be given to the world, we suppose that Milton must be indicted for plagiarism.

"Paradise Lost" appeals to our highest emotions as "Romeo and Juliet" does to our sweetest; therefore it is not at all times welcome to us, because our minds weary of its majesty, and fall behind, unable to keep up with the grand procession of crowned and regal ideas, which is the fault of our limited capacities and not of the poem.

As we have remarked, if Milton had failed in inspiration, had his genius forsaken him, while intruding upon subjects sacred and awful beyond comparison, then the world, reviling him in his fall, would pronounce the doom of the poet who insulted its sense of propriety and its own of divinity. That it has greeted him with wonder

and reverence is proof enough of his success; for, just in proportion to the height of his ambition, would have been the miserable depth of his failure, had he not accomplished his undertaking—

"That to the height of his great argument
He might assert eternal providence
And justify the ways of God to man."

CARRYING AWAY THE LAMBS.

WHEN the shepherds of large flocks of sheep can not succeed in separating the dams from the rest, because their young ones are among them, they will carry away their lambs in their arms to a better pasture, and then the dams willingly follow. Ah! "the good Shepherd" has often to adopt the same method! To separate his chosen ones from the rest of the world, he is compelled to carry away the lambs of the human flock in his warm bosom to heaven; and then bereaved parents gladly follow. The poet has drawn a very beautiful and touching simile from this well-known practice of pastoral life:

"A shepherd long had sought in vain
To call a wandering sheep;
He strove to make its pathway plain
Through dangers thick and deep.

But yet the wanderer stood aloof,
And still refused to come;
Nor would she ever hear reproof,
Or turn to seek her home.

At last the gentle shepherd took
Her little lambs from view!
The mother gazed with anguished look—
She turned—and followed too!"

The late Dr. Payson, when engaged in paying pastoral visits to his spiritual flock, happened one day to enter "the house of mourning," and there he found a disconsolate mother, whose darling child had just been "taken from the evil to come," whom he thus addressed: "Suppose, now, some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear; and you knew it was for you; and that you were to receive it, and wear it as soon as it should be done. Now, if the maker of it were to come, and, in order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of *your jewels* to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken away for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown?"

It is by the dark seasons of the night which is far spent, that we are prepared for the dazling effulgence of the eternal day.

THE KATYDID.

BY MRS. H. O. GARDNER.

Out in the wild forest,
Down in the deep dell,
Where all the day's shadows
Have, flickering, fell,
There, 'mid the dense foliage
Skillfully hid,
She chants till the morning,
Th' lone Katydid.

She sings as if trying
To hurry old Time;
One moment accusing
Poor Katy of crime—
The next, she is praising
Herself, and unbid—
Whate'er we delight in—
She says, "Katydid."

There's not a breeze rustling
About her green home;
The night foldeth thickly
Its mantle of gloom,
While yet the blithe cricket
Is whistling amid
The darkness that shroudeth
Th' lone Katydid.

All the nights of last autumn
She lulled me to sleep,
Sitting close by my window
Her vigil to keep;
The lithe leafy branches
The casement half hid,
And formed a green bower
For my wild Katydid.

At first, it was tiresome
To listen alone,
While Katy repeated
Her strange monotone;
But when drooping illness
All slumber forbid,
I learned well to value
My kind Katydid.

The darkness of midnight
Ne'er silenced her song;
All through the dim watches
So painful, so long,
Her voice, brisk and hopeful,
The lagging hours chid,
Forever asserting
That, sure, "Katydid!"

Now, when, through the forest,
I hear the same note
Chanted fast, as if Katy
Were learning by rote,
I think of the bower
Where my quaint watcher hid—
Of the long, lonesome hours
With my kind Katydid.

SPIRIT WARNINGS.

BY MRS. M. BENNETT.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

WHENON is this spirit of dismay?
Of bodings darker than the grave?
It points to some soul-sealing day,
When none shall save.

The fallow leaves of summer's love,
By whirlwinds driven, shall all disperse;
While mutt'ring thunders, from above,
Pronounce the curse.

No flow'rs shall bloom, no sky shall shine
Amid the horrors of that day.
How dread the doom that is condign,
Nor will delay!

No hope, no choice may then be ours;
Companioned ever with despair,
Where scathing winds and scalding show'rs
Surcharge the air.

Whose pow'rs sufficient to endure,
When rest we may not e'en desire?
And also bear eternal, sure,
Almighty ire!

My soul! the thought how canst thou bear,
With smoking arms to beat the wave,
Whose baleful fires with horror glare,
Round those they lavel

Courage, as impotent as fear,
Alike must wailing strengthless fall;
The voice that startles death's dull ear,
Shall vanquish all.

Such *spirit warnings* whisper truth
To earth's dejected millions here,
And feeble age, and vig'rous youth,
In bondage fear.

The whole creation groan in pain,
Nor can elude the sin-wrought woe;
The way of peace, by victims slain,
They may not know.

Then love to him whose Godhead might
Hath conquered all our fears and foes,
Who said "Light be," and heav'nly light
Eternal glows.

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

ALBERT'S NEW CLOTHES.*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER.

BY ALICE CARY.

ALL the children were gone from home now, and Mr. and Mrs. Dedham lived quietly alone in the old place, and their lives were as dry as the dusty lane where only the cows went up and down—home to be milked and back to the pasture. The window-panes were mended, some of them with putty, others with shingles and bits of broken glass; but they were washed clean, and the coarse home-made curtains were very white. They were tied back just so with twisted strings, and from month's end to month's end the folds were never stirred. Pieces of boards were nailed across the front door—boards were laid over the tops of all the chimneys but one—the front gate was nailed fast, and grass and weeds quite overran the path that used to lead from it to the door—the hens wallowed in the dust along the garden fence, and the roosters, instead of strutting smartly about, stood with wings dropped drowsily, and eyes half shut, in out-of-the-way nooks—only by the new patches of shingles in the mossy roof would you have known that there was any body beneath it to be sheltered. The old mill had for years been out of repair and disused; sometimes, indeed, of late, the slanting wheel creaked and groaned its way for a dozen rounds to the treading of little Albert, who varied the monotony of his life by turning it now and then in some chance interval of work.

The days were so long to the little boy—when it was morning it seemed to him it would never be noon, and when it was noon that it would never, never be night, and when at last the night came it seemed more lonesome than the day—the one candle made but little light, not half enough to fill the great room where his grandfather and grandmother sat—she darning and mending the old clothes that ought to have been done with darning and mending long ago, and he smoking his pipe in the corner with fast-shut eyes, his wrinkled face as white almost as his long, thin hair.

Poor little Albert, there was nothing for him to do, except to watch the crickets come out of their holes in the hearth, or the mice scamper from one hiding-place to another.

The lad looked not a little like his mother—her pale cheek, and, more than all, her meek ways he had; and these to his grandmother were

an especial offense. "But for that girl," she often said, "Francis might have been living and in the mill yet." She never kissed him—never took him on her knee—never, in all his life, so much as said to him, "Poor little boy!"

Perhaps from living with the old folks, and never associating at all with children, his face had the look of premature thought and wisdom; but what his thoughts were, or what they would have been if there had been any body to bring them out of him, will never be known now.

When the fall came and the yellow leaves fell, he took pleasure in wading through the pretty drifts, and listening to the rushing noise, not unlike the sickle in the wheat. Husking the corn was hard work for him—he could hardly reach to the tops of the rough rustling ears to pull them down; so the old man pulled the highest of them off, and in the husk they were carried by the basketful to the barn, and a great heap was made, so wide and so high it made little Albert's heart sick to look at it, for it was to be his winter work to husk out the shining ears. At length the leaves of the woods lay in dead, frosty heaps, and the favorite pastime was gone; and when Albert had done the morning chores he was set to husk corn till it was time for the evening chores.

His clothes were too small for him, and altogether too thin for the season; but his grandmother said he must wear them out, for when the spring came they would be outgrown, as if they were not already worn out and outgrown—he should have new ones in the spring if he was a good boy and worked faithfully, as if he had not been a good boy, and had not worked faithfully all the days of his life since he was big enough, and never once had hat, or coat, or shoes been bought for him—he had always worn the old ones of the children with whom he lived till now, when a tuck in his grandfather's trousers, and a new lining puckered into his broad-brimmed hat to prevent it from slipping quite over his eyes, made both quite as good as new for him, so his grandmother told him.

When he said he was cold his grandfather told him to shut up the barn doors and keep himself warm, and this he was glad to do at last, so sharp came the winds from the north. It was very lonesome in the dark barn, with even the sunshine shut out, and no company but the rats running across the dusty barn, and the lean, black calf that stood up in its stall and looked at him by the hour. If he said he wished he had some body to talk to, his grandfather frowned, and said if he cared about the work he was doing he

would not be lonesome. Poor little Albert, it is not likely he did care much about it—it was not his grandfather's head in his grandfather's hat—pity for his comfort it had not been.

How he watched the sun-streaks creeping along the dusty barn floor and counted the time by them, and when through the cracks of the door he could see that the sun was going down, he was glad enough—it was a change to give the black calf his meal, and carry the bundles of oats across the hill to the sheep; true, he came home shivering, almost frozen sometimes, for the ground was stiff and icy before he had any shoes. His grandparents did not intend to treat him harshly—they did not know they did—when they were young they had gone without till Christmas, and they had no thought that shoes were needful till the snow fell.

Many a winter night as he sat before the blazing fire in the hard, high chair, his feet and a good deal of his ankles bare beneath his trowsers, seeming to look only at his big hat hanging on the peg over the jamb, or the sparks silently shining up the chimney, he inquired of his grandmother how long it would be till spring. Perhaps he was thinking about his new clothes. No child's book had he to read—no pictures with which to pass away the evening—sometimes he would get down on the hearth among the crickets and look for pictures in the coals. Once when he asked his grandfather why it was he saw in the fire so many pictures of little boys with great big hats on who fell to pieces in a minute, the old man told him it was likeliest because he was a dunce. He looked up with tears in his wondering eyes, but his grandfather did not see the tears, and he crept to the dimmest corner and looked silently in the fire again, perhaps to see how many hundred little boys there were, all wearing big hats and falling to pieces after a minute.

As he brought home the cows one night he saw something in his path that looked like the button he had lost from his coat sleeve the day before, but having picked it up he found, to his joyful surprise, it was no button, but a veritable sixpence—he wondered how far that would go toward getting the new clothes, but it was in vain he wondered. He had never seen any money spent to buy new clothes, and how should he be able to guess! He took the big, heavy hat off his head as he went homeward behind the cows, and turned it round and round on his hand, thinking, perhaps, the sixpence would help, at least, to buy a new one—a straw hat for summer could not cost a great deal of money,

he thought, but he did not know. He almost ran with his bundles of straw to the sheep, and never once, except when the ice broke and let his bare feet down in the brook, thought of them at all. Had he not a sixpence toward buying the new clothes, and how should he care for bare feet!

That night when he looked in the fire he could not tell whether it were new hats or old the little boys wore—he could not look long enough steadily. Once or twice the fire went out in his grandfather's pipe, and Albert thought the old man would not be disturbed by the telling of his good news, but he opened his eyes with the first step the boy took toward his grandmother, lighted the pipe anew, and so condemned the little grandchild to miserable silence. At last he was asleep, however, and Albert by little and little approached the candle and the table where his grandmother sat at work. She was putting new patches of another color in some of his old clothes—till then he had not noticed what she was doing; and when he saw the big, drab-colored patches in the knees of his old blue trowsers, his heart sunk down and he let the sixpence fall out of his hand.

He thought perhaps his grandmother would speak to him if he stood long enough before her, but he waited and changed his feet more than once without any notice; then he drew nearer and took hold of her apron strings. "Don't bother me," she said, without looking up.

"Grandmother," he ventured at last, his voice unsteady with emotion, "when will it be spring?"

"What do you ask that so often for?" she said, "I am tired of hearing it."

"Because," said Albert, "I thought—"

"Well, what did you think, child? any thing your grandmother cares to hear, do you suppose?"

"No," replied Albert, dropping his head on his bosom, "I don't suppose I did."

It is not unlikely that he thought he was to have new clothes when the spring came, and wondered why his grandmother was putting patches on his old ones, but if so he did not say it.

It seemed as if something was choking him, and having tried to swallow it he said very hurriedly, and holding the sixpence toward her, "Grandmother, I found this when I was driving home the cows to-night."

She looked up quick enough now, and without a word took the sixpence from his trembling hand and put it in her pocket.

"Won't it buy, grandmother, won't it help buy?" said Albert.

"Buy what, child?" answered the old woman, intent upon her patches again.

Albert thought it were better to say any thing than what he was thinking of, and replied, "A story-book, grandmother."

"A story-book!" she said; "what do you want of a story-book?"

"To read the stories," said Albert.

"Fie!" said his grandmother, "I can save you the trouble of reading a story, and tell you one."

Another such joyous light came into Albert's face as when he found the sixpence, and nestling close to his grandmother's knees, he lifted to hers his great wondering eyes, saying, "O I am so glad!"

"Well," said she, jostling him aside, "once there was a boy so bad no body would have him in their house. Some folks said he was a thief, and every body who saw him agreed that he was the homeliest boy that ever lived. Finally he ran away from his home, and from the very grave of his mother—bad boy, wasn't he?—and made his good old grandfather take care of him; but he is so lazy and so bad his grandfather thinks he will have to bind him out to a severe master, and the little boy is about as big as you, and his name is Albert."

This was the first and the last story Albert's grandmother ever told him; and with the tears dropping down his cheeks and into his bare bosom, for his shirt was outgrown and gaped wide, he crept back to his old place in the corner and tried to see pictures in the fire. All that evening he saw little boys with hats and coats a great deal too big for them—all of whom fell to ashes almost as soon as he beheld them.

Albert came in the house one day with a basket of eggs he had been gathering, and found a lively old woman there who was visiting his grandmother. "Hi," said she, looking at him, "I thought this was a boy out of the state's prison at first, he has such striped clothes on, but I see it's your little grandson."

"He has had the promise of new clothes this spring," said Mrs. Dedham, "and I mean to go to town and get them before long."

Albert asked if it were not spring then, and sitting so that the largest patches were turned away from the visitor, wondered to himself when before long would be.

All the spring went by, however, and before long did not come—at any rate Albert had no new clothes. "You must wear the old ones," his grandmother said, "till the corn is planted,"

and when that was done she said they were about as good as ever, and he must wear them till the corn was hoed, and then she really would go to town and get his new clothes—she might have added, "You have been a good boy and deserve them," but she did not.

The young corn-blades were opening—Albert had replanted and hoed the entire field for the first time, and was leaning on his hoe near the roadside contemplating the ugly scarecrow he had just set up.

"Which of those objects do you suppose is the scarecrow?" asked one gay fellow of another as two went riding by. Albert looked at their shining coats and hats, and his bosom heaved under his old dusty clothes. He was tired with working in the dusty furrows all day, and the heavy old hat made red ridges across his forehead—his feet and ankles were scratched with briars—altogether he looked woeful enough to be sure.

"I expect they could not tell which was the scarecrow, sure enough," said poor little Albert. If the thoughtless youths had heard him say so, they would have spared him the derisive laugh they sent back.

We all have our influence for good or for evil, small though it may be, and, simple-hearted child as he was, Albert had his—a softening, and beautifying, and humanizing was going on in the hearts of the old people so gently that themselves dreamed not of it.

When Albert came in from the cornfield he sat down on the cool stones by the well and put his dusty and tired feet in a tub of water; his trowsers were ragged as well as patched now; his hair, half tangles and half curls, hung down from beneath the heavy old hat. There were the traces of tears along his cheeks, and altogether he looked tired and forlorn, and as though he might be weary of the world.

"Come, Albert, supper is ready," called his grandmother, seeing that he sat still, making no preparation for the meal. She spoke so cheerfully the little fellow looked up astonished, and she saw that he had been crying. "Why, what in the world is the matter?" she asked. Albert told her what had been said of him just before he came from the field. The old woman stood still a moment and looked at her grandchild, and it seemed to her that he was almost the picture of Francis. She wondered that she had never seen it till now, and she saw, too, how warm and heavy his hat was, and how much he needed his new clothes.

"Albert is a good boy," she said to the grand-

father, who sat smoking his pipe in the corner as usual, and she went on to say how hard he had been at work that day, and that he had been called a scarecrow on account of his old clothes, she supposed; for if he were dressed as well he would look as well as any boy.

The old man's pipe was nicely aglow, but he knocked the fire out of it resolutely, and, walking toward the well, asked Albert in a tone which he meant to be jocular, how much longer he thought the old clothes would last. But the child was not used to jests and could not understand them, and replied seriously that they would last as long as he lived, he expected. Spring was nearly gone, and the "before long" his grandmother had talked about, he had given up looking for; and that he should never live long enough to see the new clothes that had been promised him he felt quite sure.

The grandfather laid his hand on the boy's head when he saw how hopeless and prematurely sad and weary he looked, and told him that his grandmother and himself would go to town just as soon as they could find time and buy the new clothes.

Albert sat still unsmiling—one hand laid in the other in his lap: it might be a year or more before his grandparents would find time to go to town, he thought.

The next morning Albert woke early; he thought at first it was the bird singing in the tree at his window that awoke him; but when he opened his eyes he saw his grandmother standing before his bed with a tape-measure in her hand; and when she told him she was going to town, and had come to measure him and see just what size to bring the new clothes, he laughed louder than he had ever done before under that dreary old roof, saying he thought it was only for funeral clothes that folks were measured.

The woods and fields had never looked prettier to Rachel, as she saw them from the spinning chamber, than they did to little Albert as he sat on the door-steps that day and watched his grandparents riding down the lane in the wagon—the money bag had been untied at last.

He was left quite alone and with few tasks. It was the first holiday of his life, and he hardly knew how to dispose of the time—he would have been glad to go with the old folks to town, but he had not dared to ask, and they had not once thought what a pleasure it would be to him. Every thing he could find to do he did, fixing in his mind the time when he supposed his grandparents might have reached the town, and after

that the time when they might have bought his new coat, another for his hat, and yet another for his shoes, and so on. What they would be like he could not tell, but he knew they would be very fine, nor could he guess how he would look with them on, for he had never had new clothes on—poor little Albert!

He thought it was time to look for his grandparents before they had yet reached the town; for the day was so long it seemed to him a man might go round the world in it. Now he watched the clock, but the hands did not seem to move at all. He could hardly help putting the time forward—poor child! it was going fast enough. At length he ceased listening for the home-coming wagon and watching the clock, and with his only playmate, the dog, took a romp on the grass and finally fell asleep. When he awoke the shadows were stretching up the hills, and the slow hand of the clock had gone round three times since he looked at it. He hastened to kindle the fire for his grandmother to make the tea, and then began the evening chores. The black calf that used to be so lean was frolicking in a clover-patch now; but he came running to Albert's call and drank the water he had brought, rubbed his face against Albert's shoulder and licked his hands. "Good-by, little bossey," said Albert, and away he ran, for he felt that he had no time to lose now. The oats he portioned for the horses, an extra allowance, for he did not forget how tired they would be when they should get home from town with his new clothes, and when all was done he could not yet hear the wagon in the distance. He made himself all ready to put on the new clothes, washing feet and face, and combing smooth his hair—he then walked all the length of the lane, up and down, twenty times. At last he thought he heard the sound of the wagon in the distance—he could not wait, but sprang to the fence, caught the low limbs of a tree that stood by, and went up and up with no thought of danger. There was a wagon coming, sure enough, and he was pretty sure he knew the horses. Eagerly he watched, and as they came over the hill he knew that he was not mistaken—it was his grandfather and grandmother coming home with his new clothes. In exultant joy he gave the old hat a toss; he should never need it any more, he felt, and his merry laugh pealed out when he saw that it lodged on the head of the scarecrow.

His grandmother saw and called him to come down and see his new clothes.

It was the very tree that had thrown its shade over Francis years ago, and beneath it, from

among just such briars as were growing there now he had gathered the strange flowers for Rachel. He did not know this, and he did not know, dear little boy, that it was a dead limb he caught to let himself down by—there was a rushing noise through the close twigs and green leaves of the tree—a crash on the ground below—he had fallen on a stone.

The old folks saw him, and tearful and trembling ran to him. He did not know he was hurt—did not know he was killed, poor boy, and broken to pieces as he was—tried to raise himself from the ground, and as his grandmother bent over him he said, "Where are the new clothes?"

She gathered him up in her bosom for the first and the last time—he never spoke again.

He was dressed in his new clothes that night, and directly so bright a smile came out in his face that every body who saw it wept.

There was a wound in the hearts of the old people that opened then as they had never been opened before, and now that that little life was gone out they saw what they might have done for its happiness—saw how barren and profitless all their long lives had been.

When the grandfather brought the old hat from the field and hung it against the wall, he said, "If it had been his new one he would not have thrown it away, so his life might have been saved, for his head could not have struck so hardly on the stone. They wept together, poor, childless old folks, and would not, and could not be comforted.

MRS. BARBAULD'S OPINION OF PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

IT once happened that an anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld at what age she would begin to teach her children to read. "I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age," was the reply. "Why, then, have you written books for children of three?" "Because, if young mammas be over busy, they had better teach in a good way than a bad one." I have known clever, precocious children at three, dunces at twelve, and dunces at six, particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read at seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said that, as every person did learn with opportunity, her child would do so at last. By eighteen this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father, from the profits of her first work, and, before thirty, had published thirty volumes.

NURTURE OF CHILDREN, A SUBLIME WORK.

TO bring up a family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, is, under the most favorable circumstances, a great work; and in *some* circumstances it rises to sublimity. What are the elements of greatness, and who are the truly great? I do not ask who the *distinguished* are; for greatness and fame are not always coupled in this world's calendar. But if greatness be predicable of those who have attempted and achieved great things—if far-reaching views, if benevolence, patience, faith, toil, perseverance be attributes of greatness, I know not where it is to be found, if not in the Christian parent training up a family at once for earth and heaven—for virtue, usefulness, and honor here, and glory there; nor a finer instance of heroism than that of one parent, especially a mother, laboring for that end alone—unstained, perhaps opposed and counteracted, by those who ought to aid her, and especially by one of whom every sentiment of affection, both conjugal and parental, and every dictate of religion, both revealed and natural, demand that his aims, sympathies, and influence should be one with hers.

THE RIVALRY OF GREAT MEN.

THE rivalry of great men has called forth the sorrow and pity of good men in all ages. On this subject it has been said, with equal truth and beauty, "Mountains do not shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up; but at length they part company, and rise into individual peaks. So it is with great men. As mountains mostly run in chains and clusters, crossing the plain at wider or narrower intervals; in like manner are there epochs in history when great men appear in clusters also. At first, too, they grow up together, seeming to be animated by the same spirit, to have the same desires and antipathies, the same purposes and ends. But, after a while, the genius of each begins to know itself, and to follow its own bent: they separate and diverge more and more; and those who, when young, were working in concert, stand alone in their old age. But if mountains do not shake hands, neither do they kick each other. Their human counterparts unfortunately are more pugnacious. Although they break out of the theory, and strive to soar in solitary eminence, they can not bear that their neighbors should do the same, but complain that they impede the view, and often try to overthrow them, especially if they are higher."

"O, I HAVE A HOME!"

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

ONE afternoon, near the close of the school year, five or six young girls were sitting together chatting of their expected return home, and counting the days that must elapse before that delightful event.

"I am going home *two weeks* before school breaks up!" exclaimed Sarah Clive, joyfully.

"Are you?"

"Yes; I persuaded father that it would kill me to stay in town so long during the warm weather, and so he has promised to come for me the middle of June. Just think, I'll be enjoying my freedom for two whole weeks while you poor girls will be poring over your books—how I shall pity you!"

"You'll not get home two weeks before I do," said another, "for I am to leave one week before the term closes."

"And I am going home on Wednesday, so I shall escape three whole days."

"O, I can scarcely wait for the time to come!"

"Nor I, for I am dying to be at home again!"

"Dying?"

"Well, deeply anxious, then: will that suit you, little critic?"

"Perfectly; and I am quite as anxious as you can be to feel myself at home once more."

And sweet young voices blended together in the song of—

"Home, home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

There's no place like home!"

"Lizzie, don't you wish you had a home to go to?" asked little Mary T. of one of her companions who had taken no part in the conversation.

"Hush, Mary, hush! you must not ask such questions," said her elder sister Anna. "See, you have hurt Lizzie's feelings!"

"Have I, Lizzie?" asked the child, looking up in surprise; and seeing that the hot blood had crimsoned Lizzie's cheek, brow, and neck, and that her eyes were filled with tears, she sprang to her side, exclaiming, "Dear Lizzie, I didn't mean to wound you; but when the girls are all talking so, I often wish you had a home, and I wondered if you didn't, too; don't cry, will you?" and she put her dimpled arms around her neck.

"I will try not to," said Lizzie, making a strong effort to control herself.

"I am so sorry you haven't any home!" whispered Mary, in a sympathetic tone.

"Thank you, dear; but, O, *I have a home*—a beautiful home—where I expect to be so happy!" replied Lizzie, and, kissing the little Mary, she hastily left the room.

The girls looked at each other in surprise. "What does she mean by saying she has a home?" asked one. "Miss J. told us that she was an orphan, and had none; and I guess she is poor, too."

"Of course, she has *no home*," cried another, "or she would go to it sometimes; but you know she always stays here during all the vacations: a forlorn enough place at any time, but doubly so when other people are enjoying holidays."

"And if she had a home she would not have cried when Mary asked her that question."

"May be she has only *lately* got one! Some rich uncle may have come back from somewhere or other, and told her she should live with him."

"How glad I should be if it was so! for she deserves to have a home if any body in the world does," said little Mary, warmly.

"Indeed she does," responded Anna; "but I should think, if such a thing had happened, she would have been so glad that she would have have told us of it."

"Why, so should I; for I am sure I should have rejoiced with her."

"O, she would have been ready enough to tell us if any such good fortune had befallen her."

"I guess so, too, and any home *she* has must be *in the clouds*," said another, with a laugh.

Had she said *beyond* them she would have come nearer to the truth.

"Well, Lizzie isn't a girl to talk at random, or to state fancies for facts; so that what she said about having a home—a beautiful one, too, she called it—has excited my curiosity, and I should like to know what she meant."

"So would I," said Anna; "for, as you say, she isn't a girl that would stretch things at all; and I mean to try and find out about it."

The girls were right in supposing that Lizzie L. was a homeless orphan; but they could not know the sad and desolate feelings she had experienced on that account. Full of life and health, with pleasant homes and kind parents, the only trial they had ever known was that of being sent to school. But as they had, when there, the pleasure of going home to look forward to, as home seemed all the more attractive for their brief absences from it, and every one there so anxious to make their visits pleasant, they were, upon the whole, very happy, and illy prepared to enter into the feelings of one who, though no older than themselves, had seen both her parents

laid in the cold grave, and her home taken from her by ruthless creditors. Miss J., the principal of a school, had heard of the destitute condition of the child—to whom only the merest pittance had been reserved for a support—and had taken her into school with the view of educating her, and thus fitting her to earn her own support by teaching. Those who knew the circumstances loudly extolled the goodness and benevolence of Miss J., and said that little Lizzie was most fortunate in being so well provided for. Both these things were true. It was certainly very benevolent in Miss J. thus to burden herself with the care of an orphan, and the child was favorably situated for having her mind cultivated and expanded. "She ought to be *so happy* in finding such a home!" said every one who spoke of it; and with her grateful heart, Lizzie, too, felt that she ought to be happy when such good care was taken of her. But *was she so?* Those mothers who read their children's hearts, and see how they enjoy affection and sympathy, know that their little natures seem to crave caresses quite as much as the "bread and butter" for which they ask so often and so clamorously; and Lizzie L., with her warm heart, her quick sensibilities, and timid nature, was more dependent for her happiness upon outward marks of affection than many other children would have been. Consequently, when she came to live with Miss J., and felt herself surrounded by entire strangers, she was very sad and lonely. While grateful to Miss J. for her care, her quick feelings told her that lady would require obedience, but would not value her affection; and as she sought, day by day, to please her, and only gained thereby an exemption from censure, or, at best, a cold "you are a *good girl*, and don't give me any unnecessary trouble," how her heart yearned to have some one throw her arms around her, and, drawing her close to her, whisper, "You *dear girl!*"

Even her schoolmates at first treated her coldly: partly because she was too sad to be merry, and partly because even in that youthful assembly the knowledge that she had no home to invite them to made them feel that her friendship was not as well worth cultivating as that of the richer girls. For even children catch the spirit that is so universally prevalent in society, and act it out in their plays. Under such circumstances Lizzie's warm affections were in danger of eating in upon herself, and either affecting her health, or causing her to grow up dwarfed in some of those qualities which constitute the usefulness and the charm of a *true* woman. But

our Father in heaven, who sees even the humblest of his children, took care that the orphan should not long feel herself shut out from the sympathies and the joys of home, though he deemed it necessary that she should learn a lesson of patient waiting for that home after which her heart yearned.

Her young companions would not live in the same house with Lizzie long without loving her; she was so good-tempered, so obliging, that she would do any thing for them; and then, though she could not command their respect by her spending money, she insensibly gained it by her good scholarship. Not knowing how much patient, persevering efforts will accomplish, they attributed her perfect recitations to her having a better mind than theirs; and even the worshipers of Mammon must yield, at least silent homage to the influence of mind. At the time of which I write Lizzie had many warm friends in the school, among whom Anna T. and her little sister Mary stood foremost.

"What could she have meant by saying she had a home?" thought Anna; and prompted not so much by womanly curiosity as by real interest in the orphan, she went to her teacher with the question, "Miss J., will you tell me what Lizzie L. could have meant by saying she has a beautiful home, where she expects to be so happy?"

"How came she to tell you that?"

"Why, we were all chattering about going home, and little Mary said, 'Lizzie, I'm sorry you haven't a home to go to,' and Lizzie could hardly keep from crying, but she answered, 'O Mary, I *have* a home, a beautiful home, to go to!' Will you please tell me what she meant?"

"I think you had better ask Lizzie herself; she will probably tell you her meaning better than I can."

"Don't you think she would be hurt at my asking her?"

"No, I fancy she would not be; having told just enough to excite your curiosity, she ought to feel willing to gratify it."

"Well, I will ask her then; for I should like to know if she really has got another home."

A tap at Lizzie's door was responded to by the invitation, "Come in;" and as Anna entered she thought she saw traces of weeping on Lizzie's face, though it was wreathed in smiles at sight of her. "I hope that thoughtless little sister of mine did not hurt your feelings much this afternoon, dear Lizzie," she said, kissing her.

"O no; I am used to it now, and I know she didn't mean any thing. Take this seat by the window."

"As you say, she didn't mean any thing by it, but I am sorry she said it; and I often think we are too careless of your feelings, talking so much about our homes before you."

"O, never mind. When I first came here, and heard all the girls talking so much about their homes; saw them leave to visit them, and come back again so full of all the happiness they had enjoyed there, I did use to feel badly, and ask myself why it was that every one else had a pleasant home while I had none; but I do not mind it so much now; I am very well contented here, and I ought to be very grateful for Miss J.'s kindness, for I know that all orphans are not so well provided for."

"May I ask you a question, Lizzie?" said Anna.

"Certainly, and I will answer it if I can."

"Perhaps you will think it impertinent in me, but what you said to Mary about having a home excited my curiosity, and I thought perhaps I misunderstood you. Did you not tell her you had a beautiful home in which you expected to be so happy?"

"Yes."

"How long have you had it? I don't understand your meaning."

"A pleasant home has been prepared for me a long while, but I did not realize it till lately. Now, I feel that I ought to be happy while I stay here, because I have the hope of going there to cheer me."

"I am so glad you have a home again; it must be so pleasant for you."

"Yes, it is pleasant to feel that I am no longer homeless."

"Tell me all about your home."

"I am afraid I shall become too much excited if I talk about my new home; for they say it is a more beautiful one than any I have ever seen, and that I shall have nothing left to wish for when I get there."

"Then you will have musical instruments, for you would never be satisfied without them."

"O yes! I am to have an elegant harp, and am to be taught to play richer airs and sweeter symphonies than any I have ever heard. No musical professor in this city can compare with the One who is to give me lessons."

"You will have to have a garden, too, and flowers, if you are to have *all* you want."

"Yes; my new home stands in a beautiful garden, where all choice flowers grow; and there are shady bowers there covered with grape vines; and a clear stream of water—clear as crystal, they say—flows through the middle of the gar-

den, making every thing so cool and fresh. And on its banks such rare fruit-trees grow, some of them bearing twelve different kinds of fruit, and having new fruit every month, instead of only once a year."

"Why, it must be in some *foreign* climate!"

"It is; and, O, I shall enjoy such delightful society there! I can never know what it is to feel lonely, for I shall always be surrounded by those who love me so dearly."

Anna gazed at her young friend with surprise—such a sparkling eye and glowing cheek, a face so radiant with happiness, she had never seen before. "Why, Lizzie, you *said* you would get excited if you talked about your new home, and I think you have: how beautiful it makes you! I did not know joy could change any one's face so. What you have been telling me seems like some bright fairy tale. I've read of such things—"

"This is better than any tale," broke in Lizzie, "because it is all true. I *am* to have just such a home as that, and, if any thing, *more beautiful*. Whatever else I may be disappointed in, I can not be in that; for He who has promised it to me *can not fail* to keep his word; and he says I can not begin to imagine the delights that are awaiting me there."

"You haven't told me whether your home is to be in the city or in the country," said the mystified Anna.

"O, it is in the midst of a city, a splendid city, where there are no mean alleys, no wretched old houses shut out from the sunshine; but all the streets are broad and pleasant; there is clear light every-where, and the streets are so *clean*, for they are all paved with *pure gold*."

"Why, Lizzie, that is the way it is in heaven! Your home must be just like heaven."

"My home *is heaven*!" said the young girl, with a sweet smile.

"Heaven!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of disappointment; "and haven't you *any other home* than that?"

"Do I need any other home when I know that such a beautiful one as that is ready for me?"

"But it would be nice to have a home on earth, too."

"So it would; but when I recollect how soon this earth and all on it shall be burned up with fire, I feel glad that my home is in a more enduring country, where I can enjoy it forever."

"What an odd girl she is!" thought Anna; yet still she could not shake off the effect of what Lizzie had said.

When the other girls questioned her as to

whether Lizzie really had a home, and she told them, "Yes, but it was in heaven," they set up a thoughtless laugh at the strange idea; but Anna could not join with them. Something in her own heart seemed to whisper, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

THE BLANK BIBLE.

THE discussion of the preceding day upon the character and influence of the Bible had made so deep an impression upon me, that when I went to bed I found it very difficult to sleep; and when I did get off at last, my thoughts shaped themselves into a singular dream, which, though only a dream, is not, I think, without instruction. I shall entitle it "THE BLANK BIBLE."

I thought I was at home, and that on taking up my Greek Testament one morning to read—as is my wont—a chapter, I found, to my surprise, that what seemed to be the old, familiar book was a total blank; not a character was inscribed in it or upon it. I supposed that some book like it had, by some accident, got into its place; and, without stopping to hunt for it, took down a large quarto volume which contained both the Old and New Testaments. To my surprise, however, this also was a blank from beginning to end. With that facility of accommodation to any absurdities which is proper to dreams, I did not think very much of the coincidence of two blank volumes having been substituted for two copies of the Scriptures in two different places, and, therefore, quietly reached down a copy of the Hebrew Bible, in which I could just manage to make out a chapter. To my increased surprise, and even something like terror, I found that this also was a perfect blank. While I was musing on this unaccountable phenomenon, my servant entered the room, and said that thieves had been in the house during the night, for that her large Bible, which she had left on the kitchen table, had been removed, and another volume left by mistake in its place, of just the same size, but made of nothing but white paper. She added, with a laugh, that it must have been a very queer kind of thief to steal a Bible at all; and that he should have

left another book instead, made it the more odd. I asked her if any thing else had been missed, and if there were any signs of people having entered the house. She answered in the negative to both these questions; and I began to be strangely perplexed.

On going out into the street, I met a friend, who, almost before we had exchanged greetings, told me that a most unaccountable robbery had been committed at his house during the night, for that every copy of the Bible had been removed, and a volume of exactly the same size, but of pure white paper, left in its stead. Upon telling him that the same accident had happened to myself, we began to think that there was more in it than we had at first surmised.

On proceeding further, we found every one complaining, in similar perplexity, of the same loss; and before night it became evident that a great and terrible "miracle" had been wrought; in the world; that in one night, silently but effectually, that hand which had written its terrible menace on the walls of Belshazzar's palace had reversed the miracle; had sponged out of our Bibles every syllable they contained, and thus reclaimed the most precious gift which Heaven had bestowed, and ungrateful man had abused.

I was curious to watch the effects of this calamity on the varied characters of mankind. There was universally, however, an interest in the Bible now it was *lost*, such as had never attached to it while it was *possessed*; and he who had been but happy enough to possess fifty copies might have made his fortune. One keen speculator, as soon as the first whispers of the miracle began to spread, hastened to the depositories of the Bible Society and the great book-stocks in Paternoster Row, and offered to buy up at a high premium any copies of the Bible that might be on hand; but the worthy merchant was informed that there was not a single copy remaining. Some, to whom their Bible had been a "blank" book for twenty years, and who would never have known whether it was full or empty had not the lamentations of their neighbors impelled them to look into it, were not the least loud in their expressions of sorrow at this calamity. One old gentleman, who had never troubled the book in his life, said it was "confounded hard to be deprived of his religion in his old age;" and another, who seemed to have lived as though he had always been of Mandeville's opinion, that "private vices were public benefits," was all at once alarmed for the *morals* of mankind. He feared, he said, that the loss of the Bible

would have "a *curse* bad effect on the public virtue of the country."

As the fact was universal and palpable, it was impossible that, like other miracles, it should leave the usual loop-holes for skepticism. Miracles in general, in order to be miracles at all, have been singular or very rare violations of a general law, witnessed by a few, on whose testimony they are received, and in the reception of whose testimony consists the exercise of that faith to which they appeal. It was evident, that, whatever the reason of *this* miracle, it was not an exercise of docile and humble faith founded on evidence no more than just sufficient to operate as a moral test. This was a miracle which, it could not be denied, looked marvelously like a "judgment." However, there were, in some cases, indications enough to show how difficult it is to give such evidence as will satisfy the obstinacy of mankind. One old skeptical fellow, who had been for years bedridden, was long in being convinced—if, indeed, he ever was—that any thing extraordinary had occurred in the world; he at first attributed the reports of what he heard to the "impudence" of his servants and dependents, and wondered that they should dare venture upon such a joke. On finding these assertions backed by those of his acquaintance, he pished and pawed, and looked very wise, and ironically congratulated them on this creditable conspiracy with the insolent rascals, his servants. On being shown the old Bible, of which he recognized the binding, though he had never seen the inside, and finding it a very fair book of blank paper, he quietly observed that it was very easy to substitute the one book for the other, though he did not pretend to divine the motives which induced people to attempt such a clumsy piece of imposition; and, on their persisting that they were not deceiving him, swore at them as a set of knaves, who would fain persuade him out of his senses. On their bringing him a pile of blank Bibles, backed by the asseverations of other neighbors, he was ready to burst with indignation. "As to the volumes," he said, "it was not difficult to procure a score or two 'of commonplace books,' and they had doubtless done so to carry on the cheat; for himself, he would sooner believe the whole world was leagued against him, than credit any such nonsense." They were angry, in their turn, at his incredulity, and told him that he was very much mistaken if he thought himself of so much importance that they would all perjure themselves to delude him, since they saw plainly enough that he could do that very easily for

himself, without any help of theirs. They really did not care one farthing whether he believed them or not; if he did not choose to believe the story, he might leave it alone. "Well, well," said he, "it is all very fine; but unless you show me, not one of these blank books, which could not impose upon an owl, but one of the *very blank Bibles themselves*, I will not believe." At this curious demand, one of his nephews who stood by—a lively young fellow—was so exceedingly tickled, that, though he had some expectations from the skeptic, he could not help bursting out into laughter; but he became grave enough when his angry uncle told him that he would leave him in his will nothing but the family Bible, which he might make a ledger if he pleased. Whether this resolute old skeptic ever vanquished his incredulity, I do not remember.

Very different from the case of this skeptic was that of a most excellent female relative, who had been equally long a prisoner to her chamber, and to whom the Bible had been as to so many thousands more, her faithful companion in solitude, and the all-sufficient solace of her sorrows. I found her gazing intently on the blank Bible, which had been so recently bright to her with the luster of immortal hopes. She burst into tears as she saw me. "And has your faith left *you*, too, my gentle friend?" said I. "No," she answered, "and I trust it never will. He who has taken away the Bible has not taken away my memory, and I now recall all that is most precious in that book which has so long been my meditation. It is a heavy judgment upon the land; and surely," added this true Christian, never thinking of the faults of others, "I, at least, can not complain, for I have not prized as I ought that blessed book, which yet, of late years, I think I can say, I loved more than any other possession on earth. But I know," she continued, smiling through her tears, "that the sun shines, though clouds may veil him for the moment; and I am unshaken in my faith in those truths which have been transcribed on my memory, though they are blotted from my book. In these hopes I have lived, and in these hopes I will die." "I have no consolation to offer to you," said I, "for you need none." She quoted many of the passages which have been, through all ages, the chief stay of sorrowing humanity; and I thought the words of Scripture had never sounded so solemn or so sweet before. "I shall often come to see you," I said, "to hear a chapter in the Bible, for you know it far better than I."

No sooner had I taken my leave than I was informed that an old lady of my acquaintance had summoned me in haste. She said she was much impressed by this extraordinary calamity. As, to my certain knowledge, she had never troubled the contents of the book, I was surprised she had so taken to heart the loss of that which had, practically, been lost to her all her days. "Sir," said she, the moment I entered, "the Bible, the Bible." "Yes, madam," said I, "this is a very grievous and terrible visitation. I hope we may learn the lessons which it is calculated to teach us." "I am sure," answered she, "I am not likely to forget it for a while, for it has been a grievous loss to me." I told her I was very glad. "Glad!" she rejoined. "Yes," I said, "I am glad to find that you think it so great a loss, for that loss may then be a gain indeed. There is, thanks be to God! enough left in our memories to carry us to heaven." "Ah! but," said she, "the hundred pounds and the villainy of my maid-servant. Have you not heard?" This gave me some glimpse as to the secret of her sorrow. She told me that she had deposited several bank notes in the leaves of her family Bible, thinking that, to be sure, nobody was likely to look *there* for them. "No sooner," said she, "were the Bibles made useless by this strange event, than my servant peeped into every copy in the house, and she now denies that she found any thing in my old family Bible, except two or three blank leaves of thin paper which, she *says*, she destroyed; that, if any characters were ever on them, they must have been erased when those of the Bible were obliterated. But I am sure she lies; for who would believe that Heaven took the trouble to blot out my precious bank notes! They were not God's word, I trow." It was clear that she considered the "promise to pay" better by far than any "promises" which the book contained. "I should not have cared so much about the Bible," she whined, hypocritically, "because, as you truly observe, our memories may retain enough to carry us to heaven"—a little in that case would certainly go a great way, I thought to myself—"and if not, there are those who can supply the loss. But who is to get my bank-notes back again? Other people have *only* lost their Bibles." It was, indeed, a case beyond my power of consolation.

The calamity not only strongly stirred the feelings of men, and upon the whole, I think, beneficially, but it immediately stimulated their ingenuity. It was wonderful to see the energy with which men discussed the subject, and the zeal, too, with which they ultimately exerted

themselves to repair the loss. I could even hardly regret it, when I considered what a spectacle of intense activity, intellectual and moral, the visitation had occasioned. It was very early suggested, that the whole Bible had again and again been quoted piecemeal in one book or other; that it had impressed its own image on the surface of human literature, and had been reflected on its course as the stars on a stream. But, alas! on investigation, it was found as vain to expect that the gleam of starlight would still remain mirrored in the water when the clouds had veiled the stars themselves, as that the bright characters of the Bible would remain reflected in the books of man when they had been erased from the book of God. On inspection, it was found that every text, every phrase which had been quoted, not only in the books of devotion and theology, but in those of poetry and fiction, had been remorselessly expunged. Never before had I had any adequate idea of the extent to which the Bible had molded the intellectual and moral life of the last eighteen centuries, nor how intimately it had interfused itself with habits of thought and modes of expression; nor how naturally and extensively its comprehensive imagery and language had been introduced into human writings, and most of all where there had been most of genius. A vast portion of literature became instantly worthless, and was transformed into so much waste paper. It was almost impossible to look into any book of any merit, and read ten pages together, without coming to some provoking erasures and mutilations, some "*hiatus valde defendi*," which made whole passages perfectly unintelligible. Many of the sweetest passages of Shakspeare were converted into unmeaning nonsense, from the absence of those words which his own all but divine genius had appropriated from a still diviner source. As to Milton, he was nearly ruined, as might naturally be supposed. Sir Walter Scott's novels were filled with perpetual *lacuna*. I hoped it might be otherwise with the philosophers, and so it was; but even here it was curious to see what strange ravages the visitation had wrought. Some of the most beautiful and comprehensive of Bacon's Aphorisms were reduced to enigmatical nonsense.

Those who held large stocks of books knew not what to do. Ruin stared them in the face; their value fell seventy or eighty per cent. All branches of theology, in particular, were a drug. One fellow said, that he should not so much have minded if the miracle had sponged out what was *human* as well as what was divine,

for in that case he would at least have had so many thousand volumes of fair blank paper, which was as much as many of them were worth before. A wag answered, that it was not usual, in despoiling a house, to carry away any thing except the *valuables*. Meantime millions of blank Bibles filled the shelves of stationers to be sold for day-books and ledgers, so that there seemed to be no more employment for the paper-makers in that direction for many years to come. A friend, who used to mourn over the thought of palimpsest manuscripts—of portions of Livy and Cicero erased to make way for the nonsense of some old monkish chronicler—exclaimed, as he saw a tradesman trudging off with a handsome morocco-bound quarto for a day-book, "Only think of the pages once filled with the poetry of Isaiah, and the parables of Christ sponged to make way for orders for silks and satins, muslins, cheese, and bacon!" The old authors, of course, were left to their mutilations; there was no way in which the confusion could be remedied. But the living began to prepare new editions of their works, in which they endeavored to give a new turn to the thoughts which had been mutilated by erasure, and I was not a little amused to see that many, having stolen from writers whose compositions were as much mutilated as their own, could not tell the meaning of their own pages.

It seemed at first to be a not unnatural impression that even those who could recall the erased texts as they perused the injured books—who could *mentally* fill up the imperfect clauses—were not at liberty to inscribe them; they seemed to fear that, if they did so, the characters would be as if written in invisible ink, or would surely fade away. It was with trembling that some at length made the attempt, and to their unspeakable joy found the impression durable. Day after day passed; still the characters remained; and the people at length came to the conclusion, that God left them at liberty, if they could, to reconstruct the Bible for themselves out of their collective remembrances of its divine contents. This led again to some curious results, all of them singularly indicative of the good and ill that is in human nature. It was with incredible joy that men came to the conclusion that the book might thus be recovered nearly entire, and nearly in the very words of the original, by the combined effort of human memories. Some of the obscurest of the species, who had studied nothing else but the Bible, but who had well studied *that*, came to be objects of reverence among Christians and booksellers; and the vari-

ous texts they quoted were taken down with the utmost care. He who could fill up the chasm by the restoration of words which were only partially remembered, or could contribute the least text that had been forgotten, was regarded as a sort of public benefactor. At length, a great public movement among the divines of all denominations was projected, to collate the results of these partial recoveries of the sacred text. It was curious, again, to see in how various ways human passions and prejudices came into play. It was found that the several parties who had furnished from memory the same portions of the sacred texts had fallen into a great variety of different readings; and though most of them were of as little importance in themselves as the bulk of those which are paraded in the critical recensions of Mill, Griesbach, or Tischendorf, they became, from the obstinacy and folly of the men who contended about them, *important* differences, merely because they were *differences*. Two reverend men of the synod, I remember, had a rather tough dispute as to whether it was *twelve* baskets full of fragments of the *five* loaves which the *five* thousand left, and *seven* baskets full of the *seven* loaves which the *four* thousand had left, or *vice versa*: as also whether the words in John vi, 19, were "*about* twenty or five and twenty," or "*about* thirty or five and thirty furlongs."

To do the assembly justice, however, there was found an intense *general* earnestness and sincerity befitting the occasion, and an equally intense desire to obtain, as nearly as possible, the very words of the lost volume; only—as was also, alas! natural—vanity in some; in others, confidence in their strong impressions and in the accuracy of their memory; obstinacy and pertinacity in many more—all aggravated as usual by controversy—caused many odd embarrassments before the final adjustment was effected.

I was particularly struck with the varieties of reading which mere prejudices in favor of certain systems of theology occasioned in the several partisans of each. No doubt the worthy men were generally unconscious of the influence of these prejudices; yet, somehow, the memory was seldom so clear in relation to those texts which told *against* them as in relation to those which told *for* them. A certain Quaker had an impression that the words instituting the eucharist were preceded by a qualifying expression, "And Jesus said *to the twelve*, Do this in remembrance of me;" while he could not exactly recollect whether or not the formula of "baptism" was expressed in the general terms some maintained

it was. Several Unitarians had a clear recollection that in several places the authority of manuscripts, as estimated in Griesbach's recension, was decidedly against the common reading; while the Trinitarians maintained that Griesbach's recension in those instances had left that reading undisturbed. An Episcopalian began to have his doubts whether the usage in favor of the interchange of the words "bishop" and "presbyter" was so uniform as the Presbyterian and Independent maintained, and whether there was not a passage in which Timothy and Titus were expressly called "bishops." The Presbyterian and Independent had similar biases; and one gentleman, who was a strenuous advocate of the system of the latter, enforced one equivocal remembrance by saying, he could, as it were, distinctly see the very spot on the page before his mind's eye. Such tricks will imagination play with the memory, when preconception plays tricks with the imagination! In like manner, it was seen that, while the Calvinist was very distinct in his recollection of the ninth chapter of Romans, his memory was very faint as respects the exact wording of some of the verses in the epistle of James; and though the Arminian had a most vivacious impression of all those passages which spoke of the claims of the law, he was in some doubt whether the apostle Paul's sentiments respecting human depravity, and justification by faith alone, had not been a little exaggerated. In short, it very clearly appeared that tradition was no safe guide; that if, even while she was hardly a month old, she could play such freaks with the memories of honest people, there was but a sorry prospect of the secure transmission of truth for eighteen hundred years. From each man's memory seemed to glide something or other which he was not inclined to retain there, and each seemed to substitute in its stead something that he liked better.

Though the assembly was in the main most anxious to come to a *right* decision, and really advanced an immense way toward completing a true and faithful copy of the lost original, the disputes which arose, on almost every point of theology, promised the world an abundant crop of new sects and schisms. Already there had sprung up several whose names had never been heard of in the world, but for this calamity. Among them were two who were called the "*Long Memories*" and the "*Short Memories*." Their general tendencies coincided pretty much with those of the orthodox and the rationalists.

It was curious to see by what odd associations, sometimes of contrast, sometimes of resemblance,

obscure texts were recovered, though they were verified, when once mentioned, by the consciousness of hundreds. One old gentleman, a miser, contributed—and it was all he did contribute—a maxim of prudence, which he recollected, principally from having systematically *abused* it. All the ethical maxims, indeed, were soon collected; for though, as usual, no one recollected his own peculiar duties or infirmities, every one, as usual, kindly remembered those of his neighbors. Husbands remembered what was due from their wives, and wives what was due from their husbands. The unpleasant sayings about "better to dwell on the house-top" and "the perpetual dropping on a very rainy day" were called to mind by thousands. Almost the whole of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were contributed, in the merest fragments, in this way. As for Solomon's "times for every thing," few could remember them all, but every body remembered some. Undertakers said there was a "time to mourn," and comedians that there was a "time to laugh;" young ladies innumerable remembered that there was a "time to love," and people of all kinds that there was a "time to hate;" every body knew that there was a "time to speak," but a worthy Quaker reminded them that there was also a "time to keep silence."

Some dry parts of the laws of Moses were recovered by the memory of jurists, who seemed to have no knowledge whatever of any other parts of the sacred volume; while in like manner one or two antiquarians supplied some very difficult genealogical and chronological matters, in equal ignorance of the moral and spiritual contents of the Scriptures.

As people became accustomed to the phenomenon, the perverse humors of mankind displayed themselves in a variety of ways. The efforts of the pious assembly were abundantly laughed at; but I must, in justice, add, without driving them from their purpose. Some profane wags suggested that there was now a good opportunity of realizing the scheme of taking "*not*" out of the Commandments and inserting it in the Creed. But they were sarcastically told, that the old objection to the plan would still apply; that they would not sin with equal relish if they were expressly commanded to do so, nor take such pleasure in infidelity if infidelity became a duty. Others said that, if the world must wait till the synod had concluded its labors, the prophecies of the New Testament would not be written till some time after their fulfillment; and that, if all the conjectures of the learned divines were inserted in the new

edition of the Bible, the declaration in John would be literally verified, and that "the world itself would not contain all the books which would be written."

But the most amusing thing of all was to see, as time made man more familiar with this strange event, the variety of speculations which were entertained respecting its *object* and *design*. Many began gravely to question whether it was the duty of the synod to attempt the reconstruction of a book of which God himself had so manifestly deprived the world, and whether it was not a profane, nay, an atheistical, attempt to frustrate his will. Some, who were secretly glad to be released from so troublesome a book, were particularly pious on this head, and exclaimed bitterly against this rash attempt to counteract and cancel the decrees of Heaven. The Papists, on their part, were confident that the design was to correct the exorbitancies of a rabid Protestantism, and show the world, by direct miracle, the necessity of submitting to the decision of their Church and the infallibility of the supreme Pontiff; who, as they truly alleged, could decide all knotty points quite as well without the word of God as with it. On being reminded that the writings of the Fathers, on which they laid so much stress as the vouchers of their traditions, were mutilated by the same stroke which had demolished the Bible—all their quotations from the sacred volume being erased—some of the Jesuits affirmed that many of the Fathers were rather improved than otherwise by the omission, and that they found these writings quite as intelligible and not less edifying than before. In this many Protestants very cordially agreed. On the other hand, many of our modern infidels gave an entirely new turn to the whole affair, by saying that the visitation was evidently not in judgment, but in mercy; that God in compassion, and not in indignation, had taken away a book which man had regarded with an extravagant admiration and idolatry, and which they had exalted to the place of that clear internal oracle which he had planted in the human breast; in a word, that, if it was a rebuke at all, it was a rebuke to a rampant "Bibliolatry." As I heard all these different versions of so simple a matter, and found that not a few were inclined to each, I could not help exclaiming, "In truth the devil is a very clever fellow, and man even a greater blockhead than I had taken him for." But in spite of the surprise with which I had listened to these various explanations of an event which seemed to me clear as if written with a sunbeam, this *last* reason, which assigned as the cause of

God's resumption of his own gift, an extravagant admiration and veneration of it on the part of mankind—it being so notorious that those who professed belief in its divine origin and authority had, even the best of them, so grievously neglected both the study and the practice of it—struck me as so exquisitely ludicrous, that I broke into a fit of laughter, which awoke me. I found that it was broad daylight, and the morning sun was streaming in at the window, and shining in quiet radiance upon the open Bible which lay on my table. So strongly had my dream impressed me, that I almost felt as though, on inspection, I should find the sacred leaves a blank, and it was, therefore, with joy that my eyes rested on those words, which I read through grateful tears: "The gifts of God are *without repentance*."—*Eclipse of Faith*.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

EXCEPTING Heber's Missionary Hymn, beginning with

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

we know nothing from his pen more eloquently beautiful than the following. The reader may have seen it before, but its merits will well pay a re-perusal:

"Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we can not anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but we can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes; the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness but the infinite and the eternal."

"I CARE NOT NOW, I'M GOING HOME!"

BY CARRIE MYER.

PALE Ella bowed her sunny head,
And wild the light within her eye;
"I care not now," she softly said,
"For I am going home to die!"

"I care not now," sweet Ella said;
"My mother's face I soon will see;
Once more the dear old paths I'll tread,
And Frank shall sing again to me."

But brighter grew poor Ella's eyes,
And feebler came her faltering breath;
Her cherished hopes went down to rise
No more this side the vale of death.

"O heavenly Father!" Ella prayed,
"Let me no more a pilgrim roam;
On thee alone my trust is staid;
I wait the solemn summons home."

Fair Ella, on her dying bed,
One misty April even,
To one of wretched aspect said,
"Prepare to meet me now in heaven:

Sweet spirit voices softly call
My soul where pride and scorn ne'er come:
Dear Stanton, I forgive you all—
I care not now, I'm going home!"

That night her earthly father came,
And sadly stood her bed beside,
And watched the faintly burning flame
Of life go out—sweet Ella died.

Hers was a sadd'ning, oft-told tale,
I ween, but not less true;
In loneliness to weep and wail
Was all wronged Ella Lane could do.

A fairy girl and two sweet boys
She nursed with all a mother's pride—
'Mid life's dark woes her only joys—
But, one by one, they moaned and died.

And when they in the grave did lie,
In vigils of the midnight deep
She heard their wild, heart-rending cry—
It startled e'en her troubled sleep.

Of all that passed we take no note,
No earthly joys poor Ella knew
For years—at last her mother wrote,
"Dear Ella, we will come for you."

Then flowed the tide of joy again
Along the streams that grief had chilled:
The heart so withered down with pain
Once more to Hope's blest music thrilled.

The plants that long in gloom grow pale
May not the sun's bright rays withstand,
If suddenly the shades that veil
Are lifted, though by friendly hand;
So she, who seemed so strong to bear
The shadows which had veiled a life

Whose morn was like the spring-time fair,
Was weak beneath the joyful strife

Of feelings waked by Love's soft hand—
The love that watched in happy years,
When home's sweet airs her forehead fanned,
And eyes were never dim with tears

But those of holy tenderness
That welled from hearts too full of gladness;
Then knew she only *griefs* that bless—
Now scarce a gentler name than *madness*

Were fit for that deep-searing woe
That burned the roses from her cheek—
The hand whose harshness made them glow
Had planted there the lilies meek.

Forgotten all the anguish when
The voices that were still so long
To Memory's vales brought back again
The olden cadences of song.

The tones that once with joy and pride
Did breathe her name she yet might hear—
A gifted brother at her side
Once more, and father, mother, dear.

These were the hopes that daily brought
To pallid cheeks a crimson hue—
The while the foe in secret wrought—
Her blue eyes bright and brighter grew!

Home-hallowed tones! ye came too late
To one whose feet were wont to roam
Too near, too near the Pearly Gate—
And she has found a better home.

A PRAYER

BEFORE ENTERING ON THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, ENGLAND.

O THOU dread Power! enshrined in endless light—
Than saints more holy—than the sun more bright—
First Cause of all things! in thy name I go,
With deepest awe, thy Gospel trump to blow;
T' extend the knowledge of thy saving grace,
And preach redemption to a fallen race.

O, let each inbred passion be subdued,
Each evil cancel'd in th' atoning blood;
That while I publish sins through Christ forgiven,
My life may show the doctrine is from heaven!
O, keep me steadfast in thy hallow'd cause—
Unharm'd by Pride—untainted by Applause!
To thee, my Rock! assist me still to flee,
And give up all—to give myself to thee!

But, O, without thy aid, thy priests in vain
Sow the pure seed, and water it again;
No fruits of righteousness reward their toil
Till thou, blest Being! on their labors smile.
Come then, eternal Spirit! Source of light,
Assist and quicken by thy promised might!
So shall success my feeble labors crown,
In winning souls, and bringing Christ his own.

THE P'S AND Q'S OF MODERN REFORMERS.

SECOND PAPER.

BY REV. O. M. SPENCER, A. M.

THE PRESS.

EDITORS may be divided into three classes.

1. Those who admit *any thing that will pay*.
2. Those who admit nothing but what is select.
3. Those who make a compromise between the two.

By the first class the press has been most basely prostituted. They constitute their periodicals a kind of literary omnibus. Every thing is admitted that pays its passage-money, and we have reason to believe that one seat entire is always reserved for his Satanic Majesty. The mere fact that an article "will pay" is a sufficient passport to their columns. No political measure so odious, but finds some servile organ for its advocate. No book so brainless, as to be destitute of a patron, who, for a certain "consideration," will laud it to the skies. No compound so villainous, or patent nostrum so worthless, but will find a publisher, who will advertise the world of its wonderful properties at so much a "square."

To sustain the pride and power of party, truth is perverted and logic distorted—public honor is assailed and private character assaulted. To pander to a vitiated taste, the theater and opera are puffed, profligate men and abandoned women are puffed; and if Satan himself were to advertise for an exhibition or give notice for a concert, there is no doubt but that he would be "favorably noticed by the press." What Leigh Hunt said of editors of this class at the beginning of the present century may in substance be said of them now. They consider it a "feather in their cap" to be on intimate terms with actors and dramatists, and, by inserting a flattering critique in their journals, frequently written by the author himself, "to have consequence in the green room and plenty of tickets for their friends." "Puffing and plenty of tickets" are the order of the day. "There is an interchange of amenities over the dinner-table—a flattery of power on the one side, and puns on the other; and what the public takes for a criticism on a play, is only a draft upon the box-office, or reminiscences of last Thursday's salmon and lobster-sauce. The custom is to write as short and as favorable a paragraph on the new piece as can be; to say that Bannister is 'excellent,' and Mrs. Jordan 'charming;' to notice the crowded house, or invent it if necessary; and to conclude by observing that the whole went off with *acclat*."

Some editors of this class are as changeable as Proteus, angel or devil at pleasure. One moment they will be currying favor with all parties, and discourse eloquently of healing divisions; the next they will be retailing party prejudice and vending political bile. The object of their flattery in the morning is the butt of their ridicule in the evening. They crush the caterpillar of to-day, and court the butterfly of to-morrow. One moment they will be making application of "poor man's plasters" to those whose characters they have wounded; the next making the wound deeper still by wholesaling newalanders or dealing out old falsehoods. Some of these political gadflies earn their daily food by thrusting in their tiny proboscis and sucking the blood of those noble creatures they annoy but can not injure. Such an editor is the pack-horse of office-seekers and the lap-dog of demagogues.

Another division of the corps editorial consists of those who, with a patronizing spirit, make a compromise between a pure and a corrupt literature. This class has the control of by far the larger proportion of the public prints. Although under the heading you may read "Devoted to Literature, Science, the Arts, Agriculture, Morality, and Religion," yet articles sometimes make their appearance which could not be classified under any of the heads without the greatest violence. The eye of purity is sometimes shocked in passing over the contents by falling upon a questionable reference or a delicate allusion—veiled immodesty, or masked infidelity—licentiousness hooded in a cowl, or incontinency in the garb of an angel. Modesty blushes and Innocence bleeds. A large surplus of the matter may be moral, unexceptionable, instructive; but a single dead fly, however small, will defile the whole of the precious ointment. Such papers are like razors with honeyed edges; we should be careful how we permit our eyes to pass over the one, or our tongues over the other. The consequence may be that tears will flow from the former, blood from the latter. Periodicals of this description may be interesting, yes, bewitching; but seldom instructive, enlightening, or ennobling. They may be musical, but not moralizing.

A class still remains to be noticed: those who admit no article into their columns unless it bears upon its very face the stamp of moral purity. In the hands of such a public print becomes what it should be—the Advocate of liberal principles, the Watchman of our political and religious institutions, the Chronicle of ennobling deeds, the Recorder of virtuous actions, the Herald of the people's rights, and the Journal

of the acts of their legislators. It may be music to the mirthful, comfort to the serious, a physician to the patient, a sermon to the sinner, and a library to the laborer.

The position of an editor is by no means an easy one. His is no sinecure's berth. Enemies he will have, let his course be what it may. If he attempts to please every body, ten to one he pleases nobody. This ought not to be attempted or expected. He should court not the smiles of the world, if by so doing he martyrs his integrity, and compromises a manly independence, but, if necessary, smile at its frowns. Like the lunar orb, let him be a man capable of raising the tide of popular feeling, while he himself remains calm and deliberate.

We come now to notice

THE PULPIT.

Some one has divided ministers into three classes:

1. Those who preach what they know and others do not. 2. Those who preach what others know and they do not. 3. Those who preach what neither they themselves nor any body know.

From this we would frame the following division: 1. Pulpit triflers. 2. Pulpit idlers. 3. Pulpit instructors.

There are not a few of these pulpit triflers, who prostitute the sacred desk and desecrate the house of God. They preach what they neither know themselves nor any body else. In their private life, pride has taken the place of piety; in their public ministrations, philosophy has supplanted religion and reason the Bible. They will weave their fine webs of intellectual thought, and indulge in vague and airy speculations, of which they have no more definite idea than of the geological formation of the outer ring of Saturn, or the chemical composition of nectar and ambrosia; or if they *have*, stork-like, they will present an entertainment to their audience in a vessel so *deep* that no one has a neck *long* enough to feed in it but themselves. These are they who will talk nonsense by the hour; and to hear them preach one would judge, and perhaps *rightly*, too, that they knew as little of the Bible as they did of the Talmud or the Koran. These are they who trifle with God and eternity, and

"Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep."

2. Pulpit idlers. The class of ministers of whom we are now speaking are they who preach what others know and they do not. In other words, they do not investigate for themselves, but are satisfied to republish the sentiments of others. Many in their congregations know more

of theology and would treat their subjects in a more pertinent manner than they do themselves. Nor does this arise from youth or inability, else they would be, in some degree, excusable; but from indolence. They will spend six days out of the week in idle lounging; then upon the seventh enter the pulpit without any preparation, and make a draft on inspiration, or present a check on heaven for a sermon, as if the Almighty would honor their demand, or make a mouthpiece of so unprofitable a servant. They take a text—commence—say something—sit down; but their text and sermon are no relation. And why? Simply because during the week you may find them in any other place but their studies.

Some ministers start out with a little moral pocket money, and never increase their stock, unless it be what necessary additions they receive from contact with the world. With these few paltry pennies they endeavor to interest their congregations upon every Sunday in the calendar. They will present first one side, and then the other, and then they will gild and galvanize them. For a short time they pass as golden coin; but the gilding soon begins to wear away, and then the old coin makes its appearance.

Others are like hand-organists. When some master-mind has invented the instrument, they make excellent performers. Thus they are satisfied to deal out second-handed thought merely because they are too indolent to think for themselves. They pass along for a *time*; but should any mishap befall them they are forced to exclaim, "Alas, master, for it was borrowed!"

3. We notice pulpit instructors, or those ministers who preach what they know and others do not. An instructive minister must possess an ever-increasing fund of information, and to this end he must be a *student*. It is not only desirable, but necessary, that he should *move* than keep pace with the march of the public mind. If Ahab the king drive furiously, Elijah the prophet must gird up his loins and run on before.

We can not sympathize with those who would enumerate among the necessary qualifications of a minister that of a *title*. And yet some congregations seem to think that no one but a titled ambassador is a good conductor of the grace of God.

There seems, moreover, to be an overweening anxiety among some who officiate at the altar in holy garments to have earthly distinctions superadded to those which they have received from the court of heaven. Just as if a commission from God, in order to be valid, needed the

signature of a man. "Honor to whom honor is due," is a maxim current in heaven as well as on earth; but for men, and especially for ministers, to "seek their own glory is not glory." And while the honors conferred by man sit with peculiar grace upon those whom God has honored, if they come unsolicited; on the other hand, when degrees become venal, and when a doctorate may be negotiated as a bill of exchange, it is not worth the parchment upon which it is written.

If degrees are deserved, and are not conferred, there is no man under heaven who can afford to live and die without a title better than an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ.

There are some who unfurl the banner of the cross in the clouds, while others trail it in the dust; whereas it should be elevated as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, or as the "Son of Man" was lifted up, in the sight of all the people. The former class trifle with their high commission; the latter degrade it. It is not stately, pompous language, interwoven with fine-spun theories, that is destined to convert the world. You might as well attempt to melt down the icebergs of the Polar seas with moonbeams. Nor will a popular appeal to vulgar prejudices, couched in commonplace language and interlarded with "slang phrases," have a tendency to purify the heart, unless you can purify a fountain by stirring its very dregs.

There are some whose discourses are a mere *brutum fulmen*, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." They use the spiritual heavens for "thunder, nothing but thunder." The only characteristic excellence of their sermons is that they are *loud*.

Now the time has past when people are to be terrified with thunder *alone*. They have been so long entertained with it that they are becoming accustomed to it, and are now pretty well agreed that after all it is the lightning that does the execution. Nature exhibits thunder and lightning together, and is not very prodigal of either. Thus it should be with the minister. Nor is there any danger lest there be an exhibition of *too much zeal* in the pulpit. Would to God that every preacher had a galvanic battery at the extremity of every nerve! but let his zeal be "according to knowledge."

Long sermons are still more objectionable. And he who lengthens out his discourses under the impression that he is constructing a long lever with which to *move* his congregation, will find, to his discomfiture, that he is laboring at the short arm, and his congregation at the long; and

the consequence will be that ere long they will *move* him out of the pulpit.

People in this lightning age are not satisfied that what a sermon lacks in *depth* should be made up in *length*.

The pulpit should be characterized by learning, piety, courage, integrity, purity of character, and independence of action; the minister by a "shepherd's care, a leader's courage, a pilot's skill, a fisher's patience, a prophet's inspiration, and a Savior's love." The press should be pure, patriotic, bold, and uncompromising; the pen chaste, uncontaminating, attractive, and instructive. These are the three great instrumentalities of moral reform.

Let them act in concert, let them be a trinity in unity, and they will wield a mighty power that will soon usher in the dawning of the millennial morn.

OUR INFLUENCE OUTLIVES US.

HOW often does the descending stream of influence owe its salubrity to the salt some pious hand cast into it at a point so high that it has ceased to be acknowledged or known! And how inciting is the thought that "the good men do [and not merely the evil, as Mark Antony avers] lives after them;" that our influence is not restricted to the individual, or generation, on which it is immediately exerted, nor limited by the years of our little sojourn on the earth! We may act on the race at large, born and unborn; but in the line of our posterity especially, we may and *must* send our influence onward, with peculiar energy—who can tell how far? There is no fact more striking in human history than the *descent of character in families*; none more evincive of God's remembrance of his covenant with his people; none more accordant with the natural laws of influence as dependent on the frame-work of society; none more encouraging to the believing parent; none more solemn to the unbelieving, who is entailing with awful probability, with moral certainty, if God do not prevent it, his own irreligion upon his children's children, down to the latest generation. But it is not our evil alone that thus survives us and is perpetuated. The memorial of virtue is immortal. How cheering to the wise and good to know, that

"The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for their heirs,
When dying Nature sleeps in dust!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THE old man sat a long time in his great arm-chair, gazing steadily into the winter fire, and dreamily studying the bright flame and red sparks that went roaring and crackling up the wide chimney.

Our grandmother and ourselves—that is to say, our grandmother, my cousin John, my sister Maggie, and myself—occupied the opposite corner of the broad hearth, and one and all were busily engaged in the rather ungenteel employment of cutting carpet-rags. We studied the contents of the huge basket in our midst as wistfully, if not as steadily, as our grandfather contemplated the fanciful forms of the burning logs; for not till its mass of woolen odds and ends were all cut to the requisite width, and the colors carefully sorted, could we presume to meddle with the rosy-cheeked apples and brown walnuts that graced the side-table. Sister Maggie had worked very contentedly at first, for the carpet, when completed, was to be hers, and it was a pleasure to think of the bright colors woven together and nicely covering some floor in the pretty cottage which her third cousin John was building just down the lane; but even her interest and busy fingers at last tired, and a little impatience marked her movements as she hastily dipped into the slowly decreasing contents of the basket.

"If you would only tell us a story, grandpa," she said at last, reaching across the fireside, and lightly tapping the old man's shoulder, "it wouldn't take so long to get all these strips in order."

"Perseverance will accomplish the work in a little time, Maggie."

"But it would be less tiresome and not so discouraging if we could forget it for a little while. You must know ever so many things that are interesting, grandpa. You are seventy years old. How strange it must seem to look back over so long a time! Seventy years is a great while."

"It seems like a dream, Maggie—a short, hurried dream. It seems only yesterday that your old grandmother there was as fresh and blooming as yourself, with just such brown sunny curls. She was the village beauty. Only a day or two ago."

We all turned to gaze eagerly at the old lady, who, in her snowy full-frilled cap and white collar, looked exactly as a neat, good-natured old grandmother might be expected to look, but

in whose time-furrowed face and silver hair we sought in vain for any resemblance to our pet, laughing Maggie.

"A young beauty! Only a day or two ago!" I repeated; upon which all the company began to stare at me; for I was, by nature, so extremely taciturn that whenever I spoke at all I was sure to be heard with special attention.

"I wish, grandpa," said Maggie, "that you had lived during the war of the Revolution. I like so much to read about that time; and it would be so delightful to hear about it from a person who had witnessed it all. Don't you think so, cousin John?"

"If he had come so early upon the stage of life, Maggie, I am afraid that we should have been old people now, and our pretty cottage that is being finished for us would have—"

"Hush, John! See! you are winding those crimson strips among the blue. Will you please to look at your work instead of watching me?"

Cousin John smilingly obeyed, for he saw the rich red blood that mantled in Maggie's cheek, and the sudden lighting of the blue eyes that were striving to frown at his innocent allusion to their future home together.

"I like war stories," said Maggie, demurely, after a moment's silence.

"Ah! Did you not know," asked the old man, "that I really did go to fight for my country once?"

"No, indeed! O grandpa!"

"It was during the last war with England in 1813, I think."

"And you really went as a soldier?" said Maggie, doubtfully.

"Yes."

"Have you ever applied for bounty land or for a pension?" asked practical John.

"No. My country never appreciated my services, or made the least attempt to raise me from obscurity. But I do not complain; for many thousands of men, as brave as myself, have been equally neglected. In fact, I have never sought for any remuneration, but have rather shunned notoriety."

"How long did you serve, grandpa? Were you ever wounded? Did you perform any of those dreadful forced night marches through swamps, and briers, and snow, and—and mud-holes?"

"I see," replied the old man, laughing at her earnestness, and indulging in a sort of inward chuckle for which I could not account, "I see that I shall have to tell you all the particulars. But not if you leave your work;" for Maggie, in

her eagerness to hear, had thrown down her scissors and come to his side. She returned at once, and sat down again by cousin John, who slyly whispered her to cut the strips broad, as he was doing, so as to get through the sooner.

"O John! how can you?" she exclaimed aloud, as she surveyed the huge balls that he had wound; "I shall have to do all your work over again. You're not helping at all. And the carpet is to be for *our* sitting—I mean for *my*—that is, John, you know—"

"Yes, I know, Maggie," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I'll come to-morrow evening again and cut them over nicely myself. I'd rather come than not. And, Maggie, I'll buy for the little parlor the prettiest—"

"We're quite ready to listen, grandpa," interrupted Maggie, pretending not to hear, and bending over the basket till her bright curls hid the roses in her cheeks. "About your going to the war, you know."

"Yes. We were all quietly at work—some in their fields and others in their shops—when the news came that the British had landed at Cohasset and burnt two sloops, and that a speedy descent upon the villages along the coast was to be apprehended. The call to arms echoed through our little community like the knell of death, and the faces of the children and women were several shades whiter on account of it; the faces of the *married* women especially, as your grandmother, no doubt, remembers."

"Fiddlestick!" responded the old lady, who was as remarkable for taciturnity as myself, and never spoke unless inwardly moved thereto.

"Well, we didn't stop to don any uniform—our valiant selves and trusty swords and guns were all that the emergency required; and no one changed his apparel, except our captain, who appeared in his Sunday clothes, with a snow-white cravat, tied in a Beau Brummel knot under his chin. We bade our families adieu with heavy hearts, dwelling, in our thoughts, mournfully upon the chances of war, and the slender probabilities of ever meeting them again on earth. Those of us who entertained any hopes of coming home alive had a positive belief in returning with fewer limbs and with shockingly mutilated countenances. I shall never forget how the women followed us, weeping and bewailing our fate and theirs, till we reached the bridge just out of the village."

"Fiddlestick!" ejaculated our grandmother again.

"There we halted, and our captain made a speech to them. He spoke of what we owed to

our country, and how willingly, as citizens, as husbands, and as fathers, we were going to face the foe and shed our blood for their protection. He said more than I can now recollect about Rome, and Greece, and the ancient glory of Athens, and ended by an eloquent reference to the wives and mothers of Sparta.

"There were times, as we all knew, when our captain's valorous spirit seemed to lose all note of modern affairs in his thorough appreciation of the battle *furor* described in ancient classic lore; in the relation of which, and in the use of sonorous epithets, he had—no one knew how—become particularly expert; and because of *those times*, it was now ungenerously whispered along our line that our brave captain was tipsy. The women stood still and heard him through; and then giving a great shout, they went back laughing to their homes. What they were laughing at I have never found out to this day.

"All that afternoon we marched sadly but steadily; our spirits drooping in spite of the frequent adjurations of our leader to 'think of Julius Caesar!' It was nine o'clock in the evening when we reached Cohasset. Of course, it was too late to assault the enemy, and, besides, none of us knew exactly where the enemy lay. It might have been our enthusiasm, or a sacred devotion to freedom, or an anticipation of the probable glory that awaited us on the morrow, that affected us, but I can truly assert that all of us, to a man, trembled in our boots at the slightest noise which could be regarded as an evidence of the proximity of the foe. We lay down to sleep in the open air with our clothes on. Sleep! when the safety of the United States was at stake! Only those who have so often saved the glorious Union in later days can fully appreciate the anxiety and patriotism that drove sleep from our eyes and slumber from our eyelids.

"A short, big, puffy man lay next to me on the ground, and his distress—on account of his country—was piteous to behold. It was Squire Pete, the old man now living at Pine Hill, on the old Boston road. What speeches had I heard from that man in the village tavern and store! Who so valorous as he? Or who so emulous of the delight of fighting hand to hand with the piratical British? 'Creation!' he would exclaim, almost bursting with courage, 'if I could command a division, I reckon the British would *know* it!' It had not escaped our notice before dark that his eyes grew wild and his cheek pale with heroic excitement, as he neared the goal where his ardent wishes were to be realized and his innate bravery gratified.

"It was a tranquil night in June, and the clear stars looked down upon our feverish and blood-thirsty company as if wooing us to thoughts of peace. For one, I felt greatly disposed to heed their gentle counsel, and, as the night wore quietly on, I indulged in a train of most salutary reflection upon the respective merits of war and peace. Still I had no intention of giving up my hopes of earthly glory; and although I was really sorry that a portion of Squire Pete's combativeness could not be communicated to me, I was resolved to do my best, and not flinch—if I could help it.

"Just before sunrise we heard the report of a solitary gun down by the shore. 'Creation! we've come to it now!' shouted Squire Pete, as he bounded up and made a bee line for the neighboring woods, from whence a little circular route restored him to the society of his anxious friends at home.

"The rest of us obeyed the call of our captain, and seized our guns. They were none of them charged; for we could not, of course, run the risk of shooting ourselves or each other by the way, and a loaded gun is not an agreeable bed-fellow. Another solitary gun boomed along the shore, and our captain—the musical quavering of whose voice did not fail to excite our courage—gave the order to load the guns. I sat down on a great log to load mine, for the heavy responsibilities of the occasion gave me such a fit of shaking that I could not stand. I put in the ball first. I think I had a sort of dreamy, indistinct idea that it would thus stand a chance to come out first; and as it was the first ball that I had ever put into a gun with a design to kill any body, I was resolved never to fire it unless a desperate emergency required it, for I had no doubt that it would hit somewhere.

"I was considering within myself whether it would not be best to get behind a barn that stood near us, and take time for careful reflection before committing myself further, when the spies that had been sent out by the captain returned with the intelligence that the guns, whose report had so inspired us, were not fired by the enemy; but that little companies of the neighboring militia were scouring the coast, and by signal guns had been communicating with each other. No one knew where to look for the enemy, and it was rumored that the British had left this part of the country. Perhaps they had been informed of our marching against them.

"At any rate, we were to have a respite; and although many of our men seemed greatly disappointed, and even indignant, at the enemy's

possible escape, their faces certainly wore a more cheerful expression, and they set about getting breakfast in the open air quite jovially. But there was still too much uncertainty about the matter for me to feel free and easy. It rather depressed my spirits to know that we might be called into action at any time. It spoiled my breakfast, and I am afraid that I was a trifle homesick. There was surely never a mortal more delighted than myself, when, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, I saw my father ride into the encampment, mounted on his old sorrel mare. Why, it seemed as if I had been absent from home a year! I concealed my joy as well as I could, on hearing that my younger brother Tom was taken ill, and that I must positively return home to assist in harvesting the hay crop. I mounted on old sorrel behind my father with the purest pleasure, willingly consenting to ride backward, so as to keep a bright lookout for the British, who might lurk in our rear, and, by timely notice, enable the old man to spur on, and escape being taken prisoner.

"We reached home in safety, and found the people all sympathizing with Squire Pete, who, it was said, had been prevented by a sudden paroxysm of St. Vitus's dance—to which he was subject—from annihilating the foe. The rest of the company returned the next day, wearied out with their futile attempt to find somebody to fight with; and although their entry into the village was not exactly a triumphal procession, you may be sure that they were respected and ever after looked upon with admiration for the readiness with which they had taken up arms for their country. None of us had any scars to show; but, in my opinion, we looked quite as well without.

"There was a crowd of people at the tavern in the evening after the company's return, and our captain was more eloquent than ever over his glass of grog, and spoke figuratively of our late humble imitation of the Greeks and Romans. And, like the orators of the present day, he was cheered incontinently.

"There, Maggie, you have a war incident, and I see that your task is accomplished. I have never applied for bounty land or a pension; but if you or John think it worth while to take the trouble, all that you get shall be a wedding-gift to you. Let us have the nuts and apples."

—♦—
SPIRITUAL sensibility increases as we pursue our course heavenward; we become nice about our subjects of thought, speech, and reading.

THINKING AND THINKERS.

BY J. D. BELL.

WHEREVER, on civilized soil, we take our stand for a survey, we see about us numerous works, all bearing the impress of having once been the burdens of elevated mind. And to the attentive and reflecting part of our race, even the least of such works must have a beautiful notoriety. Every thing that has derived an existence from the thoughts of a mind and the fingers of a hand is suggestive of a wonderful experience. Notice, if you please, the first construction of art you can put your eyes upon, and mark its significant language. How that little work—some simple tool, it may be—speaks to you of the strange greatness of man! On some distant day, since Adam lived, there was a mind interested about inventing this same diminutive tool. It still carries something of that early interest along with it. Centuries ago its inventor may have gone from the earth, but, here and now, we can read the record of one day, or, at least, of one hour of his intellectual history. So it is with all works of art. They are standing memorials of that activity in man which we call *thought*. Hence we see how it is possible for any person to live long in the world after death. If we have wrought out, by dint of manly mental effort, some work, new of its kind and useful to our race, we may be sure that the merit and glory of what we have achieved will be spoken of in throbbing words far down to the future ages.

The man of great mind lives two lives—a life in working and a life in works. The former life is the more selfish and confined; the latter the more philanthropic and encompassing. In the one, his power is more his own and his country's property; in the other, it is more the property of all other men and all other countries. Shakespeare, before his death, belonged to himself and England only; afterward he became mankind's own poet. Washington, till his life was spent, was the property of only one people and one country; but since that time all nations have been ready to exclaim, through their chosen mouth-pieces, as did the eloquent Phillips, "No people can claim and no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity—his residence creation!" What an inspiring conception is that of the commingling of one soul, thus, with the great soul of humanity! In this diffusion of the spirituality of one elevated man through the whole race, every individual is, in a large measure, enriched

and ennobled. He carries within his spirit the ideal, so to speak, of a superior human mind—a mind of lofty endowments and wonderful energies. No weaknesses and infirmities enter into this ideal. It is the representation of that only which was pure, and beautiful, and sublime, in a great man's character. You can hardly conceive of Napoleon the First as having the failings and foibles common to ordinary men. Your ideal of him contains no revealing of those dark phases of human nature which must be, to speak the truth, darker in the military conqueror than in any other man. In spite of all your native tendencies to contempt and hate that which is contemptible and hateful, you nevertheless find yourself, almost before you know it, palliating that barbarous cruelty with which he repudiated an innocent clinging wife, and glossing over that bloodthirsty ambition, at whose promptings he wasted such rivers of human blood. Even in the wild delirium of his death, on St. Helena, you can not but see him as a mighty hero, writhing upon his couch in sublime, Promethean agony. "The grossest acts of oppression and injustice," says Lord Kames, "scarcely blemish the character of a great conqueror; we nevertheless warmly espouse his interest, accompany him in his exploits, and are anxious for his success: the splendor and enthusiasm of the hero, transfused into the readers, elevate their minds far above the rules of justice, and render them, in a great measure, insensible of the wrongs that are committed." It is owing, probably, to this same kind of spontaneously purifying and sublimating idealization, with which our minds always contemplate power and magnanimity of soul, that, when we read the writings and study the lives of the prophets, and apostles, and the early Christian fathers, we seem to half ignore the fact that most of these great and earnest men were once persecuted and put to death. You do not ask, when you read Isaiah and Jeremiah, whether the one was sawn asunder, or the other perished as a martyr in some other way. You are not particular to know how Paul came to his death, or how Peter, and Matthew, and John came to theirs. Your whole mind is bent and strained upon the supernatural courage, and devotion, and spirituality of these mighty heralds and defenders of the religion of the cross. You can not think of them as now and then cast down with physical pains, and worried as to whether they were to be martyred or not. So deeply through your very being do their heavenly thoughts permeate and throb, that you almost conceive of them, as of men possessing souls without bodies.

retreat into the world of woods and rural domesticity is a cheerfully-hailed holiday. He is never in danger of committing suicide from the lugubrious ennui begotten of isolation and retirement. He is never less alone than when alone. His best companions are his thoughts. But few men know any thing of the happiness the great man finds in undisturbed self-communion. The purest and richest ravishments a human being is permitted to feel upon earth, are felt in solitude. There, far removed from the strife of the streets, undisheartened by scenes of worldly weakness, inhumanity, and corruption, unjarred by sounds of individual discord and popular tumult—there, amid the sweet serenities and the holy harmonies of nature, as no where else it can ever be, is the harp of the soul strung to its diapason of earthly beatitude. We are apt to imagine that those pleasant works which have been written to keep poor, blind, despairing men in heart and hope, amid their stern life-toils and life-struggles, are works which were written, in a way of rapid sketching, somewhere hard by the dust and din, the jarring and jostling of the world of traffic. But this is a mistake, we apprehend, that is not hard to be corrected. There never was a page written, which has made mankind think more, or hope more, or rejoice more, that was not written and rewritten in the serene stillness of unbroken seclusion. To the thoughtful soul the deepest solitude is often the condition, and the only condition, of the heartiest, fullest, and most fertile inspirations. How many a world-arousing, mankind-enchanting book owes its conception, design, and power to the mere fact of its author's having been, at a certain period of his life, unexpectedly thrown into the bosom of some quiet Juan Fernandez, far away from the hum and hubbub of busy society! It is a question whether John Bunyan would ever have conceived the idea of writing his *Pilgrim's Progress*, had he not been immured in a jail. He seemed to be a greater man, while in that long confinement, with the light of the sun struggling to his eyes through grated windows, than it was possible for him to have been any where else. "I never had," said he one day while in his dark retreat, "in all my life, so great an insight into the word of God as now. Those Scriptures which I saw nothing in before, are made, in this place and state, to shine upon me. I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins, and of my being with Jesus in another world. . . . I have seen that here, which I am persuaded I shall never, while in the world, be able to express."

It was in a like temporary sequestration that

Cervantes wrote the first part of his *Don Quixote*. Locke's great work on the *Understanding* was written while he was in banishment in Holland; and Spinoza wrote his *Exposition of Descartes* in exile at Hague. Our philanthropic countryman, Horace Greeley, has written no letter from across the ocean like that he penned during his recent short reclusion within the walls of a Parisian prison. Many a man has thus learned the noblest lessons of what his own mind can do during brief lapses of time, when, from the sheer loss of all other companionship, he was constrained to be a companion to himself. Great-minded men soon come to be almost constantly alone with themselves. They are not long in learning that days spent in solitude are the festal days of the soul. If you notice you will find that all our chosen authors have been more or less solitary men. Cowper, from long retirement, had acquired such a love of nature that he even felt unwilling to number among his friends the man who would intentionally crush an innocent worm. What ardent lovers of solitude were Gray and Thompson! Bayard Taylor has a remarkable passion for solitary ranging. The late luscious poem of Bryant entitled, "*Robert Lincoln*," not to speak of numerous others from his pleasant pen, breathing the same love of nature's symphonious repose, fully attests how strongly he is attached to the bird-haunted solitudes. Emerson, too, is passionately fond of rural serenity. And how often have I pictured to my mind our own dear Washington Irving, in those still retreats, here and there, over the wide world, where his nimble pen has written so many genial words to rejuvenate the great heart of humanity! To the thinker every thing in the domain of nature seems to be communicative of an interesting experience. There is nothing but has a tongue to tell him something new and surprising. He holds converse with shrubs and flowers, brooks and cataracts, birds and fishes. The poet—that inspired thinker—aims to give us, in his glowing numbers, a translation of the myriad languages of natural objects. It is the principal part of his mission to write the lives and interpret the utterances of things and beings, which, to the generality of mankind, have no distinguishable animation or speech, but which, to him, are the shining, throbbing, eloquent "sons of heaven." The poet is also a sort of eclectic historian of nature. He gleans up the fragmentary inscriptions left behind, by ten thousand little and great, ephemeral and long-lived existences, and presents them to us as records of what they were, what they did, and what they suffered,

in their day and generation. For, as Emerson has prettily expressed it, "All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches in the mountain, the river its channel in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaphs in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone; not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march. Every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of its followers and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent." There can be no traceable boundaries to the field of him who undertakes the work of gathering together and translating into symbols intelligible to mankind, these bright, instructive, and often extraordinary autographs, stamped, here and there, on the tablets of the great book of creation, by innumerable entities of all names and natures, motions and magnitudes, each in its own simple, rich, uncorrupted vernacular. It is in this sympathetic intimacy with natural objects as if each one had a life and individuality of its own, yet was predestined by the Father of all things to be the revealer of some attribute or the subserver of some purpose of his, that a man comes to be perpetually conscious of the universal presence, and deeply reverent of the awful majesty of God. The so-called spiritual theory of the beautiful, proposed by Schelling and elaborated by Hegel, of Germany, and which has been adopted by many if not most metaphysicians of the present age, holds that every beautiful object is an embodiment or representative of something harmonious and charming in spirit. Thus we call the crystal an object of beauty, because it symbolizes a certain spiritual order and preparation. The weeping willow is beautiful, because it symbolizes the tender disheartenment and serene thoughtfulness of grief. And the features of the human face, if beautiful at all, are of all objects the most beautiful, because they contain, in their expression, the deepest tokens of inward intelligence and amiability.

Just so all beautiful objects are conceived to be bright hints of something interesting in the experience or nature, either of the soul of man or of the soul of God. The dew-drop and the rainbow, the pebble and the pearl, the colors of the spectrum and the forms of the kaleidoscope are only the visible symbols of an exalted spirit-

uality—the out-strugglings and out-blossomings of invisible charms. It was no doubt a perception of the infinite purity and harmony of the being of Deity, as made known in the objective existences around him, that led Socrates, in that prayer which will be as immortal as his name, to plead for "the interior beauty of the soul." In the light of the philosophy of the beautiful, as thus set forth, we can catch a glimpse of the splendid fortunes, which it is the privilege of the man of thought to lay hold of and call his own. The thinker possesses more of the earth than any other man. Croesus was not so rich as he. The Rothschilds are not so rich as he. He has property in all property, riches in all riches. He can say to the forests, "Much of these is mine," and to the fields of waving grain, "I have wealth here." He has possessions which other men are too poor to purchase. All the objects of creation are engaged to contribute precious wealth into his hands daily and hourly. Every tree he passes beckons him to stop and take its glittering earnings; every morning sun asks him to stand still and receive its outpouring of radiant gold. What care could such a man have for that perishable material which the world calls wealth? How contemptible to him must seem the panting of poor, niggardly, muck-worm men after pelf to hoard away in coffers and banks! To his ear there comes an echo of pitiable poverty in the very jingle of dollars and cents. He would fain trample under his feet, for very scorn, the miser's money. Every bank note partakes, by association, so much of all that is unmanly, and corrupt, and satanic, in the disguise of human flesh, as to have to him scarcely the attraction which is borrowed from the fact of its being a useful instrument for gratifying laudable desire. And this is the one great reason why nearly all the magnanimous and noble men of the world—discoverers, writers, and orators—have been what the masses call poor. They were poor, because they refused to make themselves rich as did other men. They chose to struggle upward rather than downward, heavenward rather than dustward. The same reason explains how it has happened that all those individuals who have had vast fortunes left them by ancestors that were millionaires and misers, but who were themselves gifted by nature and polished by education to such a degree as to have the power of perceiving what poverty all such riches are, compared with the enduring riches of thought, have poured out their wealth like water in self-sacrificing efforts to elevate, improve, and bless their race.

You will notice that the burden of what we have said thus far, in this essay, has been to make clear the point that no individual can be truly dignified and manly till he has come to be an habitual thinker. It remains for us now to add a few words concerning the proper mode of acquiring the habit of close and penetrating thought.

We remark, then, that the only true mode of learning to think is to educate the mind. Under the term educate, here used, we mean to embrace no more than the strict Latin structure of the word will warrant. To wake up the dormant powers of the soul and put them in healthy action is what we understand to be the genuine process of education. Hence, in our colleges and seminaries of learning there are, or ought to be, a thousand lessons taught and learned, for which no direct demand will ever be made in practical life. The aim and end of every true school is to cultivate habits of hard thinking. You greatly mistake if you hold to a different doctrine from this. The value of one's knowledge is almost nothing compared with that of the discipline acquired in gaining it. Education is, in many respects, a losing rather than a laying up process. The completest of students must, in time, forget the details of all that he has pored over and recited about. Those who have been close students know the effect of even a few days on their garnered crops of intellectual grain. The smaller kernels, despite the most patient care, will get out of sight and be lost. And well enough they may be, for we have but few uses to put them to in life. It is the discipline we want to keep, not the details. Every skillful boxer must have dealt out many a forgotten blow in disciplinary fisticuffs. Every good shoemaker must have once made shoes for experiment's sake, which he kept no account of. No polished scholar knows all he has ever learned. The greatest men are not those who have accumulated the most learning, but those who, by long and laborious mental schooling, have acquired the readiest control over their powers of mind. We need not get nervous when we see that much of what we learned in our algebra and geometry, our calculus and mechanics, is already dim and evanishing. It is enough for us to know that we once marched over those mathematical empires, conquering, Alexander-like, all the difficulties that opposed our progress. In this knowledge we have, and will always have, the evidence of what we are, inherently and potentially. We have in it something to lean back upon, in those days of self-distrust

and humiliation, when nothing within us seems strong but memory. Habits of close, deep, and original thinking, then, are the sum and substance of what the scholar should aim at and struggle after at school. He should not go there for knowledge merely. His education will be a failure if he does. Knowledge could be acquired without a four years' exile at college, if that were the whole of a man's education. It could be acquired in any old building in the city or country, where there is a library of miscellaneous books. A mere stuffing of the mind is no more an education than a miser is a man.

We are aware that it is not permitted all to enjoy the advantages of a collegiate education. Many there are who, if they would be men at all, must, from their circumstances in life, be content to be self-made men. And to such, of course, the only hope of becoming habituated to sound and successful thinking, must be by way of unremitting exercise of mind, in close observation of men and things, patient, persevering study of profound works, and in frequent attempts at vigorous analytic and synthetic disquisition. Any thing and every thing that will make the mind more strong and self-reliant should be seized and put to service with an insatiable avidity; and all that will weaken and scatter its powers should be shunned with distrustful circumspection. The books read should be few and well chosen. Those myriad productions that are flying through the land on pinions of tinsel, with more sentences in them than thoughts, more paper than pith, should be suffered to pass by unnoticed. If they yield any benefit at all it can only be to those whose minds are too imbecile for any nourishment less diluted with the weak water of sentimentality. And one sure token of a man's having acquired a healthy relish for strong thought will be his growing dull and somnolent over all such vacant volumes. Books compactly written and thought-freighted should make up the library of him who aims to be a deep and manly thinker.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR TEMPER.

He that flings the colorings of a peevish temper on things around him, will overlay with it the most blessed sunshine that ever fell on terrestrial objects, and make them reflect the hues of his his own heart; whereas he whose soul flings out of itself the sunshine of a benevolent disposition, will make it gild the darkest places with a heavenly light. Think of this, ye who would be happy yourselves and make others so.

OVERSIGHT AND RESTRAINT OF CHILDREN.

OVERSIGHT and restraint there must be, certainly. Young life is too exuberant not to need pruning; too rampant not to require training and keeping-in. Yet restraint should not be too rigorous. Besides that the sense of freedom is one of the most delightful feelings to the child, and to the man, it is favorable to virtue, and ought for that reason to be allowed within all safe and wholesome limits. Many an instance of concealment, falsehood, truancy, obduracy, and eventual lawlessness, has been owing to an over-stringent domestic supervision; though I do not doubt that the far more common origin of such mischiefs is a too great *laxness* of supervision. There is a medium between austerity and laxness, and between servitude and licentiousness, which you will easily discern. Liberty itself, true liberty, is a medium condition; and such liberty is favorable to virtue, while slavery is its blight, as all history shows. Just now the nations are throwing off the shackles of their old feudal despotisms, and proclaiming liberty; and we look for their corresponding advancement in intelligence and moral worth. A degree of licentiousness may be the first effect; but if licentiousness gives scope and currency to vice for a time, despotism begets, nurses, and perpetuates it.

A too minute and constant supervision not only tries the temper of the child, but is unfavorable to the formation of a strong and useful character. If you direct him in every effort, call him back from every ramble, question every absence from your sight, apprise him of every little danger, contrive all his amusements for him, in a word, if you keep him every moment in leading strings and tethers, you will make a feeble and dependent creature of him. An English writer says, he was once present when an old mother, who had brought up a large family with eminent success, was asked by a young one what she would recommend in the case of some children who were too anxiously educated, and her reply was, "I think, my dear, a little wholesome neglect." Much must be left to the spontaneous impulses of the child's nature—to his natural love of achievement and of self-reliance and self-appreciation, to his conscious bravery, his instinct of self-preservation, and the teachings of experience. Much also must be left to the providence of God. Do we forget that our heavenly Father unites with us in caring for our children; and with an eye that never is averted from them, and never sleeps? It is a needful relief of mind to commit them to his keeping; and, moreover, it is hardly

to be doubted that *excessive* anxiety about the lives and limbs of children, amounting, as it often does, to a sinful distrust, or non-recognition, of his care, is often rebuked by their being taken away. A mother at meeting on Sunday recollected a tub of water into which her little child might fall and be drowned. The thought gave her so much uneasiness that she could not attend to the services. She left the house and went home. The child was safe and well in the care of the person that had been intrusted with it. She took a book, therefore, and sat down to read; but by and by, missing her child, she went to look for it, and found it drowned in the tub.

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

FAR down in the depths of the human heart, there is a fountain of pure and hallowed feeling, from which, at times, wells up a tide of emotions which words are powerless to express—which the soul alone can appreciate. Full many a heart overflowing with sublime thoughts and holy imaginings, needs but "the pen of fire" to hold enraptured thousands in its spell. The "thoughts that breathe" are there, but not the "words that burn." Nature's own inspiration fills the heart with emotions too deep for utterance, and the poetry of the heart lies forever concealed in its own mysterious shrine.

It is not he alone whose pen may paint with matchless skill the glories of a sunset scene, or trace the beauties of a summer landscape, that *appreciates* these beauties; their influence is felt, more powerfully, perhaps, by another, who can only "be silent and adore." Go stand by the thundering cataract, gaze into the deep abyss, and listen to "the sound of many waters," as they plunge into the flood below. Canst thou *express* thy thoughts? Listen to the crashing thunders, watch the gathering storm as it journeys "up the cloudy steep of heaven," the lightning's vivid flash, the wrath of the elements, and the conflicting powers of the air; be silent—it is the voice of God. The storm passes; the lightnings cease their fiery play; the thunder's voice is hushed; the sun appears, and the "bow of promise" hangs upon the dark cloud of wrath, the hand of Mercy stretched forth to stay the sword of Justice. Can the sublimity of the contrast be expressed? Is not here poetry that the soul alone can read?

Unwritten poetry! It is stamped upon the broad, blue sky—it twinkles in every star. It mingles in the ocean's swelling surge, and glitters in the dew-drop that gems the lily's bell. It

glows in the gorgeous colors of the west at the decline of day, and rests in the blackened crest of the gathering storm-cloud. It is on the mountain's height, and in the cataract's roar—in the towering oak, and in the tiny flower. Wherever we see the hand of God, there beauty finds her dwelling-place.

VISIONS.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

WHEN silent-footed Evening draws,
With fingers cold and damp,
A curtain o'er the busy earth,
And lights her silver lamp;
Then, clustering round the weary heart,
Come visions, thick and fast,
And leave their gentle impress there,
Till twilight hour is past;
And softly calling up again
The forms of faded years,
Until the lip is pale, and eyes
Are dim with falling tears.
And 'mong the chambers of the soul
Their gentle footsteps fall,
And holy hopes and high resolves
Come thronging at their call.
They breathe of bliss, and like the songs
Of low-voiced woodland birds,
The happy spirit drinketh in
Their fond and soothing words.
They sing of love, and gentler grows
The heart, beneath their spell,
Till music gushes, wild and sweet,
From chords they touched so well.
And ever after lingereth,
Amid its many cells,
An echo to the thoughts they bring,
As murmur ocean shells.
They sing of death; the spirit thrills,
As if in deadly fear,
As thoughts of the cold grave arise,
The coffin and the bier.
And silent tears fall warm and fast;
We feel a nameless dread,
As Memory, pointing to the past,
Calls up to us the dead.
Then come the friends we buried once,
With earnest voices calling;
While the dark veil that hid them long
From our rapt sight is falling.
And earth looks very cold and dark,
And heaven looks bright and fair;
And the half-broken, restless heart
Is longing to be there.
'Tis thus that twilight visions come,
Laden with hope and light,
And sing the gladdened soul asleep,
Beneath the brow of night.

THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

BY MRS. ELLIE WATSON.

WHERE the leaves, at eve, do rustle
In the breeze, that stealeth by,
Throwing moving shadows, downward
Where the grass grows thick and high;
Where the songsters pause at sunset,
There an evening song to sing,
While the floweret buds are bursting
In the gentle air of spring,
There, in quiet beauty lying,
Is a country graveyard lone;
O'er each mound tall grass is waving—
Waving round each snowy stone.
There, beneath a spreading walnut,
With a marble at her head,
Lieth one, the fair and gentle,
Ranked among the early dead.
They have carved upon the tombstone,
In the marble, cold and fair,
A hand, ever pointing upward,
And the words, "No graves are there."
Blessed words, and O how soothing
To the hearts of those who mourn,
For the tender ties that bound them,
By Death's hand asunder torn!
Far above this world of sorrow
Dwelleth she, an angel fair;
She will die no more forever:
Blessed thought, "no graves are there."

GLOOM AND SUNSHINE.

BY P. FISKE REED.
THE day is dark, and cloud and gloom
Are sadly shadowed through my room;
The music of the gentle rain
Has changed its patter on the pane,
For shriller shrieks and wilder song,
As swept by borean winds along;
But still the sun is shining high
Above the melancholy sky.
The angry clouds are floating low,
The trees are swaying to and fro;
A deeper gloom, a deeper shade
Is on the meadow, hill, and glade;
I feel, though dark their shadows fall,
My heart is sadder than them all;
Yet there's a sunny summer day,
Whose bloom will drive the gloom away.
The world is dark, its hearts are cold,
And to and fro are swayed with gold,
And shadows from the mammon gale,
Around my moody spirits trail,
Until I fear that earth, for gain,
Will be dissolved in golden rain;
But there's a Sun of living light
Above this melancholy night.

THE POWER OF RIGHT.

BY PROFESSOR D. H. NADAL.

RIGHT is from God: it brings with it the evidence of its own source. By a path of light it unites with him, and we feel that if there had been no God there would have been no right; and because there is right there must be a God. Wrong, the contradictory of right, considered as realized, is the work of the creature, and must have had a beginning; but regarded merely as a possibility must be admitted as eternal, and, in the Divine mind, set over against right—without it the very conception of right is impossible.

Right, which belongs to the nature of the infinite Being, and which stands in eternal opposition to wrong, both actual and possible, has passed over to us, both as an idea and as nature. The brutes have forms and degrees of intelligence; "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib;" but we are the only earthly creatures that know the difference between right and wrong. This distinction is clear to the most illiterate, without explanation, and mysterious to the most profoundly cultivated after the deepest investigation. It is seen to arise in the mind of the child, whether in savage or civilized life, and is a crown of joy, or a chalice of poison to the man of years when flesh and heart are about to fail. This distinction has a sphere of its own, within which we may confine it for the purpose of examination and study, and yet is so vast and so expansive as to press into every other circle of thought and to offer itself as the regulating power of every mental process. It is at once simple and incomprehensible, narrow and infinite, on the surface and buried in the depths of an unfathomable ocean.

If we consider this distinction as a part of our nature, we are at once brought to the conclusion that man is a religious being, and, therefore, immortal. For to feel that we are required to do right and yet are capable of doing wrong, is to acknowledge responsibility, one of the fundamental ideas of religion; while, at the same time, responsibility is wholly without meaning unless we are to exist in another state in order to meet it.

This wonderful idea of right, then, considered both as a matter of speculation and as a part of our nature, draws after it the existence and character of God, and our own responsibility and immortality: it is the center thought of our being, around which all the other great ideas of humanity are compacted. I reach the conviction of the Divine existence, that of my own

religious character, and that of my immortality, because I set out from the idea and capacity of right in myself.

Before we proceed to discuss the power of right, let us inquire what is right? And to this question our answer is threefold: we predicate right of the opinions and principles of men, of their sentiments and of their acts. These are the constituents of the one right, and when they concur and are highly developed in the same person, they form a complete, and beautiful, and powerful character.

When we predicate right of the opinions and principles of men, we simply mean that these opinions and principles are true: the power of right in this case is the power of truth. When we say a man is right in his sentiments, we mean to ascribe to him good intentions, good motives, sincerity. Here the power of right is the power of a truthful and earnest soul. And when we say a man's actions are right, we mean to assert a correspondence between his conduct and the Divine law. The power of right in this instance may be called the power of external obedience; that is, of outward correspondence with the law of God.

A little reflection will show that there is power in each of these forms of right, even when taken alone. First, a true opinion, clearly expressed, has a much greater chance of success than a false one, though the utterer of it may be a tool or a sycophant. Nay, there are thousands holding the truth in unrighteousness, who are never right except for a price, and yet even in *their* hands the truth can not be without force. Indeed, such is the power of truth that its influence is felt when it is totally wanting, and a falsehood, assuming the name and guise of truth, is accepted and honored; whereas if it had presented itself without disguise, it would have produced nothing but disgust. How often has a whole system of error been rendered palatable by stirring into it a few grains of popular and obvious truth! Truth is never rejected nor error accepted as such; but truth has often been persecuted as error, and error as often honored as truth. But how little power will truth have when hypocritically or indifferently held, compared with what it might have if the heart and the life followed the professions and the arguments!

Something of the same kind may be said of right as predicated of the sentiments. If a man loves the truth, and thinks he has it when he has not, there is power in the mere sentiment of truthfulness—the zeal is genuine if the idea is false; the cause is weak in itself, but strong in

the truthful soul and earnest love of its champion. Such is the assimilative power of earnestness that it is capable of converting the impalpable threads of a false theory into massive bolts of argument, of placing apparently solid foundations under air-castles, of drawing the forces of the opposition over to itself, and of fusing the most discordant materials into its own mass. Earnestness, in cases not to be numbered in the history of the world, has given victory to the grossest error and injustice. It is not the error, but the honest though mistaken zeal that conquers in spite of the error. There may be nothing in men's nature responding to the notions of this hero of error; but there is something that responds to his truthful design, to his noble and honest purpose, and that kindles at contact with his fiery zeal. Right sentiments, then, have power even when they exist apart from correct opinions, and are clogged and impeded by false theories.

In regard to right actions, a man may be an Atheist or a fatalist, and thus utterly ignore the distinction between right and wrong; his actions may be outwardly right only from selfishness or fashion; and yet even here, where we have the merest shell of right, we see its power—selfishness is compelled to employ it in order to gain its ends. Every rogue and hypocrite wants the reputation of doing right that he may the more easily do wrong. A good name is dear to an honest man, both as a badge of character and as a means of doing good; the villain prizes it as the treacherous duplicate key with which he finds his way into his neighbor's iron safe.

Thus we see that even when the seamless garment of right is rent by violence, or separated into half-living forms by the sharp instrument of analysis, the separated and fragmentary parts still retain a portion of their power, and, in some cases, become mighty for wrong. Truth, earnestness, and obedience form a trinity, the name of which unity is right; and this unity receives its character as much from the union as from the nature of the constituent parts. An axiom in morals is one thing as an article of trade and a means of making money, and quite another thing when responded to and embraced by a noble and truth-loving soul—the love of an earnest heart, when given to a false and visionary theory, is widely different from the love of the same heart when possessed by some grand and ennobling truth—the beautiful system of Christian ethics received by Simon the magician and Paul the apostle finds very different illustrations in the history of the two men. Right, then, in the

highest, in the only complete sense, is triple; the brain and the heart within, and the daily life without—the intellectual, the moral, the practical make one glorious system, that must not be divided, and can not without violence. Truth, the right of the intellect, attains a permanent position in the soul only when embraced with right sentiments, and only through such sentiments, that is, through the transparent love of truth, can the ideal pass into the actual, and the common life become an epic replete with the triumph of reason over passion—of right over wrong.

This, then, is the high ideal of humanity: perfect truth, boundless love for truth, considered especially as moral, and constant practice of truth. Toward this we are continually to aspire; it is our privilege to be always approaching it, but our destiny, while on earth, never fully to attain. Even inspired men have but partially realized it, for they have all had their uninspired moments. It was left for him who was at once both human and superhuman, both an infant of days and the everlasting Father; it was left for Jesus of Nazareth to convert this glorious ideal into a living reality; to give it a brief abode in the earth—to leave it in the world as the crown of history, the source of the noblest civilization and the faultless pattern of humanity. With him truth was unmixed with error, the love of right never misapplied, and life without a blemish. But is there any thing in all this to dishearten us? Is it not merely saying that man can not become God; that the Son of Mary alone can be God and man at the same time? And is it not still true, as the divine Teacher has expressed it, that if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine—know all that is necessary to be known?

If, therefore, it is impossible that even the wisest and best of men should always be perfectly right, it is equally impossible for him whose master passion is the love of right ever to be fatally wrong. He who seeks truth everywhere and always, and is willing to find it any where, even among enemies, is already the owner of the oyster containing the goodly pearl—he will soon find the hid treasure—he is already within the field that incloses it, and his feet are pressing the sod that conceals it.

Here is enough of right within human reach, not merely to ennoble the soul, but even to exalt sheer mediocrity into glorious heroism, and to nerve the single heart and individual arm against all the power of a selfish and corrupted age. Only be sure that you love the right with an

ardent, glowing, ever-increasing passion—that there is no sacrifice you would not make for her honor and advancement; and no toil you would not undergo in her service, and you are already mighty.

A brief examination will show that the power of right, as we have presented it, lies imbedded in our moral and intellectual constitution, and necessarily results from the relations of our being.

This is deducible, *a priori*, from what we know and are obliged to conceive of God. If right is a part of his nature, and the eternal inherent rule of the Divine life, it must certainly be impressed on his creation, and become, in like manner, the rule of all finite intelligences. The universe must bear it on its broad breast as a motto; must be built up around it and gravitate toward it—opposition to it must be conflict with the highest harmony and war with God himself. If his nature is the highest—the essential right—and it is his object to bring his intelligent creatures into harmony with himself in this respect, he certainly has not failed so to construct the universe that right and its adherents shall have the advantage of wrong.

But not to push the *a priori* argument, let us come directly to the cause of the power of right; why is right powerful? We reply, right is powerful because of the character it forms, because of its adaptation to be dominant in every sphere of activity, and because of the immediate co-operation and blessing of God.

First, then, it is strong because it is its nature to produce a strong character. We do not say that every good man is an example of what we mean by a strong character; but we do affirm that every man becomes strong in proportion as right works itself out in him, as it becomes established in his affections and in his intellect.

The being right in the sense of which we speak, is not that rhetorical sentimentalism that finds vent in unmeaning prettinesses concerning the excellence of virtue, while it would not touch one of her burdens with a little finger; neither is it that philosophical appreciation of the true and the good sometimes exhibited by the scientific moralist in disgraceful contradiction with his life. One of these loves right as a gay girl does a flower, simply as a decoration; the other as most conquerors have loved their soldiers, as a means of plunder or glory. To be right in the grand and noble sense of which we are treating, is to regard it not as a means, but as an end, to love it above all things, to seek it in all things, and to follow it whithersoever it may

lead us, even to the scaffold, or still worse for intellectual pride, to the opinions of our opponents; and to the ranks of the opposite party in religion, philosophy, or politics. It is to press on after truth in our investigations without regard to the profits or the glory of discovery; to be as glad to detect and as frank to confess our own errors as those of our antagonists; to feel that there is no study, no enterprise we are as much interested in as being and advancing right. The character thus formed wins by its beautiful simplicity, astonishes by its disinterested devotion, awes by its unbending rectitude, and persuades by all three; men love it because it is truly lovely, and confide in it because they can not help it. The man possessing such a character feels himself called, as one has said, to bear witness to the truth; his life, his fortunes are of little moment—the results of his life are of infinite moment. He is the priest of truth; he is in her pay; he has bound himself to do all things, to venture all things, to suffer all things for her.

There are two qualities of mind which right has a tendency to produce, which, more than any others, contribute to the formation of a strong character; they are courage and the power of calm reflection. There is a courage which is purely natural, or, perhaps, only animal; it lies more in the motions of the body than in those of the soul; the result rather of unheeding passion than of well-considered purpose. If such a courage could be induced to pause and reflect on the threshold of a dangerous encounter, flight, in all probability, would follow reason; but with the brute's want of thought there is the brute's ferocious assault on the enemy. There are also cases, many of them, where courage, genius, and wrong are found united; where the man has sold himself for the objects of a godless ambition; and reputation, happiness, life, and the soul's eternal weal are freely risked in a thousand emergencies. But if the suggestions of such a mind were those of truth and right, instead of those of lawless ambition, how calm would be his soul in the midst of the battle-storm, and how infinitely more sublime his courage! If he trembled at all, it would not be for his own safety, but for the honor of the right and for the awful danger of its enemies.

The explanation of the matter is, that ambition is less a love of power and fame than of self; at least it is only a love of these for the sake of self. Self is the point toward which the ambitious man would draw every thing within the circle of his thoughts; self is the great source of his solicitude—the object he would enrich,

and glorify, and invest with supreme power; and, hence, in all his struggles, his courage is only the inspiration of an all-absorbing selfishness; it has no deeper root, no wider range, no higher aspiration than self. This self-dedication—this morbid, all-subsidizing self-love, with all its overstrained intensity and demon-like potency, contains, at least, one element of manifest weakness, and that is, the bitter, irrepressible conviction, that the object of love is unworthy; that such a self ought to be hated and despised. A courage having its stronghold in such meanness and corruption, must sometimes falter, and is destined, sooner or later, with a terrible crash, to give way altogether. This is not the courage so striking, though negatively, described by the apostle when he tells us that "perfect love casteth out fear." The love of self is indeed great; but the consciousness of ill-desert, and an occasional glimpse of coming doom open the door to fear and mar its perfection; the passion for self is fierce, mighty; but reason, though generally borne down by it, will now and then assert its authority, declaring its moral madness, and weakening the soul by dividing it against itself.

In a character whose chief trait is devotion to right, self-love is not indeed ignored, but subordinated and regulated: self is the servant of right, anxious to do and ready to die for its master. While the hero who draws his inspiration from self-love only, is doomed to see much that is revolting in the object of his devotion, the other, the moral hero, daily and hourly sees in right fresh reasons for increased ardor of attachment and zeal in his services. Right has no blemishes, no defects to weaken his faith or lessen his love; every contemplation of it reveals new beauties and sublimities which tend to complete the glorious vassalage of his soul. His ever-present conviction is, I must do, and think, and say only what is right. Pursuing the right in all his studies, enshrining it as a divine principle, obeying it as a divine impulse—the expression of an unspotted conscience, it grows all through him and over him, pervades him like his blood, covers him like his skin, becomes the soul of his soul, and draws him up to companionship and equality with angels, till we are reminded of the beautiful words of Paul, "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." His soul becomes radiant with the glory of right—a visible expression and living representation of it. To cleave to it becomes his highest good; to depart from it more terrible than earthquake,

plague, or sword—more to be dreaded than all the power of its enemies. To sacrifice fortune, fame, and even life, is less, infinitely less, than for one moment to renounce it. And when this conviction is carried up into the sphere of religion, as in its highest manifestations it always is, it joins the soul to God and completes its courage by mailing it with a sense of the Divine favor, and nerving it with a conviction of the Divine assistance. Divine veracity, trusted with the whole soul, has pledged the assistance of infinite power and the solace of heavenly love: the home of the soul henceforth is the pavilion of the Almighty, the secret place of the Most High—the tabernacle of God is with men. He feels that the stars, which, in their courses fought against Sisera, are doing battle for him; that the strife he wages is not his own but God's, and that the very possibility of harm to him is forever excluded—the body may fall, but the soul no arrow can pierce, no sorrow darken. Thus it is that the great ideas of God and religion pass into the soul of man, and endow him, as the champion of right, with a heroism more than mortal.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCOIS.

STEP softly, for on the little couch lies the pet, the plaything, the cherished babe of the household. The soft, lily hands still clasp a tiny basket, and a sad, sweet smile yet answers our own; but the bright eyes, "too bright, alas!" wander restlessly, and the low, moaning voice quivers the mother's heart-strings, and brings the tears to the eyes of all. . . . The bright, glad sunshine that is bathing the earth in beauty, steals not through the closed blinds, and the draped canary-bird pines for morn. O when will it be morn again to these aching hearts; for death has set his signet on the snowy brow, and the rounded arms and dimple hands will soon be laid low in the dark grave, where no mother can smooth the silken ringlets, and no father kiss the chubby cheek—no, never more on earth! Sorrowful dispensation! A father's breast heaves with agony; a mother's tears gush up from the deep fountain of sorrow within.

Light, joy, and gladness to the little babe that has entered the heavenly fold. No more moans, no more parched lips nor throbbing brow, no more darkened windows or hushed birds; but Savior's smiles, angel's care, bright, dancing beams, joyful caroling, and light, light for evermore.

SMUGGLED RELATIONS.

WHEN I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady-visitor who made a morning call at our house, that a certain ornamental object on the table, which was covered with marbled paper, "wasn't marble." Years of reflection upon this injury have fully satisfied me that the honest object in question never imposed upon any body; further, that my honored parents, though both of a sanguine temperament, never can have conceived it possible that it might, could, should, would, or did impose upon any body. Yet I have no doubt that I had my ears boxed for violating a tacit compact in the family and among the family visitors, to blink the stubborn fact of the marbled paper, and agree upon a fiction of real marble:

Long after this, when my ears had been past boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg—or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take about with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg—was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole universe might have made affidavit of it. Still it was always understood that this cork leg was to be regarded as a leg of flesh and blood, and even that the very subject of cork in the abstract was to be avoided in the wearer's society.

I have had my share of going about the world; wherever I have been, I have found the marbled paper and the cork leg. I have found them in many forms; but, of all their Protean shapes, at once the commonest and strangest has been—Smuggled Relations.

I was on intimate terms for many, many years, with my late lamented friend, Cogsford, of the great Greek house of Cogsford Brothers and Cogsford. I was his executor. I believe he had no secrets from me but one—his mother. That the agreeable old lady who kept his house for him *was* his mother, must be his mother, couldn't possibly be any body but his mother, was evident: not to me alone, but to every body who knew him. She was not a refugee, she was not proscribed, she was not in hiding, there was no price put upon her venerable head; she was invariably liked and respected as a good-humored, sensible, cheerful old soul. Then why did Cogsford smuggle his mother all the days of his life? I have not the slightest idea why. I can not so much as say whether she had ever contracted a second marriage, and her name was really Mrs. Bean: or whether that name was bestowed upon her as a part of the smuggling transaction. I

only know that there she used to sit at one end of the hospitable table, the living image in a cap of Cogsford at the other end, and that Cogsford knew that I knew who she was. Yet, if I had been a custom-house officer at Folkestone, and Mrs. Bean a French clock that Cogsford was furtively bringing from Paris in a hat-box, he could not have made her the subject of a more determined and deliberate pretense. It was prolonged for years upon years. It survived the good old lady herself. One day I received an agitated note from Cogsford, entreating me to go to him immediately; I went, and found him weeping, and in the greatest affliction. "My dear friend," said he, pressing my hand, "I have lost Mrs. Bean. She is no more." I went to the funeral with him. He was in the deepest grief. He spoke of Mrs. Bean, on the way back, as the best of women. But even then he never hinted that Mrs. Bean was his mother; and the first and last acknowledgment of the fact that I ever had from him was in his last will, wherein he entreated "his said dear friend and executor" to observe that he requested to be buried beside his mother—whom he didn't even name, he was so perfectly confident that I had detected Mrs. Bean.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband relative made mysterious appearances and disappearances, and knew strange things. He was called John—simply John. I have got into a habit of believing that he must have been under a penalty to forfeit some weekly allowance if he ever claimed a surname. He came to light in this way: I wanted some information respecting the remotest of the Himalaya range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Benting—a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points—to advise me. After some consideration, Benting said, in a half-reluctant and constrained way, very unlike his usual frank manner, that he "thought he knew a man" who could tell me, of his own experience what I wanted to learn. An appointment was made for a certain evening at Benting's house. I arrived first, and had not observed for more than five minutes that Benting was under a curious cloud, when his servant announced—in a hushed, and, I may say, unearthly manner—"Mr. John." A rather stiff and shabby person appeared, who called Benting by no name whatever—a singularity that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterward—and whose manner was curiously divided between familiarity and distance. I found this man to have been all over the Indies, and

to possess an extraordinary fund of traveler's experience. It came from him dryly at first; but he warmed, and it flowed freely till he happened to meet Benting's eye. Then he subsided again, and—it appeared to me—felt himself, for some unknown reason, in danger of losing that weekly allowance. This happened a dozen of times in a couple of hours, and not the least curious part of the matter was, that Benting himself was always as much disconcerted as the other man. It did not occur to me that night, that this was Benting's brother, for I had known him very well indeed for years, and had always understood him to have none. Neither can I now recall, nor, if I could, would it matter, by what degrees and stages I arrived at the knowledge. However this may be, I knew it, and Benting knew that I knew it. But we always preserved the fiction that I could have no suspicion that there was any sort of kindred or affinity between them. He went to Mexico, this John—and he went to Australia—and he went to China—and he died somewhere in Persia—and one day, when we went down to dinner at Benting's, I would find him in the dining-room, already seated—as if he had just been counting the allowance on the table-cloth—and another day I would hear of him as being among scarlet parrots in the tropics; but I never knew whether he had ever done any thing wrong, or whether he had ever done any thing right, or why he went about the world, or how. As I have already signified, I got into habits of believing; and I have got into a habit of believing that Mr. John had something to do with the dip of the magnetic needle—he is all vague and shadowy to me, however, and I only know him for certain to have been a smuggled relation.

Other people again put these contraband commodities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy bury kegs. I have heard of a man who never imparted, to his most intimate friend, the terrific secret that he had a relation in the world, except when he lost one by death; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer to his bereavement as if he had lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of infancy. Within my own experience, I have observed smuggled relations to possess a wonderful quality of coming out when they die. My own dear Tom, who married my fourth sister, and who is a great smuggler, never fails to speak to me of one of his relations newly deceased, as though, instead of never having in the remotest way alluded to that relative's existence before, he had been per-

petually discoursing of it. "My poor, dear, darling Emmy," he said to me within these six months, "she is gone—I have lost her." Never till that moment had Tom breathed one syllable to me of the existence of any Emmy whomsoever on the face of this earth, in whom he had the smallest interest. He had scarcely allowed me to understand, very distinctly and generally, that he had some relations—"my people," he called them—down in Yorkshire. "My own dear, darling Emmy," says Tom, notwithstanding, "she has left me for a better world." (Tom must have left her for his own world, at least fifteen years.) I repeated, feeling my way, "Emmy, Tom?" "My favorite niece," said Tom, in a reproachful tone, "Emmy, you know. I was her godfather, you remember. Darling, fair-haired Emmy! Precious, blue-eyed child!" Tom burst into tears, and we both understood that henceforth the fiction was established between us that I had been quite familiar with Emmy by reputation, through a series of years.

Occasionally smuggled relations are discovered by accident: just as those kegs may be, to which I have referred. My other half—I mean, of course, my wife—once discovered a large cargo in this way, which had been long concealed. In the next street to us lived an acquaintance of ours, who was a commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I have frequently heard him at his own table mention his father as a "poor, dear, good old boy," who had been dead for any indefinite period. He was rather fond of telling anecdotes of his very early days, and from them it appeared that he had been an only child. One summer afternoon, my other half, walking in our immediate neighborhood, happened to perceive Mrs. Commissioner's last year's bonnet—to every inch of which, it is necessary to add, she could have sworn—going along before her on some body else's head. Having heard generally of the swell mob, my good lady's first impression was, that the wearer of this bonnet belonged to that fraternity, had just abstracted the bonnet from its place of repose, was in every sense of the term walking off with it, and ought to be given into the custody of the nearest policeman. Fortunately, however, my Susannah, who is not distinguished by closeness of reasoning or presence of mind, reflected as it were by a flash of inspiration, that the bonnet might have been given away. Curious to see to whom, she quickened her steps, and descried beneath it, an ancient lady of an iron-bound presence, in whom—for my Susannah has an eye—she instantly recog-

nized the lineaments of the Commissioner! Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, that very afternoon, tracked down an ancient gentleman in one of the Commissioner's hats. Next day she came upon the trail of four stony maidens, decorated with artificial flowers out of the Commissioner's epergne; and thus we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had been for some years secreted in lodgings round the corner, and never entered the Commissioner's house save in the dawn of morning and the shades of evening. From that time forth, whenever my Susannah made a call at the Commissioner's she always listened on the doorstep for any slight preliminary scuffling in the hall, and hearing it, was delighted to remark, "The family are here, and they are hiding them!"

I once lodged in the house of a genteel lady claiming to be a widow, who had four pretty children, and might be occasionally overheard coercing an obscure man in a sleeved waistcoat, who appeared to be confined in some pit below the foundations of the house, where he was condemned to be always cleaning knives. One day the smallest of the children crept into my room and said, pointing downward with a little chubby finger, "Don't tell! It's pa!" and vanished on tiptoe!

One other branch of the smuggling trade demands a word of mention before I conclude. My friend of friends in my bachelor days, became the friend of the house when I got married. He is our Amelia's godfather; Amelia being the eldest of our cherubs. Through upward of ten years he was backward and forward at our house three or four times a week, and always found his knife and fork ready for him. What was my astonishment on coming home one day to find Susannah sunk upon the oil-cloth in the hall, holding her brow with both hands, and meeting my gaze, when I admitted myself with my latch-key, in a distracted manner! "Susannah!" I exclaimed, "what has happened?" She merely ejaculated, "Larver"—that being the name of the friend in question. "Susannah!" said I, "what of Larver? Speak! Has he met with any accident? Is he ill?" Susannah replied faintly, "Married—married before we were:" and would have gone into hysterics but that I make a rule of never permitting that disorder under my roof.

For upward of ten years my bosom friend Larver, in close communication with me every day, had smuggled a wife! He had at the last confided the truth to Susannah, and had presented Mrs. Larver. There was no kind of rea-

son for this, that we could ever find out. Even Susannah had not a doubt of things being all correct. He had "run" Mrs. Larver into a little cottage in Hertfordshire, and nobody ever knew why, or ever will know. In fact, I believe there was no why in it.

ELEMENTS OF A HIGH STANDARD OF PIETY IN THE CHRISTIAN PROFESSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

GROWTH, enlargement is one of the striking laws of physical, intellectual, and spiritual being. The little rivulet, trickling down through pebbles and moss, and overhung with spreading branches, gradually enlarges into a stream, which in turn becomes swollen into a mighty river, rolling on its ceaseless tide of waters to the everlasting ocean. Such should be the ever-enlarging, ever-expanding stream of Christian love.

The little twig that writhes and bends before the slightest gust of wind, gradually rises, till its mighty trunk towers toward the heavens and its arms spread abroad, defying alike the stormy blast and the freezing cold. Such is the development of the Christian's spiritual character—once a frail and feeble twig, now a mighty oak.

The intellect of childhood, how feeble! It stumbles at the least difficulty; it is bewildered by the slightest mysteries; its simplicity, its little wonderments, its childish feebleness awaken our sympathy and almost excite our pity. But to that intellect—so feeble in its beginning—the law of development is applied. It acquires new energy, develops new power, rises in might and majesty, till, with Newton, it fathoms the profoundest mysteries of the universe, with Herschell it walks among the constellations of heaven, and with Locke analyzes the profoundest mysteries of thought. Similar to this is the law of spiritual development. It contemplates an unceasing approximation toward the great source of purity and of love. Christian development—the attainment of a high standard of piety—is the law of our spiritual life. This is one of the primary ends of the Gospel. The spiritual and moral elevation of our nature is the crowning glory of our salvation. It is the element of *selectness* that makes desirable the exalted society of heaven.

But men are so prone to mistake the true nature of a high standard of piety, that we propose to indicate a few of its elements. In a character answering to this description we apprehend there must be a combination of Christian graces,

harmonizing with each other, full in their development, firm in their action, and beautiful in their combination. John Angel James has well said that "real personal godliness consists of the union of Scriptural opinions, spiritual affections, a tender conscience, good morals, and Christian love." A high standard of piety implies the development of these traits in a high degree.

In such a person *there will be a constant, earnest, and successful warring against the motions of sin.* There will be a constant and successful effort "to strive against sin," "to mortify the deeds of the body," "to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts thereof," and "to cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." The heart of such a man is the temple of the living God, and he knows that him who defiles God's temple will God destroy. No one who would attain eminent piety can be released from this warfare. It will mark every stage of his upward progress, and every conflict with his stubborn foe.

In the heart of such a person there will also be *a strong and earnest love of evangelical truth.* Is a man wedded to the cultivation of some one of the sciences? How deep will be his interest in the fundamental and established truths of that science! their very enunciation will thrill upon his soul; and the presentation of its problems will arouse him to intense yet delightful mental activity. The Christian—such as we have described—is wedded to the science of salvation. How will the great mystery of godliness thrill upon his heart! How will his heart cling, especially to that great truth which lies at the foundation of all faith and hope in Christ!

Another trait will be *an exquisite tenderness of conscience.* Such a conscience will be strong and clear in its monitions as well as sensitive in its susceptibility of impression. Like the telescope, it will sweep over the field of vision, descrying objects not discernible to the common eye. Delicate as "the apple of the eye," it is sensitive to the slightest touch. And yet so deep is the soul's hatred of sin, that it delights in that exquisite pain of conscience which warns it of sin's approach.

Closely connected with this will be *spiritual-mindedness, or an habitual relish for the things of God and religion.* This is having fellowship with the Father and the Son; it is living by faith; walking with God; being dead to the world; setting our affections on things above. It implies a love for religious meditation, a delight in prayer, a fondness for the Scriptures, a disposition to retire from company to hold communion with God,

a love and relish for the ordinances of religion, the enjoyment of that peace that passeth understanding, and a frequent experience of the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. *This is eminent religion.* (Christian Professor.)

Resulting from this inward work will flow *consistency of Christian life.* A holy life is one of the beautiful fruits of Christianity. It was said of Homer that he made his gods live like men—subjecting them to the same vices, passions, and infirmities. But Christianity teaches men to live like gods. It implants in the soul a principle—divine in its origin and divine in its tendency—ever bearing us upward. It presents not mere dry formula for the regulation of the life, but it gives a new impulse and direction to character. The outward development of a holy life is only the manifestation of a change wrought within. But the one is indispensable to the other. "Show me thy faith without works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." A scrupulous integrity of Christian character and purity of life are the inseparable concomitants of high spiritual attainments in religion. If the tree does not bear this fruit, its planting is not of God.

Another characteristic of high attainment in religion, is *the predominance of Christian love, which will reign supreme in the soul.* This will not only predominate over every other affection, but it will so blend with those natural affections which have been implanted by God, as to purify them, harmonize them, and direct them to holy and beneficent ends. Here is the fulfilling of the divine command to love the Lord with all the heart, soul, might, mind, and strength. The very element in which such a soul lives is heavenly love; this is the main-spring of its action, the bond of sympathy that unites it at once to the world and to heaven. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in Christ, and Christ in him. Love is the all-pervading element of Christian piety—an element that robes it with the beauty, loveliness, and purity of heaven itself.

Such are some of the Christian graces, whose combination and development constitute a high standard of piety. If a part only of these graces be possessed, the Christian character will lack symmetry and completeness. So also if they are disproportioned in their development. It is only when *all* these virtues, vigorous in their growth, proportionate in their development, center in the same individual, that we can point to such a one as a practical exemplification of what is intended by "a high standard of piety in the Christian profession."

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.—“Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.”—*Matthew xxi, 28.*

When Hugo Grotius was treading the dark valley of the shadow of death, such were the abasing views he had of himself, that he expressed a wish that he could change conditions with John Uriek, a poor but devout man. His friends, seeking to administer consolation, reminded him of his great industry and learned performances; to which he replied, with a sigh, “*Hec! vitam perdidit operose nihil agende.*” “Alas! I have squandered my life away laboriously in doing nothing.” How many of us have greater cause to prefer this charge at the bar of our conscience!

Our solemn vocation, as “followers of Christ,” requires vigorous and untiring industry, as well as patient and unwavering confidence. Christianity is not only a system of faith, but of practice. It invites us to rest: it also calls us to labor. It cries in the ears of the perishing, while it points to the blood-stained standard, “Believe.” It adds, in language not less intelligible and forcible, “Faith without works is dead.” He who accepts the sacred vocation under the impression that he will have no duties to perform, betrays ignorance of the first principles of the Gospel. The kingdom of God is a vineyard; and there is hedging work, and planting work, and watering work, and pruning work. Or it is a building; and there is a foundation to be laid, walls to be raised, and a top-stone to be brought on. Or it is a sheep-fold; and sheep have to be gathered, and fed, and protected. And various agents and talents are needed for the successful prosecution of the service of the King. He himself said, “I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day. The night cometh, when no man can work.” And the baptized apostles testify, “We are laborers together with God.” For the efficient prosecution of the high and merciful purposes of the Redeemer, there must not only be vigorous, but combined and systematic action; for “he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.” Combined action is essential to all great undertakings. “Union is strength,” not only in science, in politics, in commerce, and in warfare, but also in religion.

A celebrated writer on zoology, speaking of the half million of species supposed to exist either in a living or fossil state, says: “At first sight it seems a hopeless task for men to attain to the knowledge of such a multitude. But, though one man could do little of himself, the combined exertions of many laborers at the same time, in various countries, may do much; and, as each generation transmits, by means of books, the knowledge it has acquired, each successive generation starts in its researches from the vantage-ground gained by the labors of its predecessors. And so, looking at the countless myriads of redeemed but unsaved men—their Satanic

enmity, their blind prejudices, the selfish and worldly influences by which they are spell-bound and hedged up—it seems hopeless to attempt the realization of the sublime purpose of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, seated at the Father’s right hand, is expecting “that his enemies be made his footstool;” but the combined efforts of many laborers, in different departments, possessing various talents, all working at the same time, and all influenced by that one Spirit who worketh all in all, can do much. And, as each generation transmits to posterity the fruit of its labors—for “other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors”—each successive generation starts in its toils from the vantage-ground gained by the labor of its predecessors; and we, therefore, exultingly predict the immortal empire of Christ and the subjugation of the world to him.

When the first assault was made upon the great citadel of Satan at Jerusalem, on the day of Pentecost, although its foundation had stood for ages, and its walls of more than granite were built according to the strongest principles of resistance known in the council of the Prince of Darkness, those walls were shattered. And, while the foundations themselves gave way, the enemy surrendered, and three thousand of the most bitter, and prejudiced, and determined foes of Christ were made his willing captives; and thus a pledge was given for the ultimate and universal triumph of the Gospel.

This is an age of action. The man who slumbers must submit to be outstripped by his competitors, if he be not trampled under foot by them. This is an age when men are to be found in sufficient number, and with adequate qualifications, for any great enterprise that may be attempted.

But the work of God languishes for want of help. All hail to the thousands of willing laborers in our Churches! “Your labor is not in vain in the Lord.” “Therefore, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.” But we appeal to you to say, if the labor done in the Church is equal to the demand.

Church members, we ask you to leave your mills, your counting-houses, your shops, and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. You “can not come.” Why? Can you find time to be afflicted? or can you find time to die? Perhaps you “feel extremely desirous that Church institutions should be sustained amply and vigorously, and that the aggressive principle should be fully carried out,” and “you will freely give your subscription for that purpose; but your services really can not be spared from your business, so numerous are its engagements, so pressing are its claims, and so imperative its demands.” But, we ask, of what avail are funds, if you have not agents to work out the plans that funds are intended to sustain? Your ministers can not do it alone. Of what avail would be your admirals and officers without the working men of the fleets? The granite walls of the enemy’s forts would show defiance to their courage and their skill. And so ministers and others engaged in

the work of the Lord are comparatively powerless without your assistance.

Among the many beautiful pictures in the ever-beautiful life of the "Crucified One," few are more touching than one recorded in the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark. The scene is Bethany, the village so often honored by the presence of the Prince of the kings of the earth. In the house of one Simon a leper, the Savior sat at meat. There came in a woman having an alabaster-box of very precious ointment, and she poured its odoriferous contents upon his sacred head, and the house became fragrant with perfume. Mark the result! He who passed no eulogy upon Caesar for his bravery, or Hector for his valor, or Homer for his Iliad, said of this poor woman, "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD." Said one, "I am not ambitious to have a rich mausoleum when I am dead, a stately sepulcher, or a beautiful urn, or a name engraven in brass or marble, but a little stone to cover me, with this epitaph, 'HE HATH DONE WHAT HE COULD.'"

"THE CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL," *Luke ii, 25.*—In Simon's day the ancient people of God had need of "consolation;" for the scepter had departed from Judah. It was very unlikely that a humble babe of Bethlehem should be the consolation of a ransomed world, yet now were about to be fulfilled to "the true Israel" the divine words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God!" Misled by a false interpretation of the glorious prophecies of the Old Testament Scriptures, the Jews were even now expecting as their Messiah a temporal prince, who by his achievements should win back for them their ancient renown, and whose external pomp and magnificence should exceed even those of Solomon; but the venerable Simeon, gifted with faith's discerning eye, saw through the veil of infant humanity, "God manifest in the flesh." Having thus beheld the Consolation of Israel, his great object in life was attained; and, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," fell from his adoring lips.

There is something very soothing in the word "consolation!"

At present Jesus is the consolation of his people, chiefly through the agency of the Holy Ghost, "the Comforter." "I will not," he says, "leave you comfortless." Leave them he must, in order to receive his mediatorial glory; but they shall not be alone, or "comfortless." "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" Emphatic question! even though uttered by a human and a miserable comforter!

It may be that to the eyes of the reader tears are no strangers. Well! Though earthly cisterns of comfort be broken, Christ abideth ever, a perennial source of consolation; and the most afflicted Christian may say,

"O, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine,
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried."

"The God of all consolation" can, indeed, if it so please him, cause refreshing streams to abound in the most barren of earthly wildernesses. Hagar found it thus. When she was a desert-wanderer, "God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water." But whether the secondary comforts which he may see fit to afford them be many or few, the Savior is himself essentially "the consolation" of his people; and he is especially so at the hour of death. In that awful hour, and in the judgment which must follow, there will be no consolation

but in Christ. He only can despoil death of its sting, the grave of its victory. It is when heart and flesh are failing that the Savior is found to be pre-eminently the believer's consolation. Then is he "who was dead and is alive again" a stay indeed! With the eye of faith fixed on him, the dying Christian "falls asleep;" and in his likeness he shall awake, and shall be eternally satisfied.

"THE CAPTAIN OF SALVATION," *Hebrews ii, 10.*—This brave title links itself with that in the Book of Canticles, "Chief," or standard-bearer, "among ten thousand." Now the mighty Warrior is exalted upon his triumphal throne. Once it was otherwise. Isaiah saw him in the battle-field, though even then he was glorious in his apparel, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." The history of his temptation in the desert exhibits another phase of the long conflict; and again, the conflict being ended, he is shown to us in the revelation of St. John in his kingdom of glory; but still a warrior, and bearing the marks of slaughter. He is the Captain of his people, leading them on to conquest. Each member of his army was once a rebel, but is now a true and loyal-hearted soldier. The charge of our divine Commander is, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Faith is victory. Confidence in the sustaining power of the great Captain nerves each arm in the thickest of the fight. The martyr Stephen found it so; so did the missionary Williams in the solitudes amid which he died. The laurels gathered by his militant ones are gathered in the strength of their exalted chief. There is a dark and narrow defile through which the whole army must pass. Many have already passed through; others are now in the act of passing; the rest are marching up, some in sunshine, some in gloom; but all shall pass through safely; each shall receive the victor's palm, and all shall share in their Captain's glory.

"Gird on thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty! In thy majesty ride prosperously forth;" and let the whole earth be filled with thy glory.

But although now "strong to deliver" and mighty to save, "Christ will not manifest himself always as the Captain of salvation." His "right hand" shall one day teach him "terrible things." His words in reference to that time are, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." He will break his enemies in pieces, as with a rod of iron.

Art thou, reader, at peace with him? If not, his voice to thee is, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath be kindled but a little;" for verily "blessed are they," and they only, "that put their trust in him."

THE OWN THINE NEEDFUL.—Reader! see that you neglect not "the one thing needful." In a few years the business and speculations in which you are engaged, will be to you as "a tale that is told." What matters it, comparatively speaking, what your outward condition in this life may be? If you are poor, it is only for a moment; if you are afflicted, the period of suffering will soon expire. The journey of life is short, and who knows how near he may be to its termination? Why, then, be overanxious about the accommodation by the way? The future—*EVANGETY*—should be the grand concern of an immortal being. To be happy *then* were easily purchased by being miserable *now*. It is not a desirable thing to be destitute of all the comforts of life, and to have nothing more than is absolutely necessary for the support of existence; still it were better to be thus

destitute and be saved, than spend a life exactly opposite, and yet perish. To be immortal is a solemn thought—to be eternally miserable, as he whose soul is lost must be, is more awful than can be conceived. "Now, therefore," says Wisdom, "hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whose findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death."

THE CHANGING OF OUR VILE BODY.—"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."—*Philippians iii, 21.*

Afflicted believer! that fast-decaying frame of thine, racked with pain, marred with disease, shall one day be made like unto thy Savior's glorious body. The dust of his saints is dear to him. They fall asleep "in Jesus," and when they shall awake "death shall be swallowed up in victory." At that glorious consummation there shall be marvelous metamorphoses, surpassing the fabled wonders of the poet of old. "Sown in corruption!" "Raised in glory!" "Sown a natural body!" "Raised a spiritual body!" Well may our German brethren call their church-yard "God's Acre." There is sown that precious grain, not an atom of which shall perish; for it is registered in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawn the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

When Jesus they in glory meet,
Their utmost joys will be complete;
Once landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more."

CHRIST AS REDEEMER.—It seems to me that in the present day the doctrine of redemption would have been received more effectively had men viewed the sun as a sun, as one glorious luminary, instead of singling out for contemplation individual rays, which thus isolated will be all but extinct. They acknowledge Christ as a Redeemer; but they have so restricted the notion as to deprive it of all vitality. At the mention of the word nothing else occurs to their thoughts but—what is confessedly of prime importance, yet only in connection with all beside—the blood which was shed on Golgotha. For all within you which sighs after a redemption, is Christ come as a Redeemer; he has redeemed your heart and your reason; he has redeemed your spirit and your body; he has redeemed yourself and nature which surrounds you. He has redeemed you not only by his death, but by his resurrection; not only by his life on earth, but by his intercession on the right hand of God; not only by his actions, but by his word; not only by his humanity, but by his divinity; not only by what he is in time, but by what he is throughout eternity.—*Thobuck.*

THE EASY YOKE AND ITS ANALOGIES.—"Take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Truth, Lord! a light burden, indeed, which supports him who bears it. I have looked abroad through nature to see if I could find any thing that could bear some analogy to this; but I can not find it, unless it be the wings of a bird, which, while borne of the creature, bear him aloft. In truth, to bear the Lord's burden is to be permitted to cast it, together with ourselves, into the arms of Omnipotence and Grace.

NEAR THE GOAL.—To the privileged one who is *surely* near the goal, the noise and turmoil of life have passed away. The hopes it once inspired have long since departed. He looks on infancy and childhood with a placid smile, and says, "I shall soon know what the childhood of a new existence is;" on youth, and says, "I shall soon put on immortal youth;" on manhood, and says, "I shall soon attain to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. O, to Him who hath loved me, and hath given himself for me, to him be glory now and evermore!"

"Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey."

CHRIST AND CHRIST ONLY.—He who will not believe in Christ must discover, if possible, some expedient to supply the need of his assistance. This neither you nor I can attempt; we require one who can raise and support us while we live, and lay his hands under our heads when we come to die. This he can do abundantly, according to what is written of him; and we know none whom we can or ought to prefer. Never was love like his; nor has any thing so good and great as the Bible testifies of him ever come into the heart of man; it infinitely transcends his utmost desert. There is a holy form which rises for the poor pilgrim as a star in the night, and satisfies his inmost need, his most secret anticipations and wishes.

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.—Do I believe that my body will soon die, but that my soul will live forever?

Do I believe that my conduct here will fix my condition hereafter?

What are my prospects for eternity?

Do I daily seek the enlightening, guiding, and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost?

Do I trust in the atonement of Christ exclusively for present and eternal salvation?

Do I now know my sins forgiven? if not, what is the cause or hinderance?

What induced me to join the Wesleyan Church?

Do I value Church membership as a privilege?

Do I recommend or dishonor Christianity by my conduct?

Do I pray regularly for my ministers, my class-leader, the members of the class, and the whole Church of God?

Do I make every effort to attend both Sunday and week-day services, the table of the Lord, the class meeting, and the prayer meeting?

Do I show piety at home, by my solicitude for the welfare of all around me, delight in family and private prayer, searching the Scriptures, and religious conversation?

Do I support the cause of God as the Lord hath prospered me?

Am I anxious for a revival of religion?

Have I been the means of bringing one stranger to the house of God, recovering one backslider from the error of his ways, or adding one member to the classes during the present year?

Am I willing to give prayerful diligence to induce one or more persons to seek the salvation of their souls, and to unite themselves with us this quarter?

A Paper on Biblical Research.

HAVE THE ANGELS A HISTORY?

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

Of the circumstances of the fall of a portion of the angelic host, or of their state or condition previous to the fall, we are allowed to know but little. From a perusal of all the passages of Scripture relating to the fallen angels, we are led to the conclusion that their band consists of one chief ruler and head, and a great number of subordinates. Throughout the Bible—in the original—there is a careful distinction preserved between one chief ruler of the fallen hordes, who is styled "Devil," or "Satan," or "Prince of Darkness," and a great host of subordinates, who are styled "Demons"—a distinction of terms which unfortunately is not kept up in our English translations. From the general description given in Scripture of this one chief "Prince of Darkness," and of his wickedness, as well as from the sharply drawn distinction between one *devil* and many subordinate demons, we gather that hostility to God and his commands in heaven originated with this "Prince of Darkness," who probably occupied, previous to the fall, a rank superior to that of the great majority of the angelic hosts. But if the revolt against Heaven originated in a single member of that race, we are not therefrom to infer that the balance fell through the temptation of this evil one, thereby making their fall analogous to that of man. For this would scarcely be reconcilable with the positive and absolute hostility to God, which, according to Scripture, is pre-eminently a quality of the fallen angels; nor with the unredeemable condition in which the Bible pronounces them to be. For a fall *through temptation* seems to argue a *disposition* to do well, but a lack of strength or power to resist the evil. Such a spirit can not be pronounced entirely and absolutely hostile to God, or unredeemable. The angelic hosts were placed upon their trial or probation, and were at liberty at any time—previous to the revolt of Satan—to decide, *individually*, for or against the good. But when Satan fell from his allegiance, and, revolting, sought to establish in heaven a power rival to that of the Creator, it at once becomes evident that all impassiveness must cease. Neutrality in such a strife was out of the question. The revolt of Satan created a division, and the necessity for an immediate decision, by each individual, by which each one bound himself either to support the Creator, or to unite with Satan in opposition to him. "He that is not with me is against me." And so, out of their own hearts, and without any temptation, a portion of the angelic host seceded from their high allegiance.

What was the particular cause of their revolt against the beneficent Hand which created and supported them, we are not informed—probably for the reason that it would not profit us to know, as well as that, knowing scarcely any thing at all of the nature, powers, and springs of action of the angels, we would have no proper conception of their motives in this instance. It seems, however, highly probable that their fall sprang originally from that pride which aspires to be *without God, and as*

God—partly because this seems to be the root and groundwork of all sin, and partly because the devil, who had reason to know the power of this feeling, used it as a temptation for our first parents.

But not all the angels fell. On the contrary, the vast majority remained true to their allegiance. This we gather from the vastness of the expressions made use of in various parts of the Scriptures to denote their numbers. See Genesis xxxii, 1, 2; Daniel vii, 10; Psalm lxxxi, 18; Luke ii, 13; Matthew xxvi, 53. And we find further evidence of the same fact in this, that while but one of the first created spheres fell into a chaotic and shapeless void in consequence of the fall of the angels into whose charge it had been given, the countless multitude of the morning stars remained to sing the praises of his goodness and power.

The decision once made, sides taken for or against their God, and with the angels there was no possibility of after change. Repentance and final redemption was not for them. This condition, following so necessarily out of their state, is most plainly and explicitly taught in various parts of Scripture. And as the fall of the angels was absolute, allowing of no return or deliverance, so the decision of the great majority—for God—brought their time of probation to a close, and did away with the possibility of any subsequent fall from the right. This also is taught by various texts of Scripture, where the angelic hosts are described as surrounding the throne of the Most High, and living in the constant praise and worship of his goodness and power. Matthew xviii, 10; Isaiah vi, 2, 3; Job xxxviii, 7; Psalm ciii, 20-22; Revelation v, 11, 12.

But the history of angels and of their worlds does not end with this momentous epoch in their existence. For to be a free and individually responsible creature is to have the privilege, not only to declare for or against any particular course, but also to follow out the course chosen to its final and complete development. Thus has God, in his infinite wisdom, ordained that the punishment of the wicked shall be brought upon himself as the result of his own evil deeds. Thus are the devil and his angels allowed, in the wisdom and justice of God, to follow out their wickedness, till out of the final stage of development of the evil principle the good shall arise triumphant. For in the development of the evil lies the means for its overthrow. Every apparent triumph is in reality a defeat. Satan still has claims upon this world, as the former "Prince of this world," and will continue to assert that power till the last day, when all his influence must cease, because of the entire destruction of all the impure and evil elements of this earth by the fire of God. Till that time comes the powers of evil are left in a state of suspense, to work out to the best of their power the evil principle which they have embraced. So the good angels, too, will not receive their final sentence of approval till that day when Jehovah shall sit in judgment upon the sins of the universe. Good and bad angels alike remain in a state of detention, awaiting the completion of the great battle between good and evil.

In the providence of God it was ordered that yet another manifestation of his power and goodness should

come upon the place which had witnessed the probation and fall of a band of angels. The earth, which, upon the revolt and condemnation of the angels to whose care it had been intrusted, had fallen into ruins, and become "without form and void," was recreated, and fitted for the abode of man, to whom it was assigned to "multiply, and replenish, and subdue it." The angels who had inhabited this sphere had, by their own free acts, earned a ruin from which for them there could be no redemption. The earth, given them for their birthright, was reduced to ruin with them, but by no fault of its own, and was not, therefore, given up to lasting perdition. To bring it back to its original perfection, to prepare it to become again a portion, and an equal portion, of the great harmonious universe of God, man was brought into being. And being made lord over the former possessions of Satan and his legions, it is at once seen how these last are his most bitter and persevering enemies. Expelled from earth, outlaws of heaven, they have no foothold any where. Yet they continue to assert and exercise a certain power. Satan is called the "Prince of the powers of the air," Ephesians ii, 2; and his subordinates are styled "the rulers of the darkness of this world—wicked spirits [in the original] in high places." Their interests upon earth, their fancied claims upon it, their desire to reconquer their former possessions, their natural enmity to the race, to whom has been given the lordship over that which they still regard as their own, and to whom it is given to sit in judgment upon them at the last day—1 Corinthians vi, 3—all appear here plainly. We can understand here how our globe, insignificant as it appears, when brought into comparison with the balance of God's creation—how this atom in the vast expanse of matter naturally becomes, in the mysterious course of events, the great battleground where is to be fought, and is now being fought, the final battle between right and wrong—the scene of some of the most sublime and awful spectacles which the universe has ever witnessed. We can understand without difficulty how this point must absorb the attention and interests of all the hosts of heaven; and how here all the powers of evil have gathered together to make their final struggle, their last vain stand against Omnipotence. We see here how the creation and fall of man, and his redemption by means of the incarnation of a Son of the living God, were matters which affected not only us, but *all the universe*—how on the sufferings and the triumph of the Redeemer hung the fate of worlds beside our own.

Man was placed upon the earth "to subdue it and replenish it." Upon him and his descendants was imposed the guardianship of what was originally intrusted to a portion of the angels. But he also must undergo a trial. Created a free moral agent, it was his privilege to choose for himself a course. The symbols of good and evil were placed before him in the garden—the one typified by the tree of life, the other by the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Before coming to this choice of a course, God created *woman* from the body of man; thus putting the finishing stroke to his work of creation, and preparing the way for his blessing: "Be ye fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." But in the bestowal of this blessing the human race, its recipient, assumes at once a peculiar characteristic, which must control its entire position and development. For Adam thus represents the entire race of man—with him all his descendants must stand or fall. But as the tie

of blood, which unites our race, imposes upon all of Adam's descendants the consequences of his sin, so also does it make possible, being once fallen, our redemption by *our Redeemer*.

While from the free moral agency of man arose the necessity of a trial, from his peculiar position and relations to the powers in whose care the earth formerly was arose the necessity that that trial should assume the form of a temptation. For the more important the relation in which man stands to the fallen angels, the greater would be the efforts of the latter to bring him down to a level with themselves. The greater the future power and authority of man over the powers of darkness, the more strenuous and determined would naturally be the efforts of Satan and his legions to cast down and render nugatory that power, by reducing man to a state on a par with their own; and the less could God, in his justice, prevent the Satanic host from putting forth their utmost endeavors to the purpose of leading their intended judge away from his original destination.

The temptation was unavoidable then, but *not the fall*. That was only possible. But the possibility became a reality. Man fell, and what the tempter had placed before his eyes as a lure came to pass. He became "as God"—his eyes were opened, but he saw naught except his own lamentable nakedness. He arrived at the knowledge of good and evil; but only to find in himself a sorrowful lack of good, and a painful experience of evil, and liability to its consequences. He became "as God," independent, self-acting; but not happy as God—on the contrary, most miserably, lamentably deficient in all the elements of happiness.

When man thus fell before the temptation of Satan, and made his choice adverse to the will of his Creator, he at once became liable to the penalty of disobedience. Death, the reward of sin, entered into the world. And having once embraced sin, man plainly could not recede, but was entirely powerless to save himself from its consequences.

As at the fall of the angels the earth, their abiding place, fell with them into ruin and destruction, through the connection which exists between matter and spirit, so in this instance also the fall of man, which brought sin and sorrow into his generation, imposed upon the earth, his abode, a curse from its Maker, under which it yet groans. Genesis iii, 17-19; Romans viii, 19-21.

Man's fall, not coming of his own innate wickedness, but brought on by the temptation of Satan, did not seal his fate as irredeemable. He chose not evil in his own heart, but was led by one more cunning than he, under the power and control of evil. Though his whole being is prostrate under the power of sin, there is yet in the bosom of every man a warning voice, calling back, restraining from evil, impelling to good, never giving rest to our spirit, till that has turned back to its God. There is a longing after a better state, after a happiness not attainable on earth, after a good which our weak nature finds it impossible to reach. True, this longing may be weakened by sin—it is so—the fire is oftentimes hid for awhile, but it is never entirely extinguished. And so long as a single spark of this divine portion of our nature exists, man may be brought back to God, his Savior. The earth, too, groaneth in her captivity to evil, as is said by the apostle Paul, "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected

the same in hope, . . . for we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," Romans viii, 19-22.

There was a redemption provided for fallen man. The powers of evil, though for a time permitted to exercise their authority as princes of the world, were to be finally overcome by the regeneration and redemption of man. This was intended from the beginning, and we find the earliest promise of such a consummation made to our first parents immediately after the fall, as we read in Genesis iii, 14, 15. In regard to the form of this curse and promise, it is evident that to the minds of Adam and Eve the subtle tempter, as a spirit, and the cunning beast whose shape he had assumed, were identical. And the sentence which was pronounced against Satan was spoken as a promise for the hearing of man, and its language had, therefore, to be accommodated to his understanding. Satan could understand the curse well enough. To man the serpent appeared to be the tempter, and, consequently, to pronounce a curse upon the serpent was equivalent to cursing the evil principle, the author of sin. This, by the way. "But when the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," Galatians iv, 4, 5. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth," John i, 14. The first-born—he who was before all and is above all of created matter—the great original after whose likeness was shaped man, "created in the image of God," became man. The Lord of glory appeared in our midst, in all things like as we ourselves, yet without sin. And as at the recreation of the earth and the creation of man the heavenly hosts sang the praises of the Creator, and shouted for joy at the glorious work, so, when the Redeemer of man was born upon earth, the angelic choir announced his advent amid praises to God, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men."

As second Adam, as restorer of the race to its original happy state, the Savior came into the world to fulfill the promised deliverance. His mission was to deliver us from the bonds of sin. And not only us, but, with us, the earth we inhabit, and thus restore the proper and original relations between matter and spirit. This restoration will not be completed till the end of time, when the new life implanted in human nature by the Savior shall have thoroughly penetrated and radically changed that nature. But the miracles performed by Christ during his pilgrimage on earth serve as beginnings and pledges of that state to which we shall arrive when all is finished. They are an earnest and showing forth of the life to come. By the fall man lost his dominion over nature, and thus were introduced many causes of sickness, and misery, and death. In the miracles of Christ was foreshadowed that dominion over the powers of nature which shall be restored to man at the last day, through the sacrifice of the second Adam.

The earthly life of our Savior was a turning-point in the history of our race and of the earth which we inhabit. And, therefore, we find at this precise point congregated and exerted every power, hostile and friendly, devils and angels, the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman, all that could have any bearing upon the great event, intent upon either hindering or furthering the accomplishment of the work of redemption. Upon

the one side we find hatred, persecution, and strife—a summoning of all the powers of darkness to destroy the holy One of God, and prevent the completion of his task. From the manger to the cross, the evidences of this Satanic strife against all goodness form an unbroken chain. The bloodthirsty jealousy of Herod, the temptation in the wilderness, the constant persecution of the Council, the sufferings in Gethsemane, the treason of Judas, the wild rage of the mob, the timidity of Pontius Pilate, all and each show the desperate efforts of the powers of evil to defeat the mission of the Savior. "For of a truth, against the holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together," Acts iv, 27.

The first, most important, as well as most decisive, temptation of our Lord by the Prince of Darkness was that in the wilderness. It corresponded in every respect of form and purpose to the temptation before which fell the first Adam. By it the first Adam fell; through it the second Adam triumphed over the enemy of God and man, and established his supremacy over sin. As the false and fallen development of man commenced with the triumph of the tempted, even so was the new development, leading to the redemption and restoration of the human race, to begin with a decisive victory over the arch tempter.

After having been tempted with the power, and riches, and honors of this world, it was necessary that the weakness of the physical man should come against him to tempt him, in order that he might be "in all things tempted like as we are." The garden of Gethsemane was the scene of the last and most painful suffering. What agony he underwent, how he prayed, how he wept, and how he overcame the temptation, and, breaking through all the wiles of Satan, took the cup of suffering, we know. And then Satan, foiled in this last, most desperate effort, with the rage of despair, set his powers to aid in the work of preparing the death. He it was who put it into the heart of Judas to betray his Master. He it was who, entering into the traitorous disciple, when the latter had but just received the last morsel from the hands of the Savior, nerved him up to his hellish work. He it was who stirred up the hearts of the multitude against Christ—that multitude to save whom he had come down on earth—and moved them to cry out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Upon the other hand, the heavenly hosts took the most lively interest in the various incidents of the Savior's earthly pilgrimage. They announced his advent with hymns of joy, and praise, and thanksgiving. When he had overcome the temptation in the wilderness, "behold angels came and ministered unto him." And when his agony was upon him, in the garden of Gethsemane, "there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." When he had arisen from the dead, angels proclaimed to his disciples the victory of life over death; and, finally, angels appeared to his disciples subsequent to the transfiguration, to announce to them his future advent in glory.

In the death and resurrection of Christ his earthly labors were brought to a close, and the work of redemption was finished, so far as it lays with God. It now only remained for man to accept the free-will offering of forgiveness made through the blood of atonement. As Satan was not able to hinder the completion of the work of redemption, he now goes about the earth, seeking

to stifle the inclination to accept the proffered grace, and tempting man to harden his heart, as the apostle says—Ephesians vi, 12—"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness [or wicked spirits] in high places." The good angels, on the other hand, take a lively interest in our well-being, and are ready, at the command of their Lord, to come to the protection of man against the powers of darkness. They are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation"—Hebrews i, 14—and rejoice over every sinner that comes to repentance—Luke xv, 10.

By means of the power which Satan continues to exert here upon earth, the weeds will continue to grow among the good fruit till the last day, when he great Master shall gather his harvest, and separate the wheat from the chaff. The efforts and struggles of the powers of darkness become greater the nearer they approach their final end. They reach the highest style of development in the appearance among us of an antichrist, who is the antitype or counterfeit presentment of the true Redeemer, the man of sin, "the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God:" "even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish." And when he shall have completed the entire course of his wickedness, him "the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." 2 Thessalonians ii, 4-10. And then shall come the unspeakable glory of the Lord, which is to usher in the fulfillment of all time.

To the nature of our earth progressive development was both possible and necessary, and the care of this development was intrusted to the spirit which was placed in charge of the earth. But the fall, first of the angels, then of man, frustrated the arrangement of the Creator, and confusion and ruin came to reign where before all was beauty and order. In the reign of Christ, the second Adam, that which was neglected and lost under the first Adam shall be renewed and restored. The presence of sin in the earth, in its consequences upon matter so intimately connected with spirit, placed a bar to the progressive development of the earth by quiet organic action. This object must, therefore, be brought about by a new mode of development. The world will be subjected to a fervent heat, a destroying and purifying fire, out of the ashes of which, phoenix-like, there shall arise a new heaven and a new earth, "wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter iii, 10-13; Revelation xxi, 1.

Then will take place the separating of the just from the unjust, the pure from the impure, throughout the

world. Christ will then come in justice to judge all the world. The good angels will be his servants and messengers—Matthew xiii, 49, 50—and the saints made perfect, whom he has not shamed himself to call brothers, his helps and fellow-judges, who, as members of his body, shall be partakers with him of all glory. John xvii, 20-24; as also Matthew xix, 28, and 1 Corinthians vi, 2, 3.

The final judgment, as it will put a stop to all further change or development either of good or evil, must, of course, be the end of all history. All created spirit will then have arrived at its final determinate position: either that for which God intended it from the first, or, if it has persisted in setting its countenance against God and good, to that everlasting separation from God, when all hope shall be lost.

And as the earth was made by peculiar circumstances the scene where was fought the great battle between right and wrong, good and evil, so will it, upon the appearance of the Lamb, become the center-point of glory of all the universe, where shall be the throne of the majesty of God, the dwelling-place of Christ and his saints. Revelation xxi.

We have followed out to their terminations the speculations of our author. It is almost unnecessary to add that in presenting this abstract of them we do not claim for them any greater portion of credit than the intelligent reader will feel inclined to grant them. It is evident that the mystery with which the supreme Being has seen fit to veil from us his providence in the creation and maintenance of that portion of the universe over which man has been placed, is far too impenetrable for mortal eye to see through, or our finite understanding to explain. Yet is the mind of the intelligent Christian irresistibly drawn toward the contemplation and consideration of the wonders of God's providence. And in so far as theories, hypotheses, and speculations, similar to the present, serve to facilitate the attainment of consistent Christian views or ideas, both as imparting knowledge directly, or by acting suggestively on the mind, they are indisputably beneficent in their effects. It is plain, too, that, in considering upon the relative value of such speculations, those are most deserving the attention of the Christian which, taking the words of Scripture in their plainest, most evident sense, succeed most thoroughly in reconciling the discrepancies which apparently exist between the recorded word of God and the facts elicited by modern discoveries in science. Taking this view, we have no hesitation in recommending the volume we have had under consideration to the attention of all intelligent minds. Although not entirely guiltless of a certain vagueness and indistinctness into which German metaphysical writers are too apt to fall, the author is sufficiently clear and to the point to satisfy the not too critically disposed seeker after knowledge.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

DR. THOMSON.—The degree of LL. D. was conferred at the late Commencement of the Middletown Wesleyan University on Edward Thomson, D. D., President of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O.

BREKA UNIVERSITY.—Rev. John Wheeler, A. M., formerly professor in the Indiana Asbury University, has been

elected to the principalship of this institution. Jeremiah Tingley, A. M., and W. H. Barnes, A. B., have also been elected to professorships in the Institute.

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.—Brother Hunter, former editor of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, has been elected to, and is now discharging, the duties of the professorship

of Biblical Literature in Alleghany College. He is an able Hebrew scholar.

BARRISH METHODISM.—During the year ending in July, the Methodists of Great Britain raised for home missions about \$94,000, and \$350,000 for foreign missions; on chapel debts the sum paid out was \$320,000; in furnishing, with heavy furniture, preachers' houses or parsonages, \$10,500; in support of Wesleyan day schools, \$126,000; in support of the Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove schools, about \$30,000; for the Theological institution and other purposes, \$20,000; making a total expended for the year by the connection \$950,500, or nearly one million of dollars. Beside supporting their own missions and building their own churches, the Wesleyans, in common with other Dissenters, have been heavily taxed in supporting the Established Church of England—an unfair and disreputable thing on the part of those professing to be the only true Church.

NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANISM.—From the Minutes for 1855 of the General Assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church, we gather the following summary:

Synods.....	24
Presbyteries.....	108
Ministers.....	1,567
Licentiates.....	111
Candidates.....	238
Churches.....	1,649
Whole number in communion.....	143,029

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Domestic missions.....	\$76,571 37
Foreign missions.....	63,963 28
Education.....	37,910 06
Publication.....	48,322 91
Other purposes.....	8,959 22

Although the returns from the Churches are imperfect, they show an advance in the number of communicants of 1,552. Although the last year's report of contributions to domestic missions included the large sums given to \$100,000 Fund for Church Erection, this year's report shows a diminution of less than \$25,000; while the contributions to Foreign Missions have advanced more than \$6,000, and to the Publication Cause more than \$15,000.

METHODIST GERMANS.—In the year 1838 the Methodist Episcopal Church had but one missionary laboring in the city of Cincinnati. At the close of that year the first German Methodist society in America was formed, consisting of 30 members. Now the German Methodist preachers in the United States number, local and traveling, 230, and the membership over 10,000. The number of German Methodist churches is 140.

METHODIST D. D.'S AGAIN.—Besides the Methodist doctorates mentioned last month, we have noticed the following additional ones: L. D. Huston, editor of the *Home Circle*, from Emory College, Georgia; Peter Doub, Normal College, North Carolina; David Patten, Professor in the Biblical Institute, New Hampshire; and D. P. Kidder, editor of the *Sunday School Advocate*, from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—Rev. W. G. W. Lewis, of the Mt. Auburn charge, Cincinnati conference, was elected Professor of Mathematics in the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, August 21st; vice Jeremiah Tingley, A. M., resigned. Brother Lewis is a graduate, and was once professor in the Woodward College, Cincinnati, O. His scholarship is fine.

WHITE WATER COLLEGE.—Rev. G. B. Jocelyn, formerly Professor of Mathematics in this institution, has been elected to the post of President. The location is Centerville, Ia.

MAGNIFICENT CHURCH.—The most magnificent church edifice belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Poydras-Street Church, New Orleans, not excepted, is said to be in St. Louis, corner of Eighth-street and Washington Avenue. It is 109 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 75 feet high. The main audience-room is 90 feet long by 60 feet wide. The pews are all circular and elegantly cushioned, and the altar and the pulpit are carpeted with the finest velvet. The room is lighted in daytime by 18 stained glass windows. The ceiling is 44 feet from the floor. A parsonage, three stories high above the basement, and a sexton's house belong to the church. The dedication of the Church was by Dr. Parsons, Sabbath, December 31, 1854.

OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.—That the electric telegraph will be carried across the Atlantic becomes more and more likely. Arrangements have been entered into between the British and American companies for laying a cable from St. John's, Newfoundland, to the nearest point of Ireland, before the end of January, 1858; and by the end of the present year all the rest of the line will be established, for the cable is being sunk from Newfoundland to Prince Edward's Island; and from the latter the communication with the United States telegraphs is already complete. So, if nothing untoward occurs, we will be talking across the Atlantic Ocean in a few years.

METHODISM IN AUSTRALIA.—There are now in Australia, in connection with the Methodist Church, 116 regular clergymen, beside a number of native assistant ministers; 19,897 members, of whom 7,190 are Europeans, and the remainder native converts in New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, and Feejee; 35,576 Sunday and day scholars; 80,000 attendants upon the ministry; 442 churches and 39 other preaching-places.

METHODISM IN AMERICA.—In 1755 five Methodists settled in the city of New York, and formed the first society in America. In 1855, just a century later, the Methodist Church in the United States numbers over four millions of worshippers.

MISSIONARY SUMS.—During the past year the Protestants of Britain, the Continent, and America have raised for missionary, Bible, education, and tract societies, the sum of \$7,580,000; while the Papists in the same countries have raised for the propagation of their faith but the comparatively small sum of \$787,030. The American Board of Missions last year raised the sum of \$327,565, and the Presbyterian Board of Missions \$180,680. The Church Missionary Society—British—during the last year raised the sum of \$434,810; but its expenditures has amounted to \$522,560. The Christian Knowledge Society during the past year raised the sum of \$450,590, and has issued during the same time 4,262,500 publications.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The latest, and apparently the fairest, estimate of this that we have seen makes it 1,150,000,000; namely, Pagans, 676,000,000; Christians, 320,000,000; Mohammedans, 140,000,000; Jews, 14,000,000. Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers 170,000,000; the Greek and Eastern Churches, 60,000,000; Protestant, 90,000,000.

MALES AND FEMALES.—The law of nature, fixing the numerical relation of the sexes, is an everlasting testimony against polygamy. The number of females born is slightly greater, about four per cent., than males, but at twenty years of age they are nearly equal; at forty there are more males than females; and at seventy they

are nearly equal again. The mortality of females between ten and forty is very great, and is probably too much increased by the confined and unnatural lives they lead; after forty their chances for a long life are much better than men's, and the last census showed several hundred women in this country over one hundred years old.

DEAD THEATER ACTORS.—It is surprising the amount of praise and the number of friends which distinguished stage performers receive and enjoy. It seems impossible to show them enough attention while living, but when dead or dying how are they deserted! One of the leading New York journals says, that when the projector and builder of the Broadway Theater died religious people, and not Thespians or stage-lovers, attended his funeral. And another New York paper, in a notice of the death of T. G. Booth, a great comedian, at Toronto, Canada, August 18th, says, that his remains were brought for interment to New York city, his birthplace, and that at the performances of his funeral ceremonies there was an almost utter absence of all members or admirers of the theatrical profession. Strange, yet how true the adage, "The world will love in life and forsake in death!"

WRITTEN SERMONS.—Rev. John Farrar, Ex-President of the British Wesleyan conference, in the late session of that body at Leeds, remarked, in reading a sermon on John iv, 38, "Other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors," that, with one exception, it was the only sermon he had ever read from the pulpit in his life, though he had been a Wesleyan preacher about fifty years. In illustration of the repugnance among the British Methodists to any thing but extempore discourses, we may state that a talented young minister, occupying a station, and addicted to manuscripts, was reprimanded publicly therefor, and he sent to a circuit till he could learn to preach without notes and off-hand.

NEW MEDICAL WORK.—A History of Medicine, from its Origin to the close of the Eighteenth Century, by Dr. Renouard, of Paris, translated by Dr. Comegys, Professor of the Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, is the title of a large octavo volume of seven hundred and fifty pages, just being issued by Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., of this city. It is a book of unquestioned ability, and should be in the hands not only of every medical gentleman, but in the library of all who would be posted in reference to medical science and its progress, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE.—This gentleman, a member of the Unitarian Church, but widely known in various religious denominations as a man of great benevolence, expired at his residence, Boston, August 18th, in his sixty-fourth year. His brother Amos, who died in 1852, gave largely toward the establishment of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis. Abbott, in 1847, gave \$50,000 toward the founding of a scientific school, Cambridge, Mass. He was at one time United States minister to England, and by all who knew him was highly esteemed for his generous and liberal views, his probity of heart, and his inflexible course of right dealing. Beside the \$50,000 given by Mr. Lawrence in founding the Lawrence Scientific School, he made a bequest to the institution, at his death, of another \$50,000. He also, at his death, willed \$10,000 to the Boston Public Library.

PLANETARY HEAT.—At the ninth session of the American Association for the Promotion of Science, held at Providence, R. I., Professor Loomis read a paper on the

heat of the planets, which brought on a sharp discussion. By his calculations, he showed that the temperature of Jupiter was eighty degrees below zero, and the other large planets as low; and that of the moon forty degrees. He therefore contended that the planets could not be inhabited, and that animal and vegetable life could not exist in them. In those planets nearer the sun than the earth, he contended that animal life could not exist for the greater heat, except round the poles of Venus, which were fifty-two degrees. He also contended that if the earth possessed any internal heat, it was of no effect upon its surface; that the sun was the great heating agent.

Professor Rogers contended for the central heat theory, and for the other planets beside the earth being the abodes of intelligent beings.

Professor Agassiz stated that vegetable existence was found at the summits of high mountains, for he had obtained lichens at an altitude of 11,000 feet.

Professor Henry treated the whole matter as a scientific speculation, but contended that all things were changing; that the outer old planets were past the epoch necessary to life, and the sun itself was fading. His views amounted to this—that this earth was once a mass of fire; that it is now cooling, and will at last become an icicle in the heavens, and so with the sun.

A MISSIONARY GARDEN.—At the Commencement of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., held August 15th, the sum of \$3,000 was raised by the Alumni of the College, with which to purchase ten acres of ground for a missionary garden. By the side of a haystack forty-nine years ago a little prayer meeting was held by Mr. Mills, and from it resulted the beginning of the operations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The ten acres are to be ornamented at once, a monument to Mills is to be erected over the spot where the haystack is supposed to have stood, and rare plants and shrubs, such as will live in our American climate, are to be brought from every part of the world and grown in the plot.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.—Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., a distinguished minister of the Baptist Church, and for some years past Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, was, August 21st, elected President of Brown University, Providence, R. I., in place of Rev. Francis Wayland, D. D., resigned.

NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTARY.—Rev. Dr. Whedon, of the New York East conference, has been engaged for a year or two past, and still is engaged, in the preparation of a commentary on the books of the New Testament, adapted more especially to the use of Sabbath School Bible classes and family reading. Dr. Whedon has an intellectual acumen which admirably fits him for the work which he has taken in hand.

BIBLICAL DICTIONARY.—James Strong, Esq., of Flushing, N. Y., and Rev. J. McClintock, D. D., of the Quarterly Review, have in preparation a Bible Dictionary on a scale more extensive than any one yet brought out under the auspices of Methodism. The literary character of the authors justifies us in saying beforehand, that it will be a work of sterling merit.

DR. FLOY AND THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—Dr. Floyd, presiding elder of the East New York district, is at present the acting editor of the National Magazine. He is devoting himself with great energy and success to his work.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

DR. AKERS'S BIBLICAL CHRONOLOGY.—This is an octavo of four hundred and eleven pages, published for the author at the Methodist Western Book Concern. The entire title, which is expressive of the contents of the work, is as follows: "Introduction to Biblical Chronology, from Adam to the resurrection of Christ: comprising 5,573 years of the world, synchronized with Julian time. With such calendars, cycles, tables, and explanations, as render the whole subject easy of comprehension to every Bible student." The fulfillment of the promise held forth in the title-page involved a great amount of labor. The terminating point in this great chronological work is at the resurrection of Christ, which the author fixes on Sunday, March 28, in the year of the world 5,573, which makes the age or period of the present order of things on the earth 1,569 years longer than the usually received chronology, or 7,400 years. The work is liberally supplied with carefully prepared tables, and is got up in superb style by Swormstedt & Poe. We should like to give an extended examination of the work, but our limits for the present month forbid it. In the mean time we commend it to all Biblical students as one eminently worthy of their attention.

HILLIARD'S SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES have recently been issued by the Harpers in a beautiful octavo of four hundred and ninety-seven pages, and are on sale at Derby's in this city. The fame of the honorable author will secure for them an extensive circulation. The addresses in this collection most interesting to a literary man are those upon the Life and Character of Henry Clay, the Genius and Character of Daniel Webster, and the True Sphere of Woman.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEVASTOPOL, by R. C. McCormick, jun., and published by D. Appleton & Co. in a 12mo. of two hundred and twelve pages, is finely illustrated, and gives decidedly the fullest and best view of the position and operation of the belligerent powers in the Crimea that we have seen. For sale by H. W. Derby, Main below Fourth-street.

DR. PERRY'S REVIEW OF DR. FOSTER'S SERMON ON THE MINISTRY FOR THE TIMES, is got up in the same style as the work reviewed. The reviewer makes some strong points; but there is an excess of merely verbal criticism in the treatise, much of which might have been spared.

KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO JOHN HUGHES, issued by the Harpers in a 12mo. of three hundred and seventy pages, is another broadside into the old hulk of Popery.

OLD HUMPHREY—A Memoir, with Gleanings from his Portfolio—is a capital addition to the library of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE EARLY DEAD, Volume IV, contains forty-four brief memoirs of Sunday school children. It is a telling work for the influence and results of Sunday schools.

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE, by Wm. Hosmer, published by Wm. J. Moses, Auburn, is a 16mo. of two hundred and nineteen pages. Its scope embraces the measure, manner, uses, and misuses of giving as prescribed in the New Testament. It is an ably written essay; one that will not fail to do good. No Christian can read it with-

out profit. The world and the cause of Christ will be gainers by its distribution.

THE resources of the Harpers seem to be without bounds. They cater for the rough million, and for the elect in literature; for the infant and the philosopher. They have just opened a new mine in their "Picture Books for the Nursery," of which "LEARNING TO TALK" is now on our table. It was written by Jacob Abbott, and is profusely and beautifully illustrated. Just the work for little ones. For sale by Derby.

INCIDENTS OF MY LATER YEARS, by Rev. George Coles, is still another contribution to our Sunday school literature. Brother Coles is well known in the Church; and his former works—"My Youthful Days" and "My First Seven Years in America"—of which this is a sort of sequel, were highly appreciated and widely circulated. We think this will be received with equal relish, and have even a more extended circulation.

FOUR DAYS IN JULY, of which the scene is laid on the Hudson river and its vicinity, is replete with genial narrations and stories, which will at once interest and instruct juvenile readers.

FOOT-PRINTS OF AN ITINERANT, by Maxwell P. Gaddis, has just been published for the author at the Western Book Concern. Brother Gaddis is one of the most genial spirits we have met with in the west; his experience has been largely varied, and its details and incidents, now gathered into a volume, make a most telling work. We trust that its circulation will keep pace with, and even excel, that of the autobiography of the Old Chief.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for July, republished by L. Scott & Co., of New York, contains: 1. The Genius of Dryden. 2. Indian Substitutes for Russian Produce. 3. Villenain's Recollections of History and Literature. 4. The Tauric Chersonese. 5. The Land of Silence. 6. The Statesmen of India. 7. The Maynooth Commission. 8. Modern Fortification. 9. Rev. Sidney Smith. 10. The Sevastopol Committee and the Vienna Conference.

METHODIST ALMANAC FOR 1866—a capital work, which ought to find a home in every Methodist family.

CATALOGUES.—*Allegheny College, at Meadville, Penn.*—President, Rev. John Barker, D. D., assisted by 6 professors. Seniors, 22; juniors, 17; sophomores, 22; freshmen, 41; preparatory department, 126: total, 228.

The Ohio University, at Athens, O.—President, Rev. B. Howard, D. D., assisted by 4 professors. Seniors, 4; juniors, 12; sophomores, 23; freshmen, 43; preparatory department, 91: total, 178.

Iowa Wesleyan University.—President, Rev. L. W. Berry, D. D., assisted by 7 professors. Sophomores, 13; freshmen, 28; preparatory, 210: total, 254.

Female College and Springfield High School.—President, J. W. Weakley, A. M., assisted by 6 teachers. Females, 118; males, 99: total, 217.

Valley Female Institute, at Winchester, Va.—Principal, Rev. S. P. Yorke, assisted by 5 teachers. Students, 65.

Iowa Conference Seminary, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.—Rev. S. M. Fellows, A. M., Principal. Students, 250.

Notes and Queries.

"THE LAW THAT MOLDS A TEAR."—*Dear Sir*,—In the July number of your excellent periodical I noticed the query, "Who is the author of the stanza beginning with 'That very law which molds a tear?'"

I send you a copy of the whole piece, from a volume of poems by Samuel Rogers, printed in London in 1827. Who that has been a schoolboy and has not been rewarded for "diligence and good behavior" with a "ticket," with a squirrel on it, and underneath the following couplet:

"The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
And shells his nuts at liberty!"

The above volume contains this and other good poems less known.

ON A TEAR.

"O that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should glitter near my heart
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant ere it fell,
Its luster caught from Chloe's eye;
Then trembling left its coral cell,
The spring of sensibility.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In the rays of virtue shine,
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that glides the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,
Who ever silt'at to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's dream,
In every clime, in every age,
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which molds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source—
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

Very respectfully,

CHARLES A. WHITE.

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."—In your last number of the Repository, among the queries of correspondents, was that in regard to the origin of the term "Uncle Sam," as applied to the United States. In my possession I have an old paper which gives the following. You may, if you think it worthy a place in your columns, insert it:

"Origin of 'Uncle Sam.'—Immediately after the declaration of the late war with England, Elbert Anderson, Esq., of this city, then a contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he had purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, etc. The inspectors of those articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman—invariably known as 'Uncle Sam'—generally superintended a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The caaks were marked 'E. A.—U. S.' This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark—for the letters U. S. for United States was almost then entirely new to them—said 'he

did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam'—alluding exclusively then to the said 'Uncle Sam' Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and Uncle Sam himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. Many of these workmen were found shortly after following the recruiting drum. Their old jokes, of course, accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended this identical one first appeared in print. It gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so long as U. S. remains a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this distinctly recollects remarking, at the time when it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this joke eventually become a national cognomen."—*New York Gazette*.

THE QUESTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS.—*Mr. Editor*,—Under the heading of "Notes and Queries," in the July number of our excellent Repository, I find this, with the subjoined answer: "Is the mind conscious of its own existence, or only of its own operations?"

"Consciousness means to know inwardly, and is one source of our primary, rational knowledge." The conclusion is: "The mind is not conscious of its own essence or 'existence,' but only of its own personal phenomena, or operation."

Doctor, is there not a *radical error* in this conclusion?

The existence of the mind is one of its most remarkable personal phenomena; its essence quite another question—one more of vain speculative interest than legitimate, rational inquiry. We may be, and frequently are, conscious of the same truth repeatedly within an hour, and the last will be no less a conscious truth than the first. Were the subjects of consciousness subjects of choice, then we might easily lay by this ever-present conscious truth of the mind's personal existence in that department appropriated to the keeping of "absolute knowledge." This we can not do; for as in sunlight heat is the important element, so in the gentle emotion or sublime thought conscious life is ever present, giving to the former gentleness, the latter strength. Every mental action makes our consciousness of the mind's existence a new work, not of choice possibly, but as a *fact* present fact in all mental action. As soon could I suppose a stream without a fountain, as a mind in action without a consciousness of its existence. W.

ART AND LIFE.—*Mr. Editor*,—What schoolboy has not had 'set' for him the notable 'copy' in his 'copy-book,' 'Life is short, art is long?' What was the origin, and what is the meaning of that expression?"

Our querist has called up very vividly to our mind the time—long since gone by—when the above phrase, in the handwriting of "the master," looked up into our wondering eyes from the top line of our "copy-book." How we puzzled our childish brain to decipher the hidden wisdom of that mysterious passage! Hippocrates seems to have given origin to the phrase. When greatly disheartened by the difficulties of experimenting in the practice of medicine, so as to lay the basis of medical practice upon some solid philosophical foundation, he thus gave vent to his feelings: "Art is long, life is short,

opportunity fleeting, experience deceptive, and judgment difficult." If the phrase had existence prior to this we are ignorant of the fact. But from the days of Hippocrates it has floated down to us.

COMMENCEMENT.—*Answer*.—Among the "Queries" for July that I do not see answered in August, is one for "the origin and application of the word commencement as applied to the closing exercises of the college year."

With the exercises closing the college year each class commences to enter an advanced grade. Thus the Seniors graduate and become Bachelors; the Juniors commence to be Seniors, and so on down to the Grammar School. I believe this is the generally accepted understanding of the word as applied to college exercises. E. B. S.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.—A correspondent of the Notes and Queries, some time since, ascribed the celebrated rejoinder to the phrase—"Vox populi, vox Dei"—to John Wesley. This rejoinder is as follows: "No, no, it can not be the voice of God, for it was vox populi that cried out, 'Crucify him, crucify him!'" A later writer, however, shows that it is of earlier origin. For in Arthur Warwick's "*Revered Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions*," which reached its sixth edition in 1637, he finds the following passage:

"That the voice of the common people is the voice of God, is the common voice of the people; yet it is as full of falsehood as commonness. For who sees not that those black-mouthed hounds, upon the mere scent of opinion, as freely spend their mouths in hunting counter, or like Actæon's dogs in chasing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chase of truth itself, in a fresh scent. Who observes not that the voice of the people, yea, of that people that voiced themselves the people of God, did prosecute the God of all people, with one common voice, '*He is worthy to die*?' I will not, therefore, ambitiously beg their voices for my preferment, nor weigh my worth in that uneven balance, in which a feather of opinion shall be moment enough to turn the scale, and make a light piece go current, and a current piece seem light."

"OLD BLUE BEARD."—What child has not shuddered at the very name of "Old Blue Beard?" Yet to how many is the word significant only of some fabulous monster! The Notes and Queries gives the following account of the original Blue Beard:

"The original Blue Beard was Gilles de Laval, Lord of Rais, who was made Marshal of France in 1429, and in the reigns of Charles VI and VII distinguished himself by his courage against the English when they invaded France. The services that he rendered his country might have immortalised his name, had he not forever blotted his glory by murders, impieties, and debaucheries. Mezeray says that he encouraged and maintained sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes, that he might attach them to him, and afterward killed them for the sake of their blood for his charms and incantations. At length, for some state crime against the Duke of Brittany, he was sentenced to be burned alive in a field at Nantes in 1440. Holinshed notices another Blue Beard in the reign of Henry VI, in 1450. Speaking of the committal of the Duke of Suffolk to the Tower, he says, 'This doing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not been made, great mischief had immediately ensued. For the commons in sundry places of the realm assembled together in great companies, and chose to them a captain, whom they called Blue Beard; but ere they had at-

tempted any enterprise, their leaders were apprehended, and so the matter pacified without any hurt committed.'"

CARMENATIVE LORE.—The word "charm" was probably derived from the Latin word *carmen*, signifying verse. It originated from the fact that the soothsayers delivered their charms or incantations in verse. The following curious specimen of carmenative lore was much used in the dark ages of Popery. It was believed that if repeated on going to bed it would be effectual to preserve themselves and their houses from evil:

"Who sains* the house the night,
They that sains it ilk a night.
Saint Bryde and her brate,†
Saint Colme and his hat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep this house from the weir;
From running thief,
And burning thief,
And from a' ill rea(iff),‡
That be the gate can gae,
And from an ill wight,
That be the gate can light;
Nine reeda§ about the house,
Keep it all the night.
What is that what I see
So red, so bright, beyond the sea?
'Tis He was pierc'd through the hands,
Through the feet, through the throat,
Through the tongue,
Through the liver and the lung;
Well is them that well may,
Fast on Good Friday."

A CHARM USED BY THIEVES AND ROBBERS.—On the borders of Scotland, during the same age of darkness, the following prayer was used by thieves and robbers after meat:

"He that ordain'd us to be born,
Send us more meat for the morn;
Part o't right, and part o't wrang,
God let us never fast ov'r lang.
God be thanked, and our Lady,
All is done that we had ready."

A CHARM "TO MAKE BUTTER COME" IN CHURNING.—The following charm, which was exceedingly popular in its day, is another illustration of the beauties of unadulterated Popery. It was used in churning, when "the butter wouldn't come:

"Come, butter, come;
Come, butter, come;
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a butter'd cake,
Come, butter, come."

JUDAS HUNG UPON AN ELDER-TREE.—It has been supposed by some that the elder was the tree upon which Judas hanged himself. This gave rise to the following poetic effusion—expressive if inelegant:

"Judas he japed
With Jewen silver,
And sithen on an elder,
Hanged hymselfe."

PIERS PLOWMAN'S VISION.

FOUR KINDS OF WOOD IN THE CROSS.—It is a superstitious tradition that the cross was made of four kinds of wood, signifying the four quarters of the globe, or all mankind; it is not, however, agreed what those four kinds were, or their respective places in the cross. Some

*Preserves. †Apron or covering. ‡Plunder. §Roods, or holy crosses.

say the four incorruptible woods were the palm, the cedar, the olive, and the cypress; hence the line,

"*Ligna crucis palma cedrus cupressus oliva.*"

Instead of the palm and the olive, some claim the honor for the pine and the box; while others say it was made entirely of oak. In Curson's "Monasteries of the Levant," we are told that the cedar was cut down by Solomon, and buried on the spot afterward called the pool of Bethesda; that about the time of the passion of our blessed Lord the wood floated, and was used by the Jews for the upright parts of the cross.

Among the titles of honor given to the blessed Virgin in the "Ballad in Commendation of our Lady," in the old editions of Chaucer, we find,

"Benigne braunchlet of the *pine-tree*."

THE NAME OF GOD.—It is singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Theos—the sound of the *th* is expressed by one letter in the Greek; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East Indian, Eagi or Zeni; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn or Zeut; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Irish, Dieh; Croatian, Doga; Margarian, Oese; Arabian, Alla; Dalmatian, Rogt.

SENSE VERSUS SOUND.—In an English paper, we find the following curious scrap:

"A town in the United States having been called Franklin, a friend wrote to the Doctor stating that it had been done in compliment to him; and added, that as the townspeople were building a church, perhaps he would kindly give them a bell. Franklin answered, that as he presumed the good people preferred sense to sound,

he declined giving them the bell, but would gladly give them books. A reply so characteristic of the man should be remembered. It need only be added that Franklin kept his promise, and that his library is still in very good condition."

Where is the "Franklin" honored with this library? or is the above literary gossip apocryphal?

MINOR QUERIES.—1. Whence the expression, "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?"

2. Do fish sleep at all? and of the animals which sleeps most, and which the least?

3. Why is Friday so generally deemed an unlucky day?

4. To whom must we give credit for the following verse?

"Seize upon truth, where'er 'tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground;
The flower's divine where'er it grows."

5. Upon whom or by what college in the United States was the degree of D. D. or of LL. D. first conferred?

6. Is the expression, "We have no doubt but that," and similar ones, grammatically correct?

7. Who is the author of the following lines on the Sabbath? "They have often been ascribed to George Herbert, the English poet," says a correspondent, "but I can not find them in his collected works:"

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die."

8. *Origin of Wrong Principle.*—*Mr. Editor*,—I would like for some of the "profound" to tell me whether the first wrong action grew out of a wrong principle, or whether the principle originated with the action.

Yours, truly,

W. A. P.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

A FRENCHMAN COMMITTING SUICIDE.—The proverbial politeness of the French often manifests itself in a way to provoke feelings of the ludicrous under circumstances the most solemn. One day the gendarm, stationed upon the Arch of Triumph to prevent those who wished to commit suicide from precipitating themselves from its summit, caught a man by his garments as he cast himself over. For a few moments he held the unfortunate suspended above the fearful abyss, and then told him that he could not hold him any longer. "Then, let go," said the man, which the guard did, from necessity, whereupon the unfortunate, shouting "*garé*"—look out—to the passers below, was dashed to pieces on the pavement. The poor fellow probably remembered an instance, published in the papers a few days previous, of a woman who threw herself from the same place, but falling upon the backs of two workmen, nearly killed them, herself escaping.

BELIEVING A PART.—The vulgar are apt to conclude that where a great deal is said, *something* must be true; and adopting that lazy contrivance for saving the trouble of thinking, splitting the difference, imagine they show a laudable caution in believing only *part* of what is said. This is to be as simple as the clown who thinks he has bought a great bargain of a Jew, because he has beat

down the price from a guinea to a crown for some article that is not really worth a groat.—*Archbishop Whately.*

MUTHICAL ENTHUTHIATHM.—"Ah! you don't know what muthical enthuthiathm ith!" said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, madam," replied the wit, "but I do: musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup; for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves'-head in proportion."

READING SERMONS.—The antipathy of the Scotch people to read sermons is very well known. At Kirkcudbright, at an "inauguration," an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "And how can he read, woman?" was the reply; "the man's blin'." To which the first made answer, "I'm glad to hear't—I wish they were a' blin'."

ROBESPIERRE'S BIOGRAPHY.—A biography of Robespierre in an Irish paper concludes thus: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

BURN'T ITS FOOT.—A West Indian, who had a remarkably *fiery nose*, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a musketo hovering round his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively;

at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah, bless your heart!" exclaimed the negro, "me glad to see you burn you foot."

WINE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.—An Emperor's daughter, who was delighted with the profound learning, the lively wit, and strict adherence to the principles of morality and religion, which characterized her tutor, one day inadvertently made this remark to him: "What a pity that so fine a soul as yours is not in a more agreeable body!" He made, in reply, the following inquiry: "In what sort of vessels, madam, is your father's wine preserved?" "In earthen vessels," was the answer. "Can that be possible?" replied he. "Why, every citizen preserves his wine in earthen vessels. I should have thought that gold or silver ones would have been more suitable to the dignity of an Emperor." "You are right!" exclaimed the princess, "and henceforth this mark of respect shall not be omitted." In a few days, however, she again accosted her tutor on the subject, saying, "In the gaudy vessels you recommended my father's wine was spoiled; the spirit evaporated, while that wine which was placed in earthen ones improved in quality." "Very possible," rejoined the philosopher. "So also with virtue and knowledge; the more humble the exterior of that in which they are contained, the more luxuriantly will they flourish, and the more forcibly excite our admiration."

OLD MAIDS.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'she will certainly die an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns? 'she is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of an 'old maid.'"

THE PLAY-ACTOR AND THE COBBLER.—Mossop, the player, always spoke in heroics. A cobbler in Dublin, who once brought home his boots, refused to leave them without the money. Mossop came in while he was disputing, and, looking sternly, exclaimed, "Tell me, are you the noted cobbler I have often heard of?" "Yes," says the fellow, "and I think you the diverting vagabond I have often seen."

"OLD HICKORY" IN THE WAY.—A young Tennessean, who was taken by the enemy at New Orleans, on the night of the same day was asked how far it was to the city, and answered, "Six miles." They replied, "We will be there to-morrow." "It is not far," said he, "but it is a very rough road." "What is in the way?" "*Old Hickory*," replied the young man.

THIRTEEN HEADS.—An orator began a speech with promising that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of into *thirteen heads*. The audience began to murmur, and to interrupt this formidable beginning. "But," continued the orator, "to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them."

PROFESSIONAL BULL.—A professor, whose pupils made too much noise, let the following *maxims* slip out: "Gentlemen, if every body be silent, we shall be better able to discover who makes the row." This reminds us of a

medical report which began thus: "There exist a great many families in Dublin who have died of cholera."

THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.—The early conductors of the press used to affix to the end of the volumes which they printed some device or couplet concerning the book, with the addition of the name of the printer, and also the name of the corrector. In the edition of the "Pragmatic Sanction," by Andrew Bocard, at Paris, the following curious couplet is found:

"Stat, liber hic donec fluctas formica marinas,
Elisbet; et totum testado perambulet orbem."

IMITATED.

"May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled,
Till an ant to its dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise hath crawled round the world."

PRESSURE BY ACCIDENT, OR A CHAPTER ON FASHION.—The following curious anecdote is told of Lady Wallace, famed in her maiden days as Miss Eglintoun Maxwell, of Monteith, and the sister of the Duchess of Gordon. The young lady's family was about to attend the races at Leith, and the coach was just at the stair-foot, ready to take them away, when it was discovered that Miss Eglintoun was not ready on account of wanting her head-dress, which she was expecting her milliner to appear with every moment. It so happened that, as the milliner was coming along the street with the dress in her hand, she permitted some part of it to catch the knee-buckle of a street porter, by which it was torn, and, as she thought, completely spoiled. However, she took it to Miss Eglintoun, and told her the story, with many protestations of regret. The volatile young lady took the dress from her hands, and, running to her glass, proceeded to put it on, torn as it was, only arranging it upon her head in such a way as to conceal the misfortune. She then joined her friends in the carriage, and at Leith, attracting, as usual, much attention, the ladies, instead of ridiculing the awkward appearance of her cap, admired it exceedingly, and came back to Edinburgh, full cry, in the afternoon, to get caps of the same description. Of course, it was soon known that it was the manufacture of the milliner, who forthwith was overwhelmed with orders for similar caps; and, we believe, was obliged to tear them with a nail in her counter, in order to complete their resemblance to the original.

A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.—Lord Lyttleton asked of a clergyman in the country the use of his pulpit for a young man he had brought down with him. "I really know not," said the parson, "how to refuse your lordship; yet, if the young gentleman preach better than me, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he preach worse, I don't think he is fit to preach at all."

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—A negro preacher in Alabama recently said: "My dear brethren—de liberal man, wot gib way his property, an't gwan to heaben no more dan some ob you wicked sinners is. Charity an't no good widout righteousness. It is like beefsteak widout gravy; dat am to say, no good, nohow."

GRIEF NEVER SLEEPS.—Grief never sleeps; it watches continually, like a jealous hand. All the world groans under its sway, and it fears that by sleeping its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.

SMUFF AND BRAINS.—A lady asked her physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain. "No," said he, "for nobody who has any brains ever takes snuff."

Editor's Table.

A GLANCE OVER THE NUMBER.—Just as travelers glance back over a road that has been at once the occasion of toil and of pleasure, we turn back to take a hasty survey of the literary gatherings of the month. First, we welcome Dr. Collins, our "chum" in days of *auld lang syne*, again to our columns; our readers can not fail to be interested in his sketch of the "Two Bridges of Virginia." "Paradise Lost" evinces a true perception of Milton's immortal epic, and is replete with sound literary criticism. "Albert's New Clothes" concludes one of the most touching and beautiful sketches that ever flowed from the pen of Alice Cary. "I have a Home" is also a sketch which our readers will relish, and be better for the reading of it. "The Blank Bible" is a fragment—not in the sense of incompleteness, but in that of being "broken off"—from a work that has done much to stay the progress of skepticism and infidelity; and the fragment will suggest the pertinent inquiry, "What would the world be without the Bible?" Don't pass over the "P's and Q's of Modern Reformers," nor "An Incident in the Last War." "Thinking and Thinkers" is long for an essay, but will amply repay a perusal. From "Oversight and Restraint of Children" all mothers may obtain a hint of inestimable value. "The Power of Right," from the pen of Professor Nadal, will also command attention from its intrinsic worth. No one interested in Biblical research should overlook "Have the Angels a History?" its conclusions are striking, and are sustained with admirable force. Among our poems, "The Katydid" chimes to a lively, and "Spirit Warnings" to a solemn measure; "I can not now" will touch the heart, and "A Prayer" nerve the soul; "Visions" will find many kindred responses; and so will "The Country Graveyard" and "Gloom and Sunshine" find responses in the observation and experience of life. Our shorter prose articles are all gathered and prepared with care; they are not mere chinks in the wall, but polished stones worthy of a "front view" in it.

OUR EVER-ALIVE.—*See-Saw*.—What visions of childhood sports rise up in the mind at the sight of this picture! "See-Saw" belongs not to the city, but to the country—the broad, expansive, glorious country. Who is he that has snuffed the pure air of the country in his childhood, that has not some dim and hazy recollections of the plank, or the frail, bending board, placed across some huge log or across the "next to the top rail" in the fence—himself on one end, his companion on the other, and then the going up and down! Old men with gray locks, venerable men, dignified men, were once guilty of "see-saw." Staid matrons, prim and starched "ladies"—not a few—in childhood often joined with romping glee in this rustic sport. We hope they will not blush. We did not mean to tell tales about them. But we will suggest that, rough as are the sports of childhood, there is common sense in them—there is *wisdom* about them. They develop activity of limb, power of muscle; they quicken thought, and tend to develop manly—yea, and *womanly* parts. The recollection of them is soothing and pleasant.

In our picture the larger boy has not only the advantage of the long arm of the lever, but he improves his advantage on true scientific principles, by throwing him-

self backward, which has the effect of still extending the arm of the lever. The other finds himself poised high in air; he is evidently afraid to stay up, but can't well get down. The roguish fellow on the log seems to enjoy the fun hugely, while the baby tucks its thumb into its mouth with a pleasing consciousness that something is going on. Unconscious of either mischief or fun, the old grandmother industriously gathers her fagots for the fire; and the pot will soon be boiling, no doubt, in the rude cottage half hidden behind the grave old forest-trees.

Mother and Son—is a lifelike, expressive picture. In the mother's countenance, behold calm serenity, confiding love, and holy purpose! in the countenance of the lad, affection and reliance! We have no doubt our readers will agree with us that it is a charming picture. Few relations in life are more interesting than those of "mother and son." In an especial manner may every mother stamp the impression of her own excellence upon the heart of her son forever.

REJECTED ARTICLES.—"The Cold Hand" is rather too apocryphal. "Parents Educate your Children" has some excellent thoughts; but the sentences are badly constructed. Let the author of "The Sabbath Day" try again. So also would we say to the author of "To My Sister." The following poems are not without merit, but they will hardly do for us: "Lines," etc.; "Stanzas;" "A Dark and Beautiful Cloud;" "The Death of Brother;" "Love On;" "To the Christian Pilgrim;" "Christ in the Tempest;" "The Dying Wife's Farewell;" "Lines to my Mother," and "To a Sainted Mother." We must place also in the same category the prose articles—"My Mother," and "Musings of an Hour."

EXCERPTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—*On Dancing*.—We insert the following condensed note, hoping it may be the means of arresting the attention of other Christian mothers:

"*Mr. Editor*,—Allow a mother, who feels for the religious well-being of her daughters, to thank you for your article on 'Dancing and Religion.' I have three daughters, all members of the Church. Many of their associates attend the dancing school and private dancing parties. They wished to attend themselves, and thought there was no hurt in dancing. Their father is not a member of Church, though a man of excellent moral principles and character. He was disposed to indulge the girls, and couldn't see as there was any harm in it. In this state of things the Repository, with your article on Dancing, came. I read it, and a heavy burden rolled away from me. Duty had become indistinct and doubtful. Each of my daughters read the article; and I besought them to pray over it, and make up their minds as Christians. In a short time I had the satisfaction of finding that they all, with one accord, had not only given up dancing, but were fully convinced that the temptation to it was a snare of Satan. I feel that before myself the path of duty is now plain; and I praise God for our happy deliverance from the precipice on which we had been standing. O that every Christian family would look at the subject in its true light! Then I am persuaded there would not be so many Methodist families indulging in this fashionable amusement—may I not

call it *sin*?—and lending their influence to spread and perpetuate it."

We rejoice to know that the article referred to in the foregoing has made its mark in various and remotely separated quarters. May God arouse the Church to the full conception of the danger to be apprehended from this one insidious, soul-killing evil!

The Modesty of True Genius.—We are often struck with the varieties of *self-appreciation* observable among writers. It is not for an editor "to tell tales out of school;" but let it be understood that we are dealing in *traits*, not in facts. One will get off his effusion, and pronounce it superior to any thing Mrs. Sigourney or Alice Cary ever wrote. The stupidity of an editor that don't come exactly to the same conclusion amazes and confounds him—nay, fills his soul with pity, and he wonders how one of so little literary appreciation ever become an editor! Another, of coarser texture, is ready to "eat an ox, a bull, or a calf, if his poem don't beat Bryant 'all holler.'" A blessed comfort some men enjoy! But here is a specimen of a different character—chaste and delicate as it is beautiful:

"I trust you will look leniently upon the errors of a young rhymmer, who makes no pretensions whatever, but seeks through this medium to ease her heart of its sometimes aching fullness. Too ashamed of my effusions to exhibit them to my acquaintances, I have often wished for one kind friend to whom I could go for advice and instruction, who would point out my imperfections, and lead me to the very gates of song."

Can I Write Poetry?—That something which goes beyond the mere appreciation of poetry—that something which is the *conception*, the *feeling* of poetry, is no doubt often felt by many, whose gushing poetry is unwritten save in its impressions upon the soul. Says one:

"Sometimes I think I can write poetry, and at other times conclude it is only the awakening of that finer feeling, that holier bliss, which at times drowns every thing of earth, but withal is common to every mind—'tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange, this thinking principle within."

Gossip About Children.—*Are the Stars God's Telescopes?*—"Our little Florintine, now seven years old, has two little sisters garnered in the fold above. She loves to talk about them; and often wonders whether they can look down from heaven and see her, and how they look down. One day, after looking at some distant objects through a telescope, she seemed thoughtful for a moment, and then said, 'Ma, an't the stars God's telescopes?' 'Why do you ask that?' said ma. 'Because I thought they were, and that God would let Anna and Iey look down through them and see us!'" O the soul-yearnings for communion with the departed! No wonder that the ancients conceived of a messenger-bird that came back from the spirit-land; and no wonder that the conception has evoked the inspiration of the muse:

"But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,

Can those who have loved forget?

We call—but they answer not again—

Do they love, do they love us yet?

We call them far through the silent night;

But they speak not from cave nor hill;

We know, we know that their land is bright,

But say, do they love there still?"

The Faith of Childhood.—"Mr. Editor,—We have a little boy of six summers passionately fond of his baby brother. He thinks he must be very good so that his brother

may be also. The other day his mother overheard him talking to himself on this wise: 'O Lord, you see me away down here, trying ever so hard to be a good little boy. I love my brother ever so much; O, I could squeeze him ever so hard. Lord, send the Holy Gospel down on my little brother, and make him a good boy. Then we shall come up among the angels when we die.' Now, we think there was considerable theology as well as religion in that prayer. What do you think about it, Mr. Editor?"

We have no doubt of it. Those who have fought many a hard battle with doubt and unbelief can well appreciate the beautiful simplicity of the creed and the faith of uncorrupted childhood—the guileless, unhesitating, undoubting faith in God. Such is the faith that would fill all hearts, but for the blight of sin.

Where God Makes the Thunder and Lightning.—George, a little fellow of but few summers, with a mind peculiarly inquisitive, returning from a ride a few evenings since, enlivened by the varied and beautiful scenery of our own Ohio river—after watching for some time the mingling, overlapping, and piling up of dark red mountain-like clouds in the west, rising peak above peak, and fringed with the most beautiful colors—after looking attentively for a long time, inquired, with an earnestness which a new thought alone can arouse, "If that was not the place where God made the thunder and lightning."

W.

A Child's Prayer.—From Mrs. Sigourney's charming volume—"Sayings of Little Ones"—we glean the following:

"A little child kneeled by his bed to pray, as he retired to sleep for the night:

"Dear, heavenly Father, please don't let the large cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and don't let me run away outside of the gate, when mother tells me not."

"The sense of helplessness, and perfect trust of the tender spirit in a Being able to preserve from danger and disobedience, showed the true seeds of piety germinating, and ready to put forth the first fresh blossoms."

God Counted Them.—This, with its fine moral lesson, is also from the same source:

"A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table, and went out.

"How nice they look!" said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

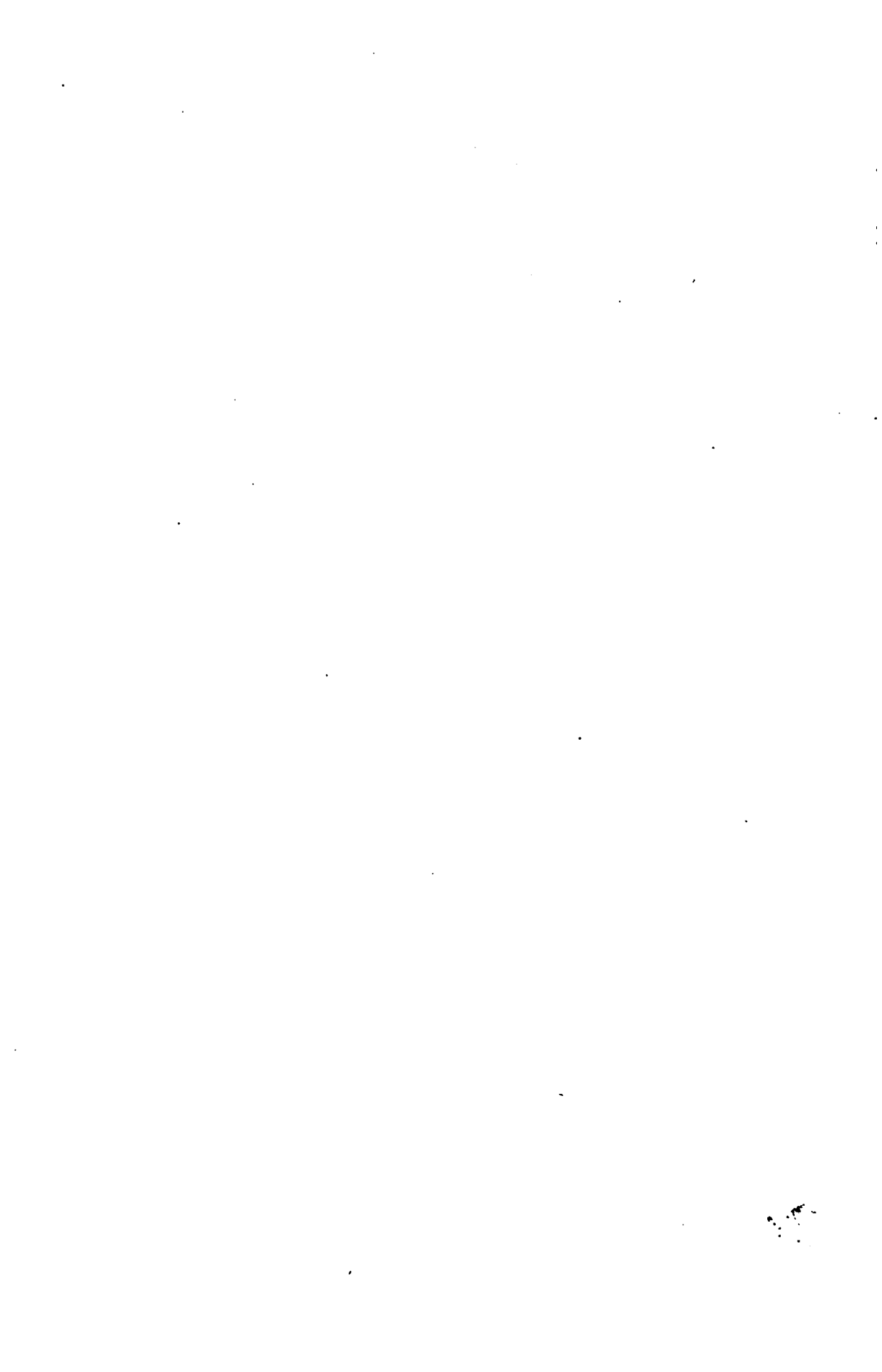
"She did not count them," said he.

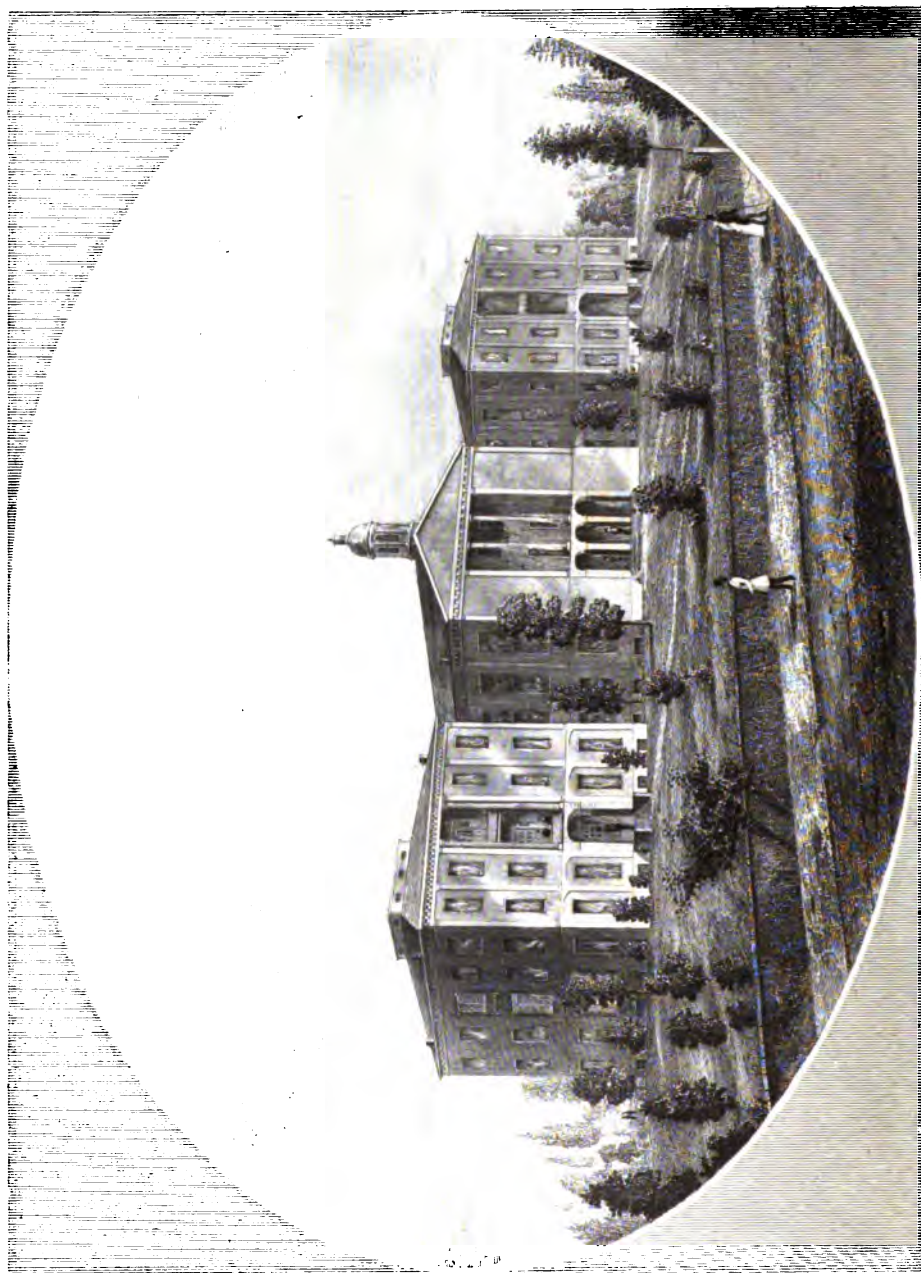
"But perhaps God did," answered the sister. So he withdrew from the temptation, and, sitting down, seemed to meditate.

"You are right," replied he, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious air: 'God does count. For the Bible says, that "the hairs of our head are all numbered."'"

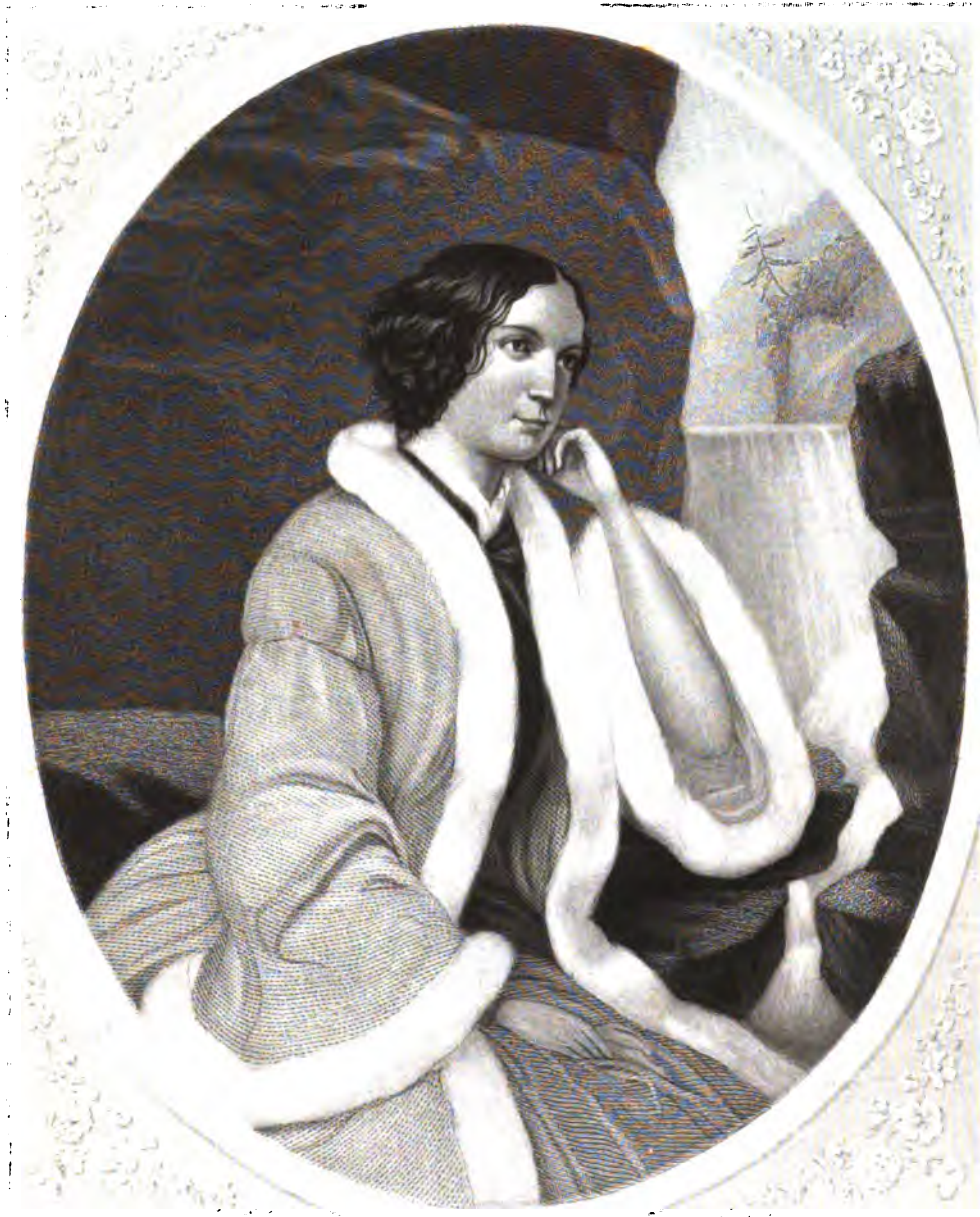
STRAY GEMS.—*Justice and Providence.*—Justice is a theorem; punishment is as exact as Euclid; crime has its angles of incidence and its angles of reflection; and we may tremble when we perceive in the obscurity of human destiny the lines and figures of that enormous geometry which the crowd call chance, and the thinking men call providence.—*Victor Hugo.*

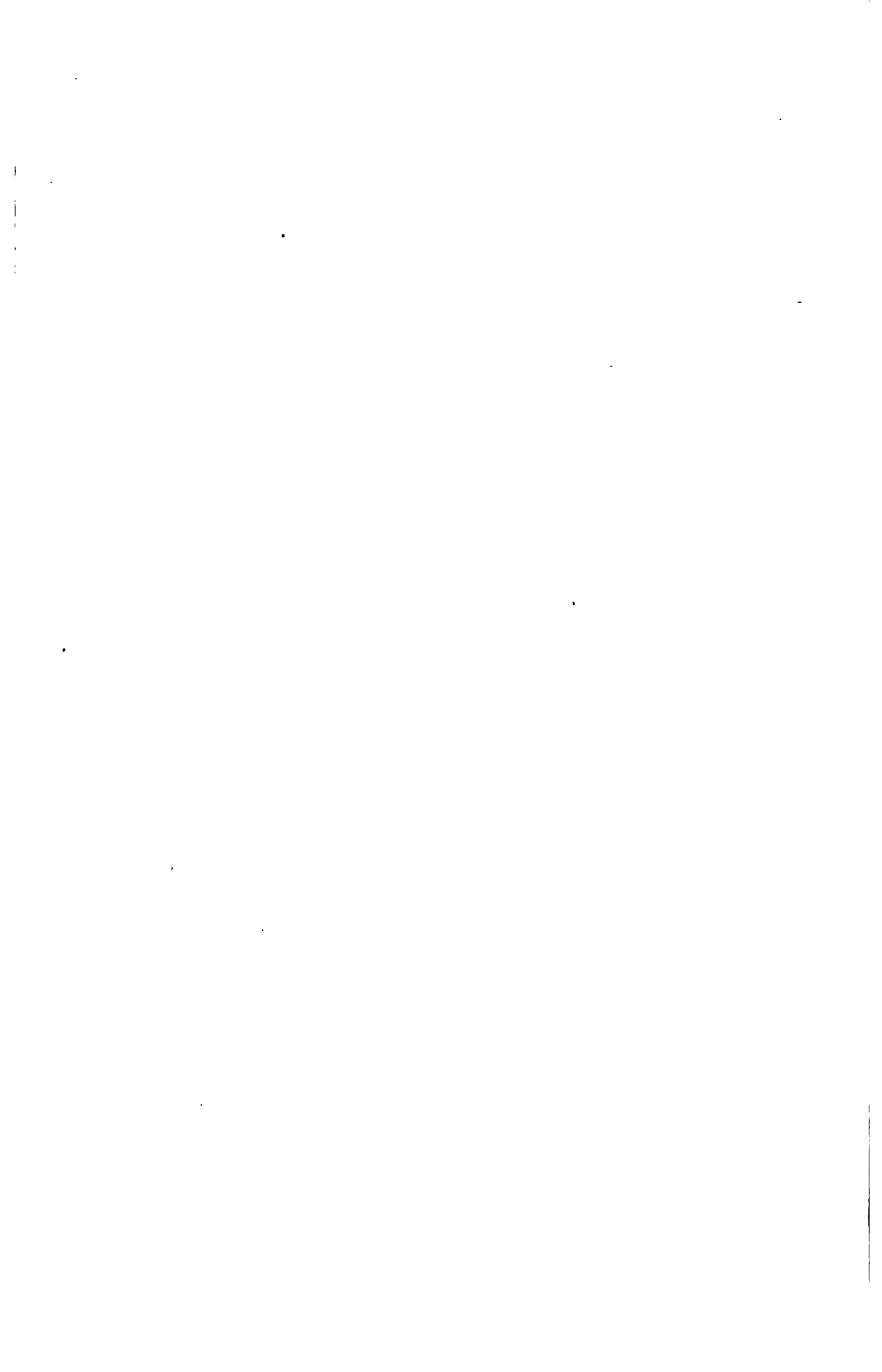
How to be Exempt from Uneasiness.—Would you be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, do every thing in your power that you are convinced is right.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CLEVELAND





THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

FAST PEOPLE.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

HOLD, reader! I do not mean people who fast in the sense of abstinence from luxuries, or of marked attention to self-denial—that old-fashioned virtue has but few advocates and still fewer practical illustrations; neither do I mean people fast in the sense of fixed or firm—that idea would interfere with the modern notion of progress, the tendency of which is to unsettle old foundations and disorganize established systems, and substitute new experiments; but I refer to people who are fast in the sense of speed or celerity. In any other view of it the present generation, in their giddy whirl, would not stop to hail this little craft, or ascertain its cargo and destination. Then, by fast people, I mean people not slow. That's it exactly. And as this is a taking subject I anticipate a large number of readers. The order of the day is to think fast, speak fast, read fast, and live fast; and he who expects his composition read must write fast and quit when done, if not before. After all, fast and slow are terms relatively applied. There are fast stage-coaches, fast steam-boats, and fast horses; but all of these are slow compared to the flight of a pigeon, and the pigeon is slow when compared to a streak of lightning.

This is a fast age of the world; the records of antiquity afford nothing to equal it, and the history of all past time is thrown into the shade. Every thing appears to be in motion to develop some latent power heretofore unknown. Most men are excited about something or other, and the general idea is that some demonstration out of the usual course of human events must and will be made soon. New inventions are multiplied. There is not time allowed to prove the practical working of one before another is announced. Genius plans and steam and electricity

execute. If the laws of nature make any resistance, the impression of some people is, those laws should be reformed or overcome; for what is impossibility, physical or moral, before the potent intellect of educated man! Suppose he should, by some mishap, step overboard and land in eternity before his books are posted, his report completed, and his history fully developed, can he not return, and through some spiritual writing medium finish the job? Such appears to be the belief of those fully inducted into the mysteries of table rapping and spiritual correspondence, and to require proof would be unreasonable, since they have discovered how to believe without evidence. I will not venture out further in that direction lest I lose soundings—small boats should keep in sight of land; but let us notice one or two specimens of mechanical invention. Solomon said "there is no new thing under the sun," and in my simplicity I thought it was so; but some knowing folks think they have ascertained that although Solomon's declaration was true then, yet some new things have transpired since; and if I could persuade myself that all the published reports of new inventions were true, it would stagger my own confidence in Solomon's words. For example, some time since a real Kentuckian sojourning in the east and comparing notes with some who were describing modern inventions, led off in his turn thus:

"Really, gentlemen, those things of which you speak are wonderful, but not quite equal to the Mutton Mill."

Gent. "Mutton Mill! what is that?"

K. "It is a new establishment over on the Rolling Fork of Salt river."

Gent. "What is there peculiar about it?"

K. "I can't fully describe the machinery, but the practical result of it is soon told; you take a live sheep and pitch him into the hopper, then take hold of the handle of a crank and give it a

few turns, when out come four legs of mutton, a leather apron, and two wool hats, all ready for use."

Now I do not indorse the statement of the Kentuckian, yet it is quite as plausible as the invention of a quack recently noticed in the newspapers, by which a ship, without any steam, is to be navigated across the Atlantic in three days, and not liable to founder, though there should be a breach in her keel. However that may be, I have no wish to be a passenger on her first voyage, or trial trip. A fast age this, truly, too fast for me; I can hardly keep in sight of it.

We live not only in a fast age, but ours is a fast country. Its history is marvelous. Feeble British colonies, with a population of 3,000,000, have, in little more than two generations, become the wonder of nations—known to all the civilized world as a free and prosperous republic, embracing 25,000,000 of souls. There are yet living men among us, who have been eye-witnesses of the whole process of this wonderful transformation from weakness to strength. They have witnessed more of the world's progress, in less than one century, than Methuselah did in 969 years. And still our country is advancing on a larger scale and with increased momentum. A few pioneers lead off into some wilderness territory, in pursuit of game or land for settlement, and in a few years that territory becomes a sister state, added into the mighty confederation, with all the elements of strength and prosperity—all the means of civil and social happiness. The wilderness becomes a populous and cultivated district. Forest-trees, shanties, and commodious dwellings exchange positions in quick succession; the bridle-path is superseded by the macadamized pike, and then the pike by the railroad; the brush arbor is removed to make way for the steepled court-house; the log meeting-house is exchanged for the spacious church, and the site of the hunter's lodge becomes the site of the university. The pioneer's hut becomes the center of a fresh hamlet, the hamlet soon grows to be a large and flourishing village, which, in a few years, becomes a commercial city, where fortunes, like Jonah's gourd, spring up in a night and perish in a day, or, at least, exchange hands about every new moon. Ventures make merchants, though generally broken ones. But make or break, every thing must move by double quick time. The merchant, who formerly consumed weeks in reaching the eastern market, now takes his breakfast at home in Cincinnati and next day dines in New York. The tour of Europe is now performed by our neighbors in less time than

was formerly required for them to ship their produce to New Orleans and return home. Surely ours is a fast country.

Americans are a fast people, quite as much so as any other people, and perhaps a little faster; and if they were all fast in the right direction, they would outstrip all the world and the rest of mankind. It is unfortunate for us, however, that while some are making commendable efforts to be useful, others are but too fast in the opposite direction. There are nearly all sorts of fast people among us, especially in the practice of folly and wickedness. Vagabond musicians, who can convene people enough to fill our largest halls, and sing money out of their pockets by thousands and tens of thousands, are fast. Professional impostors, who can humbug multitudes with baby-shows, to augment their own funds, and yet pass off themselves as public benefactors, are fast. A swindler, who can found a bank without capital, gull a whole community of honest citizens, obtain all their hard-earned cash on deposit for safe-keeping, and then, gathering all up at midnight into a carpet sack, make a bee-line for the north star, and get off with his portable plunder, is fast. Young men who drive buggies through the city, nearly every day, at the speed of twelve miles an hour, and at the risk of knocking down women and children, are fast. Clerks who pass their evenings in fashionable dissipation, spending all they earn and more, too, are fast. Demagogues, who make hobbies and ride them rough-shod over the heads of the people into office, are fast; and "treasury-eaters," who fob the public money by the pocket full, destroy the books and leave the people to help themselves, and yet escape with impunity, are fast. Beside all these we have a very hopeful class of juniors coming on. Little misses, who aspire to a position in fashionable society and talk about beaux, before they are weaned from their childish propensity for dolls and candy, are fast. Boys, but little higher than the yard-stick, with cigars in their mouths and pistols in their hands, talking of valorous exploits achieved or in prospect, are fast. Juvenile rogues and youthful villains, who are inducted at the watch-house, promoted to the house of refuge, take a turn with the chain-gang, and graduate in the penitentiary before they are twenty-one years old, are fast. Young females, who assume the character of wandering lecturers, to defend woman's rights, are fast. Self-constituted tribunals, that administer capital punishment in a summary way, without trial, judge, or jury, are fast. Very fast people these Americans, whether native-born or

adopted. They come into the world fast, live fast while in it, and are fast getting themselves and each other out of it, while pestilence, war, and mob violence are aiding them in their work of premature death.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

WHEN, in the year 1832, the writer entered our itinerancy, the Ohio conference, although it extended from the Alleghany Mountains to the southern shore of Lake Superior, and embraced the Kanawha valley in Virginia, the greater part of the state of Ohio, and the whole of the territory of Michigan, had no literary institution within its bounds. It held, however, a partial interest in Augusta College, which, at that time, was struggling hard to prolong a troubled but not inglorious life. Soon after this the Norwalk Seminary for both sexes, and the Worthington Seminary for young ladies, sprang simultaneously into being; and sustaining themselves, asked and received of the conference little but recognition, visitation, and patronage.

In the year 1841 the Rev. Adam Poe—then stationed at Delaware—addressed letters to several of his brethren of the North Ohio conference, stating that the "White Sulphur Spring property," adjoining that village, and consisting of a mansion and beautiful grounds, tastefully laid out with graveled walks and appropriate shade-trees and shrubbery, was in market; and that the people of Delaware, if encouraged, would purchase it, and present it to the Methodist Episcopal Church, on condition that she would establish thereon a seminary or academy. One of his friends responded, that the location—so central, so accessible, so healthful—was suitable for a *college* or *university*, and that, if the Ohio conference would unite with the North Ohio, such an institution could be organized, endowed, and well sustained. The hint was taken, the citizens purchased the property—conditionally—and appointed a committee to confer with the conferences. The North Ohio conference proposed to the Ohio to become a partner with her in the enterprise, and appointed commissioners authorized to co-operate with her in case she did. The latter wisely took the precaution of sending a committee to view the property before she resolved to accede. This committee consisted of Drs. Elliott and Strickland, and others; their report was favorable, and, having been ably sustained by the Chairman, was, with considerable unanimity, adopted. A com-

mission was appointed with power to negotiate, in conjunction with a similar commission of the North Ohio conference, a transfer of the property. The joint commission, consisting of Reva. Jacob Young, C. Elliott, J. M. Trimble, and E. W. Schon, of the Ohio conference; and J. H. Power, Adam Poe, E. Thomson, W. S. Morrow, and James Brewster, of the North Ohio conference, met October 13, 1841, and exchanged the necessary papers. They also purchased some adjoining ground at a cost of \$5,500. In March, 1842, a charter was obtained incorporating the "Trustees of the Ohio Wesleyan University," and securing the institution to the Methodist Episcopal Church by giving perpetuating and visitatorial powers to the patronizing conferences. The Board met at Hamilton, O., on the 1st of October, 1842; and having organized by electing Ex-Governor Trimble President, and G. B. Arnold, Esq., Secretary, authorized the establishment of a preparatory school, and elected Dr. E. Thomson President of the University, and Rev. Solomon Howard Principal of the Preparatory Department. The former did not, however, enter upon duty till June, 1846.

The efforts of the preachers to raise means for the payment of the debt were protracted and painful. It was *hoped* that an average of twelve and a half cents per member could be obtained by the preachers, but our success by no means justified our expectations; year after year the debt hung over us, accumulating by interest. The sum necessary to cancel it was never fully raised, a balance having been paid after the lapse of several years by money borrowed from the endowment fund.

At the next meeting of the Board—October, 1843—it was resolved to sell scholarships on the following terms; namely, five years for one hundred dollars; fifteen years for two hundred dollars; in perpetuity for five hundred dollars. Agents were appointed by the conferences this year, both to collect money and to sell scholarships.

At the third meeting—September, 1844—Rev. H. M. Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient Languages; Rev. Solomon Howard, Professor of Mathematics; Mr. (now Professor) William G. Williams, Principal of the Preparatory Department; and Mr. Enoch Dial, assistant. The number of scholarships sold by the agents during the year preceding was encouraging, and several donations were obtained, among which was one from Jedediah Allen in land, estimated at ten thousand dollars.

The school, as well under the management

of Mr. (now Dr.) Howard as under that of his successor, Professor (now Dr.) Johnson, continued to make steady progress and win golden opinions. In 1845, Mr. Howard having resigned, Professor (now Dr.) McCabe was elected to the vacant place. Professor F. Merrick was elected to the chair of Natural Sciences, but in 1852 was transferred to that of Biblical Literature, and was succeeded by Rev. Wm. L. Harria.

In the fall of 1848 the institution was found to be in danger; most of the pupils came on scholarships, but the interest on the notes given for them was not punctually paid; many of the makers of these notes were deceased, others had failed, others removed to parts unknown, while the interest on the whole amount sold, if punctually paid, would not have sustained the institution. What was to be done? We had no hope of raising an endowment by donations. We could not much increase our fund by the sale of scholarships on our former plan; for it presented no motive to the purchaser except one of benevolence toward the institution, and this was too small to be appreciated by the liberal, and too large to be effective with the penurious.

We determined, therefore, to sell scholarships on the following terms: three years for fifteen dollars; four, for twenty; six, for twenty-five; and eight, for thirty. The plan worked admirably. But we have not space for historical details.

In 1849, in order to classify our irregular students, and encourage them to continue longer in the institution, the Board organized a Scientific and also a Biblical department.

A few figures and facts will make our progress, since the full organization of the Faculty, apparent.

I. Alumni. In 1846 we graduated 1; 1847, 2; 1848, 9; 1849, 9; 1850, 6 regular or Classical course, 5 Biblical, 3 Scientific; 1851, 5 Classical, 3 Biblical, 1 Scientific; 1852, 6 Classical, 8 Biblical, 14 Scientific; 1853, 11 Classical, 1 Biblical, 6 Scientific; 1854, 6 Classical, 6 Biblical, 16 Scientific; 1855, 12 Classical, 1 Biblical, 5 Scientific. It should be observed that many of the regular course pursued also the Biblical. The falling off this year in the Scientific course may be accounted for by the organization last year of a Normal department.

II. Number of pupils. In 1846, 162; 1847, 172; 1848, 192; 1849, 180; 1850, 257; 1851, 506; 1852, 592; 1853, 530; 1854, 594; 1855, 511.

III. Buildings. In 1849 our mansion-house was repaired at an expense of \$1,200; in 1852 our Chapel was built at a cost of \$18,000; in

1855 our Library was built at a cost of from \$15,000 to \$20,000. We are also building Morris Hall—a brick building for dormitories, which is not exhibited in the engraving.

IV. Library. In 1846 our books were but few and of little value; now, through the liberality of Mr. W. Sturgess, of Putnam, it has become very valuable, consisting, in addition to our former catalogue, of a choice selection of English and continental works, classical, philosophical, scientific, and historical, to which we are still adding.

In 1846 our permanent fund was estimated at \$45,000, most of which consisted in scholarship notes uncollected, and in great part *uncollectible*; on only a small proportion of the whole was the interest paid. Now our permanent fund may be safely estimated at \$110,000. Our present annual income is \$9,506.40.

With the exception of a small sum due for buildings, which we expect to secure before the Library shall have been appropriated, and a sum which was borrowed from the permanent fund to meet the early indebtedness of the University, which theoretically is considered a debt, we are *free from debt*.

As we are made a legatee in several wills, some of which have been admitted to probate, we may, I think, safely estimate our property at \$200,000.

Turn now, reader, to the engraving.

V. Buildings. The central building is the Chapel. It is eighty-eight feet by fifty-five, and consists of two stories and a basement. The last, which is nine feet high, is devoted *chiefly* to the Professor of Natural Sciences, and is furnished with conveniences for laboratory, museum, etc. The first story—eleven and a half feet high—is devoted *chiefly* to the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and is supplied with all necessary apparatus, which is arranged in suitable apartments and preserved in glazed cases. The third story is the chapel proper, a beautiful room, seventy-one feet by fifty—exclusive of the vestibule—and twenty-three feet high, with an orchestra of ten feet at one extremity and a platform at the other, the latter being the whole width of the room, and furnished with a neat mahogany desk, but not in the form of a pulpit. The walls, which are very substantial, are of stone up to the chapel floor; above of brick; the style is Grecian Doric.

The building north is sixty-two feet by fifty-two, in the same style and of the same height. It has three stories and a basement. This is the old building or mansion. It is a frame, ceiled

externally with pine. In the center is an elliptic staircase from the basement to the attic. It is occupied for private rooms of professors and recitations.

The building on the south side is the Sturgess Library. It is three stories and a basement—the last of which is stone, the remainder brick. It is fifty-two feet by sixty-six, and is in height and style the same as the others. The basement and first story are elegantly fitted up for society halls and society libraries. The two upper stories are devoted to the college library, but they are thrown into one—galleries being substituted for the upper floor. This room is pure Grecian Ionic. It is sixty-one feet by fifty-one; twenty-three feet high. From the ceiling rises a dome upon a square base. It is lighted by eight windows of ornamented glass. Below the galleries are ten alcoves, five on each side; between them runs a hall twenty-three feet wide, terminated at each end by an ornamental window sixteen and a half feet high by seven wide, surrounded by a rich molding; the sash being divided into three parts by mullions. The Chapel and Library were superintended by Mr. Morris Cadwallader, and reflects great credit upon his skill and taste as an architect.

VI. Faculty. The present one consists of E. Thomson, President, and Professor of Belles-Lettres; Rev. F. Merrick, A. M., Professor of Biblical Literature and Moral Science; Rev. L. D. McCabe, D. D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; William G. Williams, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages and Literature; Rev. W. L. Harris, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Mr. John Ogden, Principal of Normal Department; Samuel Williams, A. M., Tutor in Languages; T. C. O'Kane, A. M., Tutor in Mathematics.

It should be borne in mind, that, while we have been gathering our influence and property, and extending our usefulness, the conferences in Ohio have been directing their attention—whether wisely or not, I do not say—to other institutions as well as ourselves. We have at present within the bounds of the Ohio and North Ohio conferences six colleges under Methodist patronage, not to mention seminaries and high schools. We certainly should not be accused of neglecting the interests of education.

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WHEN the flail of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face, but let me be the corn that lies at thy feet.—*Henry.*

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

BY BEN CARRSLEY.

THERE is little in the mere biography of Mrs. Welby which distinguishes her from the rest of her sex. Her life was passed placidly and quietly in the performance of those duties which belonged to her station. She was born on the 3d of February, 1819, at St. Michael's, in Maryland, a small village on Miles river, an arm of Chesapeake Bay, whence she was removed when an infant to Baltimore. She resided in or near that city till 1834, when she removed to Louisville, Ky. It was at this latter place that her poetic genius first became known to the public, and there she died. It is quite probable that she had written previous to this time, but none of those earlier poems have been preserved. The history of her life does not furnish any clew to her genius. Her education was not thorough, her mind was not disciplined by study, nor was her reading at all extensive; yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, her poetry is perfect in rhythm and harmony, and is never blemished by any fault either of rhetoric or of grammar. In the most impressive part of her earlier life she was surrounded by a great deal that was grand and beautiful in nature, and most of her poetic images refer to those surroundings. Her first publication was in 1837, she being then hardly eighteen years old. It was printed in the Louisville Journal, of which paper George D. Prentice was and is the editor. This accomplished gentleman, himself a poet of admirable ability, took great pains to develop her poetic faculty and to procure for her a fair hearing before the public. She had, however, very little need of any adventitious aids to establish her in the highest favor with her readers. From her earliest appearance before the public, the sweetness and naturalness of her melodies caught every ear and warmed every heart. They reached all the better feelings of her readers because they so evidently flowed fresh from her own. Her poetry was the result of a pure *afflatus*, and had never been measured by the frigid rules of art. She sang because it was given her to sing; her melodies were like the voices of the birds—they were the simple outgushing of her own pure nature. She did not reach the higher forms of art, nor did she attempt them. Her song was a simple measure, learned of the trill of the brooklet, of the rustle of the leaves, or of the deep and solemn murmur of the ocean. It is not asserted that Mrs. Welby's poetry is faultless, but there is in it that natural charm of innocence

and grace which is known to but few writers. Mr. Poe said of her, in one of his peculiar criticisms, that "she had nearly all the imagination of Maria del Occidente, with more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear, and, what is surprising, equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her," he adds, "in the true poetic qualities. As for our *poetesses*, few of them approach her." This is high praise, and, though perhaps somewhat overstrained, is not entirely unmerited. Her imagination and refinement of taste are, perhaps, her most prominent qualities, and her nicety of ear was none the less remarkable in view of the fact that it had never been cultivated by the study of any model.

Mrs. Welby's poetry grew more rapidly into public favor, and found admiration and appreciation among a larger number of people than that of any author within our knowledge. Hardly had her fingers touched the lyre ere her strains were caught up by melody-lovers throughout the Union, and sung in every peopled valley and echoed from every sunny hill-side of our vast domain. Her poetry was of a character that could not fail to reach every heart. It was natural, free from all morbidness; full of grace, of delicacy, and of elegance. While it did not reach beyond the comprehension and the sympathy of the humblest individual, while her range of subjects was confined to the "every-dayness of this work-day world," yet her treatment of them was so absolutely poetic, and withal so naive and original, as to excite the admiration of the most cultivated and refined.

The first collected edition of her poems was published at Boston in 1845, and, although a large number of copies were embraced in it, it was readily disposed of within a very few months, and the demand for the work was still unabated. In less than twelve months after the issue of her volume, overtures were made to Mrs. Welby by some of the best publishers in the country for a new edition. The Appletons were the successful competitors for the prize, and in 1846 they published a second edition. Since that time edition after edition has been issued, till already fourteen editions have appeared and found ready sale, and the demand for the volume is by no means exhausted.

Few American writers either of prose or poetry have met with a success equal to this, and very few have found admirers in as many different circles of society as has Amelia Welby. The secret of all this is well explained by Rufus Griswold in one of his notices of this lady. He

says, "Her fancy is lively, discriminating, and informed by a minute and intelligent observation of nature, and she has introduced into poetry some new and beautiful imagery. No painful experience has tried her heart's full energies; but her feelings are natural and genuine; and we are sure of the presence of a womanly spirit, reverencing the sanctities and immunities of life, and sympathizing with whatever addresses the senses of beauty." Mrs. Welby's brilliant success as an author has led many young ladies in the west to emulate her example; and while here and there is found one who displays talent and capacity, none have as yet compassed any thing like equal popularity, and very few, indeed, have been found equally deserving.

In person Mrs. Welby was rather above than below the middle height. Slender and exceedingly graceful in form, with exquisite taste in dress, and a certain easy, floating sort of movement, she would at once be recognized as a beautiful woman. A slight imperfection in the upper lip, while it prevented her face from being perfect, yet gave a peculiar piquancy to its expression which was far from destroying any of its charm. Her hair was exquisitely beautiful, and was always arranged, regardless of the prevailing fashion, with singular elegance and adaptation to her face and figure. Her manners were simple, natural, and impulsive, like those of a child. Her conversation, though sometimes frivolous, was always charming. She loved to give the rein to her fancy, to invent situations and circumstances for herself and her friends, and to talk of them as if they were realities. Her social life was full of innocent gayety and playfulness. She was the idol of her friends, and she repaid their affection with her whole heart. Her character was as beautiful as her manners were simple. Courtied and flattered as she was, she was, perhaps, a little willful, and sometimes even obstinate, but an appeal to her affections always softened and won her. Her willfulness was that of a wayward, petted child, and had a charm even in its most positive exhibitions.

Mrs. Welby's maiden name was COPPUCK. She was married in June, 1838, to Mr. George Welby, a large merchant of Louisville, and a gentleman entirely worthy to be the husband of the woman and the poetess. She had but one child, a boy, who was born but two months before her death. She died on the 3d of May, 1852, in her thirty-third year.

Her prose writings consist only of her correspondence. Her letters and notes, however, sometimes assumed the form of compositions or

sketches. The following is an illustration of the style of many of them. She had been visited at her residence by a party of gay masqueraders, among whom was a very intimate friend costumed as a Turk, and bearing the euphonious soubriquet of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen. On the day after this visit, Mrs. Welby received from this pseudo Pashaw a note of farewell written in the redundant style of the Orientals, to which the following is her answer:

"Although a stranger to the graceful style of Oriental greeting, Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, would send to Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen, ere he departs from the midst of her people, a few words in token of farewell, and also in acknowledgment of the flowery epistle sent by the gallant Ben Khorassen to the 'Bulbul of the Giaour Land,' as he is pleased, in the poetical language of his country, to designate the humblest of his admirers! Like the sudden splendor of a dazzling meteor, gleaming before the delighted eye of the startled gazer, was the brief sojourn of the noble Ben Khorassen in the presence of the happy 'Bulbul.' He came before her uniting in his aspect the majesty of a god of old with the mien of a mortal—graceful in his step, winning in his words, yet 'terrible as an army with banners.' The song of the 'Bulbul' was hushed; the words of greeting died upon her lip. But now that the mightiest of the mighty has withdrawn from her dazzled gaze the glory of his overpowering presence, the trembling 'Bulbul' lifts her head once more like a drooping flower oppressed by the too powerful rays of the noontide sun; and in the midst of the gloom that overshadows her, recalls to mind every word and look of the gallant Ben Khorassen, till her thoughts of him arise like stars upon the horizon of her memory, lighting up the gloom of his absence, and glittering upon the waters of the fountain of her heart, whose every murmur is attuned to the music of his memory.

"But the bark of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen floats upon the waters with her white wings spread for the clime of the crescent. Her brilliant pennon streams from the strand, and the words of the 'Bulbul' must falter into a farewell. May the favoring gales of paradise, fragrant as the breath of houris, fill the silken sails of Ben Khorassen, and waft him onward to his native groves of citron and of myrtle, waking thoughts in his bosom fresh and fragrant as the flowers that cluster in his clime! Thus prays Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, and the 'Bulbul of the Giaour Land!' Farewell!"

This exceedingly graceful and tasteful little

note is but a single specimen of a sort of composition with which Mrs. Welby delighted to indulge her intimate friends. Indeed, during the last few years of her life, these notes and letters formed the only means through which her beautiful fancies were conveyed. She had ceased almost entirely to write verses, and a change was coming over her mind. Her genius was seeking some new form of development. Before, however, her friends could see even the foreshadowings of this new form, this accomplished poetess and estimable woman was called away to join her voice with the angelic choir, whose harmonies are the delight and the glory of the celestial world. On a bright May morning, such as her own songs have taught us to love, when the earth was redolent of beauty, and the flowers were sending up to heaven the incense of their perfumes; when all rejoicing nature was pouring out its morning orison to its Creator, the angels sent by her heavenly Father came and bore her spirit to its home in the skies. And so

"She has passed, like a bird, from the minstrel throng,
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!"

The following lines, written by Amelia on the death of a sister poetess, will form a fitting conclusion to this hasty sketch, and a fitting tribute to her own memory:

"She has passed, like a bird, from the minstrel throng,
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!
Her place is hush'd by her lover's side,
Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride;
The hopes of his spirit are crushed and bowed
As he thinks of his love in her long white shroud;
For the fragrant sighs of her perfum'd breath
Were kiss'd from her lips by his rival—Death.

Cold is her bosom, her thin white arms
All mutely crossed o'er its icy charms,
As she lies, like a statue of Grecian art,
With a marbled brow and a cold hushed heart;
Her locks are bright, but their gloss is hid;
Her eye is sunk 'neath its waxen lid:
And thus she lies in her narrow hall—
Our fair young minstrel—the loved of all.

Light as a bird's were her springing feet,
Her heart as joyous, her song as sweet;
Yet never again shall that heart be stirred
With its glad wild songs like a singing bird:
Ne'er again shall the strains be sung,
That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue;
The music is o'er, and Death's cold dart
Hath broken the spell of that free, glad heart.

Often at eve, when the breeze is still,
And the moon floats up by the distant hill,
As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers,
And wreath my locks with the sweet wild flowers,
I will think of the time when she lingered there,
With her mild blue eyes, and her long fair hair;
I will treasure her name in my bosom-core:
But my heart is sad—I can sing no more."

GIANTS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

OF the many things that excite our wonder, there is, perhaps, nothing which is more marvelous than the varieties of mankind. Assuming, as we are warranted in doing by the word of God and the researches of the best ethnologists, that the human species is one, it is easy to divide it, as some have done, according to color, into black, white, copper color, and tawny; or, with Blumenbach and Pritchard, into the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, Malay, and North American Indians, and call these the great varieties of the species; but these, or any other divisions, give but a faint idea of the diversity of mankind in a world of ten hundred million people, where no two faces are alike, where no two bodies have been cast in the same mold, and no two souls develop the same faculties in the same proportion.

It is not, however, the ordinary so much as the extraordinary, that has hitherto attracted the attention of mankind; and hence all early writers have filled their books with stories of monsters and prodigies of various kinds, and among them with accounts of giants and pigmies of the most extraordinary description. It would almost appear as if there were a natural tendency of mankind to romance in a certain state of their intellectual development, and hence all early travelers see wonders which are robbed of their proportions by those who come after them. Those who first visited America saw many things which have greatly diminished in later times. As an instance of this, Garcilasso de la Vega, in his history of Peru, says that a company of giants came there in a boat, so tall that the natives could only reach their knees; that their eyes were as broad as the bottom of a plate, and their limbs proportionably large: and another writer tells us that he measured several corpses, and found them from fourteen to fifteen feet high. These, however, are only trifles compared with the relations of more ancient writers, such as Homer, Pliny, and others. Here is a specimen from one of the authors of the Targums, Jonathan ben Uzziel—a specimen which may also teach us how much, by their vain traditions, the Jewish rabbis have obscured divine truth:

"Og having observed that the camp of the Israelites extended six miles, he went and tore up a mountain six miles at its base, and put it on his head and carried it toward the camp, that he might throw it on the camp and destroy them; but the word of the Lord prepared a worm, which bored a hole in the mountain over

his head, so that it fell down upon his shoulders; at the same time his teeth grew out in all directions, so that he could not cast it off his head. Moses, who was himself ten cubits high, seeing Og thus entangled, took an ax ten cubits long and, having leaped ten cubits in height, struck Og on the ankle-bone so that he fell and was slain." See Targum on Numbers xxi, 35, 36. According to this, Og's ankle must have been forty-five feet high; but even this account is surpassed by some others, for in other places of the Targum he is said to have been several miles in height.

Comparative anatomy has enabled us to dispose very summarily of one set of stories in reference to giants, or what has been termed *giants' bones*. Historians inform us that in 1171 the bones of a giant were found in England fifty feet long. The Italian writers, however, have given accounts of still more remarkable skeletons; and if the relics which they describe had belonged to men, Homer's Cyclops would be no fable. An early father also mentions a giant's tooth preserved in a certain church, which was several pounds weight, and conjectures very truly that it must have been an enormous mouth that held a full set of them. Science has enabled us to appropriate those bones to their rightful owners, and assign them to the mastodon and other extinct animals instead of man. Sir Hans Sloane had the vertebrae of a whale, which was dug up in Lincolnshire, sent to him as a portion of a giant's back-bone; but, perceiving it to have been the property of a monster of the deep, the wonder ceased. Thus we have no direct evidence of the existence of that race of stout old gentlemen whom Jack slew, except it be the testimony of those veritable witnesses—the compilers of early history.

Although we may doubt the fabulous dimensions given by the Jewish rabbis and others, still it is impossible to doubt the fact that giants have existed in almost every country. It is, however, plain, from the notices which historians have given of them, that they were always rarities, and that we have no reliable accounts of a race of giants ever having existed. Indeed, there are many reasons for believing that the size of the human race, taken in its totality, rather increases than diminishes, and that the relations of historians of gigantic nations of men have originated in the first impressions of small men when brought into the presence of those of superior stature. An instance of this has just occurred. The English Guards who went to Turkey astonished the people there by their great size, so that

the Turk believes the English gisours to be the Anakims. When the Bishi-Bouzouk returns to his native home he will, no doubt, tell his wondering friends that the English are a race of giants, and, having added a foot to them, will greatly astonish the simple rustics. His descendants will add a yard more, so that some future traveler in the mountains of Armenia, unless in the mean time our missionaries there do their enlightening work, will no doubt hear his countrymen described as giants. Numerous cases of this sort of exaggeration are on record, and many strange scraps of history are explained by it.

Giants, as we before remarked, are common to all nations, ancient and modern; but it is probable that there never was a man more than ten feet high. Goliath of Gath was nine feet high, and so also was one of the Roman emperors. A skeleton was dug up at a place near St. Albans, near an urn marked Marcus Antoninus, eight feet high. Dr. Adam Clarke measured a man in Ireland who was eight feet six inches, and we recollect seeing a thigh-bone, which was taken out of a stone coffin found in Devonshire, which indicated a man of eight feet nine inches. There are, indeed, we believe, men now living who are about the same height. From nine to ten feet, therefore, is the extreme which we can credit as the tallest man's attainments; and although there are, in profane history, a few seemingly authentic instances of men exceeding this stature, our knowledge of the race leads us rather to doubt the measure than believe in the man.

Taking this height, however, as the extreme, there is still a great diversity in the species; for the giant is set off at the other extremity by the dwarf, who is so far below the common standard as to be equally a wonder. The smallest man, perhaps, that ever lived was two feet high; and rising from this we have every conceivable measure up to the giant. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was very fond of a dwarf named Sonopas, who, according to the Roman historian, was two feet and a handbreadth high. In the Philosophical Transactions two cases are mentioned—one a native of Norfolk, who never weighed more than thirty-four pounds in his life; and of another still more remarkable case in Wales, who, at the age of fifteen, weighed only thirteen pounds, was two feet, seven inches high, and was characterized by all the symptoms of an old man at that age. General Tom Thumb, who has created such a sensation all over Christendom, was one of the most perfect specimens of dwarfs that we know of; but it is highly im-

probable that a race so diminutive ever existed. The Esquimaux, near the pole, and the Bushmen—the Gipsies, as they have been called, of the interior of Africa—are the smallest races of men that we are acquainted with, their height seldom exceeding four feet, five inches; and from those to the Patagonians we have all the intermediate varieties.

So much has been said about the Patagonians, that the judgment of one who lived among them for a time in close captivity may be acceptable. It does not follow, however, that his, or any other description, applies to the whole of the Patagonians, as the author may have seen only a particular tribe; and this suggestion will, perhaps, explain many discrepancies in the works of those who have written about them. Captain Bourne says: "In person they are large; on first sight they appear absolutely gigantic. They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only standard of measurement I had was my own height, which is about five feet, ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them, and all the men were at least a head taller than myself; their average height I should think is nearly six and a half feet, and there were specimens that could have been little less than seven feet high. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, frames muscular and finely proportioned; the whole figure and air making an impression like that which the first view of the sons of Anak is recorded to have produced on the children of Israel. They exhibit enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness and exert it." (Giants of Patagonia.)

Such are the giants of the old Spanish historians as seen by modern navigators. There are, however, other proofs of the enormous stature of the race, which at once set the question at rest; such as the bodies which have been disinterred, and the armor which has been worn by people in various ages and countries. There are bodies, principally mummies from Egypt, which are at least three thousand years old. Since the time when these people lived, not only scores of generations, but whole races of men have been born, lived, and died; and still the mummies, as they lie before us, are, we believe, in no case larger than the same class of people which they represent among us at the present day. The same observation applies also to the armor which has been dug out of tumuli and ancient graves. Poets and historians have

represented their heroes as men of enormous size and strength. Homer speaks of the men who fought at Troy as hurling stones at each other, that twenty men of these degenerate days could scarcely lift; but when we examine the armor of those redoubtable warriors, we are convinced that it could hardly be worn by the English Life Guards spoken of. This is found to be the case with the armor of the knights who won such renown by their prowess in the crusades and tournaments of England. They were very terrible, no doubt, to the monks and unarmed peasantry, but even in point of physical strength were in no way superior to the present generation of Englishmen.

Upon the whole, then, we conclude that giants have always been rarities, that there never was a race of giants, and that the common stature of mankind has remained much the same ever since the Flood—the Patagonians being as large, and the Esquimaux and the Bushmen as small, as any races of men that ever lived.—*London Leisure Hour.*

SCENES IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

HISTORY scarcely presents us with scenes so diversified with horror, or so fraught with tragic interest, as those which mark the period of the great French Revolution. While we peruse the records of this fearful era, we are inclined to ask to what remote and savage nation and period they refer; yet the nation is that whose territory is nearest our own on the globe's surface, being only on "the other side of the water;" and the period is so recent as to be within the memory of many who are now living. Fully told the dread tale will never be. Its leading incidents are familiar to us from our cradles, yet fresh reminiscences are ever coming forth; the new often surpassing the old; nor can we wonder that such a narrative should live and burn on history's page. The worst passions of our depraved nature seem here wrought into a moral frenzy; men are transformed into demons; and their fell swoop of crime inspires the thought, that some malign and mighty influence must have been permitted for an appointed season to work its will, and to incite those wretched beings to scathe and scourge the land.

Some of the first writers of the present age have directed their studious efforts to the tracing out of this gloomy story. They have explored this region of the shadow of death, and have brought to light facts and incidents which harrow

up the soul. Led by them, we may follow out the intricacies of the labyrinth, and, as it were, witness the pulling down, and the building up of creeds and systems, the dire career of fierce and guilty spirits, who, having grasped for a brief space the ensigns of power, and stained them with deeds of blood and crime, were struck down by those who followed in the same dark course. Truly the history of that period is like the roll of the prophet, "filled with lamentation, and mourning, and woe." The nation seemed left to itself, openly renouncing and defying the authority of the Almighty; its history points a solemn warning to mankind, showing the impotence and wretchedness of all, whether nations or individuals, whom God abandons to their own devices. The leaders of this mighty convulsion seem all alike to have been actuated by principles as monstrously false as they were sanguinary and destructive; and the scenes of violence constantly taking place, exhibit a state of society in which the common virtues of humanity, and even the mere exterior of virtue, were blasted beneath the pestilence which swept the land. The only stars of this stormy night were the victims; and among them there are, indeed, to be found instances of heroism and noble courage, both to do and suffer.

The following anecdotes were related by an eye-witness, an aged man, who remembers with vivid emotion these experiences of his early days. He was of a respectable family in Bretagne, one of the western provinces of France. It lies close to La Vendee, the Loire forming the boundary between the two provinces; and though the Bretons were not, as a body, united with the Vendean in their noble enterprise, they were loyal, and many were mingled in the ranks of the Vendean army. Bretagne having been once an independent duchy, there were in it at the time of the Revolution many old and high families, who took the loyal side, and were the objects of revolutionary hatred. The narrator of the anecdote was one of this class; he and his brothers joined the Vendean troops, in which two fell victims—one in battle, the other in a way more appalling. It happened that after an action in which the Vendeans were victorious, the insurgent prisoners were tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to death. Among them was a young man who had been a servant in M. le Peltier's family. This officer interceded in behalf of his old domestic, and obtained his life. In the fluctuating progress of the loyalist party, it fell out, not many months afterward, that a party of revolutionists surrounded and sacked the house of

the same family, and among the assailants was seen the miscreant whose life had been rescued through M. le Peltier's generosity. There was an overpowering force, and all that the unfortunate victims could do was to escape with their lives. As the narrator of the tale was flying, he saw from a distance the man who had been saved in the act of singling out his brother; the next moment he saw him shoot him, after which, with the fiend-like savageness of the period, he beat out his brains with his own hands. The agonized feelings of the poor man, who was too far off to render aid, may be conceived; nor can we wonder that under such excitement he resolved to avenge his brother's blood, should the murderer ever cross his path. Strange to say, not very long afterward, he met the man alone, in a retired country path; the thought rushed up in his mind, "Now is the moment granted." He seized the man by the collar, and said, "Your last hour is come;" but as the old soldier now says, "*une pensée de ciel*," seemed to whisper in his heart, and after sternly reminding his victim of the past, and of what he then could do, he let him go. But here comes the catastrophe of the story, in which the hand of Almighty retribution, the unquenchable fire lighting its livid flame even in this life, is surely seen. In a few months the same man, without any bodily injury, or cause that could be traced, went raving mad. Nothing could be done for him, and, an object of terror and loathing to all, he was put to death in the lawlessness of that period like a wild beast. Such an incident would seem to remind us, that even in seasons when His government is defied, "Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth."

Another incident, worthy of being recorded, occurred in La Vendee, and in the personal recollection of the gentleman who related that which has just been given.

A relation of Carrier, one of the well-known republican generals in La Vendee, was passing with a party of his troops a church where the congregation were assembled. He stopped, ordered his men to wait till they dispersed, and then to shoot all the handsome individuals among them. So brutalized and callous to the feelings of our common nature were many of the leading revolutionists, that a spirit of sport and *pleasanterie* may often be observed in their acts of wanton cruelty. In this instance, however, a judgment soon followed, the specific character of which seemed to have a peculiar reference to the awful crime which appeared to have brought it down; the wretched man who had commanded this outrageous act died not long afterward of a dis-

ease similar to that which carried off Charles IX, of execrable memory. Blood issued from the pores of the skin, as if emblematic of the sanguinary deluge which he had caused to flow.

The above are small items in the sum of horrors, which the days of the first French Revolution disclosed. The old gentleman who related them added, "When I hear of the good of revolutions; that they are to uproot evil, and regenerate society; I shudder at the words, recollecting the miseries which my eyes have seen." It may be hoped, that neither in the country where these scenes occurred, nor in any other, will the like be again enacted. At all events, there is reason to believe that the terrible lesson has inspired some salutary fear in the minds of the rash and fiery people of France. With much energy of character, and with great knowledge and advancement in the liberal arts, they have still the "*tête chaude*," which rushes into change, and kindles like "fire and tow" on the slightest provocation. To this trait of natural temperament may, perhaps, be attributed those acts of ferocity, that tiger spirit, which certainly estranges from them the feelings of peaceable and sober English people, who, congregated at their own firesides, judge of "the French" from what they read; and which, assuredly, is a dangerous characteristic under any troubled atmosphere.

It is the opinion of most of the more celebrated interpreters of prophecy, that one of the vials of Divine wrath was poured out at the fearful epoch of the great French Revolution; and certainly, if ever the deadly effects of the wrath of God were visible, they were then to be read in characters of blood and fire. And if, during this dark and stormy night, when the law of God was disowned, and his authority publicly disavowed; when his temples were desecrated, and his ministers persecuted and butchered; there were occasionally, as in the instances above related, solemn voices of individual and retributive judgment, showing how puny is the wild rage of man, and how the Almighty hand can crush it in a moment—such occurrences are surely well worthy of careful observation. Those who look at history through the glass of Scripture, who see in it a "Governor of the people," can scarcely fail to perceive in the horrors which, toward the close of the eighteenth century, convulsed France, the retributive judgment of God upon long ages of crime. The blood of his martyred saints had flowed in torrents during the reign of the De Medici line; and we know that such blood doth cry for vengeance "on them that dwell on the earth," however that vengeance

may in infinite wisdom be delayed. Age after age had swelled the tide of national sin, and during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV the desolating flood swept on. Unlike men in their short-sighted and hasty designs, the Almighty is long-suffering, even after "he hath bent his bow and made it ready." Long had the soul-destroying philosophy of Voltaire, like a deadly blight, cast its withering influence upon all that was good and holy in the land; and still the bolts of Divine vengeance were restrained. At length, however—and who can wonder?—long-continued impleties, appalling wickedness in high places, brought down that storm of righteous wrath, that manifest and almost unparalleled judgment of God, at the recollection of which Europe still trembles. The higher classes were the victims; the judges and executioners an infuriate and demoniacal populace. Among the doomed ones are to be found some truly "noble sufferers," and it is a striking fact that on the other side scarce a redeeming feature is to be found. The moral poison had, indeed, spread through all. Yet it was the higher classes in France, consisting for years either of adherents to a crafty and intolerant priesthood, or of unbelievers, or skeptics of various grades and shades, to whom are to be principally attributed the crying evils of the land. Their oppression of the people was enormous; and at length the people, even to the drags, rose, and formed the main element in the *bouleversement*, by means of which the higher and educated classes were overwhelmed. Scenes so fearful show what human nature is when left to its own impulses; and we may be assured that there is only *one* principle which can direct and control it. Can we wonder that when the very being of God was denied, virtue withered in the dust? or that the daring blasphemers of the Divine Majesty should be stained with vices odious and appalling in the eyes of their fellow-men? History is the great commentary on God's word; it elucidates many texts—gives the key to many a parable and metaphor—and, if rightly studied, convinces us, that the God of revelation is, indeed, "the God of all the families of the earth," the "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

From the beginning of the world to the present day, there was never any great villainy acted by men, but it was in the strength of some great fallacy put upon their minds by a false representation of evil for good, or good for evil.

THE BIRD OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

O, THOU bird of strains elysian, girded with celestial light!
Glorious boon of the eternal, omnipresence ever bright
To the yearning spirit striving for the high and changeless love
Welling from the living fountain at the mercy-seat above.
Privileged beyond conception is thy mission's gracious plan,
Bearing from the Mediator priceless gifts to sinful man,
And with glory-beaming vision gazing on the seraph throng,
Listening as through vaults of heaven floats the angels' chorus song.
When low down in sorrow's valley, with the shadows of the past
Looming up like frightened specters, all the future skies o'ercast;
With no glowing ray of sunlight peering through the cheerless gloom;
No sweet star of resurrection beaming on the dreary tomb;
And the earth-born, weary mortal, weary of the soul's deep strife,
Hungers for the food that cometh from the fields of endless life;
Sinking 'neath sin's dark pollution, reaching up with ceaseless prayer,
For the white and stainless garments which the Savior's children wear;
Then above that soul thou hov'rest, dropping fragrant dews of Eden,
And thy downy plumage, gleaming with the dazzling rays of heaven,
Lighteth up a bow of promise, bidding storm and tempest cease,
And upon the troubled bosom lays the olive branch of peace.
Thrilling with the notes of pardon, on thy pinions high he soars,
To the realms of sunless splendor, viewing the ambrosial shores,
Gazing on life's flowing river, winding through that better land,
While upon his heart falls sweetly anthems of the ransom'd band.
Thus, O FATHER! thy bright revealings gild the Christian's toilsome way;
Thou wilt bear him safely upward to the golden gates of day;
And when God may bid him enter, thy sweet song shall open the door,
And thy name will be *fruition* to the pilgrim evermore.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY ALICE CARY.

AN old man and a little boy about five years old were riding together in a common wagon, the tail-board of which had been removed for the convenience of drawing home wood. It was near the close of an April day, and tall, fantastic shadows moved quietly on before the horses that were well used to work, and themselves moved soberly enough. So high and so fantastic went the shadows, now along green sward, now along a patch of dusty road, and now along sward divided simply by a path of dust, and now over the moist leafy ground of the woods, that the little boy in the wagon stood delightedly up to watch them as they went, though he tottered one way and the other, and sometimes fell quite down as the wagon jolted over some rougher ground than the rest. Near the horses, his head for the most part drooping seriously thoughtful, and the reins held carelessly in his toil-hardened and sun-browned hands, sat the old man, quite forgetful of his little companion. Now the wheel crushed through a fragrant bed of the ground ivy; and now the hoofs of the horses struck through mimic forests of the spotted-leaved and golden-flowered adder's tongue, and the odorous and white-blossoming May-apple, while many other nameless wild things were broken and ground into sweet incenses as the rustic team, preceded by its shadow-horses, moved deeper and deeper into the woods. The old man was quite oblivious to shadows and flowers; he was thinking of his son Nathan, and whether the bright brown hair he had smoothed that morning might not then be dabbled with blood, or trodden under foot of the well-fed and well-equipped troops, who the last midnight had slipped across the waters of the Charles river, under the command of Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, and were, at the last accounts, marching unharmed and unimpeded toward Concord, leaving left behind them eight patriots dead, near the old meeting-house in Lexington. He was thinking of their disciplined usage of death-dealing armor, and of the old musket Nathan handled so clumsily, and how he looked, poor boy! as he mounted the rough-coated, three-year old colt, that till that morning had done little except browse the meadows and the beech-buds, or switch the flies.

The little boy was, perhaps, wondering meantime what made his grandfather's hair so white, and why he sat so still as they rode along, when he could hardly keep from prattling and shouting

aloud all the time. Now a squirrel peeped at him from some branch that stretched across the wagon track a little above his head; now a rabbit leaped from its leafy burrow and scampered out of sight; and now a shy wild bird rustled out of the leaves, and went whirring away with a quick, frightened call, half song and half cry; and here and there the surface of some pool or brook twinkled and glittered like a thousand stars. Perhaps to catch another glimpse of some sheet of fire that was already burning slowly into darkness; perhaps to see once more the shining head of some wood-bird that had pushed the thick leaves apart as they went by, he stepped back, and back—one step too far! Down into a narrow, deep hollow jolted the wagon, and in a moment the horses had climbed the opposite and almost perpendicular bank, and were trotting forward—their high fantastic shadows before them no longer. Away on the tops of the distant hills the sunset light was yet shining, but in the thick woods all was shadow.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" sighed the old man, "with what a soldier's heart he went away from us to-day—the old musket balanced across the neck of his three-year old, and his pockets full of bright new bullets, some of them yet hot from the mold! Poor boy!" sighed the old man; "but perhaps he will fight as well as they who have epaulets on their shoulders and a sword in their belt;" for to the father's eyes Nathan looked as handsome and as brave in his homespun coat and straw-hat as the gayest cockade could have made him look. And yet when he thought of the glittering uniforms of the British soldiers and of the simple rustic dress of his son, he could not but sigh, "Poor Nathan!" And for a moment nothing in the world seemed to him so hateful as a red-coat. Not the Indian's dreadful tomahawk, nor the fearful glitter of his snake eyes, were just then so terrible or so abhorrent to him.

The memory of the Indians, however, turned his thoughts from one peril to another. Some sly fellow of his tribe might be lurking behind underbrush or tree trunk, one aim of whose arrow at his breast would leave the little darling at their mercy—leave him to be scalped for their pastime and flung to the wolves, or, at best, be made the slave of any and every cruel caprice. "Or if," thought the grandfather, "they should aim at him, sweet innocent! thinking so to wound an old man's heart with aching bitterer than the arrow leaves—O terrible thought! How should I tell his mother! how should I live at all! Here, Natty; come close to me, Natty!" and

he reached back his arm to draw the child toward him.

The old horses reared, one over the neck of the other, at the sudden pulling on the reins, and coming to their feet again looked inquiringly and wonderingly back, for the reins now dangled loose and no guiding hand was to be seen. There was a stirring of the ground leaves and a cracking of limbs about the woods, and a crying and calling of, "Natty, O Natty!" with intervals of silence deep, deep and awful. The grandfather had missed his little darling, and with gray hair streaming on the wind, and with his eyes opened with a terrified stare, was running up and down the woods, and to the same place again and again. When he noticed the little boy last it was in the field but a little way from the cabin-home, and how or where he is gone he can not tell; that he *is* gone, and lost, is all he knows. He must have slid from the wagon accidentally, the old man thinks, and it is likeliest that he has run back home. So leaving wagon and horses where they are in the woods, he takes the nearest direction to the house. The sun is down, and it is quite dusky now, so he can not distinguish substance from shadow always, and stops and strains his aching eyes now and then, half believing he sees the faded frock and torn hat of the little boy; but, no, it was the cruel cheat of something or nothing, and he rushes on again.

The house is full in sight now; the smoke curling thick and blue above the low clapboard roof; for the young wife and mother is busy with preparations for supper, hoping and trying to believe that her husband will presently be home, alive and well, and bringing good news—perhaps that Pitcairn and half his men are dead, and done with fighting. And what, she thinks, if Nathan himself should have struck some good blows for his country—blows to make his little son proud in after years, to be written in history, and to make him as great in the eyes of the world as he is to her! She is thinking more of all this than of the flying shot, and the heavy saber stroke, and the black oblivion that buries so many names where they can never, never come up to the light, and never be remembered beyond the little circle of homestead friends; for she can not understand how the full, smiling lips of Nathan should stop their smiling, and lie compressed and pale together, or how his shining brown curls should be dim with dust and powder, and trodden down in the red mire of battle; he is so strong and so brave; O, he could put a thousand to flight, thinks the

good wife, hoping all things, and trusting all things, in spite of the terrible threatening of the day.

In the lane, striped green and gray with dust and grass, stand, in gentle patience, the white cow, and the brindled cow, and the little red cow, with black ears and crumply horns; and there is Hepsie, Nathan's timid, loving young sister, hurrying with her milking, that she may not be last to welcome back her brother, and hear what news he brings—the red cedar pail, with shining yellow bands, is full, and heaped up with froth, and from the bottom of the tin pail, deep and bell-shaped, music is ringing up. Suddenly the white cow, gentlest of all, wheels quick about, and Hepsie looks up, her heart beating so fast and so loud it almost stifles her. She almost expects to see the black colt, riderless, and snorting at the gate—foam on his flanks and terror in his bloodshot eyes; and while in her earnest looking she bends forward, the trembling and failing voice of her father calls, "Hepsie! O Hepsie! is little Nattie here?"

"Why, no, father; he went with you. What has happened? I know he went with you, for I myself tied on his hat. Poor, poor little Nattie! O, how did you lose him away from you?"

It seems to the old man for a moment that the earth is sinking from under his feet; the tears run down his cheeks, and his lip quivers with the shaking and trembling of his heart.

"O my child, my child!" cries the young mother, forgetful of every thing beside, "I shall never, never see him again! Why did I not keep him with me! O father, father, what shall we do?"

But the father can only say, "Don't cry, children!" crying all the time himself. And so they go over the house, and to the barn, and to the pen in the corner of the meadow, where the spotted calf and the black calf are eating their milk; saying to one another, "O, what shall we do?" and asking, "Do you see him? do you hear him?" all the time.

There was one dreadful fear in all their hearts that none of them had spoken—some strong-armed Indian had smothered his cries in his blanket, and borne him away, and what more they dare not even think. Yet urged by that hope, which, maddened by despair, clings to the shadow of a straw, they went hurrying here and there, calling and listening, and crying and wringing their hands. "Don't, children! don't, my children!" the tired and troubled old man would say, but his fears were no less terrible, and his sufferings no less miserable than theirs. Twenty times

to one place they went, urged by some hopeless hope—they knew not what. There were no footprints in the sand by the spring, nor in the dust along the lane; no flowers that his hands had broken; no traces of him could be found, as, following the track of the wagon, they went through beds of ivy, and May-apple, and adder's tongue, looking into each other's face to find the courage each soul lacked in itself.

It was almost dark in the deep hollow through which the wagon had jolted so quickly, and they hurried on beyond, where they could see farther. If they had stopped and examined the moist ground, they might have found the tiny tracks of the bare feet, and perhaps have followed them down the hollow, and toward the brook. They went another way, however, just as in all things we are likeliest to go from what we seek; but it made little difference after all, for they would not have found the lost child, no matter in what direction they might have searched.

There were darkness, and silence, and winds—soughing and storm-boding winds—and black clouds rushing and swimming up the sky, joining their ragged edges together, as if trying to shut out the light of the faint and far-away stars.

Torches of pine knots were made, and the search continued till deep into the night, when a torrent of rain came dashing through the tree-tops, drenching the lights, and pitilessly beating on the heads of the weary and agonized mourners of the lost boy.

It was midnight when they came back to where the horses were waiting their master; gladly they neighed, and briskly they trotted as he turned their heads homeward. Hepsie, pale, gentle wood-flower as she was, seemed the strongest of all, and to draw herself up almost to the height of the heart-breaking sorrow she was called to meet. On her knees lay the head of Margaret, the mother of the lost baby; and one hand caressed her neck, while the other held tight in its steady grasp the shivering, shaking fingers of her good old father.

There were little grounds for any cheerful talk that dark and rainy midnight—the husband, and son and brother, in whom they all hoped, and on whom they all relied, was gone to take a hundred chances of death against one of life; and the darling and pet of all was, if that were possible, more than dead; for could the bereaved mother have laid her hot and aching forehead against the cool green turf above his close-shut eyes, she would have found some comfort; but as it was, death was the best of her dark imaginings. All the clew which had been found was

one that opened to the dark yet fear—the evidences of an Indian camp recently and hurriedly deserted, for the fires were not yet gone out, and a bow and arrow, some deer-meat, and part of a blanket had been left, as if the savages had fled in haste—and what so likely as that they have taken the lost boy with them? Some dexterous thief might have slipped close, and, unobserved by the grandfather, who was growing blind and deaf, have stolen him from the wagon.

The rain came down in torrents, putting out all the fire on the hearth, and in some stormier gust than the rest, driving through roof and window, for the homes of the colonists were rude enough and comfortless enough, some of them. In the home of Samuel Alger it was a miserable, miserable night. The supper which the young wife had prepared so carefully, and with so much hope, grew cold untasted; and as the hours went by, the fear that Nathan would never come back alive became, in the terrified imaginations of his kinsfolk, almost a certainty. There were none near, stronger in hope and courage than themselves, on whom they could lean for strength; the house of the nearest neighbor was five miles away, and probably it contained that night but one or two frightened inmates; for every man and every youth in all the country round, having heard of the eight men killed near the meeting-house, had saddled their horses, or, having no horses, gone on foot, to meet and drive back the presumptuous Pitcairn and his eight hundred soldiers, for they were not the people to leave their slaughtered neighbors unavenged.

It is hard for us in these peaceful times, and in the enjoyment of comfortable abundance, to realize the privation, the anxiety, and the terror of insecurity that pressed upon the people on the breaking out of the American Revolution.

But to the great common sorrow the family of Samuel Alger had the added anguish of which we have written. We can make but an imperfect and dim picture of them as they huddled together, pale and distracted; the storm beating without, and the storm raging within; every faculty of sense and reason seeming stretched to the utmost possibility of endurance; desolation crowned by the most torturing suspense. If they had lain there together, voiceless and cold, the husband and the little child, it would have been a grief which they might have measured by certain light, and in the end, perhaps, have mastered; but, as it was, where could they look for comfort, or how put back the evil phantoms that went up and down the dark? If the mother's

heart cried continually for her child, can we blame her? and if the bosom of the wife yearned to have back the light of her husband's love, can we think it strange? and if the father and daughter mourned, even as those who have no hope, shall we say they were weaker than we, so tried, would prove to-day?

"Hark!" said the old man, lifting up his head, which had been bowed on his bosom all the night, and pushing back his white hairs, and listening toward the door, "hark! I thought I heard something."

"What, father?" "what, father?" said Margaret and Hepsie at once, and turning toward him their faces, in which sudden hope and fear struggled together. The wind came rattling roughly at the window; but it was not that the old man had heard, he is sure. From the hearth-stone rose the great house-dog, and, going close to the door, listened, or seemed to listen, with the rest. A moment and there was a growl, and a striking of his paws against the heavy slabs that composed the door; there was a hush of under breath; then a gathering up from the bottom of their souls all the courage that had gone down there; a preparation for the worst; they had caught the sound of voices and footsteps, stealthily and suppressed, or fear had made them so.

The daylight past there had been a loud rapping at the window, and the news had been brought that a whole regiment of red-coats were marching toward Concord, having left eight men dead in their path; then had come the hurried preparation of Nathan for the conflict, the prayerful and tearful parting with him; and this, before the close of the day, had been followed by the mysterious losing of little Nathan. No wonder, as they watched and waited together, a footstep should startle and a voice send new terror to their hearts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIVINE LOVE.

ON one occasion the Rev. Rowland Hill was endeavoring to convey to his hearers some idea of his conception of the Divine love; but suddenly casting his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, "But I am unable to reach the lofty theme! yet I do not think that the smallest fish that swims in the boundless ocean ever complains of the immeasurable vastness of the deep. So it is with me; I can plunge, with my puny capacity, into a subject the immensity of which I shall never be able fully to comprehend!"

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

BY HELEN M. BRADLEY.

Look away from the pains of life, love,
And strengthen thy soul to stand
On the brink of the surging waves, love,
That circle the "better land."
There's agony down in my heart, love,
And the hour is full of woe;
But the parting time is come, love,
And I fain must let thee go.
Lean now on thy mother's breast, love,
The pang is well nigh o'er,
And a beautiful throng are come, love,
From yonder beaming shore.
One kiss from thy pale, cold lips, love,
One pressure, one grasp, of thy hand,
One long, and a close embrace, love,
Ere thou go with the shining band.
Be strong; God is thy helper, love;
Look up to thy Savior now;
For the waves are wrapping thy form, love,
And a faintness is on thy brow.
Look up from darkness to light, love,
From pain to a wondrous rest;
Look away to the dying Lamb, love,
And cling to his bleeding breast!

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I LOVE to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time,
When voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only:
And song to me
Is company,
Good company when I am lonely.
Whene'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirr'd
By each glad bird
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers;
And song gives birth
To friendly mirth
Around the hearth in wint'ry hours.
Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends his ear,
Well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow;
Till day shall break
And we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

REV. DR. BETHUNE.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

BY REV. C. COLLINS, D. D.

EVERY historic addition to literature possesses value, and this value is generally in proportion to the interest and importance of the subject, plus or minus the graphic power with which it is developed, and the graces of style, language, etc., or the want of these.

We have just been reading a new work* on ecclesiastical history, and as the subject possesses general interest, a few reflections upon it, we trust, will not be deemed out of place in the Repository, albeit a fastidious criticism might pronounce it too *heavy* for a periodical dedicated to the *ladies*. In justification of our purpose, we have two answers to the ungallant imputation contained in the above remark. 1. Under the admirable conduct of its editor the Repository finds among its 25,000 subscribers and 100,000 readers many of the sterner sex, both clerical and lay, who turn to its pages with the certainty of finding, not only pleasure, but also instruction. 2. The notion of a "softer pabulum" for the gentler sex, out of regard to their alleged weaker stomachs, is, in our judgment, both ungenerous and unjust. We need not deny that among female readers there are many so intellectually indolent that they will read nothing which *tasks* their powers of thought. A page of sober history, at any time, would give them a chill. And as for philosophy, a chapter of it would communicate mental blindness—akin to that species of ophthalmia which Greek often gives to the school-boys. For such, instruction must be diluted to the last proportion, and administered in homeopathic doses, disguised under the form of beautiful sugar pills. *They* have delicate stomachs indeed.

But, to the credit of woman, this habit of mind, so far as it prevails among the sex, is simply a *habit*; that is, the effect is *artificial* and not *natural*. Whether by nature the affections in the female sex are in the ascendant, and the intellectual faculties relatively inferior, while in man this order is reversed, is a question which need not be discussed. It is a question of philosophy, on which opinions have always differed, and always will. But respecting the capacity of the female mind to appreciate and enjoy the

more solid literary products of the day there is no question. Not only has woman the capacity to enjoy, but she does enjoy them. To a large class the mawkish, sentimental twattle, which is daily served up by the press for female reading, is rejected with disgust. The insult thus offered to female understanding is clearly seen and keenly felt. Should it not be remembered that the fashions of the day assign to woman a widely different education from man? If due allowance be made for this, and for the influence of that more strictly domestic sphere in which she is called to move, we shall find no cause for these disparaging comparisons. That self-appropriated superiority, which the "lords of creation" so complacently assume, in our opinion does not exist. At any rate, we respect ourselves, as well as our wives and daughters, when we provide for them the same intellectual element and the same esthetic culture that we provide for ourselves.

All history is valuable as being a manifestation of man. It is a portraiture of man's *outward* life, but one through which the *inner* and more important life reveals itself. To the Christian Church history is especially valuable, as showing the development of the true religious life of the world under the influence of the spirit and teachings of Christianity. Man never so well knows himself as when he studies himself in others. We mean that no one experiences difficulty in admitting that human nature is the same in all—in all countries and in all times. The teachings, therefore, which we derive from others, as we see them acting under the influence of either good or bad passion, glide into the heart without that danger of bias from self-love, which is always experienced when we sit in judgment directly upon ourselves. Or, to speak in a style now much in vogue, the reflected experiences of objective humanity become the subjective lessons by which our own self-knowledge is most successfully promoted. To know ourselves has ever been considered the sum of knowledge. And to know morally and religiously, is not less important than to know intellectually and physically. Indeed, the dignity of human nature is never fully seen except when displayed on the theater of moral and religious life. It is here that ecclesiastical history offers its instructions. The teachings of the past throw light upon the experiences of the present and illuminate the future. The past is a mirror of the present. The past is also a prophecy of the future. No one can claim to know himself or others, who is ignorant of these oracles. With-

* A History of the Christian Church, by Dr. Charles Hase, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena, translated from the seventh and much improved edition, by Charles E. Blumenthal, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College, and Conway P. Wing, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Carlisle, Penn. Pp. 720. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

out them no one can pretend to know the ways of Providence, or comprehend the sublime glories of that revolution in the heart of man, or the moral condition of the world, of which Christianity is both the author and the instrument. He, therefore, renders a valuable service who presents the religious history of the past in a manner to impress and instruct; giving to every fact its appropriate place; assigning to every cause its just influence; distorting nothing; suppressing nothing; and with broad and comprehensive vision collects and delivers the lessons which philosophy transmits from by-gone ages to the present. This is a difficult task. Few are qualified for it, either by nature or study.

In many respects Dr. Hase, we think, has been more successful than any writer before him. He is an artist and philosopher. His subject glows in colors upon the canvas. At the same time every thing falls into rank and place under the analysis of a mind absorbed with his theme, and fully comprehending it. Whether near or remote, major or minor in its influence, simple, complex, or recondite, whatever object you see is seen clearly. You look through a pure atmosphere. Its very purity seems to make it cold. This, perhaps, is his leading fault. You miss that warmth of spirit which is the characteristic of Neander. To avoid the bias of feeling and make his mind a pure medium of historic truth, the author at times seems to have divested himself of that sympathy with his subject which is always necessary, to blend the soul of the reader with his own and carry it along with him. But he paints with the skill of a master; and science and beauty mingle so naturally with the stream of events that they seem to be a part of it. The following paragraph beautifully and scientifically expresses his

IDEA OF CHURCH HISTORY.

"The Church is always in a progressive state; that is, it is striving to be a perpetual manifestation of the life of Christ in humanity. In other words, it is always aiming to exhibit his life, more and more perfectly, and on a more extensive scale, sometimes in conflict and sometimes in connection with the world. *Church history* is a representation of the Church in this progressive state, by an exhibition of the facts which have occurred in its course. In its scientific form, it is the combination of all those individual elements, which have had any influence upon its composition, since it is, first, *critically*, an impartial, honest, and strict inquiry into facts, and into the extent of the confidence which can be reposed in their proofs, so that where certainty can

not be attained, a knowledge of this extent, in its different degrees, may determine the scientific character of the narrative; second, *genetically*, a statement of the facts in connection with their causes, taking care, however, that no explanations are given inconsistent with the proper nature of the idea developed in the events, or with the peculiar character of the active agents in them; third, *theologically*, an estimation of the facts in their precise relation to the religious spirit, allowing no preconceived opinions to determine what has actually occurred, but only to assist in understanding them as we find them. The correct manner of narration, or the *historical style*, is that which the student naturally adopts when he has acquired a true conception of the events, and there fully expresses this in living freshness and reality."

To give the reader an idea of the work, we present its plan. It is simple, yet methodical and clear. In two introductory chapters the author sets forth the relation of the Church to the world, the provinces of Church history and its relation to the general history of religion, the mode of treating it, its value, sources, auxiliary sciences, and its divisions; and concludes with a capitally-written criticism on the literature of Church history.

The whole history is then divided into three parts:

I. *Ancient Church History*, embracing two periods.

1. From Christ to Constantine.
2. From Constantine to Charlemagne.

In the first period we have vivid portraits of such subjects as the following; namely, Classic Heathenism, Judaism, the Apostolic Church, its Struggles for Existence, its Social Constitution, its Ecclesiastical Life, its Doctrines, and Opinions opposed to them.

In the second, the Imperial Church, the Victory and Defeat of Christianity, Theology and Science, the Arian, Originistic, and Pelagian Controversies, the Power of the Emperor over the Church, the Germanic Church, etc., with appropriate subdivisions.

II. *Medieval Church History*. This embraces also two periods, extending

1. From Charlemagne to Innocent III.
2. From Innocent III to Luther.

III. *Modern Church History*. Here, likewise, we have two periods.

1. From Luther to the Peace of Westphalia.
2. From the Peace of Westphalia to the present time.

The analysis of the subject we need not here

more fully present, but a careful examination of the table of Contents would give to any one a clear conception of Christian history from the day when the Church was formed till now. And no other course of historical reading presents topics so rich in varied and absorbing interest. None other takes so strong a hold upon the imagination and the heart. The introduction of Christianity into the world was the projection of a new element into the comparatively stagnant stream of human events, and one which was destined to modify, control, and finally absorb every other. The words of Christ were significant and pertinent: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace, but a sword." Between the principles of Christianity and those of the world there is hostility irreconcilable. No peace can be anticipated till the one or the other prevails.

The relation of the author of this work to the Germanic Church, and the current evangelical movement of the times, will appear by reference to his public position and labors. A rational curiosity on this point is always felt. We wish to be assured in advance not only that an author is learned and talented, but also orthodox. Especially is this the case when the rationalistic tendencies of German theology, in the past generation, have brought the productions of German scholarship under suspicion in the English mind. Besides his public labors as Professor of Theology in Jena, Dr. Hase has been a laborious cultivator of the field of authorship. His other writings are a system of doctrinal theology—a compendium of Lutheran theology, under the title of "Hutterus Redivivus" and his "Life of Jesus." These have all passed through several editions, and are distinguished for graphic delineation and condensed learning. One of his earlier works was an assault upon what he termed the "vulgar rationalism" of Rohr and Wegscheider, and the men of that school. He has taken part in the current controversies of the times, being the author of a work on the Principles of German Ecclesiastical Law, and of a historical *resume* of the Prussian controversy with the Archbishop of Cologne. The last work from his pen is an Examination of the Views of the Tübingen School, respecting the early history of the Christian Church and a condemnation of their extreme and destructive speculations. But his *Manual of Church History* is the chief work, and that on which his reputation with posterity will be likely to rest. It is the fruit of long study and immense labor, carefully and conscientiously elaborated. As a text-book on Church history,

its equal is not to be found, and its learned translators have rendered a real service to the English student by presenting it in an English dress, and thus making it acceptable to all.

The labor of translating such a work is not to be estimated by the number of pages. Aside from the intrinsic difficulties of the subject—requiring in the translators a knowledge of Church history, approximating that of the author himself—it required a very thorough mastery of the idioms of the German language to produce in English, even with tolerable success, the graces of style, spirit, wit, and sarcasm of the original. But the translation has been well executed. It has much of the transparency, terseness, and power of the text itself. This, however, was to have been expected by all who know the scholarly translators, Professor Blumenthal and Rev. C. P. Wing. We know of no gentlemen more competent for a solid work of the kind, and hope this may not be the last service for which the English student and reader will have cause to thank them.

The work itself, we hope, will find many buyers and readers. It is just the manual for those commencing theological study, and we hope to see it introduced into the course for young preachers prescribed by our conferences.

JESSE.

BY E. C. PARKER.

CHILD of the soft and dreamy eyes,

Child of the pure and snowy brow,

What angel spirit of the skies

Bends o'er thee, softly whispering now?

For in thy smile of cherub grace,

The soul's high lineage I can trace.

Now in thy home of mortal birth,

Where sin and sorrow cloud and blight;

God keep thee from the taint of earth—

Walk thou with angel bands in light;

Still be in heart the little child—

The pure, the sweet, the undefiled.

For when of old the Son of God

His Father's glories laid aside,

The thorny paths of sorrow trod,

And meekly suffered, bled, and died,

He called young children to his breast;

These with his kindest love he blessed.

To such the kingdom shall be given;

To children, favorites of grace,

And ever, mid the courts of heaven,

"Their angels do behold his face."

Sweet child! be these thy guard through time,

And fit thee for a holier clime.

THE POWER OF RIGHT.

BY PROFESSOR E. H. NADAL.

SECOND PAPER.

THE other prominent trait in a strong character is the power of calm reflection, especially in seasons of danger, or prevalent excitement.

"Who wickedly is wise or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave."

The ferment of the passions forbids reflection and urges on headlong, we know not whither; mere expediency reflects, but only so far as may be needful to secure some selfish end, and this selfishness of the end disturbs and distorts reflection as surely as the rage of passion prevents it. In neither case has the mind a resting-place, an abiding principle, from which to start, and to which to recur in time of perplexity and doubt. In the one instance the ship is driven before the storm without regard to rudder or compass, in the other she obeys the helm, but the helm is not under the control of the needle; in both instances anchorage in the wrong harbor or shipwreck is the sure end of the voyage. But where the power of passion has been withstood and finally conquered; where expediency has been shown to an inferior place, and right has risen to royal dignity in the soul, there is the power of calm reflection, and haste and confusion never enter. The sense of right has given dignity and weight to the mind; undisturbed by conscience, a stranger to fear, the master of excitement, his mental processes go on placidly and consecutively in spite of the rage and the threats of his enemies. Such is his estimation and reverence of right; of such transcendent importance does he feel it to be, that when there is doubt concerning the best means of promoting it, he deliberates earnestly, not indeed whether he shall adopt measures of doubtful rectitude—do evil that good may come, but which among many lawful means will be most conducive to the end.

This power of calm reflection is essential to the highest efficiency of every other attribute of the soul, especially to that of courage. No truly great or strong character can possibly exist without it. It is the element needed to give consistency even to an honest heart; in the absence of which the life is wasted in sporadic impulses and bungling performances, and without which courage degenerates into fury, and the character, instead of a stately and well-proportioned temple, becomes an irregular edifice, with no cement to hold together its loose and repellant blocks. In the great battle for truth and right courage may be the weight and sharpness of the weapon

and the force of the blow, but the power of calm reflection is the temper of the steel and the sureness of the aim.

The second general thought is, that the power of right is seen in its adaptation to be dominant in every sphere of life, and, indeed, in every part of the universe. Being, as we are acquainted with it, rises before the mind as a climax; the lowest stratum is unorganized matter, then vegetable life, then animal, then rational; and the highest point of rational life, as of the whole climax of being, is the moral, to which right has its nearest—its immediate relations. Indeed, the primary purpose of the universe seems manifestly moral. "The heavens declare the glory of God," to excite us to adoring admiration; the lilies of the field exhibit their gentle beauty and scatter their fragrance, to exercise us in filial trust; showers and sunshine, seed time and harvest are meant to awaken our gratitude; the lives of good men are intended to influence our hearts and souls with the love of moral beauty, and those of bad men to awaken our disgust at wrong. Every thing, both within and without, whether it speaks in dimly-understood hieroglyphics, or in the soul's own vernacular, seems to address the intellect mainly for moral purposes, and right is the normal condition of all moral being.

But let us exhibit our idea in the light of a broader view of morality. We are familiar with two expressions of morality, the law of God and the human conscience; the one perfect from the nature of its source, the other, in our fallen condition, imperfect and needing to be supplemented by the first. The moral law is the law of laws: it dwells eternally in the infinite mind, and constitutes the mode and spirit of every divine act. In a very important sense it is the only law: there are many ingenious civil codes; there are political systems of wide extent and great influence; there are rules of social life, plans of domestic government, and forms of individual discipline, but they impose obligation no farther than they agree with the moral law—this is the light which permeates them, the salt which preserves them, and the cord with which alone they can be bound upon the souls of men. What we have said of the moral law among laws, may, to a great extent, be said of the moral faculty among the faculties of the soul: it is dictator and supreme judge, every rejection of whose decisions, every violation of whose commands is to be chastised with a whip of scorpions.

The moral law, then, is the supreme rule for the universe, as the conscience is the supreme

tribunal for the soul, and in proportion as this rule governs the conscience, and the instructed conscience governs the man, and the man so governed becomes the type, not merely of what society ought to be, but of what society is, the world is advancing toward the perfection of heaven, and men toward the power of angels.

This adaptation of right to rule is further illustrated by the sufferings of the wicked. The pangs of a guilty conscience derive all their pungency from the infliction being right, and it will be by the authority of right that the woes of perdition will be administered and perpetuated.

The adaptation of right to the position of universal authority is thus placed beyond question. It is the great generic idea of the universe, under which the categories of all true philosophy must be ranged. In Jehovah it is unoriginated and perfect, and is echoed back to him from all the noblest portions of his creation. In the unfallen angels it exists in glorious miniature; in man the miniature is doubtless minified, as it certainly is greatly defaced; but still the word and Spirit of God, shining upon it, may restore the blurred and distorted lineaments; in the angels that kept not their first estates, as well as in lost human souls, it exists only as an avenging viceroy in a revolted province, whose office it is to condemn and punish.

Right is to the spiritual what gravity is to the physical universe: the globes of light that float in space around some unknown center, advance as a glorious host—a moving orchestra unnumbered and innumerable—each keeping its place and striking its own note in the grand symphony of universal providence. Some of these worlds are, no doubt, places of darkness and deformity too horrible to be dwelt on; still they circle in their orbits, and the tones they send forth, though discord in themselves, may be taken up and so modified by the influence of the whole as to contribute to the general harmony. Thus also is it with the spiritual universe. Right is full sphered in God—the great central sun—wherever right is found it acknowledges his attraction and swells the general harmony. The natures in whom right is dominant give forth direct harmony in all their spheres, while those who have resisted it, and with whom it is an opposing and yet necessary element, utter the discords which, being modified, increase the glory of the song. "The wrath of man shall praise the Lord."

Another source of the power of right, and the highest of all, is the presence and direct co-operation of God. We have already seen the ennobling influence of a conviction of the Divine

approval—the power of the belief that in adhering to right we are pleasing God; how it dispels fear and arms the soul; now, however, we call attention, not to the *idea* but to the *thing*; not to the power of the simple persuasion of the presence of God, but to his actual presence and power in the soul. This is a doctrine of Christianity, and, indeed, of all religions. The priestess on the tripod professed to utter her responses as dictated by the god; Socrates claimed to have been guided from his childhood, in all the important affairs of life, by some divinity; Mohammed claimed inspiration; and the Brahmin holds communion with Brahm till the adorer and the adored become one. These are the testimonies of false religions to the true doctrine, whose genuine form and authentic facts are to be found only in the Old and New Testaments. But the inspiration of prophets and apostles was infallible, and its result an enduring revelation—we are using the word in a lower sense; in that, namely, in which, according to Christianity, every good man may be said to be inspired. God himself moves mightily in the soul of the champion of right—the inspiration of his ideas finds its objective complement in the efficient agency of the Holy Ghost.

Infinite Wisdom illumines the finite intelligence, the Divine essence stirs the human mind, quickening its perceptions, lifting the veil more and more from truth, so that newly disclosed charms may increase the celestial longing, exhibiting ever more and more clearly the hatefulness of falsehood and deception, and the weakness of sin and error, with all their boasting, and showing that the might of right consists, not merely in right ideas, a noble character, and its adaptation to govern in the universe of thought and action, but most of all and finally in the august, personal presence of God in the soul, marshaling, presenting, energizing the ideas—touching the very essence of the feeble but willing spirit with the blazing finger that made Isaiah's lips to sing, and saying, "Lo, this hath touched thee;" for thy devotion to right, I have given thee power and made thee a dispenser of light to man. Such a man was Paul before Agrippa, bold and strong in his chains; such a man was Luther before imperial and Papal power at Worms, with unblanched cheek refusing to recant and demanding to be refuted out of the holy Scriptures; such were Wickliff and Huss, and many others—men who enlightened and reformed the world, first by the blaze of their sanctified genius, and then by the flames of their martyrdom.

We will conclude by briefly noticing some of

the manifestations of this power. Right, in the abstract, as we have seen, is of a nature to become powerful; right, in the concrete, is *already* powerful. When truth, especially moral and religious truth, is found by a receptive and eager seeker, it is no longer merely abstract, but is associated with the energies of a human soul; it enters the arena of mundane conflict with this man as its champion; its manifestation depends on him and his power on it. This very entering of right into the soul; this clothing of the principle with living forces, by which right from being abstract becomes concrete, is itself the very power we have been discussing—the soul is vitalized by right, and right, to indulge a paradox, is embodied in the soul. The soul wanted power, right wanted instruments, and the result of the union is, as we have seen, a powerful character, aided by boundless adaptations, and direct, divine co-operation. The manifestations we inquire for must, therefore, be the results of this character, aided as we have seen.

And, first, what are these manifestations in the individual soul? One is, that the man in his noble aims, in his artless simplicity—keeping company only with the purest thoughts and using his faculties for none but righteous purposes—grows into such dignity and excellence as to be entirely beyond the control of circumstances, no matter how flattering or adverse. How miserable is the man whose highest desires are satisfied by wealth; over whose face and heart the fluctuations of the market can spread the deepest gloom or the highest joy; who only lives under the fickle smile of Fortune, and wiles and expires under her frown; who finds within the whole range of his personality nothing to control his avarice—no principle superior to the passion for self! Or look at the man of mere genius, who knows nothing, in all the wide range of his thoughts, nobler or better than his own powers: if poetry is his sphere, his muse, sordid as brilliant, chants in sublimest strains the praise of royal babies, the victories of a tyrant's armies, or the glories of a reign signalized only by violence and blood. He considers the faculty divine an article of trade and fairly disposed of when sold to the highest bidder; he has one eye, and that the weakest, on glory, and the other on his pension; so that with powers for which the whole world scarcely affords sufficient scope, he is like the little boy in the nursery song, who "sung for his supper."

But the man possessing the character formed by right, in the sense in which we have been treating it, whether gifted with genius or merely

favoured with an ordinary share of talents, rejoices in the existence of something in the world and in himself, infinitely superior to wealth or genius, or even his own person; something to which all these were intended to be subservient. He deeply pities "the poor man that hangs on princes' favors," as also him whose whole life is an exploration of the earth for gold. Riches and poverty, fame and obscurity are non-essential circumstances, that may or may not be appendages of right.

"He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows."

To him real failure is impossible; for though violence and wrong may win the day and triumph every-where else, his soul is still victorious and mighty in its unawed, unsubdued allegiance, and if he falls he falls a blessed martyr. Like Wordsworth's happy warrior, if

"Doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower.
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence and their good receives.

* * * * *
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

Another effect of this power is seen in the manner in which a certain class of practical difficulties disappears before rectitude of purpose. You find yourself hemmed in on every side, and your soul is sore amazed; taking counsel of your fears you are ready to despair, for the darkness may be felt, or, at least, there is no light except upon some forbidden path. But bethink thee; if thou canst not see, canst thou not feel? feel right within thee, and, strong in thy honest purpose, wait in the dark till right shall show the true way? For only let a man resolve to do right at all hazards, and a light will be kindled in his soul which will solve, slowly, perhaps, but surely, the riddle of the most perplexing position.

The effect of this benign power shows itself in the world at large. Peace is the offspring of right, but its birth is heralded by wars and rumors of wars; and the throes of the parturition are revolution of states and the tottering and tumbling of thrones and dynasties. "I come," said Jesus, "not to send peace on earth, but a sword." It was a part of his mission to give to the degraded populations of the earth a sense of their rights, with a longing and a courage to achieve them; hence, the sword was the necessary pre-

cursor of peace, and from being the butcher-knife of royal assassins become the honored, though dreadful instrument of liberty and right. Now, however, the world is witnessing the inauguration of a new period. Right resisted wrong with the instruments of slaughter, because they were the only available arguments; but the tactics are changing, the voice of reason is beginning to be potent, arguments are becoming more powerful than blows, the pen mightier than the spear, and the scene of the conflict is changing from the field of carnage to the college, the pulpit, the press, the seats of the world's deliberative assemblies, nay, even to the log school-house, with its backless benches, and to the very hearthstone of the rudest hut in the land. No reader of these lines, of whatever age or sex, will be able to shun this conflict: they must battle on one side or the other—which shall it be? and in what manner and spirit will you conduct the strife? Will you, reader, stand up in the vast army of the good, an earnest, even though feeble, defender of right? Will you resolve, with a purpose that no power can shake, that neither the glare of wealth, nor the deceitfulness of power, nor the thirst of fame, nor the appetite for pleasure, nor devotion to party, nor the influence of sect, nor the strong bias of friendship, nor even the love of life itself, shall tempt you, for one moment, to desert the right? Reject every base motive, and all low and deceitful management, even though they should appear to be the only path to preferment. Deal truthfully with truth as well as with error, and let it not satisfy you merely to have truth on your side—rather, as a great living author has said, be always sure to be on the side of truth.

Love and cherish the right. When the multitude follows in her train despise not the tumultuous joy, but join the crowd, and, with the rest, spread your garments in her path and aid in raising the loud hosanna! But, when all men desert her, and you find yourself the only worshiper at her shrine, then let your soul be stirred to a deeper devotion to her honor and a higher enthusiasm for her advancement. With such a character you shall be only a little lower than the angels.

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ALL self-complacency is excluded in the experience of holiness. However deep our peace, however freely justified and uncondemned we stand beneath the cross, abasement before God is the attitude of the soul praising the grace which saves to the uttermost. ●

A MIDSHIPMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A BABY.

THE reader may be curious to know at what period the event I am about to relate occurred. Reasons of delicacy, however, prevent me from gratifying even so reasonable a desire; and I will only say, that the harrowing circumstance took place in the summer of a certain year, between the time of the arrival of the first bear at the Zoological Gardens in London and the present day.

I had been a midshipman on board the well-known ship named after His Majesty King William the Fourth; but receiving letters from home announcing my father's death, I had just returned to this country to take possession, as well as a minor could, of the family estate. I was not very well acquainted with the world—except the liquid part of it—having been brought up in a country town, and shipped in boyhood; but to make up for that, I had an excellent opinion of myself, and watched both with pride and anxiety the sprouting of what I conceived to be a very promising mustache.

One evening, after getting myself into full tog, I was displaying my horsemanship near the Zoological Gardens, when I saw, in the path leading to the entrance, one of the loveliest women that ever appeared to the eyes of an ex-reefer. What was that to me? I do not know. It was a thing completely settled in my mind, that I was a full-grown man, and that a full-grown man has a right to look at any woman. In short, I dismounted, gave my horse to the groom, and followed my divinity. A little girl was behind her, walking with the nurse-maid, who had another child, an infant, in her arms; and to my great satisfaction, this careless servant put the baby presently into the arms of the older girl, not much bigger than itself. I watched the proceeding, saw the little creature, whose walk was but a totter at the best, swaying to and fro under her burden, and the baby's long clothes trailing on the ground.

"Madam," said I to the lady, touching my hat in quarter-deck fashion, "that baby, I fear, is in dangerous hands: you are perhaps not aware of it?" She turned round instantly. It was what I wanted, but the flash I received from her beautiful eyes had a world of haughtiness in it; and although she bent her head slightly, and said: "Sir, I thank you," I did not dare to continue the conversation, but walked rapidly on. In fact, it was obvious the woman thought I had taken an unwarrantable liberty with her arrangements; and as when turning away I caught a

smile at my discomfiture on the face of the nurse-maid, who snatched the baby roughly away, indignation mingled with my awkwardness.

Who was this lady? Was she the mother of the two children? Was she the governess? Was she a relation? Was she single, or married? She was single; she was the mother's sister: I decided upon that. And, after all, was her haughty look so very reprehensible? Had she not been addressed suddenly by a stranger, and that stranger a man—a man of somewhat *distinguished* figure, and most promising mustaches? I relented; and as I saw her enter the Gardens my heart gave a great leap, for I considered it uncommonly likely that a lion would break loose, or something or other occur to draw forth my chivalry, and extort her gratitude. I was not in error in my anticipations; although the circumstance that did occur was too wild even for an imagination like mine. Had it come suddenly, I almost think I should have shut my eyes, held my breath, and stood still: but as it was, I had no time to reflect; the uppermost idea in my mind was, that I would do something heroic, something desperate; and when opportunity offered, I instantaneously did it.

The party, with many others, were looking over the inclosure at the bear on his pole; and in order that all might see, the nurse-maid had the little girl in her arms, while the little girl had the baby in hers. This arrangement was not very reprehensible, as a momentary freak, for the maid of course had good hold of both the children, the elder of whom was jumping with glee; and my attention, therefore, was exclusively directed to the lady, who stood absorbed in the spectacle before me. All on a sudden, there was a scream from the little girl—the unfortunate baby was over the inclosure, and lying senseless on its face in the area—and the gigantic bear was descending the pole to secure his prey.

To climb the inclosure and spring into the area, did not take me many moments—but it took me too many. I was at a little distance from the spot, and before I reached it the bear had caught up the infant, whose little face was buried in its fur; and on my approach made for the pole, and began to ascend with great rapidity. I followed, without giving myself time for a moment's reflection, and while I climbed caught hold of the long clothes of the baby. The action was well intended; but the consequences were dreadful—perhaps fatal; for the bear loosed his hold, and the poor little thing fell to the ground. I began mechanically to descend; but did not dare to look at what was in all probab-

ity a lifeless corpse. And presently I could not look, for the exigences of my own position demanded my every thought. The bear above was descending with huge strides and angry growls, and another below—a great black monster, of whose presence in the inclosure I had not been aware—was shambling along to the support of his comrade, and had already almost reached the pole.

The fix was terrible, but it lasted only an instant; for the keeper now made his appearance, and with a few hearty wallops sent the black bear to the right about, while my pursuer stopped short with a terrific growl.

"What are you doing here?" cried the keeper, as I staggered upon the ground. "I must give you in charge to the police for a lunatic!"

"Never mind me," said I faintly; "look to the child, for I dare not."

"The child!—what child?"

"Are you blind? There!" and I forced my eyes upon the hideous spectacle.

The creature's head was off! It was wax!

I hardly know how I got over the inclosure. A sound of laughter was in my brain, as if I was made of ears, and every ear ringing its loudest. The nurse-maid enjoyed the adventure more than any body, but the little girl in her arms clutched at me furiously, as if charging me with the murder of her doll, and was not pacified till the fragments of that sickening baby were handed to her over my shoulder. I darted away; and it was high time to do so, for all the company in the Gardens were rushing to the spot.

The fair cause of the mischief was standing a little way off, leaning on the arm of a tall, noble-looking man, with mustaches ten times as big as mine. She seemed choking between recent alarm and present mirth; and as I passed:

"Sir," said she, with swelling cheeks and unsteady voice, "my husband wishes to thank you for our little girl's doll!" But I was off like a shot, without waiting even to touch my hat; and thankful I was to get out of the gate, for many of the spectators followed mechanically.

It would be vain to attempt to describe my reflections as I sped rapidly along. But in the midst of all I knew what was before me—I had an intense consciousness of what was to be done. My resolve was fixed, and I felt an insane joy at the idea that no possible intervention could prevent me from executing it. As soon as I reached home, I went straight to my own room, locked and bolted myself in, sat deliberately down before the glass, drew forth my razor, and—shaved off my mustaches.—*Chambers's Journal.*

"OUR MOTHER WAS A REMARKABLE WOMAN."

BY REV. L. D. BARROWS.

THESE words fell from the lips of a strong, middle-aged man, as he, with a younger brother, sat alone, late at night, in mournful thoughtfulness, drawn around the dying embers of the paternal hearth-stone.

This remark called up a thousand tender reminiscences of their youth and their recently-departed and lamented mother.

The conversation now turned on events and scenes of other days. Long and touching was that conversation, and I need hardly say that "mother" was the theme—she who had been the center of attractions in that home for forty years, had but just fallen asleep in Jesus, leaving vacant the old arm-chair and her place at table. The younger of these two sons had just traveled three hundred miles to see the place where they had laid her. These pensive sons talked on till midnight stole insensibly upon them.

In the course of this chastened interview there was one great thought which developed and deeply impressed itself upon their minds; namely, *the results, unforeseen and unanticipated, which follow a humble but unswerving course of duty.*

Pause, gentle reader, one moment in this brief narrative and contemplate this hopeful and glorious thought. Our good Father in heaven has marked for us a path of duty, and sometimes it appears difficult and rugged, while the reasons for it are all out of human sight; yea, these very duties may seem to conflict with reason! Yet there stands the command. What shall be done? Assume that we are better judges than the Author of our being and all our mercies? This will show a lack of faith and fidelity which will sunder us as cast-off branches of the living Vine, and banished us from the household of faith. God will be *trusted* and not *argued* with. Then and thus, walking by faith and not by sight, we shall obey all his commands and leave the result wholly with him. But are you continually predisposed to ask, "What good will this or that act of duty do?" We reply, God only knows or can know, and your question indicates a wicked lack of confidence—"without faith it is impossible to please God." The results of duty can never be disastrous in the end, when every thing is considered. No matter what these duties are, whether public or private, great or small, observed or unobserved, God will bring about good and only good results when sincerely performed. Rely upon it. There is safety no where else. There is divine favor and usefulness no where else.

How all this is shown and illustrated in the character and history of this mother we will now inform the thoughtful and duty-loving wife and mother, as well as all other readers.

Early in her married life she became a Christian. She was modestly but firmly and perseveringly attached to the religion of Christ and all its duties. The husband and father, though intelligent, moral, and kind, was unconverted, somewhat skeptical, and thoroughly self-righteous.

About this time the family removed into a new and remote town on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains, in Vermont, quite distant from all religious privileges and almost wholly out of reach of those of her own chosen Church. Here, in worldly circumstances made only comfortable by excessive toil and hardship, she lived for many years, doing more than her full part to support and educate—limitedly—a family of six children—three sons and three daughters. The amount of physical labor and exposure which she endured for many years in this way, would shock most of you whose tiny fingers turn these pages, since it is your good fortune to live, unlike her, when fire and water turn the spindles and work the looms of our mothers.

During these long years also she was comparatively without the "ordinary means of grace." Yet such was her desire for and delight in divine worship, she often rode on horseback ten and fifteen miles for that purpose, happy only in her Savior and her rising family. Firmly did she cleave to Christ, faithful in her closet duties, and every other means of grace which her limited opportunities furnished.

Her responsibilities she deeply felt—religiously felt—and the more so, as she was the solitary representative of Christ in that family. Often and fervently did she cry to God for the salvation of the husband and children. She fasted and she prayed; by precept and example enforcing religion on all the household. The holy Sabbath was sacredly observed; the word of God was carefully and religiously read; at the earliest possible opportunity every child was placed in Sabbath school, and many long and weary miles did they walk for that purpose while yet very young. Carefully did she train them all to value their time, their labor, their money, and the few good and only good books placed within their reach. Few amusements, and none dissipating, were provided or allowed. The children sometimes complained that their training was too rigid and Puritanic; but the mother knew better, and was firm enough the right to pursue, for

which they have since a thousand times given thanks to God, loving and revering her memory more and more.

Time rolled on. At length the eldest daughter became pious. Now she found a companion in prayer and began to rejoice in some fruit of her long and patient waiting for the harvest. Soon after this the two eldest sons sought and found Christ. Nearly the same time some other young men in the neighborhood became converted. Then religious meetings for prayer and religious conversation were established in the place and a general revival followed.

Mainly through the exertions of these two converted sons a Sabbath school was established in the district school-house—small but efficient in its beginning, and continues, we think, to this very day. The eldest son was appointed superintendent. Another revival soon occurred, *commencing in this Sabbath school*. In this revival the youngest of the three sons was converted, with most of the young and many middle-aged people of the neighborhood. Ministers of the Gospel were invited to visit and preach here, and regular religious worship was established and a branch of the Christian Church organized.

Soon following was the conversion of the two youngest daughters—all that remained unconverted of the children. Thus this faithful mother saw her six children, one by one, coming with her and drinking at the fountain of the waters of life and giving their hearts to God. O happy day for that mother! Happy day for those children!

Now there were *seven* instead of *one* to pray for the father, who all this time stood like an uncleaned stock in the harvest-field. Often and earnestly did this *round* number of seven souls plead with God, as they saw this—now—aged father halting to the tomb without having been known ever to have confessed his need of Christ or to shed one tear over his sins of near three-score years.

The sons, as they became men, entered into argument, expostulation, and exhortation, pleading with him as they did with God for him. But not one hopeful sign encouraged them, either in his concessions or appearances. He was calm, candid, but unfeeling and indifferent. Nothing but the naked promises of God and the Spirit had they to encourage them to hope *he would ever* take shelter in the Gospel from the wrath to come. *But God is good:* "his ways are not as our ways." "And shall he not avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?"

When sixty long, weary, and sinful years of his life were beginning to be finished up, and when all human means had proved their insufficiency, and when all hope of friends was about to expire, and all this household were beginning to dread the day when they must say "farewell" world without end to husband and to father, O, all praise to God, by his great grace, this moral iceberg melted, as under the focus rays of seven confederate suns, and cried out, "What must I do to be saved!" He who turns none empty away, who sincerely and penitently apply, suffered him to enter in and be saved. O what a God of goodness and power is ours!

What a day was that when, for the first time, the husband and father knelt in prayer around an altar bedewed with others' tears for thirty years! There was joy in heaven and joy on earth that day. To hear *that* voice in prayer and praise seemed like a vision of some long looked-for object almost on the borders of Paradise—a vision which had come of a whirling brain and throbbing heart, lashed into a tempest by long years of agony—a vision too glorious to be true, and sure to be proved unreal in the next breath. But, thanks to God! it was a great fact, which remained fixed with him till the lamp of life went quietly out, and the morning of immortality opened to his view.

Before death swept away either of these parents the whole family became members of the same Christian Church; both of the elder sons were official members, two of the daughters had become the wives of evangelical ministers, and the youngest son had been sixteen years a preacher of the Gospel in the same Church. The second son died peacefully in full manhood, and all the other children are still living, and, so far as is known to the writer, honoring the God of their fathers.

Now, kind reader, trembling and desponding, it may be, "under your trials and duties," thinking all you are doing amounts to nothing, look at this "mother," whose history and character we have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched, and ask yourself what were the means and duties so abundantly blessed of the Lord, required of, and so faithfully used by this humble woman, resulting in so much earthly, spiritual, and eternal good to that large family, and through them to hundreds and thousands more.

"Our mother," said the son, "was a remarkable woman." This was true; yet only as it was applied to her common sense, her sagacity, her firmness, her industry and frugality, her deep, ardent, and uniform piety. In other qualities

and attainments she was not remarkable. But her enlightened piety was carried into all her social life, shrinking at no obstacles, yielding under no trials or privations, patiently awaiting the consummation of all earthly things for the fruit of her care and toil, as well as her reward. She did not labor in vain. Neither will you, humble reader, however obscure and unknown you are, *if, in the place where you are, with what means you have, you go and do likewise—being faithful over the few things, you will be put in charge of many.*

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF CHRIST.

"I KNOW men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that Jesus was not a man. The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find it a marked individuality, which originated in actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in himself a perfect precept of his examples. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven.

"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires, but upon what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon FORCE. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon LOVE, and at this hour millions of men would die for him. It was not a day, nor a battle that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in this world. No, it was a long war; a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, if all the kings of the earth, and potentates, were on one side—on the other, I see no army but a mysterious force, some men scattered here and there, all over the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending all over the world! Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of God!"

Napoleon stopped at the last words, but General Bertrand making no reply, the Emperor added:

"If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I do wrong to appoint you a general."

REMINISCENCE OF THE POET CAMPBELL.

SOME five and twenty years ago I went to dine at a friend's house. On entering the drawing-room, I found that the object of attraction was an album, which had been presented that morning to the young lady of the house. Her name was Florine, and the lines were as follows:

"TO FLORINE.

"Could I recall lost youth again,
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine.
But mine's the chilling age that chides,
Affection's tender glow;
And Love—that conquers all besides
Finds Time a conquering foe.
Farewell! we're parted by our fate,
As far as night from moon.
You came into the world so late,
And I depart so soon!"

T. C.

Dinner was announced; and ere it was half over, a loud knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Campbell came into the dining-room somewhat excited, and making many apologies for intruding. He was asked to join the party, but he declined; and merely begged to see the album, as there was an error in the verses which he wished to correct. The album was brought; and taking from his waistcoat pocket a small pen-knife, he proceeded to erase the word "parted" in the first line of the stanza, and substituted for it "severed;" which, from the occurrence of the word "depart" in the last line, of course improved the verses: the repetition having evidently haunted his poetic ear. The correction made, Mr. Campbell took a hasty leave; he had another engagement, and could not stay.

THE BEST RECREATION.

THE celebrated Haydn was in company with some distinguished persons. The conversation turned on the best means of restoring their mental energies when exhausted. One said he had recourse, in such cases, to a bottle of wine; another, that he went in company. Hadyn said he retired to his closet and engaged in prayer—that nothing exerted on his mind a more happy and efficacious influence than prayer.

There is a great deal of truth in this remark. God is the strength of his people. Luther used to say that to pray well was to study well. The celebrated Elliot left us the striking sentiment, "that prayer and painstaking were able to accomplish all things." I doubt not that a leading defect of many, very many Christians, lies in their not praying as they ought.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY M. LOUISA GRITWOOD.

THEY said he was alone;
The thin, frail hand that gently held his own
Came not to their dim sight.
They often wondered what sweet spell he kept,
When o'er his face a sudden radiance crept,
As though his eyes were looking toward the light.

And to the outward view,
There was no brightness all his life way thro';
No slightest shreds of love
Bound his lone heart to any throbbing mate—
Orphaned and homeless, friendless, desolate,
Upon life's waters wild a wandering dove.

But O, not so, not so!
He heard a music they could never know,
Whose scorn was on his head;
As the soft mist of summer's morning bright,
About his way there seemed a ridge of light
From some sapphirian censer softly shed.

At times he heard the rings,
As though a pair of white, invisible wings
Were folded o'er his head;
He felt the claspings of a gentle hand,
And journeyed on toward the unseen land,
With sweet heart-sheltered prayers to words unward.

With this celestial guide—
This quiet footfall ever by his side—
Life's bitterest woes were small.
Though smiles and loving words were not for him,
And Want's black cup filled to its very brim,
The joy within his heart could cancel all.

No sigh, no sad complaint
Escaped the lips of this poor pilgrim saint,
From weary day to day;
They did not know that, blest and sin-forgiven,
His little feet were journeying near to heaven,
Where tears are ever, ever wiped away.

Once when his golden locks
Straightened with dew the while he watched his
flocks,

And Night put on her crown,
He sat alone, his heart within him stirred
To a sweet music until then unheard,
As though some seraph's harp sent echoes down.

And to his fading eyes
There seem'd an angel walking down the skies
With a calm smile of love;
His pale face glowed with a celestial fire;
He heard a sweet voice saying, "Come up higher;
Come to the Ark of peace, poor wandering dove."

Dawn came; they found him there,
The dew-drops melting on his rippled hair—
Smiles on the upturned face;
The azure eyes, whose brightness scarce was hid,
Looked heavenward still from each pure, waxen lid—
They knew he slept in some fair saint's embrace.

Said they, with whispers light,
"The Chaldean shepherds watched their flocks by
night,

An angel came to them;
And this sweet child, with smiles upon his brow,
Our hardened hearts do only envy now;
For he hath seen the Babe of Bethlehem."

BOBOLINK.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

'Twas a beautiful bird;
A pet bobolink with eyes like the day,
And plumage of jet, and orange, and gray,
And a song like the fresh woodland music of May,
In the glad morning heard.

But a captive was he;
From his light, roomy cage he could see the blue sky,
And the emerald meadows in loveliness lie,
And I knew by the glance of his bright, wistful eye
How he longed to be free!

Poor Bob! could I know
How vainly for peace and contentment he strove,
How sadly he pined for the green, spreading grove,
How, in spite of my gentlest attention and love,
He panted to go—

And not open wide
The door of release for my beautiful pet,
And stifle each feeling of selfish regret
That he, in his gladness, so soon would forget
His home by my side?

'Twas the still Sabbath day;
The sunset was glowing in coloring rare,
The fields and the gardens were never more fair,
When his free, rapid wing cleft the soft summer air
As he hastened away.

How he sung as he flew!
Not the beautiful airs that had charmed us so long—
Far clearer, far sweeter, far richer his song,
For the glad notes of freedom were ringing among
The chords that we knew.

O that pean of joy!
All the night, in my dreams, its notes, bold and free,
Come back, from the far-distant thickets, to me,
And thrilled my full heart with their strange melody!
That pean of joy.

INGRATITUDE.

BY ALICE CARY.

THE borrower of his neighbor's grain
Sends home the measure running o'er,
But to God's lending we remain
Debtors, and thankless ever more.
Our prayer is still for length of days,
For more of dew and more of sun,
No gratitude for yesterdays,
No feeling of "thy will be done."
Break with contrition, O my heart,
And be with sorrow's passion moved,
To think how unconcerned thou art,
And yet so cared for, so beloved.

THE SEA IS FULL OF LIFE.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY, A. M.

HOW often, as we realized the extent of ocean in our school-boy days, did we wonder that so vast a portion of earth was devoid of life—so we deemed it! We forgot, when we talked of the dreary expanse of ocean, that land, too, had its deserts, wide, terrible, and gloomy, where perished almost every living thing; that their tornadoes were terrible as those of ocean, and waves of sand were fatal as waves of brine. And we did not know that ocean was one great garden, where unchecked, uncultivated vegetation grew in luxuriant profusion, and that within it lived and died untold varieties of animal life.

The mariner little dreams, while sailing over the unfathomable deep, that beneath his vessel, many fathoms down, wave unbroken forests in their majesty, and in peerless beauty bloom the

"Fadeless hues of countless flowers."

Once when brown October, that most delightful of the months, autumn's peerless queen, had softly and with some touch of sadness tinted vegetation, I galloped out on the Grand Prairie, in Illinois. Before me spread out ocean's second self, like ocean, seemingly boundless, the dipping sky the only visible boundary; and then, as if to make the illusion more perfect, there was the long swell, the ocean-like roll mimicking the crest of the main. But O what profusion of flowers—many-hued flowers—not sickly exotics, but free and lively in their native vigor! But could man descend the deep caves, move among the mountains, and cross the wide plains of ocean, what wonders he would rehearse! What themes for poet and painter! Alas! this may not be! Those who thus descend come not back. There is mystery as well as "sorrow on the sea."

It can not be expected that much can be said of ocean life, therefore, and less is known of vegetable than its animal productions. Even what is known can not be condensed into the limits of a Repository article.

In one region of the sea grow the laminæ, rising like tall trees, flaunting their endless ribbons, true ocean pennons; these wave over the broad-leaved water-lettæe, which rests in turn upon a rich-bued woof of small aquatic plants, red confervæ and brown-rooted mosses.

Here also flourish the gigantic-leaved irides, of scarlet and pink. Alaria raise their long, naked stems, terminating in a hideous leaf seventeen yards in length. These are not the ocean vedars, waving, in kingly pride, over pearls, and gold, and grinning skulls, ocean's tessellated pave-

ment. Rising in palm-like altitude tower nereocysti, upward of seventy feet. A modern writer thus describes them: "They begin in a coral-shaped root and grow up with a thin, thread-like trunk, which, however, gradually thickens till its club-shaped form grows into an enormous bladder, from the top of which, like a crest on a gigantic helmet, there waves proudly a large bunch of delicate but immense leaves." Of these are said to be large forests which develop in a few months, wither and decay in still shorter time, to be reproduced in richer profusion.

There are many varieties of algae and fuoi of all conceivable shapes and sizes. In the northern and southern arctic oceans they grow to the enormous length of fifteen hundred feet. These are they which come to the surface and form those meadows so terrible to the sailor. To early navigators they were peculiarly disheartening and difficult. The Caravals of Columbus were three weeks plowing their tortuous way through the Sargossa Sea, lying between the Antilles and Azores—the sea-weed meadows covered some twenty-five degrees of latitude.

Of every variety. In the northern sea grows the sugar fucus, with broad leaves, from which is made the marm sugar. These leaves are broad and exceedingly thin, yet grow miles in length. Off the Falkland Isles is a species resembling the apple-tree, with trunk, branches, and abundance of fruit. Near the Irish coast is gathered the Carraghen Moss, with beautiful curled leaves, used as a remedy in pulmonic affections.

In short, waving, and creeping, and climbing grows the dark, dripping vegetation of the sea. Twining around moldy guns, winding about slimy spars, making a curious net-work for coffers and caskets, keeps that varied vegetation solitary guard over the treasures of the deep. What oozing death sobs have struggled through its branches in vain effort to reach some kindly ear!

Turn we now to animal life. We now have wonder rising upon wonder. We have moving mountains of bone and muscle, and again heart, and eye, and sinew in a mere atomic speck, scarce the size of the mustard seed.

The whole moves in sluggish and unwieldy majesty through the waters. Research has clearly shown that the name of the right whale is in the north. To him the tropical regions of the ocean are as a sea of molten lead. He can not cross the equator nor sail "around the Horn." The sperm whale, on the other hand, delights in the "peculiar institutions" of the south, and remains in "hot water." He never doubles Good Hope, but does double Cape Horn.

Beside the northern whale the proportions of the rhinoceros and elephant dwindle into contempt. He lashes the ocean with his tail and convulses it as with the madness of the tempest. He sometimes strikes the whale-boat and dashes it high into the air. Brave whaler, beware! If the enraged beast reach thy craft, short will be thy shrift, brief thy closing prayer. The harpoon flies! Back those oars! Let out that line! Back the oars for life—dear life itself! The puny arm can let out that mighty life; but if one moment his skill fail him; if he lose his self-possession; if his boat become unmanageable; if his keen eye detect not in due time the coming of the maddened brute, terrible will be his revenge. Another sad page will be written in the chapter of accidents. Be wary, O whaleman! There are bright eyes at New Bedford which are suffused with tears when the northern tempest goes moaning by. Be wary! There are loved ones at home who eagerly long for news of thy coming. Be wary! thy foe is upon thee!

Have we a sea-serpent? This is a mooted question, which has been positively proven in the affirmative by many credible witnesses, who most unequivocally testify they have seen him—have been chased by him, or, at all events, ran from him. This would settle the question, but we have the proof which carried the day in the Hibernian court; there are a great many more who testify as positively that they *never saw him*. This must, then, remain an open question, involved in the mystery enshrouding the origin of evil and the success of the caloric engine.

But, sea-serpent or not, there is a sea-elephant, one of the "first families" of seals, sometimes thirty feet long and eighteen feet in circumference; the sea-fox, a species of shark with long and curved tail, creeping with malignant cunning upon his victim; the sea-lion, and leopard, and wolf, and tiger, which grow to enormous size. It has also otters, pheasants, gulls, and mews. Also the ponderous walrus, the agile sword-fish, the nautilus, moving with spread sail, add to its numbers. The urchin and the unicorn are also among the denizens of the deep. The mackerel, the cod, the gar, the ruff, the star-fish move in shoals or dart singly in search of food.

But, gentle reader, the half has not been told thee. Ocean hath somewhat beside these. I speak not of salmon, although gladly would I speak of them and over them; nor of herrings, sailing in schools, ranging from a few furlongs to several miles in breadth, and from ten to thirty in length, so closely packed that the deep sea-lead can not pass through them; nor of the fish-

eries engaging three thousand American vessels, and some five thousand of Dutch, French, and English sail; nor of turtles, weighing twelve hundred pounds; nor of snails, creeping among the branches of sea-weed; nor of sportive mollusks, chasing each other in mimic fray; nor of the coral-tree, reared by the "infinitesimal train" which, obedient to the utilitarian advice of Mm. Hemans, has continued to toil on. I am inspired by still another theme. Reader, dear reader, *there are oysters in the sea*; ay, oysters, large, luscious, laxy oysters, lying in comfortable beds, extracting, through their delicate gills, the air lurking in each drop of passing water—there removed from the conflicts of politics, the agitation of reformers, the zeal of comeouters, they contemplate and fatten.

Let no one ask of what use is the sea? The philosopher answers that it is a highway, uniting different nations and bearing their commerce. Softly, sir, it *separates* nations. I would have visited England long since, had it not been in the way. As to being a highway for commerce, but for it we would have a turnpike to Sicily, a plank road to Alexandria, and go to Thebes, Karnak, and Memphis *on a raft*. We would have a water-station at Philæ, and "wood" among the palms of Capri. At Posyllippo we would have a market depot and a warehouse for the packing season at Luxor. No, sage sir, your answer won't do.

Will you turn catechist and ask, "What use is the sea?" Divers and sundry are its uses, and it raises oysters! "And what are oysters?" Poor man, dost thou not know? Didst thou never sit by the bowl of steaming oyster soup? Never ate the well-roasted turkey dressed with oyster sauce? Never partook of oysters fried? Did pickled oysters never regale thy palate? Didst thou never receive them fresh and living from the cart of the oyster-man, and, penknife in hand, open the glad bivalves and permit the resident to leap down thy throat? Never? Unfortunate man! Thou art an object of sympathy.

But, dismissing this persiflage, the coral demands a more satisfactory notice than it has received, and I give it in the language of a writer in a cotemporary magazine. "Here germinates out of the stone, a living, sensitive animal, clad in the gay form and bright colors of flowers, and adorned with phosphorescent brilliancy. As if in a dream, the animal polypus awakens in the stone for a moment, and like a dream it crystallizes into a stone again. They build large, powerful castles, and high, lofty steeples, resting upon the very bottom of the sea, rising stone-

upon stone, and cemented like no other on this globe. The minute polypi work quietly and silently, and with modest industry, in their never-ceasing struggle with the mighty waves. Thus they build year after year, century after century, till at last their atolls inclose vast lakes in the midst of the ocean, where eternal peace reigns undisturbed by the stormy waves and the raging tempest. But when their marvelous structure reaches the surface it rises no farther, for the polypi are true children of the sea, and as soon as sun and air touch them they die. They erect barriers which preserve human habitations from destruction. Man can not defend himself against the roll and rush of angry floods.

The mills which manufacture the clean, white calendered paper upon which the Repository is printed, are located on a small river in a beautiful Indiana village. The stream, in summer, becomes so diminutive that a lady can cross on the loose stones and not injure her thin slippers. But when swollen by angry winter floods, the tiny thread of silver becomes a chainless devastator. Two years ago came such a flood of rain and melting snow. Above the mill and dam the bank was protected by heavy stone work, which had heretofore successfully stood against the severest freshets. Near midnight I reached the spot, and found the shore lined with anxious citizens desirous to render assistance to the esteemed proprietors. The stream now looked the very picture of uncaged fury. The occasional flashes of lightning gave us fair view; it rolled madly, its waves overtopping each other and mingling the turbid waters. O how angry was the roar!

We first watched for the safety of the dam, erected at great expense, and on the stability of which depended, in part, the safety of the costly works. By and by the large blocks of hewn stone began to fall, tossed by the river as mere playthings. Faster and faster still they fell, till the whole gave way. The head-gate soon followed, and the torrent ran through the race directly into the mill.

But a more startling danger was upon us. The junior partner had a beautiful cottage upon the bluff bank of the river, and hitherto had dreaded no danger. Even in the storm and wreck the lights gleamed cheerfully and home-like. The children were sleeping quietly—the wife could not sleep; but as yet the imminent peril of her house had not alarmed her. A new splashing was heard. The senior listened a moment and then suddenly said, "The protection is giving away; if it fails the house must go." We listened—the danger was confirmed—the trusted

wall was falling more and more rapidly. There we stood, perhaps fifty men; among them were wealth, and science, and mechanical skill, and brave hearts, but all were powerless with such a foe.

We went to the house, removed the family and goods to a place of safety, and came back to watch the flood. The stone-work was gone, and, like a gigantic plow, the river was cutting away the bank in huge slices. Nearer it came—undetermined the dear old shade-trees and they fell—the ornamental fence and shrubbery followed. About four o'clock it struck one corner of the dwelling, swept out the foundation—it stood a moment, reeled for a moment, and toppled into the stream below—a moment more and it was broken to pieces! Daylight revealed a very picture of disaster. All was ruin—the lovely home gone—all gone save a few foundation stones. We realized that when "the voice of God was on the waters" vain was the skill of man.

What, then, must be the might of enraged ocean when the storm-spirit makes its depths to boil, rolls up its mountain waves, and dashes the mad surf against the shore? What shall abide that fearful rush? Man has vainly essayed to defend himself—old ocean laughs at his bulwarks and tosses his defenses like mere playthings. But what man can not do, the minute coral insect has done. Fast it anchors its foundation on the bed of the sea, and builds up and still up amidst its wildest storms and most violent dashings. Come when calm has succeeded storm. Lo the works of the infinitesimal polypi abide—the fleet is sunk, the pier is shattered, but the coral bulwark stands! And in pitying kindness it becomes the protector of man—surrounds his home in the deep with storm-defying and century-abiding bulwarks.

Ay, it is true that old ocean teems with many-formed life. And so worthily sang a noble poet many centuries ago.

"O Lord! how manifold are thy works!

In wisdom hast thou made them all;

The earth is full of thy riches;

So is this great and wide sea wherein

Are things creeping innumerable,

Both small and great beasts.

There go the ships:

There is leviathan whom thou hast made

To play therein.

These all wait upon thee, that thou

Mayest give them meat in due season."

Ocean is a great battle-field. War is always raging among its tribes. There is no booming artillery—no clashing swords—no shouting of captains or neighing of steeds. The work goes

on silently, but still that world below is like this world above—the strong pursue the weak, the weak in turn prey upon those less powerful, and they seek others still more feeble. Thus murder, and robbery, and violence are going on in the depths as well as on the surface. The genius of discord presides among them. Ishmaelites are they, those dwellers in the sea. Man is the common destroyer of all, from the whale and the shark to the gentle and minute shell-fish.

Remember that each ocean wave is instinct with life; that its flash is the phosphorescent gleam of its animalcula: and now tell me whence they derive their sustenance? Can we tell? Verily we can not, unless we answer with the Psalmist quoted above, "these all wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them meat in due season."

And what lessons of divine wisdom and beneficence do these manifold creatures teach us! Perfect skill is manifested in the organism of the most delicate vadioti, medusæ, and polypi. And they are all perfectly adapted to the element in which they are placed. There are beings prepared to make their home in the tall algæ, to shelter beside the slow-wrought coral masonry, to dwell beneath the iceberg, and shine and glitter amid the tropic seas.

Ay, in wisdom he made it all—in wisdom infinite and beneficent.

But there is human life upon the sea. Thousands go down in ships. They brave ocean's fiercest waves, and sometimes brave them once too often. Do we remember there is redeemed life upon the wide waste of the sea? Do we ever reflect that each sloop and smack, as well as each proud ship and gallant schooner, bears a load of humanity deathless as the being of God, immortal as the ages of eternity?

What have we done to save the sailor? To lead him to Jesus and make him an heir of heaven?

As he stands by the fore-castle, goes aloft among the rigging, or watches with eager eye the far-off beacon, has he not reason sadly to say, "No man careth for my soul?"

ON BRIDLING THE TONGUE.

RESOLVED, by the grace of God, never to speak much, lest I often speak too much; and not to speak at all, rather than to no purpose; always to make my tongue and heart go together, so as never to speak with the one what I do not think in the other; always to speak of other men's sins only before their faces, and of their virtues only behind their backs.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

HOW TO MAKE HOME INTOLERABLE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THERE are various methods of making home intolerable, which are usually found out without the aid of a recipe. But if any one wishes to know the secret, we venture to give a few hints, which may be useful—not by way of helping our readers to reduce them to practice, but rather with a view to their avoidance.

A common proverb makes a smoky chimney and a scolding wife the worst of domestic plagues. But there are worse than these. A smoky chimney shows there is a fireside at all events, and if the chimney smokes, it is the builder's and not the housewife's fault; and as for a scolding wife, why she may possibly teach her husband philosophy, as Xantippe did Socrates.

A dirty wife is far worse. A wife may scold, and yet be clean and thrifty. But a scolding slattern is a terrible nuisance at home, and very soon will succeed in making a home thoroughly intolerable for even the most pacific and contented dispositions.

If with dirt there be waste, the acme of discomfort will be reached. Money spent recklessly, and without any useful product of comfort—what is the end of this but poverty and vice?

And drink, the great cause of waste in poor men's houses—expenditure on that which not only wastes a man's substance, but ruins his moral and physical capacities, and we have reached a point of discomfort beyond which we can not go. Drink is the demon and the curse of tens of thousands of homes, which but for it might be happy.

But there are many minor sources of discomfort, which worry and fret impatient minds, and render homes thoroughly uncomfortable.

Ill-trained children, unaccustomed because taught by early discipline to curb their little tempers, are a source of discomfort to many homes. The neglect, perhaps the ignorance, of mothers, themselves ill-disciplined in youth, is mainly to be blamed for this.

Ill-cooked meals—here is another source of discomfort—perhaps a small one. But not so small either. Bad cooking is waste; waste of money and loss of comfort. Whom God has joined in matrimony, ill-cooked joints of meat and ill-boiled potatoes have very often put asunder. There is, indeed, a sound economy which may be exercised by women in the culinary department, very much to the saving of their husbands' purses as well as tempers. Among the

"common things" which educators would teach the working people, certainly this ought not to be overlooked. It is the commonest and yet most neglected of the branches of female education. Perhaps it is even thought beneath the dignity of being called "a branch" of education at all. But cooking, which really is the art, when properly cultivated, of making a little go a great way, is infinitely more valuable and important to the comfort of homes than tambour-work, crotchet, netting, or backstitch—not to speak of music and drawing. The art of cooking eclipses them all in point of value.

An unwholesome house is always uncomfortable. The atmosphere is depressing to the spirits, and it debilitates the frame. Its influence may not be felt or perceptible—excepting by our sense—that of smell—and yet it is most powerful. Even the temper becomes peevish and irritable; and the depression leads to a craving for stimulants, which in its turn leads to an aggravation of the evil. Children become querulous, sickly, and complaining; how can they be cheerful, breathing poisoned air, as they often do? The children cry, poor things, finding vent in tears and sobs; they are beaten, when they should be sent out in the open air, or, later in the evening, put to bed. And thus the home is made very uncomfortable.

These unfortunate children—how our heart pities them! Brought into the world helpless, they are left amidst the gloomy associations of depravity, dirt, and disease; and they hang about the sordid dwelling an infant brood, imparting no joy to the home—only so many gaping mouths to be fed—increasing its squalor and discomfort. Often they are cuffed and scolded for no fault of their own; the ill-temper engendered by dirt and drink is visited severely upon them. Tolerable tempers are made bad, and bad tempers are rendered cruel; and thus they grow up to mature years with the stamp of savage life upon them, without any idea of the comforts of home; familiar with the spectacle of habitual brutality and daily recurring vice.

In better circles homes may be made intolerable in other ways. Peevish and querulous tempers spoil the repose of many households. "Better is a dinner of herbs where peace is than a stalled ox with contention." There are people who are always making a fuss, and will not let you be quiet; these have the knack of making even dining and drawing-rooms intolerable. They are as unwholesome as even a room full of bad air could be. Moping and whining—discovering all manner of frets, and aches, and imaginary

woes—grumbling at the maids—finding cause of alarm in every thing—such people rarely fail in making homes intolerable, and driving forth those who had hoped for, and who were entitled to find, peace and repose therein.

MASCUINE AND FEMININE.

THERE are certain nouns with which notions of strength, vigor, and the like qualities, are more particularly connected; and these are the neuter substantives which are figuratively rendered masculine. On the other hand, beauty, amiability, and so forth, are held to invest words with a feminine character. Thus, the sun is said to be masculine, and the moon feminine. But for our own part—and our view is confirmed by the discoveries of astronomy—we believe that the sun is called masculine, from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine away as she does at night, when all quiet people are in bed; and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon, we think, is accounted feminine because she is thus maintained and kept up in her splendor, like a fine lady, by her husband, the sun. Furthermore, the moon is continually changing, on which account alone she might be referred to the feminine gender. The earth is feminine, tricked out as she is with gems and flowers. Cities and towns are likewise feminine, because there are as many windings, turnings, and little odd corners in them, as there are in the female mind. A ship is feminine, inasmuch as she is blown about by every wind. Virtue is feminine by courtesy. Fortune and misfortune, like mother and daughter, are both feminine. The Church is feminine, because she is married to the state, or married to the state because she is feminine—we do not know which. Time is masculine, because he is so trifled with by the ladies.

RELIGIOUS COAST TRADE.

It has been said that men carry on a kind of coasting trade with religion. In the voyage of life they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling views overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over. Humiliating acknowledgment is this, but its truth is too obvious to admit of denial or controversy.

A CHAPTER ON FLORAL SUPERSTITIONS.

BY MRS. C. A. WHITE.

IT is difficult, at a first glance, to comprehend how superstition could ever have mingled its shadows with these fair ornaments of earth—these sun-loving surface-dwellers on heaths and hill-sides—these playthings and insignia of childhood and festivity! We can only surmise, in the instance of flowers, as in that of precious stones, that the belief in their magical properties must have originated in the polytheism of the ancients, which, subsequent to the dying out of the pure *theism* of the pre-Arkites, appears to have permeated more or less the religion of all races of men, and to have gradually extended the idea of divinity from the two great luminaries to every object in nature that they shone upon, till woods, and streams, and mountains became imbued with celestial attributes; and the climax of this idealization of nature was reached, when the ancient Romans gave to every faculty of mind and body, every object in the material, every supposititious propriety of the imaginary world, a presiding deity, and good or evil influences.

The peculiar consecration of flowers in all the religious rites of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans—the dedication of certain kinds of them to individual divinities—of the red rose to Venus; of the white to Cybele; of the lily to Juno; of corn-flowers and poppies to Ceres, and nodding daffodils to Proserpine; of the bay-tree to Apollo; of the olive to Minerva; of the oak to Jupiter—whom the Gauls are said to have worshiped under this form—of the vine and ivy to Bacchus; of the sacred vervain to every altar, whether raised in honor of the celestial or infernal deities—are so many proofs of the antiquity of the veneration in which the floral and sylvan offspring of the earth were held. And to this semi-religious feeling, conjoined to the knowledge of their medical virtues, we may doubtless refer the occult powers ascribed to many species even in comparatively modern times.

The classic poets, from Homer down to Virgil and Horace, abound with allusions to the use of plants in magic spells and incantations; and reference is constantly made to the same attributes by the early writers on natural history and herbalism.

The introduction of many of the Roman rites and ceremonies into the Christian Church, continued the religious use of flowers, and conserved, to the dark and ignorant multitude, the idea of their sacred properties and potency as medical

charms and spells against almost all sorts of imaginary evils.

The spring and summer festivals and processions, which made almost a continual holiday in the streets of the Imperial City during the floral season, had their reflections in every town and village of Great Britain at the same period of the year. The Lent lilies that garlanded the shrine of the Virgin at Candlemas, had shone, of old, at the Anthesphora of the Greeks, and on Roman altars in honor of Ceres' search for Proserpine, whose flying footsteps she had tracked upon Mount Ætna by these scattered blossoms; the Ambervallia had its type in the processions of Rogation week; the Floralia lived again upon Mayday; and though St. Winefred might claim the well-dressings in the lake country, the Naiades of old had worn her chaplets.

Far from repudiating the ceremonies and superstitions connected with flowers, Catholicism nursed them for her own, and each particular plant, sacred in Pagan times to the presiding auspices of one or other of the Olympian powers, was passed over, with all its antique attributes, to the credit of some canonized name upon the Romish calendar.

The monks transcribed to their manuscripts the fables of the ancients, which their credulity, in the absence of practical knowledge, made them accept as truths, and thus—becoming mingled with the traditions of the people—the marvels of Pliny, though sometimes shrewdly queried by old Gerarde, were not all discredited even at a later date.

Perhaps a higher degree of antiquity appertains to the use of vervain—*verbena officinalis*—in religious ceremonies, than to any other plant we know of. In Pagan times, not only were its solitary stems, with their deep-cut leaves and slender spikes of grayish flowers, gathered for the use of the "sprinklers," who commenced the sacred rites of the Romans by sprinkling the altar and sacrifice with consecrated water, but wreaths of it were made for the priests, and brooms and garlands for the altar; it also chapleted the necks of the victims, and crowned the sacred *fecials* who proclaimed war or peace. In all likelihood, it was equally venerated by the Egyptians, in whose temples the Druids are said to have studied theology and medicine; for we find the vervain consecrated to the same purposes in Britain, at a period antecedent to its invasion by the Romans. So sacred was it held by these priests of the plains and forests, that an oblation was poured out on the earth before depriving her of it; and it was dug in the center of a sword-

drawn circle, with many other solemn ceremonies. In a medical treatise, not a hundred years old, I find this root recommended to be worn by persons suffering of scrofula, with a yard of white satin ribbon, round the neck.

Among the ancient Greeks, who dedicated it to Venus the Victorious, it was known as the "sacred herb;" and a custom existed, not long since, in some of the German valleys, of presenting a bride with a hat made of vervain, to ward off ill-luck, and insure its contrary. With a similar intention, but in a more general way, another classic plant is made use of by the peasants of Magna Græcia, who never present a nosegay which does not contain the leaves or blossom of moly, because this plant—by means of which, Homer tells us, Ulysses escaped the spells of Circe—is still regarded by popular superstition as a charm.

The religious veneration paid to the mistletoe by the ancient Gauls and Britons, is too well known to require notice; it was in all cases gathered with closed eyes—when neither moon nor sun shone; a golden sickle was used in cutting it, and care was taken to receive it in a cloth held for the purpose, that it might not come in contact with the earth. The Druids used it medicinally, and tradition appears to have perpetuated the belief in its virtues, for it subsequently received the name of *lignum sanctæ crucis*, and was deemed efficacious in removing epilepsy, averting the evil eye, and preserving from many dangers; little sigils and crosses were made of it, and worn with these intentions; and a remnant of the superstition still exists in many parts of England.

Beads of the root of "our lady's seal," as white briony was formerly called, are worn at the present day as an anodyne; and though men no longer believe, as did the ancient Greeks, in the divine origin of the peony—nor imagine that at night it shines with moon-like splendor, a floral reflex of the orb from which it was supposed to emanate—nor wear its fascioled roots by way of spell, to ward off evil spirit, and avert tempests—nor plant it in their gardens to preserve them from all injuries—faint vestiges of its use as a charm may be traced in the necklaces made of the root of the male plant in every apothecary's window in England, and which are in high esteem with many a village nurse and mother to hang about the necks of children when teething, to preserve them from convulsions, and assist, as it is believed, dentition.

Nor is it in such instances only, that the ancient faith in the powers of the vegetable world, when

used as "charms and knots," still survives. It was a custom with some of the Greek women to hold palm branches in their hands in order to procure an easy delivery; and Mrs. Starke tells us that a superstition analogous to this obtains, at the present day, in Tuscany, where, "when the peasant's spouse is taken in labor, the husband, after procuring medical help, deems it his next duty to get some of what is denominated the 'life-giving plant'—*aleatrice* the peasants call it—which he places on her bed, and without which he believes his child could not be born."

In brief, there is no exigence of life that had not its floral spell or counter-charm. There grew by every wayside herbs of grace, in which men had faith to ward off mental griefs and physical ailments; nor was their potency less efficacious to the credulous understandings of by-gone times, where elementary and supernatural powers were concerned; lightning and storms, witchcraft and accident, might be controlled by means of them; while, on the other hand, henbane and aconite, mandragora and hemlock, with many others—mostly Saturnine plants—"digged in the dark," or "found by Phœbe's light, with brazen sickles reaped at noon or night," were deemed of consequence to magic rites, and could work mischief in the hands of witches of the most baleful nature. Nor had the tradition of their potency died out when Shakspeare and Ben Johnson wrote; both poets frequently refer to the belief, and quote by name some of these herbs of evil reputation.

The yellow-horned poppy figures in the witches' calendar; they gather its gilded flowers, sickle-shaped pods, and pale green glaucous leaves, damp with storm-spray, from lonely sea-shores, at the dead of night, and from its roots compressed juices which occasioned madness; the mullein, with its large leaves underlined with wool, and staff-like stem, and clustered spike of flowers; the *flamæna* of the Greeks, who burnt it in lamps; the *candelaria* of the Latins, who dipped its tall stalks in suet to burn at funerals, and which, from being used in the same way in England, obtained the name of "high taper," was another famous plant with the enchanters; vervain, and yew, and cypress, were also used in incantations, with almost every other dark-hued evergreen, and herbs of poisonous and narcotic qualities. No wonder that in these days, when it was presumed that every malevolent hag might gather spells as housewives did their salads by the waysides, that counter-charms abounded, and that the credulous many comforted themselves by wearing about them, and hanging up in their abodes,

certain boughs or blossoms of "powerful grace," to preserve themselves, their dwellings, fields, and cattle. The black hellebore, or Christmas rose, ranks among the most ancient of these floral counter-charms; long before its name bore reference to the winter festival of Christianity, it was used by the ancients to purify and hallow their dwellings; the ceremony of strewing or decking their apartments with it was performed with great devotion, and accompanied with solemn hymns; its presence was supposed to drive away demons, and they also blessed their cattle with it to preserve them from spells.

In England, St. John's wort was used with precisely similar intentions; but the tradition of its virtues came by way of Rome; for, according to Pliny, it was known in his time under the name of "*Fuga Daemonum*," possibly on account of its medical uses in cases of melancholy and distraction, which diseases in these times subjected their victim to the imputation of being possessed. Jeremy Taylor, in his "Dissuasions from Popery," refers to the use of this plant by the priests. "They are to try the devil by holy water, incense, sulphur, *rus*"—which from thence, as we suppose, came to be called herb of grace—and especially St. John's wort, which therefore they call "devil's flight:" this reference shows how literally Catholicism had translated its Latin name. In Ireland it is annually gathered on the eve of St. John, dipped in holy water, and hung up in the dwellings of the peasantry to preserve them from sickness, witchcraft, and spirits. In France and Germany we read that the same custom obtains among the rustic population, who gather it with great ceremony, and place it in their windows as a charm against thunder-storms and evil spirits.

It was an axiom with the believers in floral sigils, that "witches have no power where there's wood of the rowen tree;" hence herdsmen and farmers were careful to hang up branches of the ash in their barns and stock-yards, and to plant it in their hedge-rows, and on a certain day of the year their flocks and cattle were made to pass through hoops or under arches made of its boughs; withes of woodbine were also used for the same purpose; and in Germany, in the time of *Tragus*, garlands of blue night-shade were hung about the necks of cattle to preserve them from the evil eye and witchcraft.

The fumitory, with its jagged leaves of a bluish sea-green hue, and lax spikes of small flowers, made, as Culpepper quaintly describes them, "like little birds of a reddish purple color," received its name from being burnt by exorcists in

their adjurations. Garlic was formerly used by miners in the Hartz mountains to keep off the gnomes and demons of the mines; a root which at the present day is found in every Turkish house, is a charm to avert the evil eye.

Plowman's spikeard was another plant that prevailed against enchantments; Virgil mentions it in his seventh Eclogue, under the name of *Baccharis*: an ointment was made of the root to rub the forehead with. In many cases, however, where plants were esteemed for their magical properties, it was sufficient to bear them about one, to insure their protective influence; and, accordingly, the anemone that opened its gray or purple petals to the winds of March, was gathered and worn, wrapped in scarlet, as a preservation from pestilence, till pasque flowers bloomed again. The hypochondriac in those days found a charm in the root of the melancholy thistle, which "made a man merry as a cricket," if worn about him, and cured him, we are told, by sympathy, of all care, sadness, fear, envy, and despair—it was, indeed, for him *cardius benedictus*!

These were times in which the most reckless hunter might insure the safety of his neck, by means of the heart-shaped leaves and radiant flowers of *doronicum*, or leopard's bane—a marvelous preservative in perilous places! and when he might also defend himself from the stings of serpents and other venomous beasts, by simply eating the leaves or root of viper's bugloss, the speckled stem of which and gaping blossoms bore, according to the old herbalists, a patent of remedy from nature herself, coming, as it did, into their category of *signature plantarum*. This belief in the iconism of plants is another curious branch of our subject; thus, the pearl trefoil, as it was anciently designated—from the white spot in its leaf, which was fancifully thought to resemble a pearl—was deemed effectual to remove that contrivance of the foul fiend, the disease of the "pin and web," or pearl in the eye, which Shakespeare speaks of. Another species of the same plant was supposed to defend the heart from spleen and poison, because such leaf contains, we are told, "the perfect icon of a heart, and that in its own proper color, namely, flesh color." How strange a phase of the human mind such traditions exhibit—by how much must the powers of imagination have exceeded the reasoning faculties in these peculiar periods of credulity, which research shows us that all the nations of the earth have passed through!

But we have not yet come to the end of our illustrations. Possibly, on account of its dedication to Apollo, the bay-tree was held in great

esteem by the ancients, who planted it near their dwellings to preserve them from lightning and enchantments; for, according to Mizaldus, neither witch nor demon, thunder nor lightning, could hurt a man where it stood. The fig-tree was said to possess a similar immunity from the blighting elements, and was also so pacific in its effects that the most violent animal, when fastened to it, became docile and appeased; a virtue from which the "loose strife" also received its name—inasmuch that it used to be laid on the yokes of restive cattle to calm them.

In Pliny's time *mignonnette*, under its name of *reseda*, was used by the Romans as a charm to allay the irritation of wounds; and he has left us the form of words with which the application was accompanied, to insure its remedial effect. A very curious relic of this faith in floral charms still exists in Ireland, where the cherished patch of houseleek on the thatched roof conveys to the poor inhabitants a feeling of more comforting security than the plate of a fire insurance company, from which element they regard it as a preservative.

Anciently the pretty cyclamen was cultivated in houses, not for its beauty or its perfume, but as a protection against poison. Perhaps one of the most curious superstitions on record with regard to plants, is that connected in the western nations with the

"Basil tuft that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves,"

and which Keats's poem has touched with such pathetic interest. Sacred with the Hindoos, and used by them in their religious ceremonies—prized by the Greeks, as a counter charm to venom—and used by the Egyptian women as a funeral herb to strew the sepulchers of the dead. In England many persons refused to admit it in their gardens, because if thrown upon the simplest approach to a hot-bed, it was supposed to produce venomous beasts; and, according to Culpepper, one Hillrius, a French physician, went farther than this, and affirmed that the mere smelling of it bred scorpions in the brain. The Greeks, in planting it, were wont to get up an affected quarrel, with the singular idea that it grew the stronger for being set amidst angry words and railings.

Moonwort was another powerful herb, with the mischievous faculties of drawing off the shoes of horses and unlocking doors, and in the early part of the eighteenth century was known by the name of "unshoe the horse" in country places. "Besides," says the author of "The English Physician enlarged," "I have heard commanders

say that on Whitedown, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, there were found thirty horseshoes pulled off from the feet of the Earl of Essex his horses, being there drawn up in a body, many of them being but newly shod, and no reason known, *which caused much admiration; and the herb described usually grows upon heaths.*"

With the aid of this vegetable picklock, at the very presence of which doors flew open, burglary to the initiated must have been a very easy process, especially if hound's tongue grew in the vicinity, the soft, dark hairy leaves of which, or the racemes of its dull red flowers, if laid beneath the feet, hindered the dogs from barking at him who wore it. But, if to these charms could have been added fern seed—the presumed impossibility of finding which had resulted in the belief that he who did so walked invisible—no "gentleman of the shade," or "minions of the moon"—under whose dominion, by the way, and that of Mercury, these herbs were held—could have desired a more perfect panoply in the strength of which to practice his profession.

WE SHALL SEE IN HEAVEN.

"MOTHER," said a sweet, blind girl, "shall I see in heaven?" "Yes, dear," and her eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked with emotion; "we shall all see in heaven, there will be no darkness there."

As the words of the young girl fell upon my ear my heart responded, Yea, we shall see in heaven; and my mind reverted to the past, with its lights and shadows, and even penetrated into the future, even to the time when darkness shall be made light, and hidden things be revealed; and my soul reveled in glorious anticipations, till the trials of earth dwindled into insignificance, and the words, "we shall see in heaven," seemed as a sort of talisman to cheer me amid earth's cares and sorrows. Christian pilgrim, doth the hand of the Lord seem heavy? "Do friends forsake and foes prevail?" Hath the worldly substance, for which thou hast spent many an anxious thought, melted away like dew before the sun? Canst not thou see now? Walk carefully. Hereafter thou shalt see in heaven; and earth's burden being dropped rest will be all the sweeter. The green grass waves over the grave of the fair blind girl; but when assailed by trials from without, or temptations from within, I seem to hear a voice saying, "Shall we see in heaven?" and to my troubled heart comes the sweet response, "We shall see in heaven; there will be no darkness there."

THOUGHTS OF HOME—FROM FAR AWAY.

BY REV. J. W. WHITE.

SWEEP HOME! I see thee still—upon the east
 There sits thy sunny little lake! from out
 Whose glassy waves, when but a tiny boy,
 I've hooked the shiner, salmon, trout, and perch;
 More pleased and proud than when, in after life,
 Angling, I caught earth's fleeting wealth and fame.
 Thy orchard, too, with many a goodly tree,
 Their bending branches full of tempting fruit,
 Mellowed and ripened by an autumn sun;
 I've sought with those most dear, who, now alas!
 Are sundered far by mount, and grave, and sea:
 Thy meadows, too, and fields of golden grain,
 Waving a welcome to the reaper's hand,
 And verdant pastures, fresh and green, and full
 Of lowing herds, and flocks of bleating sheep,
 In quiet resting on the sunny knolls,
 Or drinking from the never-falling spring,
 Or rippling brooks, its banks bedeck'd with flowers,
 Which give new power to a loving heart;
 And then thy forests, stretching to the west;
 In mighty hemlocks clad, whose burly trunks,
 And long majestic arms proclaim their rank,
 And goodly cedars—with a heart of red—
 And graceful white pines, waving in the wind—
 And fir-trees, beauteous in their modest pride—
 And noble spruce-trees, with their silvery shafts—
 And junipers, whose ill-formed, crooked knees
 Are sought for ships, by men whose lives are spent
 In many perils on the broad, blue sea—
All these are evergreens, and fadeless stand
 Mid the mutations of the passing year.
 And there the ivy, too, came creeping up
 To twine its tendrils 'round the little shrub,
 Which had withstood cold winter's chilling blast,
 But died amid the smiles of summer's sun.
 True emblem thou of love sincere, which dies
 Not with a friend; but ever living, loves
 To linger near his grave and scatter flowers.
 And there the granite rock—imbedded deep,
 Which saw revolving spheres begin their march
 Obedient to their Maker's great behest,
 And which shall see the sunset of the world's
 Last day! in pride doth rear its giant head—
 And velvet moss, which loves a sterile home,
 Its massive brow doth deck with silken locks—
 So Gospel graces sinful hearts have robed
 In faith; and hope, and holy, humble love,
 Beneath the cross of Christ! Then angel bands,
 With mighty wings, have borne them home to God;
 But dearer far to me yon little grave,
 Where Joseph, sweet companion of my youth
 Finds quiet rest from all earth's ills and tears.
 Methinks I see it now, though years have pass'd
 Since I, with merriment, trod on, amid
 The ranks of those who gently laid him there.
 My parents wept; brothers and sisters wept;
 My heart did anguish feel; and yet no tears
 My eyes did shed upon his new-made grave.
 There is a grief the heart alone must bear;

Nor eye, nor pen, nor friend may sympathize;
 Its home is in the soul. Such grief was mine
 When thou, dear brother, found an early grave.
 In after years I saw that grave again,
 And swelling rose-buds cluster'd sweetly o'er
 The precious dust which gave them rapid growth;
 Beauty from mold'ring ashes blushing sprang,
 And life look'd lovely by the home of death.

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

There is a music soft and low,
 That dwelleth in the soul,
 And ever there in secrecy
 Its untaught numbers roll.

It hath no words, but O it bears
 The raptured soul along,
 As though the atmosphere around
 Were tremulous with song!

It hath a wilder, sweeter sound
 Than all earth's melodies;
 Its dwelling-place is in the heart,
 Its birthplace in the skies.

And like a far-off anthem swell,
 It chimeth ever there;
 And on its unseen wing it bears
 The burden of a prayer.

All through the long and weary day
 Its dreamy murmurs flow,
 Chanting afar within the soul
 A requiem, sad and low.

The eye may flash with angry light,
 The lip wear falsehood's smile;
 Yet the sad music of the soul
 Swells softly all the while.

Forever sweeping through the heart,
 Those holy murmurings are
 Unheard, but felt, as melodies
 Roll on from star to star.

When Night, the solemn, dewy-eyed,
 Calls the lone soul to prayer,
 Then all earth's music melts away
 Like discord on the air;

And in its dim cathedral sits
 The dark and troubled soul,
 And, wondering, hears through nave and aisle,
 Its own wild music roll.

O very dear to earth-worn hearts,
 Are those wild heaven-born lays;
 Fresh from our spirit-home they come
 And teach us love and praise!

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
 Holding the eternal spirit against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

THE ROBIN'S REQUIEM TO DEPARTING DAY.

BY REV. T. STOWE.

"And there's the mock-bird with its varied song,
Exalted sits, and pours its notes along;
With mimic art, derides the feathery race,
And clothes its satire with unoffending grace."

OLD MANUSCRIPT.

WE have in North America three kinds of birds that so vary their notes in singing as to secure to themselves the appellation of mock-birds.

Of these the thrush takes the lead in mellifluousness of tone and perfection of interval and imitation. Her strains are touchingly sweet, because simple and natural.

The cat-bird—so called from the likeness of its cry, when disturbed in the vicinity of its nest, to the mew of a kitten—has a note in singing ingeniously varied, though not pleasantly sonorous.

But of all the deeply touching strains heard from the feathery songsters, the "robin's requiem to departing day" is the most beautifully moving. It is, indeed, melting, because of its inimitably sweet pensiveness. The admirer of nature could not do otherwise than experience deep emotion while listening to it. And then the lay is performed under so appropriate circumstances of time and place; and is so different in style and composition from what he exhibits on other occasions and in other places, where his lay is remarkably sprightly and animating; so much so, that in passing over certain portions of his song he appears to become perfectly intoxicated with joy. For these animating displays of his musical powers he chooses the open field, and an elevation upon the dried spur that is frequently seen extending above the tufted foliage that surrounds the trunk of some top-blasted oak, while his red breast glows in the light of a forenoon or mid-afternoon sun.

But his mournful requiem he rarely performs other than at the close of day; beginning a little before sunset, and frequently extending to the middle of twilight. He chooses invariably a scene suitable to the style of composition—the skirt of a wood, where the shades deepen as sunlight retires, and is always concealed in the thickest and most elevated foliage, never permitting his fair form to be visible. His lay is made up of regular *anapestic* feet, from which measure it rarely varies, unless at the commencement, where he throws in an occasional animated passage, corresponding to the style of his afternoon glee, that he has performed in the open field so cheerily. But as he proceeds he settles down in his song to that sweet pensiveness so

appropriate to closing day and the passing away of light. I have listened long to the mournful strain, as time would permit, but have never been weary in listening. Sing on, thou sweet bird; the dreams of life are passing. And as to thy sweetly lingering lay succeeds the stillness of night, so to the busy turmoils of life shall succeed the silence of death. And wilt thou then chant thy lone "requiem" over the spot, where low in the dust forgotten my weary head shall lie?

THE INTENSITY OF MODERN LIFE.

BY H. B. FRY.

SUCH is the impetuosity and intense anxiety with which we of the present day pursue every object capable of attracting our attention or enlisting our sympathies, and on such an extensive scale do we transact the daily concerns and business of life, that the thing moderation is all but unknown among us, and the word itself seems in danger of being obliterated from our vocabulary; for in all our undertakings nothing appears to stop us, nothing to satisfy us, short of a grand consummation or a stupendous failure. To such a degree of perfection have we brought science in the mental, and machinery in the mechanical world under our control, so completely have they become our agents, with such speed and precision do they act for us on all necessary occasions, that what our fathers did in a lifetime we, with a degree of impatience, perform in scarce a day. Indeed, so completely intensified has modern life become in every nerve, muscle, and particle of its being, that it is not unfrequently its own destroyer. It pervades all ranks and occupies all minds, till it has become, as it were, a vital part of the mental atmosphere in which the mind exists; and look in whatever direction we may, we shall every-where see this fire of intensity burning, and ceaselessly gathering into an immense crucible every thing within its reach.

It is this that is condensing the world of the present day into the smallest possible compass. Not that we have less habitable territory than in times of old; nay, we have discovered continents and explored lands which our fathers in ancient days never dreamed of; we have gone forth to the nations sitting in darkness and obscurity, and given to them freely the knowledge and arts of civilized life, and thus added strength and numbers to the human family. For just so often as we rescue a nation from heathenism and barbarity, giving them a language, a literature, and Christianity, just so often have we strengthened.

the bulwarks of our race—just so often have we condensed another particle into the one great whole.

It is the spirit of intensity that has gone forth annihilating space, condensing time, and bringing into a mentally visible circle the remotest parts of the world, by means of railroads, steamships, and telegraphic lines. We have only to compare for a moment the isolated condition of the grand divisions of the globe some few centuries back with our present social position, to comprehend what an astonishing advancement has been made toward concentration. And this not merely in a commercial point of view; no, it penetrates every department of life, cementing into one bond the mental, moral, and physical welfare of the entire human species. China, India, and the isles of the ocean are no longer far-off lands, from which we may occasionally glean a moiety of information; they are at our doors; their interests and ours are fast becoming one; their peace and prosperity every-day topics at our own firesides. It is thus, with the strength of a threefold cord, that this mighty power is silently but surely uniting into one family the scattered nations of the globe, when for the councils of war there shall be a congress of peace, and for the darkness and idolatry of heathenism the light and glory of the religion of the cross!

Again: it is this all-pervading intensity, this ceaseless condensation, that is fast converging even the languages of the world into prescribed limits; and till a more general universality of language—whether written or spoken—does take place, there will be a certain amount of restraint among mankind, that must in a measure retard their progress. Let it not be supposed we are affirming, that some one language is to absorb all the rest so entirely that they will be numbered as dead, although even this may not be impossible in the lapse of years to come. But some language will vastly predominate, will be the great medium for the transaction and accomplishment of the world's momentous affairs; and that language, without doubt, is the Anglo-Saxon. And it is not from partiality or prejudice that we name it, but from a firm conviction, that, if ever there is to be, in any great degree, a universally written or spoken tongue, this is the one pointed out by the hand of Providence. Even now the nations using it are far in the ascendant scale of intellectual life. In civil and religious freedom they have reached an enviable height, to which enslaved millions are looking with longing eyes and fixed determinations; they are publishing the highest and purest form of revealed religion;

they are holding in their hands the balance of the wealth, the learning, and commerce of the globe; in short, they seem even now to have already grasped the materials for the consummation of the world's perfection.

Besides this *active* intensity on all sides visible, there is, if the expression be allowed, an under current of *passive* intensity, mingling with and coloring the individuality of every-day life, and none the less intense because in a measure invisible. We see it in the restless exiled patriot, whose hands are, indeed, tied by the oppressor, but his brain-work and heart-yearnings cease not, his affections can not die, nor his patriotism grow cold; he still lives and waits in hope of the good opportunity to come; he listens eagerly for the watchword to be given; *then* there will be action, recompense to his enemies, and freedom for his children. And we see it again in some downtrodden land—perchance an Italy, watched by Austrian spies and silenced by Austrian bayonets, in the hearts of whose sons burns a suppressed volcano, needing, perhaps, but the hand of a Mazzini or Father Gavazzi to fan it into a consuming fire.

And in those immediately around us this spirit is more or less apparent in all their thoughts, actions, and labors, from the princely merchant, laborious student, and untiring politician, down to the sons and daughters of want, the burden of whose thought is, "From whence cometh bread for the morrow?" The merchant, banker, and speculator are each so intensely devoted to the business of increasing their wealth, of adding thousands to the thousands already accumulated, and become so absorbed in their respective occupations, that every thing else seems lost and swallowed up in the one idea of multiplication. Nor is the student, trimming his midnight lamp, scarcely less intent on securing a conspicuous seat in the temple of fame. The ambitious politician is straining every nerve to advance himself to some enviable place, some exalted station, whence his name shall descend to future generations in his country's history.

But what of the poor—the unknown poor, wrapped in the mantle of poverty, and fed with the unsatisfying crumbs of desire? Can you think for a moment to compare *them* with the great and rich of the world? Is there aught of intensity in their obscure lives? Yes, the superlative of intensity—the intensity of suffering, of want, of privation, in all its forms. The necessity of toiling that others may live in ease, of working that others may grow rich on their labors; to rise early and retire late; to eat daily

the bread of carefulness; to know that the morning and noon of life have been spent in unrequited labor; to glance into the dim future, and behold the wants and feebleness of age still unprovided for; and, finally, to have proved again and again that even life itself may be destroyed in the vain effort to support life! This is intensity such as your men of the world know nothing of; it is the offspring of necessity, while theirs is at best but that of desire or inclination; and, moreover, it is so unheeded, so invisible to the eye of the world's vast majority, that its wail of suffering goes by unheard, its deeds unrecorded, its history unwritten!

But to return. These are only a very few of the things which go to make up what may be called the intensity of modern life; and of these few, it is only in reference to their present state that we have sketched them slightly and glanced at them hurriedly. The dim and distant future, like a glorious land, wrapped in the mists of morning, lies yet untouched. What the coming noon and evening may disclose, no one can now foresee, much less foretell; it is a mysterious problem of time—only a small portion each day can be truly solved, and no more. And therefore we close without so much as venturing to pass the threshold of this vast temple, dedicated to the labors and energies of every-day life. For if, even of the ever-living present, one should enter into any thing like detail, or attempt to give the subject what in justice it barely demands, it would require a volume; for it is a subject of vast magnitude, even if we do but view it in its present aspect, comparing in imagination the present with the days of old. But to glance a few centuries in advance, supposing progression in the future shall equal that of the past, and the mind fails at once to comprehend what would then be the probable condition of mankind. A late correspondent in the *Western Christian Advocate*—F. C. Holliday—justly observes, "That if human life is abbreviated, it is intensified; fifty years in the nineteenth century being equal to hundreds of years in the days of the patriarchs." If this be so—and who that sees and reflects can doubt it?—at what an astonishing rate do we move! with what velocity are we nearing the point of earthly perfection! Do we not, indeed, seem at last to have reached those days, in which the prophet foretold "many should run to and fro, and knowledge should increase?" And if what we are daily witnessing is only the beginning, what shall the end thereof be? Is there any prophet can answer for us?

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

THAT we may keep within proper limits, let us confine ourselves to two inquiries: How shall we read? and why? And, first, how? My answer is, with scrutiny, reflection, and appropriation.

I say with scrutiny. And this remark is not unnecessary, for often a book is used to dissipate weariness, fill up a vacant hour, or direct our attention from subjects which might lead us to laborious thought. That there are occasions when books may properly be used in this way I do not deny; but books suitable for *such* purposes hardly deserve that name: let them be ranked with toys—well enough for the child, the valetudinarian, the wayworn, and the poor, bewildered one who wanders on the brink of derangement. I speak now of *serious* reading, which ought always to be an exercise of thought. If you find your mind unengaged, lay your book down, lest you form a habit of mental supineness. If it is of great importance, take it up again, but not till you have called your soul to account for its listlessness. Many often read even the Bible merely to satisfy a tender conscience, or conform to a commendable habit, till at length it produces no more impression upon them than blank paper. If they were to pause, search, study, *pray*, over each verse, or if they were to read it in the original language, especially if they were under the necessity of tracing words to their roots, of declining nouns and conjugating verbs, it would be a new revelation to them.

To read with scrutiny implies attention—an active, fixed, penetrating state of mind, which should be directed to the words, the thoughts, the object, and the spirit of the author. We can not apprehend ideas without understanding words, for it is only by words that we can either think or receive thought, or convey it. Many who read words which they can not define suppose they understand them, more especially if such words are familiar to them. They may, indeed, by a sort of instinct, and they may not. If they do, it is only by supplying conjecturally the words not defined. In matters of importance it behooves us to be *sure* that we are right. Most words have synonyms; but if they have been correctly used, they can not well be exchanged for others. Let us see that we give to each word not merely the right meaning, but the right *shade* of meaning. And here you will mark one of the great advantages of classical study; it directs attention closely to words;

it qualifies us to trace their relations; it habituates to scan their uses. You will not infer that we are to define all our words, but that we are to be *capable* of defining them. We must attend to *construction*, no less than words. The same words may be arranged so as to convey truth, or falsehood, or nothing at all, of which we have many examples in the responses of heathen oracles. How often do we read on carelessly! If we understand, very well; if not, just as well; if we get a meaning that satisfies us, what matter whether it is our own or the author's! How differently do lawyers read deeds and wills, replications and declarations, statutes and decisions; the dotting of an *i* or the tense of a verb may make all the difference between defeat and victory. They relate in classic story that a client returned to his lawyer a speech that he had written for him to read to the jury, saying that when he first read it he thought it perfect; when he read it the second time he began to doubt; and when he read it the third time he thought it miserably poor. "You fool," said the lawyer, "are you going to read it to the jury three times?" Most authors write for the world's *first* reading, and the world rarely gives them a second. In general, books are read superficially; if addressed to the imagination and the passions, because it is *useless* to fathom them; if addressed to the reason, because it is *difficult* to do so; if of irreligious character, because they fall in with the current of human thought and feeling; and if of opposite tendency, because they are unwelcome to the heart. How many sublime passages in the prophets, the Psalms, the evangelists, are of no meaning, because we do not make ourselves acquainted with their force! Let us give every book a third reading, or, at least, its equivalent, before a final passage. Hence, it would be well for us to have always upon the table an English dictionary, and a Biographical, a Geographical, and a Scientific one, that we may understand the allusions and feel the full power of the author. A good book read with constant references, whenever necessary, to maps, history, and authority, is worth a cart-load read superficially; it exercises our highest faculties, extends the circle of our information, and revives, deepens, and applies knowledge previously acquired. From the ideas of the author we must ascend to his design. Many have read Homer's *Iliad*, for example, without ever comprehending its purpose; yet it is not till we see the lesson it is designed to impress—the importance of fraternal union—that we can fully appreciate the great poet's power. How can we judge of a book

without considering the intention with which each illustration, argument, deduction, and figure is introduced, and the relation it bears to the writer's ultimate purpose? A thing absolutely strong may be relatively weak; a thing absolutely impotent may be relatively mighty; a strong chain may be rendered useless by one missing link; a feeble beam may become powerful, if it leap out of the timber in answer to the stone that cries out of the wall. Nor should we fail to consider the *spirit* of the author—the habitual nature of his feelings, and their particular state when he penned his production. Thus the spirit of Shakspeare is genial; of Young, gloomy; of Milton, grave; of Byron, bitter and malignant. Yet no one of them has written all his works in the same mood. Compare, for example, the *Don Juan* and the *Hebrew Melodies*. Without appreciating the spirit of an author we can neither understand the meaning, nor measure the intensity, nor fix the comprehension, which we should ascribe to his expressions. The same words are of far different meaning and force in the mouth of anger and the mouth of love; the same phrase in Solomon's Song and Moore's *Melodies* might inspire feelings as different as would an angel in light and a woman in scarlet. There is one book which, in consequence of its antiquity, its pre-eminent importance, and its inspiration, should be read with *special* aids; that is, commentaries. I refer now to such as are critical; of which Adam Clarke's is a fine example, though, like the sun, it has spots. There are separate commentaries on particular portions of Scripture which will generally be found better than any universal one. I wish we had writers who had done for other books of the Bible what Lowth has for Isaiah and Home for the Psalms. The diffuse commentaries, abounding in reflections which had better come from your own mind, you will generally find watery; you may obtain ideas from them after long waiting, but they will not be your own, and they will be received in a distended and weakened mind. Educated men often read the Bible better without commentaries. Let them have a good Bible dictionary and a work on Archaeology; an acquaintance with the original tongues, and with ancient history and geography, and they need not fail to find the meaning of holy oracles. Moreover, they will study with a mind more awakened, more independent, more cautious, more critical, and more reverential, too, as the principal and the auxiliary, the divine and the human, will not be so intimately blended. Were commentaries all destroyed, the Bible would become a California,

where every man, assured there was gold, would wash his own sand.

To *scrutiny* should succeed *reflection*. We should not only examine superficies, but penetrate, revolve, evolve, separate, compare, combine, till "out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." We should seek not merely for the melody of the cadences and the beauty of the images, but the validity of the judgments, the weight of the matter, the value of the conclusions, the additional illustrations and arguments by which the statements and reasonings might be corroborated, the relation which the facts bear to our previous knowledge, and the various uses to which the information imparted may be applied; or, on the other hand, the exceptions which have been omitted, the blunders which have been committed, the inconsistencies into which the author has fallen, and the inapplicability of his subject to useful purposes. A book read with reflection is like the imaginary gold concealed in the vineyard of fabre, which, causing the possessors to dig deep all over their grounds, formed in them habits of eager industry, and gave to their soil an unsuspected productiveness. Men too often, either from a want of information or want of independence, from an overweening confidence in the author or an incorrigible indolence in themselves, from an unpardonable haste or an unfortunate weakness, receive all that they read. Such minds are like human life, never in one stay. Their philosophy is grass; in the morning it cometh up and flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. If you would know their present state of mind, ask what book they have last read. "They are ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." Their minds are as blackboards overspread with symbols, which by cancellation yield only zero. If they happen to be pastors or teachers, woe to their flocks or pupils, for they are to be led through a maze; if they are doctors, woe to their patients, for they must taste a little of every thing. Happily such persons have but little force.

There is a great want of reflection among mankind; the multitude in all ages has sunk into the grave without thinking; and the few that have not, with here and there an exception, have been occupied with the thoughts of others rather than their own. A few sovereign minds divide among themselves the realm of reason; giving opinions as decrees. No sway more perfect than theirs. Talk not of Russian autocrats in presence of the autocrats of philosophy,

who, as God's thinking viceregents, prescribe routes and limits for the outgoings of human mind, and hunt down those who transgress them as wild beasts of the desert. Hence, notwithstanding unnumbered millions of separate immortal men have lived upon the earth, all the thoughts of the world that have been preserved may be ranked under a few heads: thus, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Mohammed, Bacon, Kant. A Caesar or Bonaparte ceases to rule when he dies; but these mental despots rule ages after they disappear. Aristotle, for example, swayed Europe for more than a thousand years, and still he sways. Columbus will be remembered long as an island or mountain of this continent shall stand above the waves; but Homer will be known long as a syllable of language lives upon the lips of man. Columbus rules not the lands he pointed out; Bacon does. It would seem, at first sight, that the law of hereditary succession does not prevail among the princes of thought; but, upon examination, we see that young ones are but the children of the old, with altered names. Scarce a new phase in philosophy that is not a mere revival of an old one. The present age is as unreflective as its predecessor; it is one of activity and haste, in which its very facilities are incumbrances; the multitude of its books discourages reflection. Would you form an idea of a man's politics, ask what political paper he takes; would you know his religion, ask what preacher he hears. But do not his opinions direct the choice both of paper and preacher? So you might suppose, but that you find him veering as they do, just as they veer when their masters do. What revolutions are wrought in the masses by the movement of some national convention! "Old things pass away, all things become new;" parties are bought and sold with their leaders, as Russian serfs are bought and sold with the land. Men will not think; they have their thinking done for them—done by machinery. As the Carguero carries the traveler in a chair on his back over the mountains of Quito, so the teacher is to bear the student on his blackboard to the summits of knowledge; as the priest in Siberia ties his devotions to the windmill, and expects every revolution to count a valid prayer, so we expect our ministers to waft our souls to the mount of God; as the steam-horse puffs us, whether we are asleep or awake, to the city, so we expect the book to bear us to the metropolis of reason. Hence, human mind, with increased activity, has diminished fertility; amid advancement in arts, and sciences, and wealth, it is stationary in the higher grounds

of intellectual labors; having more leisure, more facilities, more knowledge, more incentives, than it has ever had, it is content to be agitated and amused with the successive explosions of the magazine of folly and error, and makes no majestic march in the direction of truth. It trembles to ascend on the stream of borrowed thought to original fountains, as if, like the rivers of Eden, they were guarded by sworded cherubims; it fears to move onward to the ocean, as if beyond the frequented coasts of truth nature inverted her laws. Reflect as you read, cautiously, but freely, boldly.

We should not only read with reflection, but *appropriation*. The mind may comprehend its knowledge, and act upon it, without being able to make use of it; hence, some, though very learned, are far from wise. Their minds are as a storehouse, where all treasures are confusedly mixed; they are walking libraries, and can give you history, philosophy, poetry, and theology, but just as they received it; they have carefully wrapped their talent in a napkin, and buried it, to be disinterred when called for. There are others who analyze propositions; who consider the relations of facts to others which they have previously acquired, and thus elicit further knowledge, uniting the different colored rays of the mental prism to form a perfect light; who ponder principles till they see new applications of them; who examine arguments till they perceive new truths which they may be made to disclose; who find in one sophism the clew to another. They profitably invest their talents, and give forth knowledge not as they received it, but, though like itself, yet not itself, *more* than itself; the spiritual corn, sinking into their mental soil, dies, and is quickened, and sends forth first the blade, then the ear, then the ripe corn in the ear. Between the knowledge of these two there is the difference of life and death. It is amazing what power of appropriation a man may acquire. Kossuth may make a speech every day from the conversations of men, who little suspect that the knowledge they receive from him is but that which they have given; though bearing the impress of his mind; he received it as ore, he returns it as currency. See that your soul is not a great cistern, but a great furnace, in which every thing cast must be saved as by fire.

Not every book is to be read with the same degree of attention. Erasmus cries, "I have spent twelve years in the study of Cicero." Lord Verulam responds, "O ass!" Generally that book which has been written hastily should be read hastily. Some volumes have cost twenty

years' toil; these should be read slowly, or not at all. Although we may tithe mint, anise, and cummin, we should not be as long collecting the revenue of a poor district as of a rich one. "Some books," says Lord Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Of the last class I speak.

The habit of attentive, reflective, appropriative reading may not be easily acquired, nor is any other good habit; but we may say of it what Aristotle says of learning, "The *roots* are bitter, but the *fruits* are sweet." When once it is acquired, it may readily be strengthened, and will afford through life a never-failing feast and an unceasing mental growth. Youth is the time to acquire it, and the best mode is to use the pen; not to transcribe important chapters or beautiful passages to be used as aids in argumentation or gems in composition—a practice which enervates memory and degrades style; nor to construct commonplaces—an exercise much more useful; but to form discourse of your own; this will prove a magnet to gather fragments as you advance, and at once guide and stimulate your further excavations. But read with an eye to human life. We should not live to read, but read to live. Action is the highest mode of being—

"In the deed—the unequivocal, authentic deed—
We find sound argument."

The purpose of training a child is not so much that he may read, or write, or speak, but *go*. Mere study is a weariness to the flesh; and however diligent we may be, we can not grow much wiser or stronger by reading exclusively. Books need the illustration of nature and life. The physician, lawyer, doctor, warrior, who should spend life in the study, would not be fit to be trusted. It is only by the *application* of knowledge that we learn its limitations, exceptions, and proper force. Hoarded knowledge, like the hoarded manna of the desert, putrefies; and epicurism in mind, as in body, has its acids and crudities, its flatulencies and constipations. All wisdom and wit that does not promote man's happiness or God's glory is vanity. Hence, while men have ranked philosophers and orators as demigods, they have ranked discoverers and inventors as gods; and properly, since the comet that occasionally flashes up the heavens is less godlike than the dew which, from day to day, and generation to generation, invisibly distills upon the earth.

Neither a nation nor an individual is to be judged by the number of its books. Egypt was crumbling when her Alexandrian Library was the

largest in the world; Asia Minor was falling under the blows of Greece when her books were ten to one more than her adversary's; Greece had multiplied her parchments when Rome's hardy legions subdued the Peloponnesus; Rome was filled with books when Alaric sacked the imperial city. On the contrary, Greece had but few writings when she drove back Xerxes, and produced Homeric song; Rome few when she expelled the Tarquins, and brought forth Brutus; Britain few when she drafted the Magna Charta, and sent the Black Prince to Cressy; and what is more common than to find a man with a large library a very great fool!

Nevertheless, books have their uses; and we come to inquire, second, why we should read? The lighter uses of reading—to tranquilize our passions, to assuage our sorrows, to moderate our anxieties, to beguile our journeys, to give interest to our idle hours, to refine the manners and humanize the heart, to awaken the desire for knowledge and form the taste for reading—we pass with a single caveat against a class of books which is usually employed to answer these indications: I mean novels and romances. In condemning them let us not be understood as denouncing *all* fictitious productions; the fables of Æsop, the allegories of prophecy, the parables of Christ, the tales which embellish and impress historical facts, and the illustrations which the pulpit employs with so much grace and efficiency, afford at once authority for fiction and rules for its construction and use. Novels and romances usually offend a pure taste and a sound mind by their gaudy dress, their unnatural characters, and their paucity of instruction; and always tend to weaken the power of attention, to impair the judgment, to divorce the connection between action and sympathy, to give a preponderance to the imagination, to create a distaste for simple truth and a disinclination both for manly studies and the dull realities of life. Many of them are liable to a greater objection, as, by a Plutonic chemistry, they turn the diamond of virtue into the charcoal of vice. It is alleged that they soften the heart and excite an interest in suffering. Often, however, it is an undistinguishing or a mawkish sensibility, which, while it can weep over the picture of a dead Gipsy, can wring the living heart of a loving father. That by inflaming the imagination, interesting the affections, and exciting an interest in books, they may be useful to some minds, and, indeed, to most minds in certain moods, must be admitted; but since the good they accomplish may be effected by works of unquestionable tendency, why resort to such

as intoxicate while they imparadise, bewilder while they allure, and emasculate while they excite? The higher forms of poetry, philosophy, and religion are sufficiently fascinating and energizing to all the faculties.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DINNER UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

SELF-POSSESSION, in moments when danger threatens ourselves or others, is undoubtedly a most valuable quality, and one which it would be well to endeavor to cultivate by all judicious means. In my own experience an incident once occurred that powerfully illustrates this truth; and, with my reader's permission, I shall now briefly narrate it.

Many years ago, when a very young man, pursuing my professional studies, I was resident, during the summer months, at the lovely little village of —, on the shores of the romantic estuary of one of our great rivers, in the hope of recovering health, somewhat impaired by too assiduous application over the midnight oil. Among the casual acquaintanceships which I formed, there was a very slight one with a gentleman in the neighborhood, whom I shall call by the name of Johnson. This individual was a stout, short, thick-set single gentleman of middle age, of mild yet somewhat grave aspect, and gentlemanly manners. He possessed no striking peculiarities of character, and was generally respected as a quiet, unassuming, and inoffensive man.

I had been for some months in the village, and was on tolerably familiar terms with most of the ordinary residents, as well as the few summer visitors who frequented the place, when a rumor of a most extraordinary character suddenly spread abroad, and set every gossip on the alert. This rumor was neither more nor less than that the grave Mr. Johnson had been seen at an early hour in the morning, on a certain common near the beach, pirouetting and posturing in the most unaccountable manner, and finishing his extraordinary performance by a dance somewhat in the style of the Ojibbeway Indians. Every one, of course, had his own comment on this singular occurrence. One would have it that he had been returning in a state of semi-inebriety, after dining with a half-pay captain in the neighborhood; another, that he was merely taking needful exercise, as he was much confined in the office during the day; while a third insisted that there was only one feasible explanation

of the mystery, when the man's character and other circumstances were taken into account, and that was, that he was stark staring mad. Which of these surmises was the correct one the sequel will show.

A day or two after the report above alluded to had been in circulation, I was standing on the pier, conversing with the captain of the local steamer which had just arrived, when Mr. Johnson made up to me in a hurried and excited way quite foreign to him, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, inquired after my welfare. As I before hinted, my acquaintance with him was but slight, so that I felt both surprised and somewhat uneasy at the unusual warmth of his salutation. This, however, he did not seem to observe, but continued to talk in a rapid and, occasionally, slightly incoherent manner, on a variety of subjects, concluding by asking me home to dine with him in a way which admitted of no denial. In vain I pleaded a prior engagement, in vain I asked leave only to run to my lodgings to change my dress; he would listen to no excuse, but taking a firm grasp of my arm, which he never for a moment relaxed, hurried me toward the house where he lodged. Ushering me into his sitting-room, he gave orders to the servant to bring dinner as soon as possible; and then, turning to me, proceeded in a low tone, and with an air of mystery, to inform me how he had of late been favored with certain visions and revelations of the most marvelous nature; how the medium of these revelations was a certain gentleman of ancient renown, and of erratic propensities, named Orion, well-known to students of mythology in connection with his aquatic exploits on a dolphin's back; how he had been endowed by this medium with the power of saving himself and friends from an impending terrible calamity. "But," added he, fixing his eyes upon me, "there is a condition which must be complied with before this power can be exercised with effect; and this condition implies a sacrifice, and the shedding of blood, to purify me and fit me for my high mission."

The conviction, which had been momentarily growing, now burst upon me, that I was in the presence of a raving maniac; and that the reader may appreciate the trying nature, not to say danger, of my position, I may state that the house, though at no great distance from others, was secluded in its own grounds, and surrounded by trees; that the only other person in it besides the madman and myself was the servant-girl before mentioned, as the family were all from home; while the chance of relief appearing, in

the form of a casual visitor, was very faint indeed. While earnestly occupied in detailing to me the incoherent dreams of a disturbed fancy, the servant entered with the dinner; and with evident marks of trepidation and terror, which did not serve to reassure my spirits, she deposited the materials and accompaniments of the meal, and hastily withdrew.

It is needless to remark that my appetite was somewhat of the smallest. In fact, what with my uneasiness lest the unfortunate maniac should take it into his head to injure either himself or me, anxious speculations as to the probability of assistance arriving, and with wonder how it was all to end, I could scarcely swallow a mouthful. But my host was so preoccupied with his own thoughts and communications, that he did not observe the lack of justice I did to his viands, and continued to talk of his visionary experiences in a strain of rapid and voluble earnestness, boasting of his ability to perform all sorts of impossible exploits, with an air of the most grave and settled conviction. "Ah! Mr. M.," said he, "you can not form the slightest conception of the glorious visitants I am favored with. Surrounded by an atmosphere of the most delicious music, their every gesture the very poetry of motion"—and, as if to give me an illustration of his waking dreams, he suddenly started up, and commenced a kind of grotesque dance, while he whistled, or rather hissed out through his dry and cracked lips, some wretched imitation of a popular air. Not knowing what else to do, I sat uneasily still, and watched him; and really his powers of endurance were wonderful. He shuffled, gyrated, and pirouetted for an incredible length of time, without a symptom of fatigue, and with a liveliness and vivacity that were quite distressing. I was heartily tired of the performance, and was calculating when he should be obliged to give in through sheer exhaustion, when all at once a "change" seemed to come over him; for, ceasing his perpetual motion, and hastily muttering something about the "time for action having arrived," he rushed into the little closet, which served both as dressing and bedroom, and which opened from the apartment in which we had dined. Conceive, reader, my horror, when I heard him rattle something, which I felt morally certain, from the sound, was a case of razors. Desperate at the thought of his obtaining possession of these deadly implements in his present state of mind, I hastened into the bedroom, and recollecting his having spoken of some letters he had to dispatch, I reminded him in a hurried manner that the post-bag would be closed immediately,

and, while his mind was thus diverted into a new channel, I quietly slipped the razor-case into my pocket. Remembering my having heard or read something of the power of the human eye over madmen, I tried the experiment on this occasion; but every attempt to catch his eye completely failed, from my having to encounter the glassy stare of a very unimpressible pair of spectacles which he wore, and which rendered perfectly hopeless every effort to penetrate them. But relief was now at hand. A smart double rap at the door, which was followed, when the girl opened it, by the authoritative demand, "Show me into Mr. Johnson's room," in Dr. S.'s well-known voice, was as music to my ears; and though the worthy Doctor had a complexion approaching the color of brick-dust, an exaggerated Roman nose, and no particular chin, I thought when he entered the room I had never seen so pleasant a countenance. My equanimity was not a little increased likewise by observing that he was followed by a stalwart gamekeeper and one or two villagers, who seemed intended as a *corps de reserve*, and who slipped into the kitchen as he entered our apartment.

It was curious to observe the effect of his appearance on the unhappy maniac. Advancing to the Doctor with an air of haughty coldness, yet with perfect good breeding: "May I ask," said he, "to what cause I am indebted for this visit? I am not aware that it is by my invitation you are here; and—"

"No, sir," said Dr. S., brusquely interrupting him, and evidently determined to carry things with a high hand, "I am here by an authority superior to yours;" and then he added, sternly, "Sit down, sir; now, show me your tongue."

After a slight display of hesitation, his haughty mien deserted him, and he slunk to a chair with the subdued manner of a snubbed child. Thereafter he yielded passively to whatever was demanded of him while Dr. S. was present; but I afterward learned that it took four strong men to undress and put him to bed, so powerful was his resistance when he understood the Doctor had taken his departure.

As the surgeon's arrival was the signal of my release, I need not trespass further on the reader's patience than to observe, that I saw him embarked next day, under judicious control, on his way to a lunatic asylum in the neighboring city. The circumstances of the case, which I have given as they occurred, are indelibly impressed upon my mind; and I sincerely trust it may never again be my lot to dine under such trying circumstances.—*London Leisure Hour.*

ANECDOTES OF ABSTRACTION OF MIND.

SOME have exercised the power of abstraction to a degree that appears marvelous to volatile spirits and puny thinkers.

To this patient habit Newton is indebted for many of his great discoveries: an apple falls upon him in his orchard, and the system of attraction succeeds in his mind; he observes boys blowing soap-bubbles, and the properties of light displayed themselves. Of Socrates it is said, that he would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation; and why should we doubt this, when we know that La Fontaine and Thompson, Descartes and Newton, experienced the same abstraction? Mercator, the celebrated geographer, found such delight in the ceaseless progression of his studies that he would never willingly quit his maps to take the necessary refreshments of life. In Cicero's Treatise on Old Age, Cato applauds Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening; and, when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Buffon once described these delicious moments with his accustomed eloquence: "Invention depends on patience; contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then comes the luxuries of genius! the true hours for production and composition; hours so delightful, that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure!" It is probable that the anecdote of Marini, the Italian poet, is true; that he was once so absorbed in revising his *Adonia*, that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time without any sensibility. Abstraction of this sublime kind is the first step to that noble enthusiasm which accompanies genius; it produces those raptures and that intense delight, which some curious facts will explain to us. This enthusiasm renders every thing surrounding us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. A modern astronomer, one summer night, withdrew to his chamber; the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before 'tis late!" He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and did not know it.

THE JOYS OF EARTH ARE FLEETING.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"MINE, mine!" cried the Earth, as, with a glancing view,

She gazed at her robe of rich emerald hue;
 "I'm decked out in splendor, more beautiful far
 Than sun, moon, or comet, or bright twinkling star."
 But ere months passed away the earth, with a wail,
 Was mourning her beauty 'mid frost, snow, and hail.

"Mine, mine," cried a boy, with blue, laughing eye,
 "O, mine is this insect of beautiful dye!
 I've followed it far this warm, sunny day,
 And now with it long I gently will play."
 He opened his hand to gaze at the prize—
 The butterfly flew aloft in the skies.

"Mine, mine," said a maiden, with dark, wavy hair,

"O, mine is the love of one noble and fair!
 The dream that I've cherished so long in my heart
 The bridal hath bound it, no more to depart."
 But a year scarce had passed ere the deep-scalding tear

She bitterly wept o'er her husband's low bier.

"Mine, mine," spoke a mother, in tenderest tone,
 As she gazed at her child, her cherished, her own,
 "O, mine is this loved one, and, e'er by his side,
 I'll shield him from evil, to virtue will guide."
 But time fled away, and deep furrows of care
 Were written, alas! on his forehead so fair.

"Ours, ours," was the shout of a happy throng,
 As they entered heaven's gates with a joyous song,
 "O, ours is this home where no sorrow can dwell,
 Where joys are sweeter than words could e'er tell!"
 And ages rolled on, yet their home was as bright
 As when first, in beauty, it broke on their sight.

HOLY HOURS.

BY MRS. L. H. BUGBE.

How lovingly they brood above the world,
 So still, so pure, unbarring heaven's gate
 To let a glimmer of the glory through:
 The spirit of a voiceless prayer on its
 White wings goes up; and shining
 Forms descend to meet the wanderer
 On its homeward way. Heaven
 Bends to earth, and earth looks up to heaven.
 And, O, if Faith lends ear, the angels'
 Silvery footfalls may be heard
 Upon life's highways and its lone,
 Sequestered paths, on mercy's errands bent.
 Father! my heart is calm: upon its
 Feverish pulses has been laid
 The heavenly solace; and I feel that
 Thou art near in the hushed silentness.
 Thy presence fills the broad green earth,
 O'er which the golden glory of the

Sunset falls, and the illimitable sky,
 Its blue infinite depths reflect Thee there.
 O, to get near to thee one little hour;
 To feel the spirit borne above the cares
 Which mar and stain the bosoms
 That they tear; to see the billows
 Of life's surging sea grow calm at thy command,
 Is blest, indeed. To look back on
 The thorny paths we may have trod
 With bleeding feet, yet feel it hath
 Been well; and forward to the
 Coming strife, with an unwavering faith:
 O, in an hour like this, how
 Pales the brightness of Ambition's star!
 How fades the glory of all earthly
 Paths that lead not up to thee—
 While holier beams the sacred luster
 Of the rugged cross, the nail, the thorn!
 What of their cruel goadings
 For a little time, if with a strong,
 Brave heart we still press on, and on!
 A little hence, and o'er the golden streets
 Perchance we glide with tireless feet,
 The soul, all shriven of its earth-born sins,
 Drinking the fadeless beauty of a
 Better clime.

Why do we go astray?
 Why should earth lure us with its
 Mocking charms from safety and from God?
 We dread its cold neglect and cruel scorn,
 And strive for its applause, as though
 The breaths that yielded it were not
 As fleeting as the summer cloud.
 O that the spirit of these holy
 Hours might oftener fold the
 Soul beneath its wings, till, won
 From its wild wanderings, it might come
 And calmly rest upon the bosom
 Of its God!

VESPER GROVE.

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

Come, seek the grove at twilight hour;
 Let music float along:
 Come, sit within the leafy bower,
 And sing our evening song.
 Hark! through the boughs the vesper breeze
 Is breathing melody;
 That fairy music in the trees
 An angel's voice may be!
 May ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
 Be calm as evening's breath,
 And wisdom be in all things sought
 To guide us safe till death!
 Then shall we rise from mortal dust
 To lofty spheres of light,
 Where chants and anthems of the just
 With seraphs' songs unite.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE SUBJECTS AND MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.—*"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was."*—John xi, 5, 6.

1. Some of our race are special objects of the Redeemer's love. To all he was compassionate and tender-hearted when he dwelt among men, and now he represents himself as gracious to every one who seeks his aid. But there were some when he was on the earth whom he emphatically loved. They were his friends; they enjoyed his approbation; they guided themselves by his directions; they were his sheep, and he was their shepherd, for they heard his voice and followed him: for him they had a special regard. Such are the persons spoken of in this sentence: "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

2. Some of the objects of the Redeemer's love are peculiarly favored in their family connection. Happy individuals! they not only know the Savior's excellences, but they find them recognized by their relations. If he were on the earth they could take him without difficulty to their homes, there to receive a general welcome. There is no need of concealment; for on this all in the family are agreed: Jesus is the object of supreme love and allegiance. As he delights in one, so he delights in each, and he will guide, and aid, and cheer all in their way to the blessed regions to which they are traveling; thus it was in this case, "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

3. The objects of the Redeemer's love are of different constitutional dispositions. Martha and Mary were both regarded with complacency by Him who delights in excellence, and nothing but excellence. He saw Martha preparing for her feast, and discerned in it love to him, to his followers, and to his instructions, which she was anxious to see disseminated among those who might be guests at her table. He saw Mary's fixed attention to his word, and perceived in it that spiritual-mindedness which he would not allow on any account to be interrupted. How often now, nineteen centuries afterward, does one devoted adherent of our Lord blame another because he seeks in a different way from his own the advancement of truth and righteousness! One wonders that another is not more active; another wonders that his friend is not more contemplative; but Jesus loved believers of different temperaments, he "loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

4. Some of the objects of the Redeemer's love are exercised with very heavy trials. These females had but one brother, and he was ill; such a brother, too, and at such a time! how mysterious are the ways of God! It would not have seemed strange if the eldest son of Calaphas had been ill, or the most admired of the scribes, or any one for whom Jesus had not entertained an affection, or by whom his affection had not been reciprocated. But it is not said merely, "Lord, he whom we love;" or, "Lord, he who loves thee;" but, "Lord,

he whom thou lovest," as though it had been written then, as it was sixty years afterward, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." O, how foolish we are if we forget this, instead of looking for cheeks and trials of constancy! If we are weary of present troubles, let us remember that a future state is promised after patient endurance, in which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

5. They who are objects of the Redeemer's love are treated sometimes with apparent neglect. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." "When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was." If he had not been attached to any of the family, what would have been his course when he received this message? He would doubtless have hastened to the place. Here would have been an opportunity to manifest his power and his goodness, of which he would have availed himself, and the slight faith displayed in sending to ask his help would have received a prompt reward. But his love to the sisters led him to delay, that their faith might be exercised, and that the miracle might be made the more resplendent; "that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Never be surprised, Christians, at delays in the answer to your prayers; they are in accordance with the usual methods of our Lord's procedure; they try and eventually strengthen your faith; and they brighten the manifestations of his glory.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—If you were standing on the margin of a great river, and saw a multitude of persons, in a vessel over which they had no management, floating rapidly down the stream toward a cataract, so near that they were already within sight and hearing of persons before them, trembling, fainting, shrieking, when they were brought to the brink, and then sinking and disappearing amidst the foam and roar of the waters; if you saw that, notwithstanding their appalling condition, they had given themselves up to amusement, and merriment, and indulgence; or that they were intent in making observations on the objects that were swiftly passing in review before them in their course; or that they were engaged in contentions and competitions about precedence and distinction, or about the possession of rich dresses, or conspicuous places in the vessel, while the rapid tide was sweeping them along to the dark-yawning gulf already in their view—what could you say of them, but that they were mad or intoxicated? If, indeed, there was no possibility of escape for them, you might suppose that, in their desperation, they were merely endeavoring to divert their thoughts from a fate which they saw to be inevitable. But if you saw some reasonable prospect of deliverance held out to them, men from the shore offering to assist them, boats launched, ropes conveyed to them, and yet that they disregarded every signal, every warning, every cry of entreaty, and continued intent on their revelry, or their

vain pursuits, till they came to the brink—when they, too, immediately began to tremble, and faint, and shriek, and bewail their folly, like those that had gone before them, and then plunged into the abyss, and disappeared forever; you could not account for so strange an exhibition of human nature, but by supposing they were under the power of some awful infatuation—some diabolical witchery—some species of insanity that deprived them of the common understanding and the common feelings of men. Now such is the exhibition which the great mass of mankind, who are rapidly carried in succession down the stream of time toward a dark, unknown eternity, present to those whose eyes are opened to discover things as they are; and such precisely is the cause to which the Scripture ascribes their portentous foreboding insensibility: it declares that they are under the influence of strong delusion; that a fatal infatuation has been thrown over their understandings by a malignant spirit; that “the god of this world hath blinded their minds, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.”—*Cor. ii.*

PEACE IN DEATH.—I have witnessed the death-beds of many of the righteous. I have watched with thrilling interest their experience in that most solemn and most searching hour; and I have found that all, whether babes or fathers in Christ, have alike hung only on the hope of the cross; yea, and the holiest have ever been the humblest in that last struggle. The language of the beautiful hymn best expressed the one sentiment of their heart, as it throbbed, and fluttered, and ceased to beat:

“Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

Yes—however sometime some of them had been tempted to look upon themselves with complacency, or to attach importance to their doings or their observances—in that decisive moment, all vanished from their view, save the finished work of their Savior. Neither privileges, nor sacraments, nor oblations, nor praise of men, nor ecclesiastical distinctions, nor arms of priest or pastor, shared their reliance; but “*Christ was all and in all.*” Every other anchor drives, every other cable snaps, before the force of the tide that sweeps the soul into eternity. One, and only one, hope retains its imperishable moorings—it is the hope set before us in Christ Jesus. This can enable the expiring saint to exclaim, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” One who was nearly related and tenderly endeared to him who addresses you—one whose brief life, passed chiefly in the calmness and seclusion of a rural rectory, had been singularly blameless, said, when, within a step of eternity, she was congratulated on the bright peace which had long irradiated her sick-bed: “It is not mine; it is all of Christ; I cling to him as earnestly as if I had been a murderer.” And her father and mine, whose whole “path had been as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day,” and whose death was one of surpassing ecstasy, observed, a little before he entered into rest, “My daughter said, when dying, ‘I am saved as the thief on the cross was;’ and so say I—so says your father, my children.” Precious simplicity and singleness of hope! May it be ours in life’s last agony!

Let us, then, “hear the conclusion of the whole matter.”

Abound in all good works; be fruitful in every thing

that adorns the doctrine of God your Savior; be ensamples to them that believe; do to others as you would that others should do unto you; “freely ye have received, freely give;” confess your Master’s name, and be jealous for his honor; “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;” yet after all, and when you have done all, abandon all as supplying the slightest foundation of confidence; and with the apostle still protest, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ.”

Shine as lights in your several spheres in this vast mercantile community. Irradiate with holiness each one his own peculiar scene of action, whether it be the counting-house or the manufactory, the workshop or the warehouse. Furnish to this world a living demonstration that faith establishes the law; that the doctrine of grace is a doctrine according to godliness; that they who repudiate all confidence in works are the most careful to maintain them. Compel those who denounce your principles to admire your practice. “With well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: as free, and not using your liberty as a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God.” Work—as though all depended on your working; trust—as knowing that all depends on what Christ has wrought. Was your *first* prayer, “God be merciful to me a sinner?” Let the spirit, if not the letter, of your *last* be the same. From the cross you began, at the cross you must close your race. Attain what you may, your sole confidence must still be—that great as are your sins the mercies of Christ are infinitely greater, and crimson as is your guilt his blood washes it white as snow.—*Hugh Stowell’s Lectures.*

THE SOURCE OF MENTAL TRANQUILLITY.—“*I have not the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*”—*Psal. xvi. 8.*

The unhappy Shelley has the following passage in his “*Revolt of Islam*,” which describes a state of mental repose in danger that his poor, unresting heart never knew; but which is truly descriptive of the sublime peace of those minds whose rest is in God:

“Thou and I,

Sweet friend! can look from our tranquillity
Like lamps into the world’s tempestuous night—
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by
Which wrap them from the floundering seaman’s sight,
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.”

How beautiful is this picture! How expressive of mental strength, of perfect tranquillity! The world is dark and dangerous as a night of fearful storm; the wind is looking out on the tempest, calmly as the sheltered lamp burns within its protecting shade; and it is smiling, in despite of frowning clouds and threatening dangers, like the star which shines and fulfills its mission, regardless of the elemental conflicts that rage beneath it. To live thus is to be happy, indeed. To feel no fear of present evils, frown they as they may; to smile calmly on the shadows that fall darkly across our pathway from the future; to group together all possible ills—all the hatred of men, all the trials of mortal life, all the terrors of the immortal future—and to gaze upon them, not only in undisturbed serenity, but with a swelling consciousness of entire safety, is, indeed, to live a life such as few enjoy on earth.

Possessed of this faith, the mind lays aside all anxiety

curse; it ceases to live in sleepless rumination over its perplexities. Has it powerful, indignant adversaries, whose wrath is as a towering flame, threatening to burn up and destroy its character and reputation? Has it, after using its best and most powerful judgment, been placed where, through the injustice of others, it is compelled to appear for a time in a false position? Are its temporal prospects all withered and blasted? Even then it is without fear; for it beholds God at its right hand, near, very near, to preserve and to save; to say to the proud sea, which dashes furiously at his feet, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid!" With this consciousness, it has peace, and can afford to sleep quietly and dispense with painful thinkings. It understands full well the beautiful remark of the great German reformer, who, as he saw a bird reposing on the branch of a tree, said, "This little fellow has chosen his shelter and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and LEAVING GOD TO THINK FOR HIM!"

It is even so, noble-hearted Luther! A man with thy faith can sleep, as thou didst, in hearing of the roar of Papal bulls, and the threatnings of a powerful emperor, and, like the little bird, leave God to think for him. Blessed and beautiful is such a faith as this!

And it is as sublime as it is beautiful! It clothes its possessor with moral grandeur, by lifting him wholly above fear when the worst of terrors rise in all their awfulness before his eyes. When did a man ever stand in greater grandeur of aspect than the pious Charles Wesley preaching at the Foundery during the great earthquake in London, on the 8th of March, 1750? Thirty days previously, the city had been filled with consternation by "three distinct warnings to and fro of the earth, attended with a hoarse, rumbling noise, like thunder." On the memorable 8th of March, just as Charles Wesley named his text, a "strong and jarring motion was felt, attended with a rumbling sound, like that of distant thunder." The Foundery shook violently. The danger was imminent. Men looked at each other with pale faces and timid glances. The women and children uttered a "great cry." All felt that in a moment they might be standing at the bar of an infinite God! It was an occasion to try the strength of faith, and to test the tranquillity of a believer's bosom. And gloriously did faith stand the trial. For there, with nature in convulsions at his feet, an affrighted audience before him, and the prospect of being instantly ushered into the presence of Infinite Majesty, Charles Wesley stood more than undaunted. His eyes were lighted with seraphic fire, his features wore an aspect of spiritual beauty, while, in a calm and strong voice, he cried out, "Therefore, we will not fear, though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried out into the midst of the sea; for the Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge!"

This was sublime tranquillity! A faith capable of such a triumph is able to conquer under any circumstances.—*Shared Echoes from the Harp of David.*

THE MANY MANSIONS.—"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv, 2.

What a home aspect there is in this "word of Jesus!" He comforts his Church by telling them that soon their wilderness-wanderings will be finished—the tented tabernacle suited to their present probation state exchanged for the enduring "mansion!" Nor will it be any strange dwelling: a Father's home—a Father's welcome awaits

them. There will be accommodation for all. Thousands have already entered its shining gates—patriarchs, prophets, saints, martyrs, young and old, and still there is room!

The pilgrim's motto on earth is, "Here we have no continuing city." Even "Sabbath tents" must be struck. Holy seasons of communion must terminate. "Arise, let us go hence!" is a summons which disturbs the sweetest moments of tranquillity in the Church below; but in heaven every believer becomes a pillar in the temple of God, and "he shall go no more out." Here it is but the lodging of a wayfarer turning aside to tarry for the brief night of earth. Here we are but "tenants at will;" our possessions are but movables—ours to-day, gone to-morrow. But these "many mansions" are an inheritance incorruptible and unfading. Nothing can touch the heavenly patrimony. Once within the Father's house, and we are in the house forever!

Think, too, of Jesus, gone to prepare these mansions, "I go to prepare a place for you." What a wondrous thought—Jesus now seated in heaven in his Church's behalf! He can find no abode in all his wide dominions, befitting as a permanent dwelling for his ransomed ones. He says, "I will make a new heaven and a new earth. I will found a special kingdom—I will rear eternal mansions expressly for those I have redeemed with my blood!"

Reader, let the prospect of a dwelling in this "house of the Lord forever," reconcile thee to any of the roughnesses or difficulties in thy present path—to thy pilgrim provision and pilgrim fare. Let the distant beacon-light, that so cheerfully speaks of a home brighter and better far than the happiest of earthly ones, lead thee to forget the intervening billows, or to think of them only as wafting thee nearer and nearer to thy desired haven! "Would," says a saint, who has now entered on his rest, "that one could read, and write, and pray, and eat and drink, and compose one's self to sleep, as with the thought—soon to be in heaven, and that forever and ever!"—*Words of Jesus.*

"BE ZEALOUS."—Check not your zeal. Cultivate it. Blow up the fire in your own heart and in the hearts of others. Zeal may make mistakes. It may want guiding, controlling, and advising. Like the elephants on ancient fields of battle, it may sometimes do injury to its own side. But zeal does not need damping in a wretched, cold, corrupt, miserable world like this. Zeal, like John Knox pulling down the Scotch monasteries, may hurt the feelings of narrow-minded and sleepy Christians. It may offend the prejudices of those old-fashioned religionists, who hate every thing new, and—like those who wanted soldiers and sailors to go on wearing pig-tails—abhor all change. But zeal in the end will be justified by its results. If you think, reader, there is danger of your having too much zeal in religion, God forgive you. Depend upon it the Church seldom needs a bridle, but oftener needs a spur.

JUDAS.—Nobody ever possessed such advantages and opportunities as Judas, and no one ever so abused them; the very devil seemed to have entered into him; indeed, he outdeviled the devil. The devils always treated Christ with honor, and always acknowledged him, and never played the hypocrite with him as Judas did. Be it ever remembered, that throughout eternity we must either rival the devils in wickedness, or rival the angels in obedience and love. There is no alternative; God himself can make no alternative, and where else could we find one?—*Rev. William Howells.*

Editorial Disquisition.

IMPORTANCE OF A HIGH STANDARD OF PIETY.

In our last number we noted some of the elements that constitute a high standard of piety. Now we propose to speak of the importance of that standard to the Christian professor.

It is worthy of note how often slight defects mar the symmetry and beauty of the Christian character. Sometimes there is great enthusiasm for the time, but it is coupled with a lack of stability; and the professor, though possessed of the most ardent desires to attain to excellence and to do good, comes short in his personal attainments and his personal usefulness. Sometimes there is great intensity of feeling, or excitability; but it is unfortunately coupled with a lack of self-control, a lack of circumspection, or with a peevishness and irritability of temper, which mars and deforms the Christian character, and deprives it of all force. Again, there is steadiness of purpose and much that is really commendable, and coupled, too, with active exertion for the cause of God; but there is a want of meekness and of Christian humility—there is self-sufficiency, spiritual pride, impatience, and resentment under rebuke, or an eager spirit to drink the sounds of adulation, and a fondness only for those who are worshipful and reverential. These suggestions, connected with what went before, sufficiently indicate what we consider legitimately implied in a high standard of piety. We have purposely avoided technical phrases, and kept our eye steadily upon practical results—not aiming at original ideas, but at useful ends.

In the Church there are not only diversities of gifts, but diversities of attainments in piety. In fine, we find there representatives of almost every shade of Christian character—from the feeble, halting, irresolute Christian, dwarfed in all the elements of Christian character, up to those men and women of God who are strong in the faith, and whose characters have been built up with a solidity and strength that defy all the assaults of sin and death. There, too, we find the young disciple, just started in the heavenly race, and the pilgrim of half a century, upon whose vision the turrets of the celestial city seem already breaking. With these different classes before us, it is well for us to consider how much is to be gained—what present inducements there are to stimulate us to strive for the goal placed before us—a *high standard of piety*.

Men of the world are acted upon by powerful impulses—the sordid worldling to acquire much, the scholar to penetrate the deep mysteries of human knowledge, and the aspirant for honor and power to ascend the loftiest summit of earthly ambition. Why, then, should not the Christian perceive and feel the force of those powerful motives which should ever lead him upward and onward in the divine life?

1. I perceive, then, that the attainment of a high standard of piety is the *will and command of God*. "This is the will of God, *even your sanctification*." "Be *anxious of good works*." "Be *filled with the fruits of righteousness*." "What manner of persons ought ye to be in *all holy conversation and godliness*." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, *with all thy heart, and soul, and strength*." "Be ye *perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect*." Such is the high standard of the Gospel require-

ment—such the Scripture measure of a high standard of piety. Ah, how infinitely below it do we fall!

You will not require of us stronger or more conclusive evidence of this great and striking truth, that a high standard of piety is the will and command of God concerning us. And is not God's will—clearly revealed—to us an ultimate rule of faith and a paramount law of action? That will, too, is in harmony with the provisions of the Gospel; and being supreme in authority, should it not be supreme in influence? Were it the will and requirement of man, we might pause, and inquire into its wisdom, expedience, or authority. We might have said, "This knowledge is too high, I can not attain to it; the requirement is too broad, the way is too narrow, the ascent is too rugged and difficult." But it is God who speaks; it is the high and holy One who calls us to walk in his ways and to be clothed upon with his image and likeness. What though the depraved heart and the carnal reason both array themselves against the divine requisition; what though it seem to cross every thing in nature and every thing in reason! still it is the will and the word of Him who is above both nature and human reason. Let us then, with holy, trembling faith, cry out, "What shall I answer thee, O God? I will lay my hand upon my mouth; declare thou unto me."

"On thee, O God, my soul is staid,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfill."

2. Again: *the desirableness of the thing itself* may be regarded as a reason why we should endeavor to attain to a high standard of piety. If we consider how much is implied in deliverance from indwelling sin—what freedom and elevation of soul, what clear and glorious realization of divine light, what close and heavenly communion with the Father of our spirits—we shall not fail to realize the desirableness and glory of this great attainment. Or did we realize the intrinsic value of holiness, that it is divine in its origin, heavenly in its nature, we could not but feel that it is a thing to be sought after and longed for. This is that "kingdom of God and his righteousness"—so desirable in itself, and which draws after it every blessing needful to the soul. Who would not part with all that he has in order to be possessed of this "pearl of great price?" What so painful to the breast of the Christian as the recollection of his infirmities and his sins! The language of the sorrowing spirit is:

"Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain by the same unhappy dart,
Which, O, too often wounds my heart."

What can be more desirable than to be delivered from the spiritual darkness, the deep pollution, and the galling bondage of sin? "To be carnally-minded is death; to be spiritually-minded is life and peace. If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God," Colossians iii, 1-3. What so desirable to the weary and wayworn pilgrim as the long-sought place

of rest! What so desirable to the mariner, long buffeted by wild and opposing elements, as to enter the haven of safety and repose! So should the child of God yearn with longing desire to be filled with all the fullness of God; to feel that his heart is no longer divided and distracted, but that it has now found the place of its rest.

3. Closely connected with the preceding is the fact, that *our religious enjoyment* is ultimately connected with a high standard of piety. Eminent piety is the way to happiness in religion. It resolves all doubts about the fundamental elements of Christian faith, and clears away the mists that darken the vision of the soul; for our Savior has said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." It produces a fullness and satisfaction in Christian experience, and a blissful serenity of soul, to which the stunted and dwarfed professor never attains, and of which he has but slight conceptions. The pious and devoted James, speaking of eminent piety, has characterized it as the source of happiness in striking language, that addresses itself to the very soul: "It is joy, and peace, and bliss—the sunshine of the heart, the Sabbath of the soul, the resting-place on which the heart lays down its load of cares, and anxieties, and sorrows. There is happiness in faith, but it must be strong faith; happiness in hope, but it must be lively hope; happiness in love, but it must be fervent love. The religion of many professors is useless to them. It does nothing for them. They derive no good from it. They are neither comforted in trouble, grateful in prosperity, nor sustained in anxiety by it. They hear some talk of their joys, and hopes, and seasons of communion with God, but they are strangers to these things: in short, their religion is a mere dead form. In the case of some other professors, their religion is an actual incumbrance, a hinderance to their happiness, rather than a help. They are spoiled for the world, without being fitted for the Church. They can not go to fashionable amusements, and yet they have nothing in the place of them. Their soul dwells in a wilderness, a bleak and cheerless desert, where no pleasant plant grows, not even the deleterious flower of sinful pleasure. The happiness of religion is reserved for those whose piety is sincere, and the higher degrees of its happiness for such as have large measures of holiness. God is the fountain of light; and in his light only can you see light: you must press nearer to him if you would enjoy him. His dwelling is in the holy mount, and you must ascend to him there if you would have joy and peace in believing. You have read the biography of eminent saints, and sometimes have exclaimed, in almost an agony, 'Why am I a stranger to their delights?' The answer is easy, 'Because you are a stranger to that elevated piety from which their joy sprung.' The same measure of faith would have been attended, in your case, with the same degree of holy joy. You are too worldly, too proud, too irritable, too prone to violate the rule of duty in little things, too careless in your walk; and must, therefore, grow in grace, before you can increase in religious comfort." Do you, then, wish for spiritual joy? Rise higher in the divine life; go with Christ into the holy mount, behold his glory, commune with him, be changed into his image: then shall you say, "It is good to be here."

4. A high standard of piety is necessary in order to the *strength and permanence* of the Christian character. Nothing is more fully substantiated in the history of the world than that the progressive development of

Christian character, and the constant exercise of Christian faith, are indispensable to the establishment of our souls in grace. The apostle seems to take it for granted that those who do not "go on unto perfection" will "fall away." "The continuance of religion in the soul is exceedingly precarious if it be not eminent. In many cases piety is so superficial, feeble, lukewarm, and undecided, that it soon dies away amidst the cares, the comforts, and the pursuits of life. It has not root, strength, or vitality enough to resist the influence of the calm, much less the shock of the tempest. It is like a taper, that needs not the gust of wind to blow it out, but which expires in still air for want of oil to keep it burning. We see many and melancholy exemplifications of this." Our only safety is in being well established in religion. This implies that we have clear and correct views of Christian faith, that our religious principles be deep-rooted and strong, that our religious habits are confirmed and matured by exercise, and also that our hearts be filled with the pure and unspeakable love of God. No sooner do we cease laboring for these things, than we are borne down by the current and carried away.

The first step in backsliding is not a positive retrograde movement, but a *ceasing to go forward*. I know, Christian reader, you do not intend to apostatize from Christ, and that it would be a cause of profound sorrow to you to imagine that you should ever dishonor his sacred cause. But are you going forward? Are you advancing from your state of pupillage to the stature of manhood in Christ Jesus? The stone poised in the air is not long stationary; its projectile force is soon exhausted, and by the power of gravitation it quickly descends earthward. Just so is it with the soul. Its only safety is in onward progression in holiness toward God and heaven. This is that to which we are called by God: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things"—he that does not "go on unto perfection"—"is blind, and can not see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins," 2 Peter i, 5-9. Neglect of this indispensable duty of progression is incipient backsliding. It is not that the halting believer is in danger of backsliding; but that he is *already* falling into the first or incipient stages of it. "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; tarry not in all the plain; for ye have not yet reached the place of your rest, nor the heritage which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

5. Eminent holiness on the part of the believer will enable him best to *honor religion and glorify God*. Our Savior says to each one of us, no less than to his disciples of old, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven," Matthew v, 16. And again he says to us, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," John xv, 8. "Wherefore also," says the apostle, "we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfill all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power; that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ," 2 Thessalonians i, 11, 12. Such is the class, the character and style, of Christians through

whom religion is honored and God glorified in the world. The man whose piety is so feeble, so imperfect, and so inconstant as to render it doubtful whether he be a Christian or no, brings no honor to the cause of Christ. The man whose life is so irregular, whose religious principles are so loose and vacillating, and whose passions are so little regulated and controlled that the recognition of him as a Christian excites the wonder of the world; such a man is a reproach to the cause of Christ—a detriment to the interests of true religion; he dishonors his God. But, on the other hand, the man of pure spirit and of upright life, "whose religion makes him obviously holy, happy, and useful; whose piety not only proves its own sincerity, but its own strength; who is decided, consistent, earnest; this is the man of whom it may be said, 'Wisdom is justified of her children.'" The life of God dwells and reigns in his soul; he exemplifies the beauty of holiness; he honors religion; he glorifies God.

There are too many who stand in the outskirts of the Christian camp; it is quite difficult to tell whether they belong *within* or *without*. They seem to choose a position where they may be on either side, as whim, or fancy, or interest may prompt—equally ready to escape the shame of defeat and to shout the triumph of victory. They are the chaff which the cold, bleak winds of spiritual declension sweep away. Of such men it would occasion less surprise to learn that they are guilty of some gross sin than to learn that they are members of the Christian Church. Little honor can religion ever derive from such professors as these. We would not advise such persons to give up their profession, nor yet to conceal it; but we would advise them to become more worthy of it.

Follower of Christ, is the cause of the Redeemer dear to your heart? Have you a deep and heart-felt concern for the honor of religion and the glory of God? Then seek that indwelling power of transforming grace that shall make the image and superscription of your Lord visible in your whole character and life.

6. A high standard of attainment in religion will contribute immensely to our *personal usefulness*. It is a mistaken notion imbibed by some cold, phlegmatic Christians, that if they maintain the form of sound doctrine, of correct morals, and the exercise of a liberal benevolence, especially for the support of the institutions of religion and to spread its influence, that they have met the grand claims of the Gospel. Nay, but there is a positive personal influence that every Christian is to bring to bear upon the consciences of sinners. And to the proper exercise of this personal influence, personal holiness is indispensable. "A field," says the sainted Fletcher, "properly weeded, and cleared from briars, is naturally more fruitful than one which is shaded by spreading brambles, or filled with the indwelling roots of noxious weeds." The soul filled with the love of God is moved by its constraining power to be always abounding in the work of the Lord; this is the source of ceaseless and glorious activity to the soul; it will also give regularity and efficacy to our efforts. The heart of such a man will be an overflowing fountain; no dearth of spirituality in the Church or in the community will dry up its source or exhaust its streams.

This divine life of God in the soul will give power to his reproofs and exhortations. That he is a man of God will be *felt* by the world. His lips shall be touched with holy fire; and from his yearning heart shall be poured out arguments that convince the understanding, and entreaties

that subdue and melt the hearts of the impenitent and godless. His prayers, too, are mighty, and shall prevail with God. While Moses prays, the hand of wrath is held back; while Elijah intercedes, the very face of nature owns that his prayer avails with God; and while the dying Stephen prays, not only is heaven open to his view, but the persecuting Saul is soon humbled at the foot of the cross. Such a man may be neither powerful in intellect, eloquent in speech, nor influential in standing, but he will do good; the parity of his faith, the ardency of his zeal, the depth and hallowed fervency of his religious emotion, will be owned of God. Were this spirit to pervade every department and every member of the Church of God, how glorious would be the results! "The ignorance of foolish men" would be put to silence; the world would become awe-stricken, and tremble before the manifestations of the power and glory of God; and the Gospel would go forth conquering and to conquer. "The sacramental host of God's elect—clad with the panoply of God, saved from the corruptions that are in the world, and armed with holy faith and mighty prayer—would hold in check the mighty powers of hell, and triumph over every thing that opposed the dominion of Christ."

This was the early triumph of Christianity. The preaching of Christ crucified—not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but with simple faith and love—not only silenced the coverings of a vain philosophy, broke down the strongholds of superstition and idolatry, but turned a mighty tide of righteousness over the face of the earth, and carried terror and dismay to the very gates of hell. "Who can look back to the period when Christianity achieved her noblest triumphs, and see altars and temples crumbling to dust, and the gods of the heathen given to the moles and the bats—the Church multiplied and increased under the bloodiest persecutions—martyrs going to the stake in ecstasy, and their very executioners converted by the grandeur of their examples, and in their turn following them to the possession of the martyr's crown—who can survey these scenes without being convinced that there is a power altogether unearthly in a life of purity and self-denial!" Let us never fail, then, to remember that personal usefulness and personal holiness go hand in hand. Is your soul fired with holy ambition to be useful to your dying fellow-men—to do something worthy of your high calling and your glorious privileges? Go not to the formal speculations of theology to become critical and skilled in wielding the *forms* of theological truth; but go to Jerusalem—yea, to the fountain that has been opened in Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness; there let thy soul be bathed in its deepest depths; and from the healing fountain it shall come forth impregnated with the elements of a new life, and endowed with power from on high. Thus panoplied and armed, the Christian is prepared for aggressive warfare.

Nor to individuals alone is this high standard of piety important; it is equally indispensable to the Church of Christ at large and taken in the aggregate. Not that it is merely necessary that there should be here and there a devoted, exemplary, spiritual Christian in the Church; but that the whole Church should be completely impregnated with the life and power of Christ. Such a Church would be invincible against all the powers of sin and death. In the midst of poverty, she would be rich; few in numbers, she would be a host in power; scathed by the fires of persecution, she would still shine forth resplendent in the robe of salvation; and along with the

cry of the battle and the crash of the onset, should mingle the shout of victory and the song of triumph.

O, how long has the want of this indwelling life of Christ in the Church dimmed her light and paralyzed her energies! And never, *never*, can she stand forth in her comeliness and beauty—"the light of the world"—till, through faith, she has obtained triumphant victory over sin, and inscribed "Holiness to the Lord" on all her banners. O, would she rend asunder the grave-clothes of her worldly-mindedness, and put on her garments of heaven's own weaving, how soon would the life-blood of the soul begin to course her veins with unwonted freedom! How soon would she come up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved! The bushes of heaven would fill her temples; and the dry bones, now scattered, bleaching in all her dry and parched valleys, would rise to spiritual life; and an accumulated flood of glory would roll onward and swell upward, till our desert world budded and blossomed as the rose.

7. *Eminent piety is the best possible preparation for Access.* We have looked at the importance of a high standard of piety in its relations to the present life—our personal progress, usefulness, and the like. But how immeasurably transcendent are these considerations connected with a dying hour and with our eternal state! Why is it that so many professing Christians, when they approach the dying hour, undergo such painful regrets with regard to the past, and such agonising misgivings with regard to their future and final state? How much better to come down to the last great conflict of life, enabled; with Adam Clarke, to say, as friends suggested preparation for his approaching change, "*I have prepared already!*" or with St. Paul, "*I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the*

righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing," 2 Timothy iv, 6-8.

A man may be skilled in science and philosophy, he may be possessed of all knowledge and all wisdom, yet, so long as his soul wears the stain of moral pollution, so long will his mind be dark and gloomy with reference to the future. Dr. Cox once visited a man of eminent attainments, though of a skeptical turn of mind, upon a dying bed, and asked what were his prospects for the future. "Dark, *very* dark," groaned out the dying philosopher. This, my friends, is *philosophy in the dark valley*. It emits no light that can enliven its gloom; it throws out no rays that can remove the profound and awful darkness. On the other hand, the poor wayfaring man, though a fool, who knows his God and feels his love, whose faith and whose experience both join in the attestation—"the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin"—such a man may realize no gloom and suffer no dismay as he goes down into the dark valley. In holy triumph he will shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; but thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Such a soul can say, with John Dodd, "I am not afraid to look death in the face;" or with Robert Bolton, "O, when will this good hour come? when shall I be dissolved? when shall I be with Christ?" or with John Owen, "The long looked-for day is come at last;" or with Riden Darracont, "I am going from weeping friends to congratulate angels and rejoicing saints in heaven. Blessed be God, all is well, all is well!" Now, Christian reader, is such a triumph as this desirable? Then, go on to the attainment of holiness; seek sanctification; strive to be one with the Son and the Father. So shall your life be holy and happy, your death peaceful and triumphant, and your immortality glorious.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

MONEY SPENT FOR RELIGION.—The sums received and expended by the several religious and benevolent societies which met in London in 1854 are exhibited in the table following:

	Received.	Expended.
Bible societies.....	£220,016.....	£128,979
Foreign missions.....	544,008.....	520,077
Irish missions.....	42,147.....	42,496
Home missions.....	168,094.....	154,714
Educational societies.....	78,612.....	66,181
Benevolent societies.....	127,680.....	134,210
Miscellaneous.....	75,087.....	72,778

These sums look large, taken by themselves; but, when compared with the millions wasted in keeping up armies and navies, they dwindle into almost nothing. Just think that Russia pays as interest on her national debt \$25,000,000 a year; France on hers \$79,300,680, and England \$159,634,500 a year; and then remember that Great Britain raises only between six and eight million dollars a year for purposes directly religious and benevolent; that is to say, the interest paid by the British government on her national debt exceeds by over one hundred and thirty millions of dollars the whole sum contributed to British benevolent societies. A strange and humiliating fact, indeed!

SALARIES OF MINISTERS.—The smallness of the pay of Methodist preachers has long been a subject of fruitful newspaper writing; but it is doubtful whether, meager as is their pay, other preachers fare any better. Some few Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian ministers in large cities get handsome allowances; but, take the country through, they are no better paid than Methodist ministers. The St. Louis Presbyterian, whose authority on this subject can scarcely be questioned, states that there is probably not a single preacher in the Presbyterian Church whose salary would enable him at the end of forty years of hard labor, with close economy, to leave his family a home. The average salaries of Episcopalian preachers in the United States, strange as the statement may sound, reach only two hundred and fifty-five dollars a year.

AGE OF BRITISH WESLEYAN PREACHERS.—Statistics furnished before the late British conference, held at Leeds, indicate that long life and good health prevail among the Wesleyan ministry in England and Ireland. Of the twenty-nine preachers who died during the conference year of 1854-5, one had reached the age of ninety, and another was eighty-nine. We give their names, and the

number of years the Twenty-Nine had been in the traveling ministry. John Kershaw, the spiritual father of Robert Newton, had been sixty-seven years in the ministry; William Ferguson, 64; Robert Banks, 63; John C. Clendenin, 59; Robert Melson, 52; John Bumstead, 51; Edward Jones, 50; William Armstrong, 50; Michael Burrows, 50; James Bates, 47; Samuel Sugden, 46; John Jones, 46; Edward Hagleton, 46; William Finlay, 45; John Hap, 44; Henry Ranson, 43; Joseph Beaumont, 42; Benjamin Carvoso, son of the Cornish class-leader, 41; George North, 29; Charles W. Vibert, 29; James Bartholomew, 26; Timothy Curtis, 25; Thomas Rogerson, 24; Robert Williams, 23; John Smart, 17; Charles Howe, 16; Henry J. Booth, 11; Joseph Wright, 11; George P. Brown, 4. The last two were natives of Africa. Of the Irish brethren, six are included in the above list: their ages ranged from seventy-one to eighty-nine years; and their terms of ministerial life from forty-five to sixty-four! John Beaumont, who had been forty-two years in the ministry, was the spiritual father of Robert Moffett, the celebrated South African missionary.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATING.—Opium-eating in England seems to be greatly on the increase. Blackwood states that in 1839 there was 41,000 pounds of opium imported, while in 1853 the import amounted to 114,000 pounds—showing an increase of more than two and a half times in fifteen years. The tables in Thom's Official Directory for 1853 give the following figures:

	Opium Imported.—lbs.	Consumed at Home.
1846	300,019	61,178
1849	106,724	44,328
1860	126,818	43,324
1861	106,118	60,808

Thus in three years preceding 1861 the home consumption averaged one-third of the imported amount. In 1861 the former is nearly one-half of the latter. It is worthy of notice that the largest consumption in the years given took place in 1848, when strikes were frequent in the manufacturing districts; when business was unsteady and often at a stand-still.

From these facts it would appear that opium-eaters in England are of a corresponding class with those who seek a solace in the desolating drug in China, and that hard times and low wages are the greatest stimulants to its consumption.

MORMONISM.—From November 27, 1854, to April 26, 1855, the Mormon emigration from Liverpool to the United States and Utah was 3,626. Of the nationalities of the various individuals emigrating, 2,231, or nearly two-thirds of the whole number, were English by birth. Chiefly from among the lowest class of the British subjects do the Mormon missionaries obtain the most recruits. The feature of low sensuality held out by the system takes amazingly among this class. A late London paper tells us of the sale, at a public market-cross in Yorkshire, of a wife by her husband, after being married for sixteen years. They agreed on the matter thoroughly, both being of opinion that the old age of the husband was not calculated to increase their domestic enjoyment. A shoemaker became the purchaser of the female sensualist for half a crown, or sixty cents. Such examples of the complete absence of decency, affection, and moral rectitude among the laboring classes are not unfrequent in the English papers, and the Mormon ranks have been largely filled with such people. Living already in an unrecognised state of morals, and knowing no better, their senses are pleased at the recognition of their

immorality by the extensive doctrines of the Mormon missionaries.

STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The forty-sixth anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held in the city of Utica, N. Y., beginning September 11th, and closing the 14th. There have been sent out during the year 19 missionaries and assistants, male and female, and there are 29 more under appointment. During the same time there have been issued 211,300 copies of the Missionary Herald, 357,000 copies of the Journal of Missions, 329,500 copies of the Youth's Day-Spring, 16,700 copies of the Extra Journal, 6,000 copies of the Annual Report, and 3,006 copies of the Annual Sermon.

The following gives a summary view of the operations of the Board:

MEMBERS.	
Number of missions.....	29
Number of stations.....	120
Number of out-stations.....	59
LABORERS EMPLOYED.	
Number of ordained missionaries, (6 being physicians,).....	155
Number of licentiates.....	8
Number of physicians not ordained.....	7
Number of other male assistants.....	16
Number of female assistants.....	292
Whole number of laborers sent from this country.....	363
Number of native preachers.....	46
Number of native helpers.....	236
Whole number of native assistants.....	282
Whole number of laborers connected with the missions.....	645

THE PRESS.	
Number of printing establishments.....	11
Pages printed last year, (in part,).....	25,822,780

THE CHURCHES.	
Number of churches, (including all at the Sandwich Islands,).....	115
Number of Church members, (including all at the Sandwich Islands last year,).....	26,806
Added during the year, (excluding those at the Sandwich Islands,).....	695

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.	
Number of seminaries.....	11
Number of other boarding schools.....	19
Number of free schools, (412 supported by the Hawaiian Government,).....	787
Number of pupils in the seminaries, (80 supported by the Hawaiian Government,).....	429
Number of pupils in the boarding schools.....	594
Number of pupils in the free schools, (10,195 supported by the Hawaiian Government,).....	20,555
Whole number in seminaries and schools.....	21,573

CONFESSION OF A MINISTER.—The eloquent and powerful Dr. John M. Mason, on leaving his congregation in New York, said, "Since the time of my settlement here, lawyers, merchants, physicians, have made their fortunes; not an industrious and prudent mechanic but has laid up something for his family. But should God call me away to-morrow, after expending the flower of my life, my family could not show a single cent for the gain of more than seventeen years' toil."

NEW VIEW OF CINCINNATI.—Middleton & Co., lithographers and engravers, have brought out a fine, large lithographic view of Cincinnati as seen from the Kentucky side of the river. It is not only an accurate and excellent view, but it is a superior specimen of art. The publishers are doing a large business in this line, having already engraved views of several of the principal cities of the west.

A MORAVIAN LOVE-FAST.—A correspondent of an eastern paper, who recently visited the Moravian colony at Bethlehem, Penn., gives, among other noteworthy paragraphs, the following respecting their love-fast: "The

principal part of the house was occupied by children. The organ, which seemed to contain within its capacious case all the instruments of all the bands and orchestras to whose performances I had ever listened, discoursed festive music. The services consisted in the reading of prayer by the minister, and the singing of set pieces by the choir and the children, the words being printed in English and German, and distributed among the audience. During the music the substantial part of the service was performed. At an appointed moment there entered the church upon the female side certain 'Sisters' neatly attired, bearing huge baskets of buns, which were distributed to the children, while certain of the 'brethren' performed the same office on the male side of the church. This was followed speedily by neat polished mahogany waiters filled with pretty little white cups of excellent coffee, with one of which each child in the house was provided. The occasion was evidently pleasurable to the children, but was passed with the most approved repression of every external manifestation of delight. I thought if only a good opportunity was afforded, they would not fail to demonstrate their delight in some of the modes common to childhood every-where."

THE PITTSBURGH FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Pittsburg Female College building, situated on Penn-street, and immediately in the rear of "Christ's Methodist Episcopal Church," is forty feet wide by seventy-four feet long, with a dwelling part twenty-four feet by one hundred, designed for the residence of the Principal and for boarding students. The whole is arranged in a superior manner, and, when completed, will be the finest edifice of the kind in the west. Scholarships are selling at \$500 each. Rev. S. L. Youree, late of the Cincinnati conference, is Principal. The College began its first session Monday, October 1st.

RELIGION IN NEW ZEALAND.—New Zealand, at the time of its original discovery by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, in 1642, was a nation of cannibals. By Rev. Samuel Marsden, of the London Missionary Society, the first mission was planted on this Island, August 25, 1809. At present the population of New Zealand is about 100,000, and of this number 99,000 are professing Christians. Of these 99,000, some 50,000 are under the care of the "Church Missionary Society," and the other 49,000 attend chiefly the services of the Wesleyan Methodists.

THE IRISH DELEGATION.—Rev. William Arthur, M. A., and Rev. Robinson Scott—the former one of the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the British Wesleyan conference, and the latter a member of the Irish conference—are now in the United States soliciting help for Methodism in Ireland. The object of their visit is a most worthy and urgent one, and we hope that any and all who have the means will spare it for these brethren in their work of helping to evangelize Ireland. The first Methodist sermon preached in America was by an Irish local preacher—Philip Embury—and ought we not in gratitude, now that they need it most, furnish help to our Wesleyan brethren across the Atlantic?

PULSE-BEATING MACHINE.—Professor Bierordt, of Frankfurt, has invented a machine to record the beating of the pulse. The arm is placed in a kind of cradle, which keeps it steady; a lever rests by one end on the artery, and at every beat a pencil, on the opposite end, marks a cylinder of paper. If the pulse be regular, a regular zigzag line is produced; if irregular, the line is full of breaks and jerks.

SCHOOLMASTERS WANTED IN ENGLAND.—A Parliamentary return shows that of the jurymen on coroners' inquests in England, 11,214 were "unable to sign their own names," and 11,336 "had marks opposite their names," the proportions being nearly the same in the two preceding years.

CARBONIC ACID BATHS.—Attention is again directed to carbonic acid baths, as a beneficial remedy for muscular contractions, debility, and weak eyes: the curative effects in some instances are remarkable. M. Herpin reports that at Marienbad he placed his stiff leg in a bath of the gas, and, after the first few minutes, experienced a glow and tingling, next a copious perspiration, and in time the joint became supple.

FROST-BITES.—M. Bandens, of Marseille, France, protests against amputation for frost-bite. If left to itself, he argues that nature will separate the living from the dead portions, neither too much nor too little. Of three thousand frost-bitten soldiers landed at that port, three hundred were cured by being left to nature, and are now much less dismembered and lame than those who underwent amputation.

NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—It is said that fire was unknown to many of the nations of antiquity, and even at the present day it is unknown in some parts of Africa. The inhabitants of the Marion Islands, which were discovered in 1851, had no idea of fire, and expressed the greatest astonishment on first beholding it—believing it to be some living animal which fed on wood. The inhabitants of Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant.

GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES.—The contributions of the people in the time of David, for the Sanctuary, exceeded £8,800,000, or about \$34,000,000. The immense treasure David is said to have collected for the Sanctuary amounted to £889,000,000—Crito says £798,000,000—a sum greater than the British National Debt. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place," only a room thirty feet square, amounted to more than £89,000,000.

DEPTH OF AMERICAN LAKES.—It has hitherto been asserted that Lake Huron was 800 feet deep, but it has lately been ascertained by United States Coast Survey that it is only 420 feet deep. Lake Erie is from 60 to 70 feet deep; Lake Ontario 452 feet—as low as most parts of the bottom of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. All the lakes cover an area of 43,040,000.

LITERARY FESTIVAL.—On Thursday, September 27th, the book publishers of New York city gave a grand entertainment in the Crystal Palace, to which they invited several hundred authors, editors, professors, etc. Speeches were made by several distinguished authors, and the whole affair passed off with great good spirit and enthusiasm. Not a drop of wine or any other kind of liquor was used or allowed to be used on the premises at the time—a feature decidedly to be commended.

AN ENGLISH PECULIARITY.—One or two things I may notice as peculiar to the worship of the English churches that I attended: the people bow or lean forward when the name of Christ occurs in the service. The minister is not present, or does not appear to be so, during the reading of the service.—*Dr. Thomson's Letters.*

ELECTRICAL LIGHT.—The town of Deal, England, has dispensed with gas light, and is now illuminated most perfectly, says the Scientific American, by the light of electricity.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

THE ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO. *New York: Appleton & Co.*—To know something of the history of this new Tadmor, which has sprung up as by enchantment in what was but a short time since a waste desert, and has become the center of a vast commerce, connecting it with every part of the globe, must be a very general desire throughout the world. Sevastopol is the only city on the globe which now vies with San Francisco in the attention it attracts. It is somewhat wonderful to find the "Annals" of a city only five or six years old filling a huge octavo of over eight hundred pages; yet such is the fact here; and what is more, the reader will find but little cause to complain either of irrelevant matter or too much detail. The work gives a succinct history of the first discovery, settlement, progress, and present condition of California as introductory to a complete history of all the important events connected with the great city whose annals it records. To the work are appended biographical memoirs of some of the prominent citizens of the place. Messrs. Soule, Gilson, and Nisbet, by whom the volume was prepared, were favored with every possible facility for its production, and have digested and arranged their material with excellent taste and skill. There are some scenes described here which will make the virtuous heart sad; but they undoubtedly belonged to the history. We should have felt that the work was more complete had the missionary efforts and religious institutions received more full and earnest attention. The work is written in a felicitous style, and will abundantly repay a perusal. It is also illustrated with one hundred and fifty engravings—among which are a map of California, a map and also a landscape view of the city. The illustrations are finely executed, and add much to the interest of the work. The mechanical execution of the work is superb. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

MEMOIR OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH. *By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. Two Volumes. 12mo. 378 and 511 pp.*—The piety of Sydney Smith, the great wit and humorist, is placed in a beautiful and unquestionable light in these volumes. And this view of it chastens the delightful humor and pungent wit for which he is mainly known in the literary world, and for which his name has become almost a synonym. No one will rise from the perusal of these volumes without placing a higher estimate on the reverend original. They abound in characteristic incidents and anecdotes. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. *From the French of L. F. Bunsenger. Edited from the second London edition, with a Summary of the Acts of the Council, by John M'Clintock, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 548 pp.*—The first arrival of legates at Trent was on the 18th of March, 1545; the final session of the Council was held on the 3d or 4th of December, 1563. The Council forms an era in the history of Papal intrigues, assumptions, and corruptions. Dr. M'Clintock has done a good work in bringing out so complete an edition of this history, especially at this crisis, when Popery is

making such studious efforts to exalt its claims, and at the same time conceal its true character. Let every Protestant Christian—nay, every American citizen, get this work and read it. For sale by H. W. Derby, Main-street, Cincinnati.

THE LIFE OF CURRAN. *By his Son, William Henry Curran. With Additions and Notes, by R. Shelton Mackenzie. New York: Redfield. 12mo. 535 pp.*—Curran was one of the most brilliant geniuses and orators Ireland has ever produced. He was one of the truest patriots and most devoted lovers of his country. And in the darkness and gloom of her last days of independent existence, he was the center of the sparkling wits, the brilliant advocates, the renowned orators, and the honored statesmen who flashed out and who vainly endeavored to stay her approaching ruin. This volume is possessed of peculiar value; for while the editor has taken the Memoir by his son as the basis, he has wrought into it valuable additions from the "Recollections of Curran" by Phillips, and also from the Memoir prefixed to Curran's Speeches by Thomas Davis. Mr. Davis says of Curran he was "a companion unrivaled in sympathy and wit; an orator, whose thoughts went forth like ministers of nature, with robes of light and swords in their hands; a patriot, who battled best when the flag was trampled down; and a genuine, earnest man, breathing of his climate, his country, and his time." For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS AND SOUTHERN CROWN; or, the Gospel in New Zealand.—We thank the Messrs. Carter, of New York, for giving this captivating and instructive volume to the American public. No one can read it without having his appreciation of the missionary work—its trials and triumphs—vastly exalted. It is a beautiful 16mo. of two hundred and sixty-eight pages. For sale by Moore, Wilstach & Co., Cincinnati.

THE SURE ANCHOR; or, the Young Christian Admonished, Exhorted, and Encouraged. *By Rev. H. P. Andrews. Boston: James P. Mages. 12mo. 216 pp.*—The author of this volume writes in an earnest, fervent spirit, and evidently aims to do the greatest possible good to the young voyagers to eternity. The blending of allegorical imagery with didactic instruction will, no doubt, give to the work an effectiveness in many minds. The work may be obtained of booksellers generally.

THE HEBREW MISSIONARY: Essays, Exegetical and Practical, on the Book of Jonah. *By Rev. Joseph Oron, D. D. Edited by Thomas O. Summers; and published by Swenson & Owen, for the Methodist Episcopal Church South. 18mo. 240 pp.*—The style of the author, rich and flowing, appears to admirable advantage in this series of fifteen essays, embracing the incidents in the life and mission of Jonah. In careful exegesis, in beautiful imagery, and in skillful application, the work appears to excellent advantage.

We are indebted to Carlton & Phillips for the following Sunday school books, which the indefatigable editor has recently added to the Sunday School catalogue:

1. **CHILDHOOD; or, Little Alice**—18mo. square, 189 pages—a charming little work; which one "little reader" has devoured with avidity.

2. **JOHNNY M'KAY**; or, *the Stewards*: the story of an honest boy—18mo., 220 pages—has shared the same fate as the preceding, and been pronounced a "beautiful book."

3. **BLOOMING HOPES AND WITHERED JOYS**—18mo., 266 pages—is from the pen of Rev. J. T. Burt; and that is a sufficient pledge for its adaptation to the young, and its power to please and benefit them.

All our Sunday schools should forthwith add these new volumes to their libraries.

TALES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 16mo. 344 pp.—This volume contains seventeen sketches of some of the most thrilling scenes in English history. For sale by Moore, Wilstach & Co., Cincinnati.

LITTLE NELL, from the *Old Curiosity-Shop* of Charles Dickens—New York: Radfield; 16mo., 202 pp.—is an attempt to segregate some of the charming stories which abound in the works of Dickens from their connection, and to present them in a form adapted to children. The plan is admirable, and we judge that in this volume it has been well executed. For sale by H. W. Derby, Main-street, Cincinnati.

ROEMER'S POLYGLOT READERS.—We have before us the English, French, and German volumes in this series. They are designed to serve as a guide for translation, and consist of a series of English extracts with their translation into French, German, etc. The selections are made with great care, and comprise a wide variety as to style, subject, and matter. So far as we can judge from a hasty examination, the translations have been happily executed. Prepared by J. Roemer, A. M., Professor of French Language and Literature in the Free Academy of the city of New York, and published by D. Appleton & Co. We invite the attention of teachers to this series. For sale by H. W. Derby.

A VOICE FROM THE POOR DEAD OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—Philadelphia: Higgins & Perkins; 12mo., 320 pp.—contains brief and striking sketches of the life, character, and last hours of Hay, Good, Hope, Bateman, Bodman, Gordan, Broughton, and Capadocce. To the work is prefixed a preliminary dissertation by the author—H. J. Brown, M. D.—on "The Cross as the Key to all Knowledge." The whole work is valuable less for originality than for practical utility; and it must give the reader a higher appreciation of the piety of the more eminent members of the medical profession. For sale at the Western Book Concern.

THE CHRIST OF HISTORY. *An Argument Grounded on the Facts of his Life on Earth.* By John Young, A. M. New York: Carter & Brother. 12mo. 260 pp.—The construction of the argument in this is original and eminently comprehensive and lucid. It comprises three leading points; namely, 1. The Outer Conditions of the Life of Christ; 2. The Work of Christ among Men; 3. The Spiritual Individuality of Christ. The first part comprises, (1.) His Social Position; (2.) The Shortness of his Earthly Course; (3.) The Age and Place in which he appeared. The second part comprises, (1.) His own Idea of his Public Life; (2.) The Commencement of his Ministry; (3.) The Marked Character of his Public Appearances; (4.) His Teaching; (5.) The Argument from his Work to his Divinity. The third part comprises, (1.) His Oneness with God; (2.) The Forms of his Consciousness; (3.) The Totality of his Manifestations before the World; (4.) The Motive of his Life; (5.) His Faith in Truth, in

God, and in the Redemption of Mankind; (6.) The Argument from his Character to his Divinity. All that we need add is, that the filling up of this grand outline has been accomplished in a masterly manner. The author has evidently studied his subject profoundly, and has exhibited masterly powers of logical analysis in its elucidation. For sale by Moore, Wilstach, & Co., Cincinnati.

THEIR: The Witness of Reason and Nature to the All-Wise and Beneficent Creator. By Rev. John Tulloch, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brother. 12mo. 431 pp.—This essay was written in competition for two premiums, which are distributed at intervals of forty years, according to the provisions of a bequest made by Mr. Burnett, a merchant of Aberdeen. On the occasion on which the second premium—£600—was awarded to Dr. Tulloch, the first—£1,800—was given to R. A. Thompson, M. A. The theme is thus laid down by Mr. Burnett: "The evidences that there is a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus; and, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind." The author has a grand theme; but his line of argument appears to us too obscure and intangible. For sale as above.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for September, contains: 1. Life in the Interior of Russia. 2. Zaidce. 3. Mand, by Tennyson. 4. Notes on Canada. 5. The Imperial Policy of Russia. 6. Light Literature. 7. Wagram, or Victory in Death. 8. Our Beginning of the Last War. New York: L. Scott & Co. Price, three dollars per annum. May be had of all booksellers.

THE HOME CIRCLE has very materially improved under the editorship of Rev. L. D. Huston, D. D. It is a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, and published for two dollars, by the Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE still retains its mammoth circulation, the announcement of which is the best compliment that can be paid to it. Upon no magazine in the world is there expended such an amount of intellectual effort and of pecuniary means. H. W. Derby, of Cincinnati, is the general agent for it in the west.

PARSONS COOKE ON METHODISM is literally extinguished by Rev. D. Wise, in a pamphlet of eighty-four pages. It is scathing, pungent, and conclusive. The illiberal notions of Dr. Cooke are shamed out of countenance by an array of stubborn facts.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE, by REV. W. H. COLLINS.—This was preached at the funeral of Mrs. Charlotte J., wife of Hon. Arthur Edwards, of Trenton, Mich. It is an excellent tribute to the memory of a noble woman.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE PHILO-FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY OF ALLEGHANY COLLEGE, by Hon. Wartman C. Willey.—The object of the discourse is to show that maintaining perfect integrity of moral character under all circumstances is the fundamental law of life. It is a fine and able discussion.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE, Cincinnati, May 19, 1855, by Drs. Collins and Buchanan.

Notes and Queries.

PLATO'S THEORY OF THE TRIANGULAR FORMS OF MATTER.—*Mr. Editor*,—Will you do us the favor to answer the following question: "What was the real theory of Plato concerning nature?"

We give the following as the most concise and comprehensible answer to our querist we can obtain. Plato, like Pythagoras, maintained the idea that God and matter existed from all eternity; but that matter in itself had no form, property, or force. God gave it, from the beginning, a triangular form; afterward, taking a certain number of primitive triangles, he composed the four primary elements, which we, in this lower world, term fire, air, earth, and water. Fire, which is the most subtle, he said is made up of the smallest number of triangles, and that it has, by the combination of these triangles, the figure of a pyramid. The atoms of air represent a solid of twelve faces, a dodechadron. Water has the form of an icosahedron, or a solid of twenty faces. Finally, the earth, the heaviest of all the elements, constitutes a hexahedron; that is to say, a perfect cube composed of right-angled triangles.

This is, so far as we understand it, the "triangular theory" of "the sage of antiquity." The mode by which Plato determines the primitive figure given by the Creator to matter is a curiosity in the line of physical investigation. He contends that this figure is a triangle, because of all the surfaces the triangular is the most simple, and there is no figure which may not be divided into triangles. Plato further assumed that, while matter remains in its elementary state, it does not affect our senses in any way. For it to become perceptible, it is necessary that several elements unite, and form an aggregate. Thus the elemental triangles representing water were imperceptible till, by a combination with other elemental triangles, an aggregate was formed.

A splendid theory: but on what foundation did it rest?

PLATO ON THE FORMATION OF MAN.—While we are upon this subject of Plato's philosophy, we shall, perhaps, interest the curious by giving his theory of the formation of man. His doctrine was that the Supreme Intelligence charged the secondary gods with the formation of mortal animals. These gods, having received from the hands of the Celestial Father the immaterial principle of the human soul, fashioned a body or casement for it out of the most regular and polished of the primitive triangles. This luminous and incorruptible body, which envelopes the immaterial soul, was placed in the brain of man. This was the *higher soul* of man. He affirmed, also, that the visible and grosser body of the animal was endowed with another soul, which was mortal, and which was also the seat of the baser passions. This occupied the length of the spinal marrow, leaving between it and the divine soul the interval of the neck—for fear that the two substances, of a nature so different, being too closely connected, the baser might tarnish or embarrass the other by contact with it. "Therefore," he reasons, "the gods placed the mortal soul in the chest and the trunk; and as this soul contains a good and a bad principle, they divided the cavity of the trunk into two departments, by means of the diaphragm placed in the middle as a partition. Nearer the head, between the diaphragm and the neck, they placed the manly and

courageous, or bellicose principle of the mortal soul." The bad principle of the mortal soul is confined, like a ferocious beast, in its cavern below the diaphragm, where it could obtain food and drink.

This is philosophy! the philosophy of "the sage of antiquity!" No wonder that we venerate the profound wisdom of ancient sages and philosophers! Men possessed of *imaginations* that could originate such a theory, and plausibility of speech and argument to make men receive it after it was invented, are certainly entitled to a great degree of veneration!

"UNLUCKY FRIDAY."—In reply to a minor query in your October number, as to why Friday is and has been deemed an unlucky day, permit me to send you the following, which I came across in my reading a few days since, premising that it is a reason prevalent among the people of the Channel ports of England, though but little known in America:

"In olden times, when the trade of England was confined to small coasting sloops and fishing vessels, and when a passage from one port to another seldom occupied over two days, it was found very difficult to get a crew for any craft leaving port on the Sabbath, the sailors claiming that day as a day of rest. This interfered very much with the profits of those engaged in the coasting trade, as it was their custom to start on a voyage on Sunday, return to port on Thursday, load, and be again ready for sea on the Sabbath, thus keeping their vessels and crews constantly employed. In order to obviate the difficulty, they caused the report to be circulated that Sunday was a very lucky day—in fact, the lucky day of the week—and any craft leaving port on that day was almost certain to make a good voyage. And having a lucky day, it was also necessary to have an unlucky day. They chose the day when in all probability their vessels would be in port loading, and in this way Friday got the name of being an unlucky day."

NEW THEORY OF ANIMAL LONGEVITY.—A book recently published in Paris by M. Flowers places the complete natural life of man about one hundred years. The rule laid down is, that the natural extent of animal life is five times the number of years required to complete their growth. The table of M. Flowers is as follows:

Man grows for	20 years,	and lives	90 or 100
The camel	8 "	"	40
The horse	6 "	"	30
The ox	4 "	"	15 or 20
The dog	2 "	"	10 or 12

We are inclined to accept this as the true theory. It is certainly a question of very great importance to the human family.

BESIDE, BESIDES.—The literary world needs to be set right as to the use and meaning of these words; for ignorance has originated, and affectation or carelessness have rendered common, a general misuse of the former word.

Beside means, primarily and precisely, *by the side of*; and is always a preposition. *Besides* means *in addition to*, in which sense it, also, is a preposition; and it means *more or moreover*, in which sense it is an adverb. There are some cumulative definitions, but these are the basis of all the others.

The common error consists in using *beside* as an adverb: a custom that has the appearance of an affected prettiness in composition; and has much the same effect on the nerves as the extreme use of the subjunctive in conversation: for instance, "If my friend Peter say that I did so and so, he is in error." The adverbial misuse of *beside* is on this wise: "I wish you to understand my orders, and, *beside*, I wish you to obey them." "*Beside*, I would have you remember so and so."

In these and similar cases the writer or speaker means *moreover*, and ought, therefore, to use the adverb *besides*. The distinction is made obvious by illustrations. *Beside* means "by the side of," and is a preposition:

"The lovely Thais sits *beside* thee."

Besides, when meaning "in addition to," is also a preposition: "And *besides* all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed."

Besides, when meaning "moreover," is an adverb:

"Set you down this,
And say, *besides*, that in Aleppo once."

These illustrations are single specimens, but an intelligent writer will readily see the force of their application, and it is to be hoped that the use of *beside* as an adverb may be "reformed altogether." Q.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."—We find in a New York paper the following account of this most popular song; but whether true or not we must leave to the investigations of others:

"It was written by Samuel P. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets. Near by, in Frankfort-street, was a drinking-shop, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *cuvée* was superior to any thing he had ever tasted. 'No,' said Mallory, 'you are mistaken; there was one which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth, dubiously. 'The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer.' The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. 'True, true,' he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the 'Old Oaken Bucket,' one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be forever embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations."

SMOKING AND THE PIPE.—That the clay pipe was the original form of producing the smoke nuisance is evident from the following lines in Skelton's "Eleanor Rummin." After lamenting the knavery of that age as compared with King Harry's time, he continues:

"Nor did that time know,
To puff and to blow,
In a piece of white clay,
As you do at this day,
With fier and coale
And a leaf in a boale," etc.

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."—This phrase originated in the following incident: In 1749 an orphan boy applied at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine

journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital he purchased fruit, which he retailed at profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honor smiled upon the young tradesman, so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the College of Heraldry for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel of his carriage-door: "Nine tailors made me a man."

THE SLEEP OF FISHES.—In reply to the query, "Do fishes ever sleep?" I regret that I am not able to give you a very satisfactory reply. Naturalists, I think, are not agreed on the point—some contending that all kinds of fishes have their naps, while others affirm that only a few sleep. That some inhabitants of the water do sleep is, I think, very clear. Captain Scoresby, of the British Navy, makes mention of the sleep of porpoises and sharks; and a friend of mine, who has spent three years before the mast, says he has seen a whale asleep. Hoping that some one better informed than myself may furnish you a more satisfactory answer to the query,

I remain, yours, truly,

E. H.

TWO INQUIRIES.—Yourself and your readers have probably seen something like the following. A very old book in my possession has a black-letter label pasted on its inside reading thus. Can you give me its origin?

"Steal not this booke, my honest friends,
For fear ye gallows be ye ends;
For if you doe, the Lord will say,
'Where is that booke you stole away!'"

And the following—can you tell who wrote it?

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were ev'ry stalk on earth a quill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade,
To tell the love of God alone
Would drain the ocean dry.
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky."

Yours,

P. Q. R.

RESURRECTED.—*Mr. Editor*,—In your department of the Repository, not the least interesting and instructive is that portion appropriated to "Notes and Queries." Will you, therefore, or some of your correspondents, give your readers the etymology of "*resurrected*"—a word which appears to be growing into use, but which, to me, presents no claims to legitimacy, as there is no word in our language from which it can be derived: it has the form of a perfect participle, and participles are formed only from verbs. The word in question, therefore, is without parentage.

Respectfully,

TRIMONT.

MINOR QUERIES.—1. To whom must be attributed this couplet?

"A slanderer felt a serpent bite his side—
What followed from the bite? *the serpent died.*"

2. Please give me, *Mr. Editor*, the origin of the words "pasteboard" and "bound in boards," and oblige a

LOVER OF CURIOSITIES.

3. "*Thence*" and "*From Thence*"—"Hence" and "*From Hence*."—Is there any propriety, *Mr. Editor*, in saying "from thence" and "from hence"—rather, is it not a palpable violation of the rules of rhetoric? Who can help me to some light on the subject? COMA.

4. What is the origin of the term "old fogy?"

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

MAKING A DISTINCTION.—A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction."

A cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked: "Is it under any circumstances lawful to baptize in soup?"

"I make a distinction," says the priest. "If you ask is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say no! If you ask is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup, I say yes! for there is really no difference between it and water."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike-gate, when he said, "What is to pay?" "Pay, sir! for what?" asked the turnpike-man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir." "No horse! Bless me, sir!" said he, suddenly, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback." Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street, and invited me to meet myself. "Dine with me to-day, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." I admitted the temptation he held out with me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time, on meeting me, he put his arm through mine, muttering, "I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street." As we proceeded together W. passed. "That is the villain," exclaimed he, "who helped me yesterday to asparagus, and gave me no roast." He very nearly upset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the house of commons, and, tapping on the ground with it, cried out, in a low but very audible whisper, "Hear, hear, hear!"—*Sydney Smith.*

THE OLD HERMIT.—In the disgraceful and paltry war of the Frowd, in the minority of Louis XIV, of France, the Prince of Conde and the Cardinal de Retz, leaders of the opposing factions, during a short truce went together to view the curious garden of an old hermit, famous as a florist. They amused themselves by keeping him attentive to their discourse while they trod to pieces his best flowers on each side of the path. He soon discovered their plan, and, shaking his gray locks, cried, "Alas! alas! how much were it to be wished that you could agree in plans to relieve your distressed country with the same readiness which you show in joining to persecute a helpless solitary!"

A SENSIBLE STAR-GAZER.—An astronomer, who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him, "What will you now do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher. "I am now bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!" By these words the astronomer taught his friends that he had transferred his affections from the created to the Creator—that, instead of finding

his highest pleasure *out of God*, he found it *IN GOD*; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the eternal.

THE STOLEN BOOK.—A man in Yorkshire once saw a book, entitled "Vindicie Pietatis," at a sale; he coveted the book, and stole it; but, on taking it home and reading it, it proved the means of his conversion to God. He then took it back to its owner, acknowledged his crime in stealing it, but blessed God, who had overruled it for the salvation of his soul.

A RAT AT PRAYERS.—Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope in the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his back laid bare to the rod; when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on the boy as the greatest dunce in the school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

"There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to prayers."

Sheridan instantly dropped his rod, and instead of a whipping gave him half a crown.

HIDING HER HUSBAND.—It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who, being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered she had hid him. This confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" says the lady. "Yes," says the king. "I give you my word for it." "Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart; there you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies.

AN IRRELIGIOUS SAILOR.—A sailor, who had not seen the inside of a church for some time, went into one just as the minister gave out for his text, "Wilt thou go with me to Ramoth Gilead, to battle?" which being twice repeated, the sailor, with some warmth, rose up, and exclaimed, "What, do none of you answer the gentleman? For my part, if nobody else will go, I'll go with him myself, with all my heart."

SOUTH AND SHERLOCK.—In the great dispute between South and Sherlock, the latter, who was a great courtier, said, "His adversary reasoned well, but he barked, like a cur." To which the other replied, "That fawning was the property of a cur as well as barking."

SCOT AND SOT.—A pragmatismal young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned John Scot, asked him what difference there was between Scot and sot. "Just the breadth of the table," answered the other.

Editor's Table.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—The opening article by Bishop Morris on "Fast People" is suggestive, and full of the sententious and vivacious spirit of the author; the description of the Ohio Wesleyan University by its President is valuable for the historical information it imparts, and shows in how short time a first-class university may be established when people having the means have also the will to contribute of these means; Mr. Casseday's brief sketch of Mrs. Welby, the well-known Louisville poetess, is replete with interest, and one salutes it regretting that it was not longer; "Giants of the Human Race" goes against the doctrine that a race of giants has peopled the earth, and treats the subject of giants' bones with levity; "Scenes in the French Revolution" is a paper that reveals some of the darkest shades in which we are accustomed to look upon man—your blood will almost curdle as you read some of the paragraphs; "Lost and Found" touches the heart in a place of tenderness, and will stir your warmest sympathies; "Ecclesiastical History" is on a topic of not very common discussion in a lady's magazine, but is, nevertheless, worthy of attention by all ladies who would be considered well-read; "The Bird of Heaven," "The Dying Daughter," and "Jesse," are poetical papers of considerable merit; Professor Nadal's "Power of Right" exhibits terseness, elegance, and earnestness in its discussion, and imparts many valuable hints; "A Midshipman's Adventure with a Baby" is laughable; "Our Mother was a Remarkable Woman," by Rev. L. D. Barrows, teaches a lesson alike valuable to parents and children; "The Sea is Full of Life" furnishes facts not very familiar to the general reader, and is well-spiced in style; "How to Make Home Intolerable" is a rehearsal of some most valuable domestic truths; "A Chapter on Floral Superstitions" is a superior paper, and contains many interesting anecdotes; "The Intensity of Modern Life," by Miss Fry, reveals some facts which all of us are too unwilling in our practice to admit; "Miscellaneous Reading" is the first half of Dr. Thomson's late baccalaureate before the students of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and is able to speak for itself; "A Dinner Under Trying Circumstances" shows how a man fell into the hands of a lunatic and how he escaped. The other articles of the number, poetical as well as prose, the reader will find of at least sufficient merit, we trust, to secure them a perusal.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We have rarely ever sent out two more lively and attractive pictures than those which accompany this number. The engraving in each instance, too, is of a superior order. Of their subjects enough has been said elsewhere.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles in prose we are compelled to decline: "Broken Hearts;" "Slavery;" "The World of Mankind the Field for our Researches;" "The Setting Sun;" "Music;" and the following in poetry: "Thoughts Suggested on the Death of a Friend;" "Lines to an Invalid Sister;" "The Stream of Death;" "To Amanda;" "The Cross;" "Reflections Suggested by an Evening Walk." We will not discuss the truth or untruth of the old Latin adage, "Poets are born, and not made;" yet we will remark, that talent in poetry which many have deemed only mediocre has been cultivated into superior excellence, while decided poetic

power has often been sunk into the merest commonplace by indolence and carelessness. Between rhyme and poetry there is a mighty gulf which only patient study can bridge over. We hope, therefore, that our poetic correspondents will send us nothing except that which has cost them real pains.

MISCELLANY.—*Criticizing a Fine Sermon.*—Through the post-office last month we received this note: "A few evenings since, Mr. Editor, I was spending an hour with a reverend friend—a Doctor of Divinity, by the way, and a most exemplary and pious man. We were discussing, among other religious topics, that of ministerial earnestness and piety, when the Doctor made a sudden divergence, and told the following incident: 'Years ago, when living at Princeton, N. J., there was a man remarkable for his fine preaching talents; that is to say, he could frame elegant sentences, and speak them from the pulpit with great grace and dignity. I recollect his preaching on a certain special occasion. There was a great crowd out; and when the sermon was over, I walked home with a group of half a dozen theological students, among whom was a thoughtful but somewhat quizzical Yankee, named P. The sermon was praised as being exceedingly fine by all except P. At last he was pressed for an opinion, and, coming to a dead halt, he abruptly exclaimed, "The sermon, gentlemen, was fine—very fine—as fine, indeed, as fine chaff—but, gentlemen, it would take a cart-load of such sermons to convert even the soul of a musketo!" After that there was no more talk about fine sermons.' There is a moral to the incident, but I leave that for you and your readers to draw."

The Preacher and Jack Sheppard.—At Newgate, England, after the escape of the notorious Jack Sheppard, a Dissenting minister preached a sermon on "Sinners and Sinning," in the course of which he remarked as follows.

"How dexterously did Jack pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail—burst his fetters asunder—climb up the chimney—wrench out an iron bar—break his way through a stone wall—make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him—fix a blanket to the wall with a spike stolen from the chapel—descend to the top of the turner's house—cautiously pass down stairs, and make his escape at the street-door!"

"I shall spiritualize these things. Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of joining the Church; let yourself down to the turner's house of resignation; descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape from the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN.—*A City to Take.*—The following, from the Ladies' Own Journal, England, is good, notwithstanding the great Crimean city has been taken:

"Last Sabbath evening, an esteemed clergyman in the eastern district of Edinburgh was examining the congregational school. The subject was the fall of Jericho.

'Have we not a city to take?' inquired the reverend gentleman. 'Yes, sir,' promptly answered a little boy. 'What city?' continued the clergyman. 'Why,' answered the little fellow with energy, 'we have Sevastopol to take!'

Keeping a Carriage on. Driving an Omnibus.—Mr. Editor,—Passing along the street the other day, I heard a conversation between two children which reveals a phase in human nature. Number one says, "My father keeps a carriage." Number two, not to be outdone, responds, "My father drives an omnibus."

Mother and God.—A few days since a little boy, only six years old, was precipitated to the bottom of a deep vault in Cincinnati by the caving in of the floor. He struggled against death in his horrible situation for over an hour and a half. When rescued, he exclaimed, "O mother, when I fell, I called loudly upon you, but you did not answer; then I shut my eyes, and called upon God." We hardly know when we have met with an incident more beautiful.

Praying Eight Times.—Little Charlie has been taught by a pious mother the necessity of nightly prayer, but his little heart has taught him an improvement on the original plan. Charlie was tumbling into bed one night as soon as his tunic and pantalets were exchanged for his small white night-dress. "My little boy must kneel by me, and thank his heavenly Father for his care of him," said his mother, as she took his hand. "O no," says Charlie, looking joyously into her face, "I sa'ant have to say any prayers for eight days: I said 'em over eight times before I went to bed last night."

A Little Girl's Talk.—Walking out with our household pet, says an eastern editor, a little girl of four years, one day, gathering flowers, I noticed a bay-tree with its large white blossoms on the bank of the stream. I pointed them out to her, and endeavored to make her see them. After an ineffectual attempt, she took my hand, and, proceeding in the direction indicated, said: "Let's go closer, pa; I can't see them. Your face is bigger than mine."

She had been a good deal wayward through the day; in truth, behaving, as we say, "very bad." In the evening, however, the storm cleared off, and the sky became bright and serene. Coming to me in quite an amiable mood, I accosted her with, "Well, daughter, is your 'badness' all over for the day?"

"Pa, I an't 'badness' all over—just a little bit."

I had wound up my watch and laid it on the table, remarking, "This watch goes too fast," not supposing that she had noticed what I had said or did. After a considerable interval, and when she had been out and in several times, she picked it up and brought it to me, holding it in one hand to her ear, and the key in the other. "Please, pa, look it up again; it's running away mighty fast."

Preaching Small.—"Mother," said a little girl, after coming home from church one Sunday, "mother, won't you ask the minister to preach small, so that I can understand him? I don't know what he means." What a rebuke to those ostentatious divines who "shoot the arrows of the word over the heads of their audiences in flourishes of affected rhetoric!" "There is," says a religious cotemporary, "an idea extant that to speak plain Saxon is not to speak learnedly. Hence, it must be Latinized to get its proper rotundity. We have heard of one who, in quoting the beautiful Saxon, 'O, the length and breadth, the height and the depth,' etc., put it into good

English eloquence thus: 'O, the latitude and the longitude, the altitude and the profundity!'" That must have been as plain to the audience as the following figure: "The Bible gives light; it is like an orifice in any edifice, covered with pellucid plates for the transmission of pelion rays!" That is, it is like a window!

Little Children, by Mary Howitt.—The following lines possess no great poetic merit; but they are so simple, natural, and sympathetic, that we can not help admiring them:

"Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water-side;
Wandering o'er the heathy hills;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fire-side;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless every-where!
In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Where'er a foot hath gone;
Where'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter, and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experiences!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!"

STRAY GEMS.—Sanctified Affliction.—Sanctified affliction, like rain after dry weather, lays the dust of passions, softens the soul into resignation, and causes gratitude to spring forth.

The Education we should Give our Children.—Give children a sound moral and literary education—useful learning for sails, integrity for ballast—set them afloat on the sea of life, and their voyage will be prosperous in the best sense of the word.

Harsh Words.—Harsh words are like hallstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

NEXT TO THE LAST NUMBER.—With the next number we shall close the fifteenth volume of the Ladies' Repository. Our friends may expect a circular from the Publishers to accompany that number. They will state the plans and purposes for the forthcoming volume. A feeling of sadness comes over us as we find ourself so near the close of the labors of another year. Truly time is on the wing. Its years, how they seem to dwindle down to months, its months to weeks, and its weeks to days! But we have only to *toil* and *wait*; to sow now that we may reap by and by. We look forward with confidence and hope.







THE TOWN.

*And all the town is busy to-day and
to-morrow, for the great festival is near.*

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1855.

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

OF the three thousand languages now spoken in the world, the English, perhaps, is the most conspicuous and the most important. It is the vernacular of the freest and mightiest people on each side of the sea; it embodies the largest literature, and the greatest altogether, since Christ; it has written, and is writing, the grandest of modern histories; it holds first voice in the politics, the diplomacy, and the commerce of the nations; it is the most frequently heard on all the oceans; it strikes the oftenest on foreign ears in all strange lands; and from this American republic here, it seems to prophesy itself to all the earth, and assert the universality of its destiny. Indeed, if any extant language is to be universal to the future brotherhood of man, the English, or American—*English* the historic epithet, *American* the prophetic—is undoubtedly that language.

But is there to be a universal language? The thing seems reasonable, and not improbable. However, if there be, it will not be suddenly born from the heads of cloistered philosophers and Utopian dreamers of melodious words. The creation of what is denominated a philosophic language for universal use has been demonstrated to be a "chimera ruminating in abstraction," and, perhaps, will never be attempted again. Savans may construct their perfect languages in their closets, and ponder and dream with the beautiful words they have invented; but when they come out into the world to converse with their kind, they must employ the speech which is the outgrowth of the soul of the people, and which, with all its irregularities and incongruities, was learned upon the mother's knee. They are compelled to perceive that language is not built like an edifice, but grows like a tree; and that as the

beauty and strength of the tree depend upon soil, climate, culture, and age, so do the beauty and strength of a language. And the fact that articulate voice is varied by soil—mental soil—and climate, interposes an insurmountable obstacle to the arbitrary creation and immediate adoption of a universal philosophic language.

It is a curious and interesting phenomenon that the speech of a people indicates not only the character of their mind, but the climate of their country: language, as well as the earth, has the characteristics of latitude. Commencing at the tropics, and ascending toward the poles, we find that, other conditions being equal, the harsher elements of speech increase and the softer decrease in a perceptible ratio, and that vocal articulation becomes more abrupt and crabbed from the warmer toward the colder parallels. But this principle must be understood to apply in its full force only to indigenous languages, since it requires ages for an exotic speech to become acclimated to a country. The mellifluous and musical Italian may aptly be collated with the rough and dissonant Russian in illustration of this theory. Take *Pachomochka*, a Russian geographical name, and contrast it with the Italian *Palmarola*. In the former there are, of the nine elements which compose it, five soft, *a, o, m, o, a*, and four hard, *P, ch, (guttural,) ch, k*; in the latter, of the same number of elements, there is but one mute, *P*, and all the rest are vowels and liquids—*almarola*. *Pachomochka* is a sterile, frozen word, significant of Siberian ice and Slavonic snows; while *Palmarola* is eloquent of Italian skies and voluptuous airs blowing, balmy with the breath of spicy islands, over silver seas. *Pachomochka* is so rigid and rugged as to be repulsive; *Palmarola*, so liquid and luscious as to lack that positiveness and true energy which the *strong joints of articulation* impart to language. Like the vegetation, the words of low

latitudes grow soft and luxuriant; those of high, hard and barren; while those of middle latitudes, holding the golden mean, are strong, and yet, at the same time, voluble enough—succinct, yet sufficiently full.

Now, if any language is ever to be universal, it is manifest that it must become so by its superior adaptability to all climates and peoples, by the superior character of the nation or nations that employ it, and through the propagandism of science, commerce, and religion. To be most adaptable to all climates, it must, according to the foregoing theory, proceed from the middle regions of one of the temperate zones—plainly the north temperate, since the energy of the world is always on this side of the line. To be most adaptable to all peoples, it must be at once the most fit to compass the thoughts of all and the most simple and natural in its grammatical construction. That a nation superior in general character to all others, through the instrumentalities of quickened and ever-quickening science, commerce, and religion, may sometime succeed in universalizing such a language is quite consistent with the hopes of the Christian, the democrat, and the philosopher. For, if mankind are ever to become one family in knowledge, truth, and liberty, as all great, good men hope, why may it not reasonably be hoped also, as a concomitant, that they are to become one in speech—the great circulating medium of these blessings—and that the millennial brotherhood of the race is to un-Babelize the nations?

But how are science, commerce, and religion to promote this desirable reconciliation of tongues? Science discovers truths, and gives them names; and these names, especially when formed with Greek or Latin roots, become, with little, if any modification, common to the languages of the civilized world; and thus far these languages are in effect the same. For a single instance, *carbonate of magnesia* is *carbonate de magnésie* in French, *carbonato di magnesia* in Italian, and *carbonato de magnesia* in Spanish. The names in geography, too, which commerce principally makes known to all the world, constitute a part of the common language of mankind. And commerce introduces not only these words interchangeably into the learning of the various nations, but numerous others also into their arts; and thus the universalizing process goes on. *Tobacco* is exported to France, and it is *tabac*; to Germany, *tabak*; to Spain, *tobaco*; to Italy, *tobacco* still. Thus interchanging products and their names, to and fro goes commerce round the world; and religion follows after, propagating the truths of

Jesus, and fraternizing the races into one faith, one speech, and one family.

If, then, it is destined that one language shall, like Aaron's rod, swallow up all the rest—a supposition here advanced only as a probability—the rivalry for universality manifestly lies among the great cultivated languages of Christendom within the north temperate zone; namely, the English, the French, the Italian, the Spanish, and the German. Which of these shall prevail must depend upon the relative merits of the languages themselves, and upon the relative characters of the nations speaking them. But, as to national character, in the respect of integrity, in the respect of general intelligence, in the respect of civil and religious liberty, in the respect of commercial, political, and international importance, the speakers of English, as before intimated, on the continent and on the isles, have no rivals. Present and prospective, they are the ascendant race on the globe. As this is undeniable, the question remains only upon the relative merits of the languages themselves.

The German, by reason of the northern harshness and involubility of its utterance, by reason of the cabalistic uncouthness of its print, and by reason of the antique complexity of its grammatical construction, although rich in certain kinds of literature, may fairly be considered out of the competition. Of the Romanic languages, the Italian, the Spanish, and the French, the latter is the predominant, and involves the important peculiarities which disparage all three in their comparison with the English; besides, the two former, though very beautiful, the one sweet and soft, the other sonorous and majestic, yet are much degraded in their consequence by the characters of the nations that speak them, who have died out of glory, died out of religion, and died out of liberty. If the Spanish, as has been somewhere said, is "the language of kings," the Italian is the language of slaves; and *slave* and *king* shall be obsolete synonyms to the democratic future.

The question, then, seems to be reduced to whether the French or the English is at once the most capable of compassing the thought of every people and the most simple and natural in its grammatical construction. The English is the more copious of the two, and the more capable of copiousness; that is, it has words for the expression of more varieties of mentality, and its genius more readily admits and assimilates foreign words to increase the number. A little instance of this difference in copiousness, which has also been used facetiously to illustrate the

difference in character of the two peoples, is in point: the Englishman, whose propensity to roast beef is proverbial, says, "*I LIKE roast beef, I LOVE my wife;*" while the Frenchman has it, "*J'AIME le roastif, J'AIME mon épouse.*" What Dr. Blair wrote a hundred years ago is much more true now. "Few languages," says he, "are, in fact, more copious than the English. In all grave subjects, especially, historical, critical, political, and moral, no writer has the least reason to complain of the barrenness of our tongue. The studious, reflecting genius of the people has brought together great store of expressions, on such subjects, from every quarter. We are rich, too, in the language of poetry. Our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves; which shows what a stock and compass of words we have it in our power to select and employ, suited to those different occasions. Herein we are infinitely superior to the French, whose poetical language, if it were not distinguished by rhyme, would not be known to differ from their ordinary prose."

The French, on account of its pretty polish and coalescing fluency, excels as an elegant conversational language, and prevails at court with the aristocracy of several nations; but, what with its backhanded circumlocution of reflexive verbs and artificial superfluity of particles, its arbitrary and unnatural scheme of genders, and its corresponding inflection of articles, adjectives, and participles, it is not adapted to the democracy of literature, which it is hoped will one day prevail over all the earth. The people, whose time is too much engrossed in toil to allow them leisure for extending and pushing their knowledge against obstacles, when they have a difficult language to manage, learn to content themselves with a small number of words, and consequently in a narrow compass of thought. Hence, much of the failure of freedom in France is attributable to the *upper tendency*—if the pun of the italics may be allowed—of her learning; for it is hard to propagate republicanism—which is only national intelligence reduced to practice—it is hard to propagate republicanism in an aristocratic language.

The French must learn the factitious genders of all inanimate things—learn to speak of a tree as *he*, and of a house as *she*; but the English, logically and naturally, unless by a figure, call every *thing* simply *it*. The definite article, which in English is always *the*, without modification, in French must be *le*, *la*, or *les*, according as the word to which it relates is masculine, feminine, or

plural. In English it may be said that a man, a woman, horses, flowers, are *beautiful*; in French, to express the same quality, *beau* must be used of the man, *belle* of the woman, *beaux* of the horses, and *belles* of the flowers—making four different forms for the same word. And not only the articles and adjectives in French must thus have genders and numbers, but the participles, too! In English there is no such irrational conservatism of ancient grammar; the language reflects the spirit of the times, simplifying and thus beautifying every thing according to the plain truth. "It is," again to quote Blair, "the most simple in its form and construction of all the European dialects. It is free from all intricacy of cases, declensions, moods, and tenses. Its words are subject to fewer variations from their original form than those of any other language. Its substantives have no distinction of gender except what nature has made, and but one variation in case. Its adjectives admit of no change at all, except what expresses the degrees of comparison. Its verbs, instead of running through all the varieties of ancient conjugation, suffer no more than four or five changes in termination. By the help of a few prepositions and auxiliary verbs, all the purposes of significancy in meaning are accomplished; while the words for the most part preserve their form unchanged."

Now, if what has been advanced does not prove that the English is destined to be the one speech universal, it at least suggests how important a language it is and is to be, and how great a lever it offers us for elevating the hundreds of millions who are to use it in the future. And considering that the more nearly perfect it is the more will it recommend itself to universal adoption, and thus the more will it promote the Christianization of mankind, we ought to give more attention to its culture. The schools and colleges, instead of devoting so disproportionate a share of their time to ancient philology—a study, however, not to be disparaged or decried—should make more of English grammar, and give its analysis a more distinguished place in their inculcations of philosophy and art. We have too many graduates whose grammatical scholarship is all two thousand years old, and who, though able to render Pindar and enjoy Tacitus, yet can not compose ten consecutive English sentences without a blunder. And then we are disgraced with certain literary pretenders, who, too indolent or too self-sufficient to learn any thing but merely to read plain English, not knowing a preposition from a pronoun, have the audacity to write and print, and corrupt the language

and pervert the public taste. Every speaker and writer ought to regard his language as the public property of the nation—as a great instrument, which he is permitted to use, with the implied understanding that he is not to abuse it, but is to leave it as good as he found it, if not better. There is room for infinite improvement in every language; for perfection is a thing that may never be expected in any; and there are palpable defects in the English, which, on account of the neglect and ignorance aforementioned, are disappearing too gradually, nevertheless are disappearing, simply by the law of progression.

The orthography involves, perhaps, the greatest defect yet remaining to the English; though it has been constantly improving itself—for its *violent* reformists have done little to improve it—ever since the origin of the language. Even a hundred years ago it was very rude and irregular, and the most common words were often spelled variously by the same author. Its tendency has steadily been toward simplicity and regularity, dropping off, from time to time, the uncouth and unnecessary consonants, till now there seems little more to be done to better it, without a new alphabet. For he who, as Gerald Massey in his recent book of poems, affects such spelling as *wrackt, dipt, clipt*, sacrifices the regularity of a whole class of words to the simplicity of a few, and multiplies the perplexity; since such words as *roved* can not be shortened in spelling, as *rovd*, without shortening also the sound of the *o*, nor *hoped*, as *hopt*, without the same effect. The fact is, that, with a little further discarding of silent, useless letters from some words, so as to abridge such as *though* into *tho*, *through* into *thro*, we have gone about as far in the simplification of our orthography as, with the present alphabet, we can, consistently with that regularity which is quite as desirable as simplicity. A complete phonetic alphabet is a desideratum; and though recent attempts have been made to initiate such a one, the printed characters proposed have generally been so untasteful and ugly that they could never displace our present beautiful letters. Those invented by Dr. Comstock are perhaps the handsomest; yet they do not make as fine a typography as do the twenty-six we now have. The creation of a new alphabet should be assigned to a committee of men of taste and cultivation, who ought to aim at beauty as well as utility.

Another reform necessary to our orthography is the introduction of some system into the formation of compound words. And here again simplicity should obtain. All permanent compounds—that is, all such as are found in the standard diction-

aries, and all such as are frequently employed—should be written and printed without the hyphen, as also should all such as are formed with the common prefixes and affixes. There is no earthly reason that such words as *today, tomorrow, twenty-six, fiftytwo, backhanded, aforementioned, Maytime, hearthstone, peachtree, appletree, selfsufficient, self-glorying, reappear, homelike, citylike, dayless, landless, heavenward, gloryward*, should be disjointed with a mark that subserves no other purpose than to disfigure print and perplex printers. Let all typographers that wish to simplify and beautify their art adopt this simple rule in reference to compounds, and they shall not err: Set solid all compounds that are found in the standard dictionaries, all that are in frequent use, whether found there or not, and all that are formed with the common prefixes and affixes, *re, in, self, up, like, less, ward*, etc. Only those compounds should be formed with the hyphen which are new and not in frequent use. The phrases *in stead, an other, can not*, being formed of separate and distinct words, should no more be compounded, either with or without the hyphen, than should the phrases *in place, may not, the other*. To prove it by an example: "*Can he not come in my stead, or in stead of an other—a certain other—to be plain, the other whom you know I love.*"

In the etymological part of grammar, too, there is an urgent necessity of reform: it is in the use of *t, st, and est* as endings of the verb in the second person singular. Personal terminations to the verb in English are well-nigh useless, and are merely relics of the ancient schemes of conjugation, which dispensed with the personal pronouns. It has been the constant tendency of our verb to drop these unimportant terminations; and it can not be doubted that their total disuse in all the past and future tenses would contribute much to the euphony as well as to the regularity and simplicity of our conjugation, so simple and regular already. None of the personal terminations but those of the second person are employed out of the present and the perfect of the indicative, except in the conjugation of the irregular verb *be*. For the sake of simplicity, uniformity, and euphony, the second person singular ought to follow the method of the third, and be varied when, and only when, this is varied. Good writers have given us authority for this rule: The personal terminations of the singular, in the regular English conjugation, are *st* or *est* for the second person, and *s* or *es*, rarely *th* or *eth*, for the third—*est* and *es* adding one syllable to the radical verb, *st* and *s* adding none; and

these terminations should be employed only in the present and the perfect of the indicative mood. This rule generally adopted, the language would no longer be lumbered and disgraced with such unutterable monstrosities as *thou want'st, thou work'st, thou mixest, thou shrugg'st, thou pronouncedst*—or, in good sooth, *thou triedst* to pronounce! Instead, we should have *thou wantest, thou mixest, thou wanted, thou mized, thou shalt, may, can, will, might want*. But to the authorities:

"O *thou* my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallówed lips with fire!"
POPE.

"One sole condition would I dare suggest,
That *thou* could save me from my own request."
JANE TAYLOR.

"*Thou*, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates." BROWN.

"And *thou* their nature *knowest*, and gave them names,
Needless to thee repeated." MILTON.

"*Thou* from the arctic regions came. Perhaps
Thou noticed on thy way a little orb,
Attended by one moon—her lamp by night." POLLOCK.

"*Thou* saw the fields laid bare and waste." BURN.

"But *thou*, false Arcite, never *shalt* obtain." DAYDEN.

"That *thou* might Fortune to thy side engage."
PRIOR.

Thus, with a little more study to systematize and simplify our language in its grammar, more attention to its capability of melody, and a more complete phonetic alphabet, we shall possess the mightiest means that God has given to man of civilizing, democratizing, and Christianizing the world.

A FACT WITH A MORAL.

A CELEBRATED artist, in one of his rambles, met with the most beautiful child he had ever seen. "I will paint the portrait of this child," he said, "and keep it for my own; for I may never look upon its like again." He painted it, and when trouble came, and evil passions moved his spirit to rebel, he gazed upon the likeness of the boy, and passion fled, and holier thoughts entranced his soul. Years passed away, and at length, within a prison's walls, stretched upon the floor of stone, he sees a man, stained with blood, with glaring eyes and haggard face, and, with demoniac rage, cursing himself and blaspheming God, as he lay waiting the hour of his execution. The artist transferred his likeness also to the canvas. Upon inquiry, he found the portraits were of the same individual.

THE BLOSSOM IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

DO you ever judge, reader, of the character of the inmates from the physiognomy of their houses? I do. And so when the stage swept round the corner, I looked out eagerly, for, as the driver had told me, about "ten rod up the road" stood the house of Philander White. His wife was my mother's own cousin, and I was just thirteen years old when I went there to make my first visit. There had been some quarrel between the families two or three score of years anterior to my visit; and though my mother and Mrs. White had never participated in this, the feud of their ancestors had doubtless evolved something of coldness between them.

But to "cut short a long story," for pen and paper gossip may be more dignified, but not a whit *better* than tea-party scandal. I had been an invalid all the previous winter.

When the soft April days, to which my mother looked forward so eagerly, came, they brought no bloom to my cheek, no vigor to my step. My constitution seemed to have lost all its recuperative power, and the doctor said, "Send her into the country, Mrs. May. If that doesn't help her, she is lost to you."

Just before this Mrs. White had heard, through a mutual friend, of my illness, and the very day of the blunt physician's ultimatum brought a letter to my mother. "For the sake of our old love, Jane," it read, "let all that may have come between you and me at an earlier time be forgotten. The grass is springing green on the hills of Meadow brook, and now—in this late May—is the time for Jennie to come to us. There is a prophecy of *health* for her in the soft wind that is lifting the edges of my paper as I write. We know she is your all, and we will be very tender of your darling. Will you not trust her with us for a single summer?"

And before another week had passed my trunk was packed for "*Philander White's, Esq., Meadow brook.*"

I looked out, as I said, and there sat the pleasant white house, with its green window blinds, between the shrubbery in front and the cherry-trees behind. My heart went out to it once, as it did a moment later to the gentle-voiced woman and the fair, dark-haired girl, who rushed out on the broad front steps, and, kissing my cheeks, said, "Cousin Jennie, you are very welcome."

But it is not to tell you of that summer, though I look across the gray years to its green

picture in the May-land of my memory, that I have taken up my pen this morning.

Suffice it, the mountain breezes of Meadow brook did their work well; and when, in the early autumn, my mother came for her child, she could hardly identify the rosy-cheeked girl that rushed in, with her curls tangling about her face, and put up her rosy lips for a kiss.

I think it must have been nearly two months after my domestication at aunt Myra's—for so I called my mother's cousin—before uncle Charles Brace, her husband's brother, visited us. He was a minister, and Cora and I anticipated the gentleman's advent with any thing but pleasurable emotions.

Our preconceived notions of the gentleman's elongated visage and solemn, Puritanical manner, which we regarded as necessary concomitants of the profession, soon vanished before the beautiful kindling of his smile and the winning gentleness of his manner. He was uncle Phil's youngest brother, not more than twenty-eight at that time; and his religion had deepened and harmonized his fine poetic temperament without checking the outflow of that under current of humor which sparkled through his character. "Uncle Charlie" was soon our companion in our rides and rambles, and our confidant in all our girlish plans.

"You don't really mean so, uncle Charlie?" and Cora's bright face was lifted from the roses and geraniums we were weaving into a *bouquet* for the parlor-mantle. "You don't really *think* what you just said, that in every heart there is some fountain, some blossom in the human wilderness of every soul?"

He put down his paper, and came toward us. "I haven't a doubt of it, my little girl. The story I was just reading of the hardened old man who cried because the child gave him a 'bunch of marigolds' corroborates my remark. The light that is in us can not quite become darkness; the heart that might bring forth 'fruit a hundred fold' for the harvest of heaven, will never yet become such a desert but some good seed might take root therein."

"I don't believe 'twould though in Farmer Keep. You don't know him as well as I do, uncle Charlie. He's one of the richest men in all Meadow brook, worth thousands and thousands. He's an old bachelor, you know, and lives in that great red house on the road to Woodbury, you remember? Well, he never goes to church; he never gives a cent to the poor; he never loved a human being or did a kind thing in all his life. Now, don't you think Farmer Keep— Why, grandma Deane, how do you do?"

The old lady whose entrance put this sudden period to my cousin's earnest peroration, came slowly toward the rocking-chair Cora drew out for her. She was the oldest person in the village. The hair under her cap, white as hill-side snow, had imprisoned the sunshine of four-score and ten summers. But she still retained much of the physical and mental stamina which, with her active temperament, had made her so vigorous a woman for many years.

"What's that you're saying, child, about Farmer Keep?" said the old lady, with a pleasant smile, as she pinned her knitting-sheath to her waist.

"Why, I was telling uncle Charlie what a cold, hard kind of man he is. You've always known him, grandma Deane. Now, did he ever do a good thing or ever love any body in his life?"

"Yes, he loved a girl once, I remember."

"*Farmer Keep loved a girl once!*" repeated Cora, with a half-contemptuous and wholly skeptical curl of her berry-red lip. "She's forgotten," she added, in an under tone to her uncle and me, for grandma Deane was slightly deaf.

"No, I haven't forgotten either," placing her hand on Cora's hair. "I have held Lucy Reid on my lap too often, and rocked her cradle—poor, little motherless thing—too many times to forget."

Cora's look of incredulity was giving way to one of curiosity. "Grandma Deane, won't you tell us all about it? Jennie and I will sit down on this big stool, and I know by that look in uncle Charlie's eyes he wants to hear, too. Come, Jennie, let the flowers go;" and my vivacious cousin established herself on the stool at the old lady's feet.

Grandma Deane slipped the yarn round her little finger, and commenced: "Let me see, it can't be more than forty-two or three years this summer since Justin Keep came up to Farmer Reid's, to let himself out for hired boy through harvesting."

"The Reid's house stood a little this side of Stony creek. There's nothing left of it now except the chimney, that looks out, gray and cold, from the green grass all about it; but fifty years ago it was a fine old place, with the lilacs in front, and the hop vines running all round the back. Lucy was hardly three weeks old when she lost her mother. Her father never married again, and the child grew up there in the old home as fair and sweet as the flowers about it.

"She was turning into fifteen when Justin came there that summer. He was a shy, strange, awkward sort of a lad, and the neighbors all said

Farmer Reid never'd get the salt for his porridge out of him.

"He'd been bound out till he was eighteen to some man down in Maine, and he hadn't a relation in the world that he knew on, nor a suit of decent clothes, when he came to Farmer Reid's.

"But for all this, Justin proved himself a smart, likely boy, and the farmer, who somehow never was very forehanded—I always thought his wife's sudden death hurt him—found that Justin was a real prize.

"At first he was gloomy and silent, doing his work, and taking little notice of any body; but he couldn't stand it long before Lucy. I'd like to have seen the heart that girl's smile wouldn't have thawed out.

"She was just like a bird round the old place, singing from morning till night; and her blue eyes, that were like her mother's, seemed always letting out one laugh as her red lips did another. I never wondered her father doted on her as he did; and, of course, Justin wasn't long in the house before she tried to make friends with him.

"Poor fellow! it must have seemed very strange at first; for I don't think any body had ever given him a kind word till he came to Meadow brook.

"But he made ladders for her flower vines to run on, and got shells for the borders, and propped up the dahlias, and did a thousand other things, which took them out into the garden after supper, and made them the best of friends.

"Lucy had a playful, childish way about her, that made her seem much younger than she was; then she was small of her age; so at fifteen she didn't seem a day older than you, Cora.

"Well, she rode on top of Justin's hay-cart, and helped him husk the corn in the barn, and pretty soon the neighbors noticed a great change in Justin.

"He got him a new suit of clothes, and his face lost its old *down* look; and after harvesting Farmer Reid made him an offer to stay all winter.

"So Justin staid, and, taking Lucy's advice, went to the district school; and though he hadn't had any eddication before, he went ahead of many an old scholar that winter.

"Well, Justin staid with the farmer four years. Then he had a good offer somewhere in York state, and he concluded to accept it for the winter only.

"Lucy Reid was grown into a young woman by this time, and a handsomer one, children, these dim eyes never looked on.

"I don't know how it happened, for Lucy might have had her pick of the boys for miles around, but somehow she took to Justin, and

when he left they were engaged to be married one year from that time."

"Why, grandma Deane, you aren't going to stop now?" cried Cora, in alarm, for the old lady had laid down her knitting.

"No, my child," and she removed her spectacles and wiped her eyes. "But the rest is a sad story, and I must hurry over it.

"I don't know exactly how it happened, but that winter Lucy's father got into a terrible lawsuit with Squire Wheeler. There was some flaw in the title, and people said it was plain the old man must let the homestead go.

"They said, too, he'd never survive it; and better, perhaps, he never had than kept it as he did. But one day Squire Wheeler, to all the neighborhood's astonishment, rode over to the farm.

"What he did there was never exactly known, but in a little while it was rumored that the suit was withdrawn, and, come spring, Lucy Reid was to be married to Stillman Wheeler. And so it was. One bright March day she went into the old church yonder, and gave herself to him.

"He was a good-looking man, but not over smart, the neighbors whispered; and I always thought it was his money more than any thing else that kept him up."

"But Justin, grandma Deane—what became of Justin?"

"There is a dark look about the whole matter. Lucy was made the victim of some terrible falsehood. I never blamed her father, for the thought of losing the old homestead seemed completely to shatter him.

"I only know that Squire Wheeler and his son were at the bottom of it, and that Lucy Reid went to the altar believing that Justin Keep had been false to her."

"Dear me! how dreadful! Did he ever come back?"

"Yes, the next May. Lucy had been a wife two months. Justin had not heard of her marriage. She was at home, visiting her father. When she met him at the door, she fell down like one suddenly stricken with a fit.

"But he carried her into the house, and there they learned all. Both had been deceived!

"It was a terrible scene that old front room witnessed. Justin swore a terrible oath of vengeance; and it was not till, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, the young wife knelt to the only man she had ever loved, and pleaded for the life of her husband, that he promised for her sake to spare him.

"But from the day of Justin's visit Lucy

Wheeler was a changed woman. All the light and gladness of her being seemed dead in her, and she moved about her house, pale and quiet, with a look of patient suffering in her once sunny eyes that made my heart ache to behold."

"And her husband! Did she ever tell him what she had learned?"

"I think not. His father and Lucy's died in less than two years after the marriage. The Squire was much less wealthy than people supposed. The next spring Lucy and her husband removed west, and somehow people lost sight of them."

"And Justin?"

"You know the rest, my child. He became a moody, unhappy man; asking no sympathy, and giving none. But he was always smart at a bargain, and in a few years he laid up enough to buy out Deacon Platt's farm, when his son moved to the south.

"Ever since he has added acres to his lands, and hundreds to the banks; but, for all that, he's a man soured toward all his race—a man who was never known to give a little child a smile or a beggar a crust of bread. I have sometimes thought his heart was like a great desert, without a tree to shade or a stream to gladden it. And yet it bore a bright blossom once; and believe me, children, for it is the word of an old woman who has seen and known much of the ways of man, it is so always. The heart may be a great wilderness, *but in some of its by-ways there has grown a flower.*"

Cora and I looked at each other and at uncle Charlie. Just then aunt Myra came in. She had been out, and had not heard of grandma Deane's visit.

But Cora stole up to her uncle, and, winding her arms about his neck, whispered, "I shall believe it always, uncle Charlie, now I have heard that story about Farmer Keep, *that there is a blossom in the wilderness of every heart.*"

It was a sultry August day in the summer I passed at Meadow brook. The wind, low and slumberous as the hush of a mother's voice at nightfall, crept up through the corn, and down among the rye and wheat-fields, that lay like broad green folds about the dwelling of Farmer Keep. There was no poem of flowers written about the front yard; no graceful, harmonizing touches of creeping vine or waving curtains about the old red homestead; and yet it had a quiet, substantial, matter-of-fact physiognomy, that somehow made a *home* feeling about your heart.

I think it must have been this unconscious feeling which decided the course of the girl, who

stood at the point where the two roads diverged, and gazed wistfully about her that afternoon.

She seemed very tired, and her coarse straw-bonnet and calico dress were covered with dust. If you had looked in her face you would not have forgotten it. It could not have seen more than fifteen summers. It was very pale; and its sweet, sad beauty made you think of nothing but forest flowers drenched with summer rains. Her eyes were of that deep moist blue that rolls out from under the edge of April clouds, and her lips, ripe and full as meadow strawberries, had that touching sorrowfulness about them which tells you always the heart beneath is full of tears.

The girl's hand clasped tightly the little boy's by her side. The resemblance between them would have told you at once they were brother and sister, but his life could not have covered more than a third of hers. The little fellow's large eyes were full of tears, and the bright curls that crept out from his hat were damp with moisture. He was hungry, and tired, and motherless! What sadder history can one tell of a little child!

"There, Benny, cheer up. We'll go to that old red house there, and see what we can do. Don't it look *nice* with the great trees in front?" said the girl, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness, as she quickened her steps.

"Yes. But I'm so tired, Lucy. If I only had a big piece of bread and butter!"

"Well, dear, I'll try and get you some there. It don't seem like *begging* to ask for it in the country."

A few moments later she opened the broad back gate, and went up to the kitchen door. Farmer Keep's housekeeper—an old woman, with a yellow white cap, and check apron tied over her linsey-woolsey skirt—answered her knock.

"Do you want any help, or do you know of any body round here that does?" timidly asked the girl.

The old lady peered at her with her dim eyes. "No," she said. "There an't but four on us—Farmer Keep, and the two hired men, and me. It's harvest time just now though, and I reckon you'll find a place up in the village."

"Thank you. Benny here—my little brother's very tired, for we've walked from the depot since ten o'clock. Can you let us come in and rest awhile?"

"Sartin you can." The sight of the little child touched the heart of the old woman, and they went into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, and sat down in the flag-bottomed chairs, while, with a glowing cheek, the girl cast about in her

mind for the best manner in which to present her petition for food.

Before she had decided the master of the house suddenly entered the kitchen, for it was nearly dinner-time. He was a large, muscular, broad-chested, sunburnt man, with a hard, gloomy expression on the face, where sixty years were beginning to write their history. He stood still with surprise, gazing on the new occupants of the kitchen; and the boy drew close to his sister, and the girl threw up a timid, frightened glance into the gloomy face.

"You don't know of nobody round here that wants a little help, do ye, farmer?" asked the old woman. "Here's a girl wants a place; and as she's walked from the depot, I told her she might come in and rest a bit afore she went up into the village to try her luck."

"No," shortly answered the farmer. "Dinner ready?" and the rich man turned away, without one gentle word or kindly look for the homeless children whom God had brought to his door.

"Lucy, Lucy, don't stay here; I'm afraid," and the little boy's lip curled and quivered as he turned his face from the farmer's.

"*Lucy! Lucy!*" How these little, trembling tones went down, down, into the man's hard heart! How the dead days of his youth burst out of their graves, and rustled through his memory at that low, broken "*Lucy! Lucy!*"

He turned and looked at the girl, not sourly as before, but with a kind of eager, questioning interest.

"What is your name?"

"Lucy Wheeler, sir."

He staggered back, and caught hold of the nearest chair. "And what was your mother's?"

"Lucy Reid. She used to live in Meadow brook, and so I came here to get work, for she told me to before she died."

At that moment the angels looked down, and saw the seed that had lain for two-score years in the heart of Justin Keep spring up, and the *flower blossomed in the wilderness!*

He strode across the kitchen to the bewildered girl. He brushed back her bonnet, and turned her face to the light. He could not be mistaken. It was the one framed and hung up in the darkened room of his soul. The blue eye of his Lucy looked once more in his own. At that moment the little boy pushed up between them, and gazed wistfully into the man's face. Farmer Keep sat down and took the child on his knee. He tried to speak, but instead great sobs came up, and heaved his strong chest. The trio in the kitchen gazed on him in mute astonishment.

"Lucy's children! Lucy's children!" he murmured at last, in a voice whose tenderness was like that of a mother. "God has sent you to me. For her sake this shall be your home; for her sake I will be a father to you."

Five years afterward Cora wrote to me: "We are having fine times now, dear cousin Jennie, and mamma wants to know if you do not need to renew your rosy cheeks among the dews of Meadow brook. Uncle Charlie is with us this summer, and if you were here also my happiness would be complete."

"Lucy Wheeler—you remember her—has the place in my heart next to yours. Her disposition is as lovely as her face, and that is saying a great deal, for its rare, sweet beauty does one good to behold it. Farmer Keep seems to *worship* her and Benny. He is a changed man now, and goes to church regular as the Sabbath. He has spared no pains or expense in Lucy's education, and she will be a most accomplished woman. She is here very often, and I have my suspicions that uncle Charlie—*n'importe* I will not trust this to pen and paper.

"But, O, Jennie, what a lesson has all this taught me! How it has deepened my faith in God and in humanity!

"Now, when my heart yearns over the wretched, the sinning, the outcast, I remember always *THERE IS A FLOWER IN THE WILDERNESS.*"

TEARS.

ROBERT HALL considered the word "tear" surpassingly beautiful. It belongs to the Saxon family he so dearly loved. The tear itself often glows like a diamond on the cheek where the rose and lily blend. Its moral beauty, as a perfect *daguerre* of compassion and benevolence, is still greater. It shone thus on the Savior's cheek at the tomb of Lazarus, and when he wept over Jerusalem. It still shines in his disciples in their missions of mercy. There are, indeed, tears of deceit, like those fabled of the crocodile. Let them pass. None but a fallen angel would gather them up. There are tears of gratitude, of joy. These sparkle like the morning dew.

There are tears of penitence. Angels celebrate them with their heavenly harps. Though no tears can open to us the gates of paradise, yet the tears of penitence, of piety, and such as are shown in the path of our pilgrimage, by sorrows meekly borne, will become gems to enrich and adorn our heavenly crowns.

AUTUMN ODE.

BY GEORGE LANING TAYLOR.

THE world now seems in sweet, sad dreams,
 And the fields and woodlands mourn;
 On the autumn breeze through these solemn trees
 Is the loneliest anthem borne.

That gold-tinged leaf hath an air of grief
 As it circles slowly by,
 And the sear grass waves o'er the violets' graves,
 Where the yellow sunbeams lie.

The silver gleam of the forest stream
 Is veiled by the fallen leaves,
 And each lone dell hath a holy spell,
 That the genius of autumn weaves.

The long bright days, and the golden haze,
 And the dreamy bias they bring,
 Steal over the soul, in an autumn stroll,
 Like the shade of an angel's wing.

A presence broods o'er the solitudes,
 And lingers beside the shore,
 And along the hills sweet music thrills,
 That whispers a mystic lore.

The clouds that sleep in the sky's blue deep
 Are head-lands of spirit strand;
 And fancy's eye can the forms descry
 That along their margins stand.

And unseen bands, from the angel lands,
 Go rustling through the glade,
 And satyr and fawn tread the russet lawn,
 Or drowse in the maple's shade.

In the orchard old, like nectar'd gold,
 Pomona's treasures shine,
 And the rustic smiles at his garnered piles,
 From the earth, the tree, the vine.

O, autumn more, of the circling four,
 Than all of the rest is dear;
 For the joy of spring is a reckless thing,
 And winter is stern and drear.

But in autumn's dreams, and its pensive beams,
 Sweet lessons the thoughtful find;
 For they weave a spell that accordeth well
 With the autumn of the mind.

OUR BABY'S GRAVE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

UNDERNEATH no marble stone,
 In no church-yard drear,
 Sleeps our little ransomed one,
 Baby Eva dear;

But beneath a garden bed
 Peaceful lies our darling's head.

Near an orchard, large and wide,
 White with fragrant bloom,
 Made we, when our baby died,
 Baby's narrow home.

Now the blossoms, white and red,
 Cover baby's garden bed.

Waving meadows, green and fair,
 Stretching far away;
 Pleasant odors on the air,
 Floating all the day,
 Make that grave a cheerful spot;
 Clouds and gloom surround it not.

And when o'er the weary earth
 Soft night's curtains fall,
 And our living loved ones lie
 Sleeping one and all,
 It is sweet to know that she
 Sleepeth near us, peacefully.

Though amid her golden hair,
 Heavily and slow,
 Dust and mold is gathering,
 In her grave so low,
 While a changeless shadow lies
 Cold and dark upon her eyes;
 Though so still her dimpled hands,
 Dimpled cheeks so pale;
 Though our bud of promise proved
 For the earth too frail,
 Near her grave no chilling breath
 Whispers to our hearts of death.

All the songs the wild birds pour,
 All the sweets that come
 From each odor-laden flower,
 Tell us of the home,
 Where our darling, gone before,
 Waits for us, life's journey o'er.
 White-winged child, with golden hair,
 We all strive to meet thee there.

"STAND AS AN ANVIL."

"Stand like an anvil," when the stroke
 Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
 Storms but more deeply root the oak,
 Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
 Fly, far and wide, a fiery shower;
 Virtue and truth must still be marks,
 Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
 Lies, red and glowing, on its breast:
 Duty shall be life's leading star,
 And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
 Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
 Thine, but the still and stern rebound
 Of the great heart that can not fear.

"Stand as an anvil;" noise and heat
 Are born of earth, and die with time;
 The soul, like God, its source and seat,
 Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

G. W. DOANE.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL JACKSON.

BY REV. B. F. CRAWY.

A FEW days ago, while looking over some old papers, I found one containing a few notes taken at the grave of the hero of New Orleans. In company with a few friends I had gone to the peaceful Hermitage on the Cumberland, to see the old mansion of the iron-willed hero, and ramble among the evergreens, and pluck a flower from these noted grounds.

The day was beautiful, and the party a happy one. Then party spirit was hushed into a delightful serenity, and no one breathed a sentiment that disturbed the harmony of the friends going on pilgrimage to the home and burial-place of one whom our nation delighted to honor.

An aged negress met us at the threshold of the noble old mansion, and agreed to become our escort to the interesting and consecrated places. She was long the servant of General Jackson's wife, and was voluble in praising her departed master and mistress.

An aged black man brought some hickory canes to us while we were passing through the grounds, and nearly all of the party supplied themselves with these emblems of "Old Hickory," as the hero was wont to be called. After we had looked through the beautiful grounds in front and rear of the house, our aged guide said, "I s'pose you wants to see massa's grave." We followed silently down a beautiful walk, fringed with summer flowers, toward the center of a large garden. Soon we came to the resting-place of the great man, who presided so long over the destinies of this nation, and found that his wife also slept by his side in this simple, yet beautiful spot. The tomb was prepared by the General himself at the death of his beloved companion and devoted wife. There is a foundation of solid masonry, about ten feet in diameter, covered with large slabs of native limestone, procured from the plantation.

The stone was perfectly plain. It was covered by a light, plain dome, supported by six or eight Corinthian columns. The whole party reverently lifted their hats, as though in the presence of the mighty dead, and conversed in an under-tone. It was a good place to make high resolves, to think of the futility of earthly honors to give permanent bliss, and to look up to God for help to perform well the duties of life. The aged servant informed us that her master never seemed so happy after "missus" died; that he took it very hard, and seemed lost at times.

Yes, the old hero was a man; he had a human

heart within him, and loved fondly her to whom he had been wedded for many years. He was the humble subject of this queen of his heart, with all of his sternness among men, with his world-wide reputation for unyielding determination, the gentle hand of his beloved Rachel could guide him as easily as the shepherd does the gentle lamb.

Our reflections on these interesting facts were at the time pleasing; and although we did not then make any special note of the conclusions to which we arrived, we remember them still after the lapse of years.

Here was a fair test of the power of gentle love in the heart of a good wife, to lead a passionate and courageous warrior; to control the will of one whose will controlled thousands. Jackson bowed to no authority, yielded to no power on earth save that of the gentle Rachel. She was omnipotent at the Hermitage; not that she had occasion to exercise her authority often, for perhaps no pair were ever more happy together; yet in all moral questions, in questions relating to charities, and religion, and the control of servants, Mrs. Jackson was emphatically the mistress of the Hermitage.

The power of woman does not lie in the strength of her mind, or her mental superiority over the man, but in her gentleness, her pure love. There are not many who will not yield to such a power, and herein consists woman's true power.

When the marriage relation is consecrated and sanctified by religion, it leads to the highest, purest happiness on earth; it makes a home—an American home, where love, humanity, and religion dwell—is a type of heaven. We regret to say that the Hermitage was not ennobled and hallowed by a family altar, till the good wife had gone to rest. The General had seen religion exemplified in the character of his wife, and of some of his servants; he had yielded his conscience and judgment to the control of the Christian religion, at least partially; but not till his dear Rachel slept in the grave did he earnestly seek redemption in the blood of Jesus, and make a public profession of his faith in the religion of the Lord Jesus.

Mrs. Jackson was long a communicant in the Presbyterian Church, and, as her servant told us, died in peace. Her epitaph, we were told, the General wrote himself; and as I took a copy from the slab that covered her remains, I am able to present it as the dictates of his heart on parting with her who had so long been the light of his home. These words are inscribed on the plain

stone that lies beside that over the General's remains:

"HERE LIE THE REMAINS
of
MRS. RACHEL JACKSON,
wife of
PRESIDENT JACKSON,
who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61.

"Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example, to the wretched a comfort, to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Such was the beautiful inscription which we copied while standing on the hero's grave.

On the slab which covered the General were these words, as near as we can recollect:

"ANDREW JACKSON,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
born March 15, 1767, died June 8, 1845."

We were informed that at the funeral of Mrs. Jackson, the old General was overcome with grief. The servants were also deeply excited and disconsolate; some seemed stupefied, while others shrieked and wailed in a most affecting manner. She was truly their friend, and the poor slaves, who seldom meet with real sympathy, were appalled at the stroke that removed so dear a friend from them. Alas, what hope shall ever kindle in the hearts of these poor attendants of the Hermitage! Long shall their distressing wail echo along the cliffs of the beautiful Cumberland, and one by one they will be discharged from service and from chains, by the kind hand of a merciful Providence. We hope many of them will reach the realms of peace. The hero of the Hermitage lived on through another Presidential term, and never ceased to sigh over the lost one.

He visited the Orphan Asylum, of the Sisters of Charity, in Washington City, once, and while there the orphans sung this verse, in which is a delicate allusion to Mrs. Jackson:

"Ah! checked is our joy, the tender vine, and gone,
So sweetly, that hung on the boughs of the pine;
The mother of orphans forever we'll mourn,
Sorrow in cypress our hearts shall entwine."

The General burst into tears, and showed again that his heart was buried with his beloved Rachel.

She was his guardian angel on earth; they are gone, we trust, to heaven. We vowed over their remains to make heaven the first great object of

desire, for all around us, in sublime contrast, were placed the evidences of glory and weakness, of grandeur and decay. It is said that the 23d of December, the very day of Mrs. Jackson's funeral, was to have been a gala day at the Hermitage. Many of the prominent citizens of Nashville, and the adjoining country, were to be there. Many actually came to rejoice in a happy reunion, and remained to witness the solemnities of the burial. So sudden was the stroke. So death often visits the mansions of the great.

Let the pompous sons of mammon beware, and let the pampered children of pleasure take warning, for death is no respecter of persons, neither is God.

The poor old negress who sighed with us at the tomb of her master and mistress shall, if faithful to God, stand unabashed in the presence of the King immortal, and receive a bright and never-fading crown. On the tomb of the hero of New Orleans, I could but sigh that he did not give his heart to God years before.

It was grand to see him humbly bow to the Savior for mercy, even at the eleventh hour. Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and Webster, all professed to love and submit to Christ late in life. I would it had been different. If they had made their lives sublime like that of the peerless Washington, the nation would have been better.

Washington loved and served God, and pleaded for religion by a spotless example. We are not like some disposed to criticise harshly the repentance of the late returning sinner. If the great are saved it will be mercy alone that shall save them, just as it does all who weep at the feet of Jesus. These were our notes and thoughts at the tomb of Andrew Jackson and his beloved Rachel.

TEACH US TO PRAY.

I was sitting by Coleridge's bedside when he said, "I do not reckon the most solemn faith in God as a real object, the most arduous act of the reason and will. O, no! it is to pray as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice, through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon, this is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian warfare upon earth: 'Teach us to pray, O Lord!'" And then he burst into a flood of tears and asked me to pray for him. O! what a sight was there!

LITTLE WILLIAM.

BY HANCOCK.

THE busy harvest season had passed, and the succeeding time of rest from the throng of business, and the lengthening cool fall evenings, made it quite suitable for the protracted services which were progressing in the neat country church that stands on a little knoll close to the highway, and in one of the romantic valleys of western Virginia.

For over a week every night, and frequently during the day, had the people gathered to hear the word of life. Many had been brought under its influence, and seeking the Lord with "broken and contrite hearts," had believed "unto righteousness, and with the mouth made confession unto salvation." It was an occasion of great joy, for the prayers of many years were then being answered; ay, the prayers of some of those whose bodies were then lying in quietude in the graveyard which borders on the church-lot, but whose spirits are "in the kingdom of God and the Lamb." Many husbands and wives started then in beautiful companionship for the celestial city, and "young men and maidens, old men and children" praised the name of the Lord.

One evening the church was densely crowded, and, after the warm exhortation which followed the earnest Gospel sermon, a great number thronged to the place of prayer, and, bathed in penitential tears, besought the mercy of an offended God. Among this number was a boy of some twelve summers, who had been for several evenings unusually serious and attentive to the word preached. He did not live in the neighborhood, but was there on a visit to an uncle's family, his father's residence being about thirty miles away. On the evening referred to it was observed that he could hardly sit still during the delivery of the sermon. Sometimes his whole frame was tremulous with emotion, and he often wiped the tears away which chased rapidly down his cheeks. His face wore an air of intelligence beyond his years, and told of a general serenity of spirit and evenness of disposition, which at once claimed for him the regard of those who saw him. Just as he bowed down at the altar, between two stout men, and began his simple and earnest pleadings, a brother, who had observed his interest and watched his coming forward, approached the minister, remarking, "Brother, I do not think it right to let children go to the mourner's bench. Had you not better take that little boy away?" "No, brother," was the prompt reply; "suffer little children to come

unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," is the direction and teaching of the Master." Without listening further to the well-meaning but officious member, the minister approached the boy, and soon found that, from what he had learned at Sabbath school, and by reading his library books, as well as from his Testament, which had been given him by the superintendent, he had a remarkably clear understanding of his sinful condition, and of his need of salvation. "Instructing him," according to his capacity, "in the way of God more perfectly," the minister guided his supplications, and set before him as plainly as he could the nature of conversion, and the power and willingness of Christ to accomplish for him, by the agency of the eternal Spirit, the desire of his heart. Little William was in great earnest, and with childlike simplicity he poured forth his requests before God. Rising in earnestness and intensity of desire as he appeared to comprehend more fully the necessity of the work, and the infinite love and mercy of his Savior, he said, "Lord, I believe you can save me;" then, as he intermingled confessions and promises with his petitions, his confidence still increased, and he exclaimed, "Lord, I believe you will save me!" and then, just then, as his faith grasped the blessing, and "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" entered his young soul, filling it with heavenly love, he arose with the avowal upon his lips, "Lord, I believe you have saved me!" and by his whole manner, as well as by the glad songs of joy which he uttered before the people of God, was it seen that the promise had been fulfilled, "They that seek me early shall find me."

With others, who had that night "found peace in believing," William united with the Church, and for two or three days more, during which his visit was continued, there occurred nothing to raise a doubt as to the reality of his change and the sincerity of his profession. Each night he was in his place, the same humble and attentive worshiper. On the last night of his attendance there he heard the minister, in his closing address for the evening, urge upon the converts the importance of private devotion and of family prayer. Its advantages and influences were briefly exhibited, and the sad consequences of neglect of these and other duties were affectionately shown. After preaching William came to the minister, requesting a certificate, which he had been told it was necessary he should take along to introduce him to the Church in his father's neighborhood, or, rather, three miles distant; for nearer than that there was no preaching, and but few profess-

ors of religion. The certificate, accompanied with suitable advice, was given to the young disciple, and next day he was crossing the mountains on his homeward journey.

His parents were unconverted persons—no, that word, unconverted, does not really describe them—they were wicked. In early life the father had been the possessor of a good property, which he had squandered in dissipation, till he was now reduced to almost barren poverty. Reverse of fortune had not produced reform; indeed, it seemed to have rendered him more desperate and abandoned, and he was known to be an habitual drunkard, and to riot in all the vices with which drunkenness is generally associated. The mother, if she had not a repute equally evil with her husband's, had none by which to win the sympathy and favor of her neighbors. To this forbidding nursery William hurried forward, and on reaching home—if home it could be called—he at once frankly told his mother of the change which he had experienced, and of his connection with the Church. With this she did not seem displeased, but told him to let her know all about it; and as the young disciple made his simple statement, so artless, sincere, and full of love, his mother, not knowing what to reply, found relief for her embarrassment in a flood of tears. While she was thus weeping, the husband and father entered, and inquiring what was the matter, William renewed his statement, while his father's countenance was alternately flushed with anger or indicated the emotions of sympathy, till, under the influence of the simple narrative, he at first sat down and listened and wondered, and then, at its close, walked out without uttering a word of censure or approval.

After their evening meal, which, for some reason, was unusually late, the father remarked that it was bedtime, and this brought to William's memory the exhortation of the minister, and he related as nearly as he could remember what had been said about the advantages of family prayer, and the consequences of its neglect, concluding the relation with the remark: "Father, we have never had prayers in our house—shall I pray?" The request was one so unusual and unexpected that no one objected, and little William bowed before God, and in humble accents prayed that the Lord would bless his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, and himself. With that prayer there went conviction to the minds of his parents, and having talked over the matter during the night, they agreed to go to the meeting themselves, as they said they wanted to visit their friends at any rate. On their arriving in the

neighborhood they found the protracted meeting closed, but some of the people of God found out their increasing distress, and in a prayer meeting, which was held in their behalf, they were enabled to exercise "like precious faith" with William's, and to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." After enjoying themselves in the society of their friends for a few days they returned home, and under their influence preaching was established in their house, a society was gathered, and "many were added to the Lord."

Such is the plain history of this interesting occurrence. It tells us to "feed the lambs" of the flock of Christ, and to "despise not these little ones," and it assures us that God can use "the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty."

The result justifies us in laboring to promote early piety. William is now promising to be "a burning and shining light in the world," and fully sympathizes with all who are resolved "to be faithful unto death."

THE IMPRISONED PRINCESS.

THERE is nothing of the slightest interest externally about the fortress of St. Petersburg, except the church of St. Peter and Paul, which it incloses, where the czars are buried, as most of our readers may know. Nor can it be of any use in defending the city against a foreign enemy; for, being nearly in the center, its guns could not play upon the foe till the capital had been forced. But a melancholy interest attaches to the place, as a great state prison-house to which many an innocent victim has been consigned, never again to emerge from it, whose misery may be guessed, but can not be gauged, and whose ultimate fate has never been suffered to transpire. No tale can be more sad than that of the Princess Tarrakanof, one of its inmates; and no intrigue was ever blacker with turpitude than the one which brought her within its walls. In briefly relating it, we go back to the time when Elizabeth Petrowna, second daughter of Peter the Great, was empress; but the prime criminal in the transaction was her successor, Catherine II.

Elizabeth, fat and feeble, lazy and ignorant, combined excessive superstition with an unbounded passion for drink—not her only vicious propensity—and was a very bigot with reference to the forms of the Church. She could violate without scruple every divine command, but was horrified at a breach of ecclesiastical law; and would punish with inexorable rigor eating an egg

on a fast day, while resigning herself on ordinary days to deep potations and licentious excess. Availing himself of this peculiarity in her character, one of her intimates, Count Alexey Razumoffsky, the grand veneur, bribed some of the high clergy to represent to her the propriety of giving to the relation between them the sanction of a private marriage; and it was officially performed, but not publicly avowed. Three children were born, two sons and a daughter. One of the sons being placed in the Corps des Mines, met with an accidental death while attending a course of chemistry under Professor Lehmann. Placing on the furnace a vessel filled with poisonous ingredients, he broke it and was suffocated. The other son, Count Tarrakanof, long survived, and, being a politically harmless man, was unmolested. It was far different with his sister, the youngest of the family, and a mere girl when Catherine came to the throne.

Upon that empress trampling under foot the rights of the Poles, and manifesting the design of partitioning the country, Prince Radzivill, a patriot grandee, turned his attention to the Princess Tarrakanof—aware of the secret of her birth—as one who might be used against Catherine, and perhaps supplant her, being a native Russian, the granddaughter of Peter the Great, while the czarina was a foreigner. It is surmised, and is not improbable, that the splendid vision might fit before him of raising himself to the highest place in the empire, as the husband of the princess. However this may be, he was an honorable man, but weak and credulous. Having gained the confidence of the female attendants of the princess, he privately moved her to his estates in Lithuania; and upon that province being overrun by the Russian armies, he took her to Italy, and settled at Rome, where she received the attention and instruction due to her birth and rank. The empress, upon being informed of this proceeding, ordered his estates to be confiscated, his property to be pillaged, his stewards to be arrested, in order to prevent them making any remittances to their master; and offered through her agents gratuities to the Roman bankers as an inducement to them to withhold advances.

After disposing of some jewels, and enduring straitened circumstances, Radzivill ventured back in the hope of raising means, leaving his charge in strict privacy at Rome under the care of a governess. On returning to Poland, he was not visited with vengeance, but assailed by temptation. The Russian ambassador offered him the restoration of his immense estates, and full com-

pensation for all his losses, on condition of his delivering up the princess into the hands of her imperial majesty. This proposition was at once rejected as an insult; upon which he was simply required to promise, "on the honor of a gentleman," that he would break off correspondence with her, and in no way encourage ambitious dreams in her mind. In that case, the ambassador promised, "on the honor of a gentleman," that she should be permitted to live abroad, and be wholly unmolested. At the same time he intimated that misfortune and ruin must inevitably befall both if the wishes of the empress were not complied with. Radzivill had the weakness to accept the proposal, but previously commended the young Tarrakanof to the care of some friends, and sent her a supply of money, which, however, never came to hand. There can be no doubt that he did not suffer himself to be duped willfully, but believed in the good faith of the Russian Government. He had also treated the princess with perfect respect and kindness, though it was an act of fatal indiscretion to involve a young girl, not more than sixteen years of age, in the meshes of a political plot.

Having deprived the princess of a protector, Catherine prepared to pounce upon her prey, fully resolved to secure herself against rivalry, by having the possible competitor under lock and key in St. Petersburg. But this was not to be accomplished by force, without a violation of territory. Neither could it be effected by fair means; and measures as base as ever the villainy of man or woman conceived were adopted to bring the victim from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Neva. The empress had an agent at hand, ready to gratify her wishes by entering into any scheme of iniquity. This was Count Alexey Orloff, the man who had been first and foremost in the murder of her unfortunate husband. Yet, dark as was that tragedy, the case of the Princess Tarrakanof is darker still. It is necessary to state that Orloff at this period nominally commanded a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, with British officers, admirals Greig and Elphinstone, under him as the real commanders. He had been paying a visit to St. Petersburg when he received his instructions, and proceeded from thence by way of Vienna to Leghorn, where his squadron was expected. He soon obtained the services of one of those tools with which Italy swarms to aid him in his abominable project. This was Carlo Ribas, an absconded Neapolitan felon, who was subsequently rewarded by being made vice-admiral of the Black Sea.

One day a stranger called upon the princess at Rome, and was admitted to an interview. He was young, appeared in a splendid uniform, had a smooth tongue, insinuating manners, and conducted himself with the utmost deference. This was Ribas, who had discovered the obscure lodging of the lonely girl. He stated that, having become accidentally acquainted with her abode, he had waited upon her to assure the granddaughter of Peter the Great of the respect of her countrymen, and to express his own sincere sympathy with her desolate position. Before taking his leave, he bent the knee to one of royal blood, and begged to offer pecuniary assistance. Being in want, it was thankfully received. The visit was repeated; again and again the same subdued and distant bearing was observed, till, having gained the confidence of the unsuspecting Tarrakanof, he intimated that a far higher personage than himself was concerned on her behalf. After keeping her for some time in suspense, he at last revealed the secret that her countrymen were dissatisfied with the government of Catherine, that the great Count Orloff especially was in favor of a lineal descendant of Peter, and that, having come to Leghorn for the purpose of putting himself in communication with her, he would speedily appear in person and make further disclosures. We need not follow the steps one by one, by which a guileless, defenseless, and inexperienced creature was insnared to her ruin. Orloff in due course presented himself. He assumed the appearance of a frank, honest, warm-hearted, and noble-minded man, and succeeded in gaining the affections of the girl, persuading her to become his wife. In an evil hour she consented; and, under pretense of having the marriage celebrated according to the rites of the Greek Church, he employed some Italian blackguards to officiate at the ceremony as priests and notaries.

Never was husband more attentive and tender to his wife than was Count Orloff to the Princess Tarrakanof, though he never allowed her to appear in public unless in his company. After some time had elapsed, he proposed leaving Rome, and living in some other city of Italy more conveniently situated, being in daily expectation of the plot breaking out which was to place her upon the throne of Russia. To this she replied that, "having married him, not out of ambition, but for affection, she would willingly accompany him to the end of the world." They removed to Pisa, where she became known as *la bella e buona principessa*, "the good and beautiful princess." While in this city, Orloff was in-

formed that his squadron had reached the port of Leghorn, where his presence was necessary; and his wife at once proposed to accompany him thither. On arriving she was received into the house of the British consul, was visited by all the ladies of rank in the place, and, at her own request, was taken on board the fleet, which she was curious to examine. A barge with splendid awnings conveyed the princess to the ships with her attendants; a second transported Count Orloff and Admiral Greig; a third followed with Russian and British officers. But no sooner was she on deck than the delusion of some months' standing was dispelled forever, and a horrible reality was revealed. She was seized, handcuffed, carried below, and the vessel set sail for Russia! Of course the betrayer had so arranged his plan, that the infernal nature of the outrage did not immediately transpire. As soon as it was known the British officers left the service of the empress, the inhabitants of Leghorn loudly expressed their resentment, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany formally complained of a violation of territory. But Catherine and her minion were prepared to violate all laws, divine and human, to accomplish their own purposes; and, having secured their victim, what cared they for the public opinion of Europe?

On reaching St. Petersburg, the hapless lady was immured in the fortress, and never repassed its walls. This was in 1771. How long she lived, and what was the manner of her death, are points involved in obscurity. One relation is, that she fell by the hands of the executioner; but there is another more generally current. On Sunday, September 10, 1777, six years after her imprisonment commenced, a westerly gale drove up the waters of the Gulf of Finland into the Neva, and the river overflowed its banks—not an uncommon incident in the history of the Russian capital. At ten o'clock in the morning the water was nearly eleven feet above its usual level. A ship of Lubec was carried by the inundation into the wood of Vassili-ostroff; the yacht of the Duchess of Kingston was cast upon the bar and damaged; wooden houses were washed away entire; and the fortress being flooded, the Princess Tarrakanof was drowned in her dungeon. However this may be, there can be but one opinion, that seldom has a more fiendish deed been committed than the marriage of Orloff. It was contracted on his part in order to commit a murder, far transcending in foul atrocity ordinary assassination, and none but Satan could exceed the malignant patience and perseverance with which it was carried out.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.*

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

LET us come to the higher ends of reading—to inform, to balance, and to stimulate the mind, to form the style and to reform the heart.

To inform the mind. The great purpose of education is to develop and train the faculties; in doing this we must necessarily give some information; but the college, when she graduates, turns you over to testimony or observation. It was the error of the schoolmen to suppose that all knowledge was contained in the soul; hence, they wasted life in seeking to find out external things by agitating their own intellects, as if matter could be made by shaking emptiness. Although the theory of the schoolmen has been exploded, their practice has not. We still need to be reminded that we can not draw conclusions without premises; that from nothing comes nothing, however much it may be agitated. In judging, remembering, analyzing, and generalizing, the philosopher may have great advantages over the savage; but for the *facts* the one is as dependent as the other. An educated young man has fundamental knowledge of nature and life, of history and geography; but let him remember that his knowledge is but fundamental—that he must build upon it, and that his very foundations are liable to decay unless he is constantly carrying forward the superstructure. History, civil, ecclesiastical, and natural, are before him. Of the first two he has an outline—general notions of the stream of time; names of nations, their rise, decline, and fall; great epochs, leading events, distinguished names, and a table of dates—a mere chart to give interest and direction to the voyage before him. So, too, of natural history—his knowledge is but skeleton, to be clothed and animated by a patient continuance in the study of nature under the guidance of its more eminent interrogators. In this department of learning, if we be not studious we must ever recede. Chemistry, geology, etc., have just passed the pillars of Hercules, and are cutting with their keels an unknown ocean toward an unknown world. Geography, once a fixed, is now a progressive study, following commerce, and science, and Christian sympathy into all regions, and mapping passing events, human progress, and providential designs among all peoples. But what shall we read upon these subjects? I give no list of books; but, since by reading according to a well-conceived plan we

shall have clearer views and speedier progress, I refer you to some such "Hand-Book of Literature" as Bishop Potter's. Be not alarmed at the size of the catalogue. What can not be accomplished in one year may in ten; nor are all histories to be studied with equal care. God, in his word, has epitomized the history of many generations, indicated the chief points of attention in the field of later history—the Assyrian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, and Roman—furnished in his providence the most able authors—Polybius, Livy, Thucydides, Xenophon, Rollin, Gibbon, etc.—to illustrate them, and given us a clew to connect their various parts and trace their important bearings. We may pass rapidly, by the aid of Hallam, through the dark region of medieval history, and obtain imperfect glances on the pages of Hume, Robertson, Russel, etc., of the more important events of modern times. For current history we need a well-edited daily, a weekly condensing its news, a monthly digesting the literature of the times, and a quarterly converging the mature thoughts of the passing age. Let us not spend too much time upon them; the periodical press is, to a great extent, trash; it caters for society instead of elevating it; its miscellany is often weak and affected; its essays contentious, deceitful, superficial; its criticisms mere moths fretting what they can not produce; its intelligence *chiefly* is to be valued. Nevertheless, it is indispensable: it lights up the world, though with gas; it circles the earth, though like the stars, in appearance only; it runs to and fro, though it does not always increase knowledge. There are, too, noble exceptions among editors—men whose essays are worthy to be studied as well for matter as style.

The history of human ideas or philosophy should be pondered. You have seen this tower of Babel at a distance; to mark its successive stories, to listen to the confusion of its tongues, and to trace its moss-grown ruins, is a task at once curious and profitable. Although no book is prepared for this purpose, yet we may extend our explorations by the light of such works as Enfield's or Brucker's. The acquisition of extensive and accurate knowledge of men and things of the past and present is indispensable, as well to a just appreciation of the best authors, as the proper employment of our own powers. It is thus we grow familiar with the muses, and make all nature vocal; thus we evoke Minerva from the brain, and give a harp to our sounding bowels. To philosophy let us add divinity. Concerning the relations of the soul to God or life to immortality we can know only what is

Concluded from page 685.

revealed; for such knowledge it is vain to beat about in nature or turn upon ourselves, for it is above both. Penetrated with this truth, we should come to the Bible with the docility of a child and the awe of a prophet. If you have received it as a revelation, it is too late to cavil, argue, or doubt concerning it. You must receive a prophet in the name of a prophet if you would receive a prophet's reward. However humbling to the pride of reason may be this unquestioning belief, I enjoin it with the more confidence because you will accord it to something. You *will* seek rest in something infallible. "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another come in his own name, him ye will receive." Alas! there is as much difference between the revelations of Scripture concerning Divine things and the speculations of men, as between the solid world which Columbus discovered and the dark, agitated, and liquid chaos which, beyond a certain horizon, presented itself to the imaginations of men before the days of that immortal navigator. And here let me advise you to read no skeptical works; they are unnecessary: a proposition and its contradictory need not both be investigated; if one be true, the other is false. You have assented, after satisfactory proof and argumentation, to the truth of the Bible, and refuted the chief objections and arguments of infidels. What more is needed? The contradictory of the proposition may, however, be proved false directly, as well as indirectly, without any examination of infidel labors. It is nearly two thousand years since skeptics undertook to overthrow the Bible, and it is now more firmly, and intelligently, and extensively believed than ever. If the allies of the European West had been bombarding Sevastopol without intermission, with the progressive improvements in the art of war, for two thousand years, and yet found the fortifications of that port now ten times as strong as ever, you would conclude, without examining their parallels or batteries, that Sevastopol is impregnable. If infidelity finds the Bible a thousand times more firm after it has been arguing against it for eighteen hundred years, what will it find after it has argued in its most approved style for eighteen hundred years more?

We may take it for granted, that if it had one reliable argument it would in this wicked world be familiar as a household word. Moreover, the arguments of unbelievers are self-destructive; put them in parallel columns, and you may reduce them to zero by cancellation. Ancient infidels believed that Christ wrought miracles

by the agency of devils; modern ones believe there is neither miracle nor devil.

If you read these works, they must produce either some effect upon your minds or none: if none, you lose your time and pains; if some, they must either shake your faith or overthrow it: if they merely shake it, they leave you a prey to doubt, which will distress you the more in proportion as you need rest of mind; if they overthrow your faith, they leave you exposed to universal skepticism concerning the past, impenetrable gloom concerning the future, and the wild play of the passions repressed only by very imperfect restraints.

Another object of reading is to keep the mind balanced. There are three great causes of mental maladjustment—the hand of nature, the lapse of time, and the pursuits of men. The college course has been wisely arranged to develop and train all the faculties; and although it does not correct all irregularities and make all minds symmetrical, it may, when properly pursued, prevent intellectual deformity. On leaving college we gradually undergo alterations: the sensibilities and the will gain upon the intellect; desire of action, power, money, fame, increases and rages, and in the conflicts of life we acquire a persistence, a firmness, a steadfastness, which we had not before exhibited: the intellectual states are also affected—imagination and memory lose power, abstraction and reason gain. Occupation will modify these changes. As the foot of the Indian becomes fleet and the eye of the sailor far-seeing, so the mind of the lawyer becomes acute, of the physician sagacious and practical, of the clergyman speculative and comprehensive. A discerning person can, at a glance, determine a man's profession, so deeply does it impress itself upon mind and manners. We should strive to prevent this daguerreotyping influence, and to secure a free movement for all our powers. Hence, if imagination begin to fail, read poetry; if business absorb the mind, study history till its characters, its events, its philosophy, arrest the attention and eclipse the trifles of the passing hour; if in the multitude of objects and amusements your mind is losing its concentrativeness, recur to mathematics, which, like a moral ladder, will keep you watchful as you ascend from round to round; if in the whirlpool of life you grow content with swimming superfluous, return to the diving-bell of philosophy; and if in your association with the mass you become averse to ratiocination, and prone to take principles on trust, to leap to conclusions, and to argue *ad captandam*, go to the gymnasium of the schoolmen.

There are, however, many works equally strengthening and more accessible than those of scholasticism: such as Chillingworth's defense of Protestantism, which it is said Daniel Webster read once a year to sharpen his logical skill; Fletcher's "Checks," of which a lawyer and an enemy said, "This argument will hold water;" Berkely's *Minute Philosopher*, which it is stated Robert Hall was accustomed to read regularly before he commenced that mighty and majestic movement of mind which often made his pulpit like unto Mount Sinai; Wesley's *Sermons*, as clear in logic as fervent in rhetoric, like the sea of mingled fire and glass in apocalyptic vision, with lightning penetration he cleaves the forms of error till he reaches the reservoir of first truths, and, with a profound analysis, he not only guides you into the depths of pagan metaphysics, but out of them.

There are who object to this direction, and think that a man should concentrate all his powers upon his profession—if lawyer, he should let all his wisdom run to subtilty; if poet, to fancy—and who look suspiciously on one who ventures beyond his ordinary range as if he were doing injustice to his patrons. True, in order to shine we must converge our light; equally true, that we can not illustrate our own profession without ascending or descending, if you please, into others. We could not so easily survey a plain by walking continually within it as by ascending some eminence that overlooks it; nor could we form a just idea of the magnitude of a mountain without descending to the lower peaks. I believe in the communion of sciences as well as the communion of saints. It was the boast of Voltaire that he had discovered the island of England, so ignorant were his countrymen of its literature. There are many learned bodies to whom mathematics and poetry are unknown lands, and who think of law as good only for horse-thieves and physic for cutting off legs. Did the peculiar genius of the French cease to shine after they had been introduced to Bacon and Newton, and would gentlemen be less fitted to adorn one profession by some knowledge of another? Name a science to which any profession does not stand related or from which it may not draw illustrations and proofs. Name a man that has carried forward his profession who is not of general and varied reading and study. How did the Chinese become sluggish, or the monks of past ages mentally blind, but by shutting themselves up? How have some of the greatest philosophers become short-sighted by confining their attention to minute points? Be

not a "Know Nothing" in your profession, rather a "Know Something" out of it; and remember that diverse knowledges may dwell together like soul and body. But what if your reading can not all be made tributary to your profession or pursuit? You have a higher mission—the cultivation of yourselves. He is narrow-minded, indeed, who will not visit a neighbor's hearth unless he can bake his own cakes upon its coals.

Another object of reading is to form the style. Works of rhetoric should be studied; but it is not by the philosophy of criticism that we can form a habit of writing felicitously. As by associating with gentlemen we acquire the manners of gentlemen, so by reading the best writers we attain to the art of good writing. "It is impossible," says Seneca, "to approach the light without deriving some faint coloring from it, or to remain long among precious odors without bearing away with us some portion of the fragrance." We shall more rapidly improve if we occasionally apply our rules of criticism, that by analyzing the beauties of the author we may more perfectly relish them, and by recognizing the principles upon which they are founded, more readily reproduce them. Moreover, every author has his faults and imperfections, which we shall be liable to imitate, if we read without discrimination; indeed, so naturally do we transfer our admiration from excellences to blemishes associated with them, that we are as prone to imitate the *vices* as the *virtues* of a model. We should not confine ourselves to a single writer, however excellent he may be, lest he bore our ears through with an awl. Happily there is a great variety of master-pieces in composition. It is not our purpose to enumerate them. Suffer me to remark that, as a general rule, the older authors, who, writing before learning became widely diffused, addressed themselves to educated minds rather than the populace, such as Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, and Young, are preferable; there are, however, recent writers whose style is beautiful, as Burke, Hall, Macaulay, Channing, Prescott, Irving. We should be guided in our selection by our peculiarity of genius—for each man has a peculiarity of intellectual character. Some men excel in the sententious style, others in the flowing; some are bold and figurative, others simple and delicate. If we are running our peculiarity to an extreme, we must check it by familiarity with a writer of opposite tendency. If you are too figurative, ponder Paley; if too terse, turn to Johnson; if wanting in energy, read Carlyle; if in purity, read Swift; if in elegance, Burke. After all, let

us bear in mind that style is of *secondary* consideration. We should never run the risk of weakening our understanding or corrupting our principles for the sake of polishing our periods. I should fear to come within the fascinations of either Sir Walter Scott or Dr. Channing. The more we think and feel, the less we need study style: an overflowing mind, like an overflowing river, will move gracefully; a heart on fire, like a house on fire, will burn sublimely.

Another important object of reading is to stimulate the mind. Let me caution you against attempting to stimulate the intellect through the body in any other way than by taking care of your health. That the soul, like the embryo, is liable to be influenced by that in which it reposes is not denied, but the influence is a general one; the supposition that we can excite imagination by opium, memory by tea, or attention by whisky, as we can rouse the liver by calomel, or the nose by snuff, is a relic of ancient pathology, which located understanding in the brain, anger in the heart, and sensuality in the liver, and sought to purify the soul by purging the body. Yet some still seek to supply genius or atone for idleness by a resort to stimulants and narcotics, pointing to Lord Byron as an example; but if the bottle could make poets the world would be full of them. It may produce a temporary excitement, under the influence of which men may compose rapidly that which they have matured; and so of narcotics; but the compositions thus produced are not of the highest order; they seem to be the result of a wild and weird inspiration, such as breathes in the Ancient Mariner of Coleridge and the Raven of Poe. Like the henbane which infatuated the ancient pythoness on her tripod, they produce a species of moral convulsion suitable for divination and devil-dealing, and should be reserved for the regions of magic and superstition, or the age of ecstasies and dreams. If you would have a clear, strong intellect, eschew them. In the soul, as in the body, the law is deeply written: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Be not deceived; truth is born only with travail; the spirit is enfranchised only with agony. Nevertheless, there are aids to the laboring soul. Is it sluggish, you may rouse it: indirectly by a play of Shakspeare or a chapter of Demosthenes; directly by a book of Milton or a page of Oasian. In selecting for this purpose we must imitate the discretion of the husbandman, who, having learned the varieties of his soil, scatters ashes, lime, and manure, and casts in the wheat, the barley, and the rye each in its *appointed* time and

place. To an imaginative mind, imaginative works are the proper stimulants; to a ratiocative, argumentative ones. If, being tasked, you would excite your mind *at once*, turn to some choice collection of stirring pieces—dramatic, senatorial, or martial—such as start the soul like the tap of the reveille; and when you have given "Hail Columbia" to your heart, give your heart to the pen. But it is not enough to rouse the soul; you must give it material; and there are works which serve *this* purpose—products of original, profound thinking, and, like leviathans, few and easily distinguished, for they make the sea of thought around them boil like a pot. Some of these are as gas solidified; others as unwrought gold; others like the hound that puts you upon the track of the game. The last are the most valuable; it is easy to let that which is compressed resume its original form or to mold the molten metal; it is more difficult and more healthful to pursue and overtake what has never been caught. Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* is an example of the first kind; Butler's *Analogy*, of the second; Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, of the third. Scarce a jar of modern metaphysical gas that has not been expanded from Coleridge; scarce a beautiful fabric of recent time on the evidences of Christianity for which Butler has not furnished the raw material; scarce a discovery in modern science since the days of James II to which Bacon has not pointed; and *yet* they can do more—the nature of the soil varies the crop even from the same seed. The deficiencies noted by Lord Verulam yet unsupplied are scores. All books that contain more than they express, that make the mind pause as it passes, that turn it back upon its own resources, or lead it on to new regions, are invaluable; they are educators; among ordinary books as Socrates among sophists. Most books are afraid to let the readers go alone a single yard, lest they dash their foot against a stone. Leave such to minds that need leading-strings. Seek books like unto blood-hounds, and hie to the chase: there are many such *absolutely*, though few, perhaps, will prove so *relatively* to all minds. Much depends on the reader's genius and habits; there are some men who can make almost any book suggestive, like the raven which, in dry weather, makes the scanty water rise to her beak by dropping pebbles into the hollow tree.

If we have a particular subject on hand, most well-written works on that subject will prove suggestive. In order to write orations, read orations; to write essays, read essays; only see that they are models, as Cicero and Addison. So if

we have to write on a particular subject, as the atonement, we may read any strong work on it. Let us guard, however, against imitating the author; and this can be done by making a sketch upon the theme before we read upon it. This we shall not be likely to abandon; for a man loves a club-footed child of his own better than a perfect one of his neighbor's; and whatever thoughts occur to us, being used in our own order, and standing in new relations, are our own, as the waters of the Mississippi are no longer the Mississippi when in the bosom of the gulf. The most suggestive book in the world is the Bible. For thousands of years it has given activity and direction to the best portions of the world's mind. It has been during all this time the fountain of innumerable sermons and books, no two of which are alike; it is suggestive of trains of thought and rhetorical ornaments, of new themes and new arguments, of ever-purer emotions and ampler views; it is an everlasting feast of fat things—a tower, where the watchmen may observe the world's night and hail its morning—a Castalian fountain, fed from perpetual snows—a furnace, ever forging new and glowing forms of wisdom—a ceaseless orchestra of angels, lapping the soul in celestial music—a calm sunlight, consuming the veil that covers mortal eyes—a mountain raised between eternity and time, from whose summit we may look upon both. Above all, this is the book to accomplish the last great purpose of reading—the improvement of the heart, which I must dismiss with a word. I would not undervalue Taylor or Wesley, Gurnal or Baxter, Sherlock or Fuller, but if neither the Holy Living and Dying, the Saint's Rest, the Christian Armor, nor the Reformed Pastor, can move a cold heart, lay upon it live coals directly from the altar.

One word more. Books are most suggestive and exciting in youth. With you the soil is plowed and the clods broken; cast now the seed into the furrow, that, when the earth mourneth, and the vine languisheth, and the joy of the harp ceaseth, it shall not be as the shaking of an olive-tree or as the gleanings of grapes when the vintage is done; but that your barns may be filled with plenty, and your presses burst out with new wine. The mind cultivated from youth puts on its noblest crown when the almond-tree flourishes, and enjoys a marvelous mental second sight when they that look out of the windows are darkened; judges have given their ablest decisions, physicians exhibited their highest skill, and divines produced their richest works, when the grasshopper was a burden.

MEMORIES AND LEGENDS OF CONNECTICUT.

NUMBER III.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MISS TABITHA'S FARMING.

IN most ages of the civilized world it has been fashionable to satirize females who have continued exempt from matrimony. Sometimes this wit, if analyzed, leaves an element of praise. A young lady is more neat or systematic than her companions, and forthwith it is prophesied she will be an "*old maid*;" whereas, neatness and adherence to system are among the most commendable virtues of her sex. After all, is the lot of unmarried females justly deprecated? If they miss the more tumultuous joys of life, they also escape its correlative trials. If prone to sympathy and to take part in the burdens of others, as they often are, they rank among the most excellent of the earth. Their good impulses have a better chance, from more leisure and unchecked force, of being brought into perfect action.

A clergyman from New England, who exercised for several years his sacred profession in one of our new western states, said, "I love my situation, and the frankness of our warm-hearted people; but painfully feel in our congregation the want of two important classes—heavy-headed men, with whom is experience, and unmarried females who are ever doing good to all."

The history of our own times, as well as the private record of friendship, is rich in examples of their benevolence, intellectual effort, and piety. Still licensed sarcasm pronounces them selfish, odd, and eccentric. Selfish! what human being can be more disinterested than the sister who devotes herself to aid the domestic cares and training the offspring of her nearest kindred? except the daughter, who yet more nobly gives her life as the stay and comfort of aged parents. Odd and eccentric! Do these charges mean any thing more than that, standing alone, as they do, unsheltered by husband or children, their peculiarities are made more manifest?

But let this matter be as it may, my present business is to give a few traits of one formerly belonging to this fraternity, who gloried in her condition, and its inherent independence, and, being, perhaps, suspicious of the scorn of mankind, set herself, somewhat on the Ishmaelitish principle, against them. Miss Tabitha, or, as she was occasionally rather irreverently called, Aunt Tabitha, was a lady of a certain age, by which is meant an age not to be inquired into. She guarded this sacred point with as much vigilance as the Romans their vestal fire. A very capable

person was she; straight as a dart, and smart as a steel-trap, and prompt in repairing any ravage of time as the Russians at Sevastopol. If a tooth got dilapidated, suddenly appeared a new one in its place. She studied the reigning modes of apparel, and, with needle and shears, was skillful in all kinds of repair, or transmigration.

She professed a contempt of the ruling sex, and great pity for the oppression of her own, and had truly a strong fancy for managing things in her own way. Having received the gift in fee simple of a small freehold, she felt it her duty, when she first came into possession, to assume the entire charge of it. So she dismissed the tenants, for she did not like the doings of men, and hoped to exhibit grounds taken care of as they should be. Forthwith she made war on sundry trees, and exalted over their fallen trunks like Semiramis or Boadicea.

Certain plots of long-established turf she directed to have dug up and planted. Stakes were driven, and cords stretched, and beds laid out at her bidding. Trenches and holes were excavated according to her admeasurement. She was determined to drop her peas and beans herself, for she hoped she had some practical knowledge, as well as these men who monopolized all the power of earth, and all the glory of it. As for gardens, she had observed they always sowed too thick or too thin. So at it she went, with a pair of huge masculine gloves drawn over her attenuated hands. At it she went, working fast and valiantly. Out came the hot sun, and into her face mounted the color, till it seemed enveloped in a case of red flannel. In a day or two there was bitter grunting and complaining. She had gotten the crick in the back, and her doctor's bills came to more than her garden stuff would sell for.

"Aunt Tabitha," said one of the neighbor's children, "what makes your cabbages all so full of holes?" "Holes! what do you mean?" Whereat, peering sharply through an eye-glass, for she never indulged herself in spectacles, she exclaimed, "It is them villainous hens. They shall be shut up."

At sunset there was a fierce chasing by Miss Tabitha's second self—a colored woman, who, like her mistress, had been growing young for a matter of thirty years. Nearly breathless was Ebony, when she paused and announced that they were at last all locked up in the barn. After sitting in council, and taking fully into view that there was a small yard surrounded by a high fence, where the aforesaid poultry might take fresh air, and disport themselves as health should

demand, it was decided to keep them close prisoners of state during the remainder of the summer. This penal statute was pronounced sufficiently merciful, considering their many willful depredations.

The next morning, bright and early, some two dozen hens were seen actively scratching among the garden beds. By dint of flying and boosting the whole clumsy family had gotten over the palisades. Aunt Tabitha said something scarcely audible about joiners and a higher inclosure; but disliked to call in the aid of men, and fell back upon woman's rights, proposing to clip their wings with a large pair of shears. So the dark-browed woman—who, some of the shrewd ones said, ruled her mistress—commenced a running fight, and by sundry screeches heard within the barn, appeared to be carrying into effect the sentence of mutilation. Nevertheless, a few light-heeled, half-grown chickens eluded her pursuit, and, roosting nightly on the highest trees, contrived through the day, by hiding, dodging, and purloining, to take care of themselves and form a colony of malcontents.

Miss Tabitha had a commercial taste. She thought it one of the wrongs of her sex that men should take it upon themselves to do the buying and selling of this whole round world. Perambulating her premises to discover their affinities with the market, she fixed her choice upon certain rows of currant bushes.

"How much better they look than when men had the care of them! Not a withered spray or a yellow leaf. I know what pruning means."

The long fruit-stalks put forth abundantly; and ere the berries were as large as pin's heads she had mathematically apportioned their products, paying no attention to the antique adage of counting unhatched chickens. So many pecks she would sell for jellies, and so many for wine. And in imagination her purse was already drop-sicily distended with bits of silver, "current money of the merchant." But the fair leaves began strangely to shrink and blister. Worms were busy there. At first the system of excision was resorted to till the branches threatened to be left bare. Then the reddening fruit grew pale, and some of it fell to the ground, and the poultry, getting a taste, leaped up and ate the remainder.

Aunt Tabitha was a lover of turnips. She bought a quantity of seed, inquiring earnestly for the best bearers. Remembering the crick in the back and the doctorial stuff, an Emeraldine was smuggled within the walls to sow. She designated, with an imperative air, the spaces where

the seeds were to be deposited, marking each with a small stake. Soon there came a request for new supplies.

"More seed!" she exclaimed; "he has had enough to stock a farm. I shall buy no more!"

So several spots were left bare. Young Ireland could not make them hold out, and murmured as the ancient people did when told to make brick without straw. The sun shone and the showers fell, and up came the green turnips. As soon as they opened their sheaths they saw they were in evil case. The land was too strait for them, and they fell to crowding and quarreling. Some stood on each others' backs, and jostled for a place like politicians. Narrow and tall as grass blades they pushed upward into the air, having no possibility of expansion. He of the Verdant Isle was sent for and rebuked, and bade to thin the turnip patches. Whereupon he filled sundry large baskets with masses torn up at discretion, or, rather, indiscretion. And the hens, issuing surreptitiously from their retreat, seized upon the bare places with delight, and wallowing there in temporary nests, uprooted the remainder. So there was an end of Aunt Tabitha's turnip tops.

It so happened that the first season of her farming was marked by a superabundance of rain. Her corn became broken-backed, and her potatoes spread out long, sickly arms, and lay sprawlingly upon the ground. She perceived that the harvest would be small; yet in this she was no worse off than her neighbors. But not to be better than they—her men-neighbors, too—there was the rub.

Though disappointed, she was too proud to repine, and trusted to another year for more brilliant prosperity. As the vernal season again approached, she resolved to devote her attention more exclusively to the culture of grass and fruits, which she thought might yield a more immediate revenue. But the soil happened not to be in a good condition to favor her first-named hope. It proved unusually propitious to the growth of burdocks and mullens. Indignantly she uprooted a quantity of these interlopers, and scattered clover-seed. Yet Nature, with obstinate partiality, fostered her wild children, and refused to nourish the exotics.

Nolens volens, outspread the tough-stalked white daisy, and the hard-wooded yellow-dock, and the hard-headed mullen, while the prickly thistle took stand in every corner, turning the edge of the mowers' scythes, and causing those who had purchased the hay in advance to demand a large discount.

But Miss Tabitha looked on her loaded fruit-trees, and found comfort. A few fine peaches had she, from which she had scrupulously removed every yellow leaf, and caused the roots to be refreshed with the soap-suds of the weekly washings. It so happened that a regimental training was to coincide felicitously with their perfect ripeness, and they were to be disposed of on very advantageous terms to a fruit vender. But other eyes it seems had taken note of them as sufficiently ripe a few nights earlier, and in the morning nothing was found but a few hard peaches on the topmost limbs, and the ground strewn with those partly eaten, mixed with quantities of the stones and trampled leaves. All search was fruitless. The only comfort was in blaming the masculine sex, who were by nature pirates and marauders.

Still Aunt Tabitha's spirit did not fail. Like a true hero, it seemed to gather strength from defeat. A plenty of apples had she. To them she turned as a last resource. To them also turned a multitude of boys for their anticipated reflection. Deep pockets, and large baskets, and dark nights favored their spoliations. They were not removed all at once, like the peaches, but by detachment. The lady of the manor would have sat up and watched, but the orchard was too distant from the house. She meditated setting man-traps, but was afraid of falling into them herself. What should she do? There was no resort but to apply to a neighboring justice of the peace. It was a shame that there were no female justices.

But he undertook her cause so zealously that some of the nimble-footed urchins failed to escape, and were brought to condign punishment. Passing then from one extreme to the other, as the mind is sometimes prone to do, she sought his advice in all her movements. She would neither plant nor harvest without his counsel. As the distance rendered it inconvenient to consult as frequently as it was deemed expedient, it was at length the mutual conclusion that the justice should transfer his residence to that of his client.

This he was the more ready to do, inasmuch as his last daughter had recently married, and he was averse to a stranger-housekeeper, and thought he discovered in the lady in question some resemblance to his deceased wife. She also considered him an exception to her expressed opinion of the sex at large, and had been convinced by his arguments that the yoke matrimonial might be borne without wholly compromising the rights of women. So there was an end of Miss Tabitha's farming.

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

GEORGIE, I wrote a birthday song
 For *Herbert* long ago,
 With little thought its simple words
 Would ever move me so.

It lies before me now, and all
 The scenes its words recall
 Awaken memories of pain,
 And cause the tears to fall.

It shadows all the paths I tread,
 And clouds my soul with gloom,
 To think upon his troubled life
 And his uncertain doom.

I *thought* to lay my weary head
First in the grave to rest,
 And have my brothers plant fair flowers
 O'er their pale sister's breast.

But he has gone, and thou, perchance,
 Hast little time to stay;
 It may be I shall live to weep
 Above thy lifeless clay;

Or, *sadder still*, thou may'st depart,
 And I may wait in vain
 To hear *thy* home-returning step,
 Or see *thy* face again.

I may not know, I can not tell,
 If the swift-coming years
 Are laden with life's joys for thee,
 Or heavy with its tears.

But this I know, whate'er thy lot,
 Thy sister's love shall be,
 Unchanged by time, unchilled by change,
 Forever true to thee.

Our mother, with her dying breath,
 Said solemnly to me,
 "Give to thy brothers love like that
 Ye all have had from me."

And since her spirit passed to dwell
 In its pure home above,
 I've cherished for her sons almost
 A mother's yearning love.

And if, when all my work is done,
 I stand before the throne,
 O, Georgie, brother dearly loved,
Must it be all alone?

How should I meet my mother's glance?
 How meet her question there?
 Which, *even in my dreams*, she asks,
 "*Where are thy brothers? where I?*"

O, yield thy youthful powers to God
 Now in thy life's fresh morn,
 And he will love and cherish thee
 When its bright years are gone.

May all thy life be pure and fair
 As human life may be,
 And our dear mother's wishes shape
 Thy future destiny!

And if these lines e'er meet thine eye,
 When I have passed away,
 Remember her who thinks of thee
 On this thy glad birthday.

THE BROOK SONG.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

In shadowy nook,
 Where the green leaves grow,
 Flow, beautiful brook,
 From the cool fount flow:
 Brook, bubble, bubble, brook,
 Flow, flow, brook, flow—
 Flow, brook, bubble, brook,
 From the cool fount flow.

How the foamy flocks
 Of thy waters go
 Along the rough rocks
 In a steep, fleet flow!
 Flocks, follow, follow flocks,
 Flow, flow, brook, flow—
 Flow, flocks, follow flocks
 In a steep, fleet flow.

With many a crook
 Through the vale below,
 Where the elms overlook
 And the wild flowers blow,
 Brook, murmur, murmur, brook,
 Flow, flow, brook, flow—
 Flow, brook, murmur, brook,
 Where the wild flowers blow.

Flow on to the sea,
 Silver brook, and show
 Our lives how they flee
 To the *Dead Sea's* flow—
 Flee, stilly, fleetly flee—
 Flow, flow, brook, flow;
 Our lives how they flee
 To the *Dead Sea's* flow!

LIFE'S DECLINE IS COMING.

Time is drawing nearer, nearer,
 While our heads are turning gray;
 Tears are falling on life's mirror
 Every day!

Time is closing Beauty's portals,
 Flowers are blooming to decay;
 Fate is delving graves for mortals
 Every day!

While the laurel-wreath is shading
 O'er the fame-lit brow of clay,
 Sad we see the garland fading
 Every day!

Hence, while all things are declaring
 Death a seeker for his prey,
 Let us be ourselves preparing
 Every day!

LOST AND FOUND.*

BY ALICE GARY.

HERE we must go back and attend to the history of one Seth Ramsay, a youth connected with the concluding portion of our story.

Ethan Ramsay, the father of Seth, had made him a home, remote from other settlers, among the wild hills of New Hampshire. He strove to maintain, and for the most part did maintain, friendly relations with the Indians. Now and then, however, after the missing of a sheep or a calf, he would meet his red friends with few words and many frowns, instead of the smiles and the dram of whisky which they were used to have, and which they liked much better; so mistrust on the one side was followed by hatred on the other—hatred quick to link itself to cruelty, for nothing but the scalp of the white man would atone to the Indian for the most trivial slight. As may be supposed, notwithstanding the professed friendly relations between the Ramsays and their wild neighbors, there was in the family constant apprehension, and constant guard and provision, as far as might be, against attack. Scythe and sickle were kept hung against the rafters as weapons of defense; rifle and musket were kept charged; the women were taught the use of them, and even the children handled them as readily as they did their knives and forks. Not fifty yards from the house went Ethan Ramsay without his gun—a precaution which he frequently urged upon his son Seth; but it was hard to ingraft fear upon a disposition naturally bold and daring almost to presumption, and his mother often trembled on discovering Seth off in the barn or meadow quite unarmed, except, indeed, with his great courage and boundless trust.

It was toward the close of February, 1775, that Seth Ramsay, leaving his father and mother sitting before the shining log fire, took his musket from above the door, and went out, as was his custom, to bring home the sheep. One of the flock was missing, and, with his gun over his shoulder, he traveled the meadow round and round in search of it; at last he discovered it struggling to free its leg, which was fast in the fence next the woods. All his sympathies excited, and without a suspicion in his mind, the youth rushed forward, the frozen ground breaking and cracking under his hurried steps. As he had supposed, one leg of the sheep was fast between the rails of the fence. It was far from

the house, dusky, and every moment growing dark, with the thick, Indian-haunted forest close at hand, but nothing of all this thought the generous, kind-hearted Seth as he saw his favorite ewe struggling in pain and imprisonment, and, throwing down his musket, he stooped to loosen the rails, and give the poor creature its freedom. As he did so he was seized from behind by a grasp that held him like a vise, and, turning his head, he saw that he was surrounded by twenty Indians. One held his musket menacingly at his breast, while another swung a hatchet with a terrible dexterity, and at the same time he saw knives, ground sharp and shining, stuck in the belts that bristled with arrows. He saw the stratagem at once, and recognized the full danger of his position; but his native courage and trust did not yet desert him; so when a brawny-armed, grim-faced old savage, seizing his hair, and sawing against his forehead with the dull edge of a butcher-knife, told him, in wretched jargon, to go with them in peace or give them his scalp, he affected to make merry, and assured them that he would go with them with the greatest pleasure, that it had been the desire of his life to be a hunter, and that if they would only teach him to shoot arrows he would have no desire for the dull life of the white man.

"But," said one of his grim captors, as they hurried him into the woods, "you are not to be made a hunter and a warrior—you are to be a slave, and help the squaws to boil meat and make fires."

Gayly Seth laughed, telling them they might have his scalp if they thought it an honor to take without resistance; but that he would not so lightly surrender his manhood, and that he would make his breast the target of a thousand arrows before he would work at boiling meat and making fires with the squaws.

This pleased the savages so much that they sent up an approving yell, that echoed and echoed from the black, silent hills of the dense forest, and one of the Indians proposed to untie the hands which had been bandaged behind poor Seth till now. Some of the more wary, however, shook their heads; and with tied hands, and Indians before him, and Indians behind him, and Indians on each side of him, poor Seth was marched and marched till long and long after the midnight.

At last a halt was made when they thought themselves sufficiently remote from Ethan Ramsay's house, a fire was struck, and, scraping together a quantity of the dry leaves that covered the ground, the whole party lay down together,

* Concluded from page 656.

having first tied the legs and arms of Seth fast to the legs and arms of two of his companions, in whose eyes the poor prisoner could see no sleepy looks.

As may be imagined, he slept little that night—troubled as much for the sake of his poor old father and mother as for himself; and what added to his suffering not a little was the necessity of concealing it, for the fountain that is choked up must have vent somewhere. Any attempt to escape just then was madness, he knew, and that the only avenue to hope was affected content, and, in fact, liking for the rude life he was obliged to endure. When it was daybreak he saw it with heavy aching eyes, and heard the first movements of the waking Indians with keenest apprehension; but though every bone in his body ached almost past endurance, and his limbs were chafed and swollen under the binding cords, he forced himself to affect quiet and deep sleep. If he designed running away he would not sleep after this fashion, thought his captors; and, after a muttered consultation, one of them approached and bent over him. Seth could scarcely forbear opening his eyes now, for he feared the tomahawk was lifted above his head, and would bring sudden and awful death with its descent; but by a mighty inward struggle he preserved outward calm, even when the Indian's breathing was close in his face. Satisfied that he was fast asleep, the savage untied his hands, and, tucking a bit of decayed wood beneath his head for a pillow, left him and joined his comrades in the preparation of breakfast, which consisted of dried moose-meat, roasted corn, and some whisky. Kindly for the most part the prisoner was treated, though if any game was killed it fell upon him to carry it; but the vigilance was not much relaxed till wastes of the great wilderness and the waters of the St. Lawrence were betwixt him and his New Hampshire home. The hope to escape, however, and return to his friends once more, never for a moment deserted him; and it was this, and not a reconciliation to his lot, that enabled him to maintain a cheerful demeanor. Whenever the march was stopped, he would practice shooting with the bow and arrow, and soon attained a proficiency in the exercise that greatly pleased the Indians; he strove, too, with all his skill to obtain a mastery of their language, both that he might appear to have an interest among them, and also obtain some knowledge of their intentions and dispositions toward him.

Arrived at the wigwam village, he was an object of the greatest curiosity to the women

and children; and on the expression of their admiration for the buttons on his coat, he cut them off and gave them freely—a gift with which they were highly delighted, and some of the squaws appeared shortly with the buttons strung on shreds of bark, and tied in their noses and ears. Afterward coat, and shirt, and hat went the same way; and clothed only with a blanket and a belt, he saw his apparel cut into moccasins, and curious fantastic ornaments for the wild women of the woods. Used to hardship and exposure as he was, the life of a savage was a severe trial to his constitution, and the diet of coarse meat and corn helped to make way for disease, and he gradually wasted and sunk till his mother, if she could have seen him, would hardly have known him.

One day when he affected to sleep he learned from the talk among the squaws that a descent upon the white settlements was meditated; and from that day he grew stronger, though, as much as might be, he concealed his convalescence, and walked, indeed, with feeble and tottering steps when he was very well able to run. But all his courage well nigh forsook him when he discovered that it was the intention of the marauders to leave him behind. With sick heart and sad eyes he saw a company of the bravest and brawniest of them depart, on a hunting expedition, as they pretended to him, but, from what he had heard the women say, and from subsequent observation, he knew it was for a hunting expedition among the white people. His affectation and groaning had about this time nearly proven fatal to him, for, on the departure of the party aforementioned, directions were given to the sub-chief to put the sickly pale face out of the way if he was likely to continue useless and troublesome. He had accomplished his purpose, however, and the watch that had formerly been kept over him was greatly relaxed.

A wild and windy March night succeeded the day on which the select party had started on their wicked expedition; the moon seemed to be running among the clouds in frantic search of the lost stars, shedding now and then a fitful glimmer of light, and again hiding her face in deepest grief; the fires burned dim, and at length, in spite of the howling of the winds and the wolves, sleep stole over the village. It was near midnight when our hero—provided with such scraps of miserable food as he had been able to save and secure from the pittance brought him by the squaw-nurse—gathered his blanket about him, and, with heart beating louder than his footstep, stole away. His feet he shod with a pair of

stolen moccasins in order to baffle any attempt to track him with the dogs, and thus scantily equipped and provided, he struck on the trail of the advance Indians as the only chance of finding the settlements. We need not follow him through all that perilous journey—sometimes feeding upon roots, and other times on the meat of a frog or of a bird caught in the way—sometimes lodging in a tree-top for fear of the wolves—sometimes creeping in a hollow log, and at others hiding in swamps among serpents and vile toads. More than once he lost the trail, and had to search a long while to find it again; many a deep, muddy stream he was forced to swim. Beside the St. Lawrence he had the good fortune to find a knife which the Indians had left; and here all one day he worked, peeling tough bark and tying logs together. A rude and frail raft was at last completed, and, armed with such poor paddles as he could invent, he trusted himself to the treacherous waters, and, after much hard rowing and a good deal of drifting down stream, landed in a drift of sand, and, cutting steps with his knife, and climbing by roots, made his way at last up the high and almost perpendicular bank, and stood once more on dry ground, and safe, as far as he could be safe with the savages scouting all about him—deep in the dense and bewildering wilderness, sick and almost starved, with hungry wolves and numberless other wild beasts smelling his blood, and eyeing him from every thicket and tree-top.

Poor Seth! his chances of reaching the white settlements were even now very dubious.

Sometimes he found the fires where the Indians had halted the previous night still burning, and so warmed his shivering limbs, and roasted a frog or the leg of a squirrel, if he had had the good fortune to kill one with stone or club. Then, too, he could sleep in greater quiet than elsewhere, for the shining of the fire made the wild beasts afraid; and once or twice he found a remnant of deer-meat, or some like luxury, which the Indians had left behind. At length, however, he quite lost the trail, and, becoming bewildered more and more, failed to strike into it again. This was a terrible calamity; for, though, according to his best computation, he could not be many days' journey from the settlements, he was just as likely to travel in the wrong direction as the right. How much time he lost in making circles and zigzags in the wild, trackless forest, he could never tell; he had lost his reckoning of time; his strength was almost gone, and his little remaining courage fast giving way, when he sat down to rest by a brook-side,

dropping his bruised and bleeding feet in the soft, cooling waters, and leaning his tired, aching head against the trunk of a tree. He saw the sun go down, and the long shadows of the trees grow indistinct, wondering and caring but little whether he should ever again behold the light. Perhaps he thought, as he locked his skinny fingers together, they will be broken and crunched by some hungry beast when the sun goes down to-morrow; then he made a picture of how his skeleton would look, bleaching by the brook-side—how the mildew would come over his hair, and the birds of the air sail low, and light on his very bosom; then he thought how the rain would come, and the clean grass sprout up through his white bones; then how the dead leaves would blow over him, and leaves and bones decay together, and so only a patch of greener grass would mark the spot where he perished. And all this while, he thought, his mother would be looking from the cabin-door, morning, and noon, and evening, in the vain hope that across the field, or in the edge of the woods, she would see him coming; and his father's hair would grow gray and his eyes dim with the troubling wonder in his heart of what had become of his son. Tears came to his eyes as he thus moaned at his own funeral; but he quickly dashed them from his cheek, and bent his ear listeningly. He had heard a step along the leaves he thought; it might be the hungry wild beast could not wait for him to die. One moment he listened and peered into the dark, and then such a joyous cry burst from his lips as till then the wilderness had never heard.

On second thought he doubted his senses—an angel had been sent for him, he thought, and it was not a little human child, that, with curious, open eyes and dimpled cheek, was coming right toward him. A little nearer came the child, and he knew the torn hat and the faded frock were not the habiliments of a spirit. It was, indeed, a fair-faced little boy, of flesh and blood like himself—but how came he there? Was he then, indeed, so near the home of some friend and brother? The faces of father and mother seemed to smile upon him; he almost saw the light of home; and the joyous tumult that trembled in his breast was payment for all his suffering.

Another minute, and little Nattie was sitting on the grass by the side of the strange, wild-looking man, who had told him so sweetly and so kindly he would not hurt him as to quiet every fear; looking curiously into the eager face of the wild man, and telling him, in his little, broken way, how he was riding in the wagon

with grandfather, and how, as they came to a deep hollow and the horses went fast up the hill, he slipped out behind, and when he got up and rubbed the mud from his eyes, he could not find grandfather, nor make him hear, and that he had then started to go home, where his mother and his aunt Hepsie were. He knew the way very well, he said, and he offered to show the wild man the way, too, if he would go along—an offer which poor, hungry Seth was glad enough to accept.

But little Nattie did not know the way so well as he thought, and right contrary to the way he should have gone they went, hand in hand. At last Seth learned how useless further wandering was, and, sitting down by a tree-trunk, took the little boy on his bosom, and waited for the daylight. At last it came, and, with the earliest gleam, he climbed to the top of a tall tree, and, gazing in all directions, spied far away a smoke. Toward this they made their way as rapidly as they could; but what was their disappointment on reaching it to find but burning logs, and other evidences of an Indian camp! An hour more of going up and down, and they found some lately felled trees and a wagon-track, which little Nattie said was made by grandfather's wagon, he was sure; and this time he was not mistaken.

As the reader will have guessed, it was their steps and voices which Samuel Alger and his miserable children heard as they sat waiting and watching in their desolate house. It is not much wonder they trembled even when Seth opened the door and stood before them, for he looked wild enough and unearthly enough to frighten stouter hearts than theirs were just then; but their joy to have back little Nattie alive and well quickly overcame every other feeling, and he soon found himself almost overwhelmed with gratitude.

The dead embers were laid together on the hearth, a fire hastily struck, and a good, warm breakfast soon spread before the famished Seth; but they would not permit him to eat of it half he wanted.

While they listened to his strange story the four-year old stopped his galloping at the door, and Nathan, his face bright with good news, bounded into the house. And little and mean as the house was, it seemed to the blessed inmates like a palace; and plain and frugal as the breakfast was, a feast was never so relished. Pitcairn had been driven back, and half his men were left dead on the road. "When he meets another little band of our militia men, he'll be more careful how he fires into them!" said

Nathan, proudly, resetting his musket in its accustomed place.

All were very sorry that poor Seth could not eat as much as he wished; but Hepsie was so sorry about it she could not keep the tears from her eyes; which, when Seth saw, he smiled, and said he could do very well—that he was almost satisfied, indeed.

In a few days, so good and careful was his nursing, he was well enough to go home; and as he and Hepsie sat before the fire, and talked of all his perils past, and of the journey he was about to make, she said, in a voice that was a little unsteady, and with more tenderness in her face than she meant to have there, "And shall we never meet any more, Seth?" "It all depends on yourself, Hepsie," replied the young man, putting his arm about her waist, and leaning his cheek very close to hers for the answer; which was only a blush and a confused trembling, which Hepsie would have given the world if she could have suppressed.

They talked by the fire that night till very late, for a drizzly and chilly rain was falling, and, late in April as it was, the warmth of a fire was pleasant—they talked earnestly and long, but what they said we have no business with.

When Seth was gone, Hepsie grew thoughtful and dreamy more and more; and one night, when she had been an hour milking the white cow, the father and grandfather took little Nattie by the hand, and went out to see what had become of her. "Why, Hepsie," he said, seeing her drooped head and thoughtful face, "what are you thinking about, my dear?" A faint blush overspread the young girl's face, and then the soft tears came to her eyes, and she told her father, with modest pride, that when the war was over, if Seth Ramsay should escape its dangers, they, with his consent and blessing, were to be married, and have the happiest home in all New England.

The old man stooped and kissed the cheek of little Nattie, as he thought how he had been lost and found, saying, "Wondrously the Lord brings good out of evil! Blessed be his name!"

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

THE cross presents the most effectual of all motives to practical godliness. Millions have been, and millions more will be won by it from sin to holiness, from the borders of woe to the beatitudes of heaven. "If," said he, "I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me."

GENIUS AND GUMPTION.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESWELL.

IT is recorded in the chronicles of a dim domain, lying between the substantial regions of fact and the uncertain realms of fancy, that two citizens of that fairy-land—one distinguished for slow but sure qualities, the other renowned for fleet-footedness—were competitors for honor in a race. The natural odds were all on one side. But Mr. Hare, confident and self-conceited, proud of his genius, and disposed to trust it largely, mocked his steady competitor, and loitered by the way. Plodding forward, Mr. Tortoise allowed no enchantment to lead him astray or check his industry; and while his gifted opponent indulged inglorious ease, he won the goal.

These types of native ability without application, and of energetic industry for the best possible employment of small natural capacity, have counterparts in history which is not fable, and in life which is not fanciful.

"History," said an eminent thinker, "is philosophy teaching by example." The philosophy of individual history, which is biography, gives to every student the plain lesson, that certain men have undoubtedly possessed rich gifts as heirs of nature—were men of genius—but had they not been men of industry as well as genius, there had been no occasion for a record of their lives.

Hoping, sighing, and resolving are not the exercises which a biographer seeks, when he would put into print the achievements of a man who has been eminently useful.

Noah Webster, in his ponderous quarto, tells us that gumption is a good old Saxon word, implying "observation, capacity, shrewdness, carefulness, address, smartness."

That is satisfactory; but what the American lexicographer says about genius is not quite so certain of general assent. He defines it to be—"The peculiar structure of mind which is given by nature to an individual, or that disposition or bent of mind which is peculiar to every man, or qualifies him for a particular employment; a particular talent or aptitude of mind for a particular study or course of life; as, a genius for history, for poetry, or for painting."

Now, I conceive the popular idea of genius to be different from that expressed by the learned lexicographer. Tact, talent, and genius are often confounded—being employed, each or all of them, to express the same thought, or the want of a definite thought. The prevailing idea of genius I take to be—that it is a *creative faculty*

which is without knowledge or experience of effort. Every body says Byron was a genius; and the poet Pollok, laboring to sketch the "*peculiar structure of mind given him by nature,*" declares, that

"Where Fancy halted weary in her flight
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling; while
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought, and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat, not soiled and worn
As if from the earth had labored up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, while down from higher regions came
And perched it there to see what lay beneath."

This sounding, if not sensible, verse is well rebuked by Henry Giles, who holds that "genius is not intoxication, and that it is even more than rapture; it is capacity subject to the law of truth and beauty—the intense action of the soul exalted, harmonious, and illuminated. The flash of noble thought," he says, truly, "may come suddenly on the brain, the torrent of enkindled feeling may rush upon the heart, but the spirit of order and of art must move over the face of this brilliant chaos ere it is shaped into that perfection which the world does not willingly let die."

In these words a clear portraiture of the offices of genius and of gumption, as they ought to be understood, is presented. In that rare poem *Festus*, Philip James Bailey gave the opinion that "aspiration is toil, while inspiration cometh from above, and is without labor." Inspiration, then, is the progenitor of genius; aspiration the emotion of gumption.

A man of grand schemes is pronounced a genius. What, then, are the men of grand fulfillments, to whom the world owes all for which human intellect is to be credited? An individual may have a perpetual influx of immense conceptions, and still be a ninny or a lunatic. Only when there is a practical method in his designs, seeing which his fellow-citizens may exclaim, "The world is better for what you have done," is any man, in the highest sense, a hero. Genius, popularly considered, is akin to instinct. Inspiration suggests impulse, and the impulse carried out, or forgotten, the genius is like other men. Ask one friend, "What is genius?" He may answer, "Divinity." Ask another, and he will

tell you, "Frailty;" and, verily, if popular sentiment be accredited, gin and genius have often had homes in the same. Gumption is not frail. It is sturdy, robust, practical, far-seeing, hard-working, self-denying.

Concerning the powers, peculiarities, and characteristics of genius thinkers widely differ. This might clearly be maintained from the literature of the past; but I will neither explore the classics, nor draw from "the well of English undefiled," to which Shakspeare and Milton, and Addison and Pope, and Coleridge and Johnson, and their compeers, contributed. Sufficient for the purpose now to be gained will be a few expressions from writers of the present time in our own country.

John Neale says, "Talent is substance; genius is show. Talent is a primary quality of things, like weight; genius the secondary quality, like color." But Emerson oracularly observes, that "genius looks to the cause and life; it proceeds from within outward, while talent goes from without inward. Talent finds its models, methods, and ends in society—exists in exhibition, and goes to the soul only for power to work. Genius is its own end, and draws its means and the style of its architecture from within, going abroad only for audience and spectator. . . . It is sun and moon, and wave and fire in music, as astronomy is thought and harmony in masses of matter."

Longfellow makes claims for genius equal to those set up by Emerson. He remarks that "it has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age. There is something equally true, though not so common; namely, that these men of genius, the best and bravest, are in advance, not only of their own, but of every age. As the German prose poet has it, every possible future is behind them. We can not suppose that a period of time will ever come when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up with these great minds so as to fully comprehend them."

Mr. Longfellow, in his poetic wisdom, neglected to add a practical reason for the incomprehensibility of much genius. It manifests itself in mystical speculation. It taught no lessons of goodness or greatness which the common mind could grasp; it could describe grand visions, but it could never make two blades of grass grow where only one had been; in a word, gumption was wanting. As a balance to genius, which is ideally creative, gumption is required to control, to direct. It is judgment contradistinguished from imagination. "Common sense is the genius

of humanity," was the shrewd remark of a French statesman. Gumption is the power to realize the poetical worth of common sense. Without that power no man was ever truly great.

Contemplate a locomotive. You are struck with capacity of power. A shrill whistle startles you. The seething, restless generator of strength, of which that whistle was a feeble expression, is the genius of the ponderous machine. Gumption is represented in the cool, watchful, out-looking engineer. Without him the locomotive is an idle expense, or it is an instrument of terrible destruction.

"Your real genius," says Orville Dewey, hitting popular sentiment, "is an irregular, vagabond sort of a personage, who muses in the fields or dreams by the fireside; whose strong impulses—that is the cant of it—must needs hurry him into wild eccentricity—who abhors order and can not bear restraint—and eschews all labor." The history of literature, of science, of art, and of politics, all gravely satirize so inconsiderate an estimate of character. Vagrant purposes are not now, never have been, and never will be, treasures to the world.

While there must be execution as well as conception, there must be practical as well as ideal genius; and that which in all respects is most required for morals and for business—not that which is most brilliant for the adornings of life merely—will win the larger number of votaries. If they are true men and women, their standard of worth among each other will be neither wit, nor humor, nor eloquence, but morals and industry; yet, though business men, though working men, they may be witty men, and humorous men, and eloquent men—poets, indeed, or painters, or sculptors, or statesmen.

The poet and the artist, weaving bright threads of thought, wonder at the mechanical skill which rendered Arkwright, and Hargreaves, and Jacquard renowned; while he who weaves strong and substantial tissues through the creations of their ingenuity wonders at what is beyond his power to accomplish, when reading a poem or contemplating a picture. If the poet loses no rank in intellect or character by his ignorance of inventive mechanism, ought the mechanic to depreciate, in his own or in the world's estimation, because he can only admire, and not execute a poem? Each is a working man, if his performances are creditable, whether he weaves thoughts in fancy's woof for the printing-press, or whether he publishes only cloths, and calicoes, and laces.

I recognize in all its fitness the saying of the German poet, that "we should do our utmost to

encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself." But I would appeal to every young man to consider fairly, to reflect bravely, before he allows the pencil or the pen to win him from the workshop or the farm-house. If he be not led by a whim, which he mistakes for the inspiration of genius; if gumption be his monitor, and he have a genius for poetry, or painting, or history, or philosophy, and will practice industry, the world will not fail to recognize it.

Young ambition may somewhere exclaim, "To be a senator, or a governor, or a president, is my intention."

Let young ambition be warned as well as encouraged. Whenever office-seeking becomes a profession it becomes despicable. The men who respect themselves, and who can honor high places which the people's votes secure, are men whom office seeks—whose quiet worth or conspicuous merit fits them for public reward. What men know better or more widely the character of legislation just national, and social, and moral interests demand than those working men, who, as artisans, and merchants, and farmers, may practically study society's needs? Necessarily, if accumulation of paltry pelf be the end and aim of their endeavors, they can not fit themselves to be better or higher than money-makers; but I plead for "common sense, the genius of humanity," and I speak of what might be, and what ought to be.

Professor Maury was right when, in a letter to his son, he wrote: "To the truly wise and good man, office, place, honors, distinctions, are desirable or welcome only as they increase his sphere of usefulness and enlarge his privilege of doing good."

Quaint Thomas Carlyle said, "Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, include all Kepler calculations, all Newton meditations—all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, all martyrdoms."

Go along the highways of history, trace all the paths in which biography reveals character, and mark what has been accomplished for mechanism, for agriculture, for art, for literature, for science, for history; ay, for human convenience, delight, improvement, or elevation—out of material instrumentalities—and you will discover that "labor, wide as the earth, its summit in heaven," directed by goodness, controlled by knowledge, is man's just necessity, his proud privilege, but you will find often need of knowledge and frequent lack of goodness—and you may sorrowfully ask why the humble men, the unambitious, unassuming palace-builders of the

world, the pillars of society, are not *for themselves*, as working men, representatives of culture, recipients of learning's rewards. With Rufus Choate, you may eloquently ask: "What has doomed us or any of us to labor so exclusive and austere, that only half—the lower half—of our nature can survive it? The unrest of avarice, or ambition, or vanity, may do it; but no necessity of our being and no appointment of its Author. Shall we of our own election abuse ourselves? Do you feel that the mere tasks of daily labor employ the whole man? Have you not a conscious nature, other and beside that which tills the earth, drives the plow, squares the stone, creates the fabric of art—a nature, intellectual, moral, capacious of science, capacious of much beyond the sphere of sense, with large discourse of reason? What forbids that this nature shall have its daily bread also day by day?"

Nothing, I answer, but shams and subterfuges, laziness or vice, indolence or apathy—that stupid want of self-respect, that lack of gumption, which is exhibited when mechanics lounge away their spare evenings in grocery gossip; when farmers refuse to provide their homes with elevating books and the society of music and pictures; when townspeople neglect to encourage the gathering of intelligent circles, in which character, not broadcloth, nor jewelry, nor laces, is respectable; when clerks and apprentices waste at the fashionable saloon what time and money would store their minds with available instruction; when young students deceive tutors and lose valuable lessons in pursuit of irrational, immoral "fun;" when communities spend more money on court-houses and jails than on school-houses and seminaries; when parents devote all their attention to ornamental education for their sons and daughters, neglecting practical lessons which fit boys and girls for honest work; or when parents are selfish and niggard, and, day by day, drive their children to dispiriting toil, overlooking mental culture and moral counsel.

Genius, impractical, seeks too much the ideal. Gumption, severe and selfish, grasps too often for the time-serving, the sensual, the worldly, the sycophantic. There is a bright line between, leading, if not to distinction's mount, to the peaceful plain of usefulness; and the parent who has thoughtful regard for his children—the teacher who honors duty, and has capacity for his high calling, will seek that line; and the young man and young woman, respecting themselves, loving goodness, and ambitious for usefulness, will heed no siren song which would entice with dulcet notes, soothing to indolence

and indecision, but they will spurn contemptuously whatever is dictated by groveling passion or impious avarice.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE ON A MANIAC.

THE following anecdote was related to us by the keeper of a prison where a maniac was confined. He had been brought there in a most desperate state. He had long before been confined in a cell, where, for months, no one dared to enter. Several stout men brought him to prison. In a few days the keeper commenced. Resorting to his utmost skill to subdue him, he adopted the following expedient:

He told his little child, who was then scarcely able to walk, to go to the cell and offer the insane man an apple. Day after day the child went to the cell, and, calling the man by name, said,

"Sir, take an apple, sir."

The maniac turned away in a rage. She continued the practice, and, in her mild, soft voice, again urged the distracted man to accept the little gift. He seemed inexorable. His eye could not be caught.

One day the little child stood at the iron grating, with an apple in her hand, saying,

"Come, Mr. —, now do accept my apple. Do take it from my hand."

Her mild, soft, persuasive tones at last touched a tender chord in that distracted soul. It vibrated to the gentle sound of the infant voice. Gradually, as the flower yields to the beams of the rising sun, and throws open its petals to its refreshing influences, so did the soul of this maniac open to the sweet influences of the infant. He looked upon her, and she upon him; and, reaching out his hand, quietly took the little token of affection, and ate the apple in her presence. Gradually she subdued him. The keeper, delighted with the experiment, at last took him out one day, letting the child lead him to one of the officers of the city, and introduced him as Mr. —.

"Is this man any near relation to that maniac whom you have confined?" said the officer.

"O, yes," said the keeper, "he is a very near relative;" delighted with the innocent deception he was practicing: "he is the man himself."

Had it thundered at that moment, the men would not have been more startled. The keeper assured them that there was not the least danger. After a short conversation, the patient, with the keeper and the child, returned back to the prison. Here was a most wonderful instance of the power of love. The man was subsequently restored to society.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THE old, gray-headed year
Went murmuring to his rest
And many a frozen tear
Fell on his snowy vest.

He shook his palsied head
With a glance that chilled my heart,
And he pointed to the dead
That were of his spoils—a part.

And as the cold wind played
With the locks on his pallid brow,
"My reign is o'er," he said;
"I must yield to my rival now."

His voice, like the night-wind shrill,
Rang woefully on mine ear,
And I paused—while murmuring still
He crept to his frozen bier.

"And dost thou weep for me?"
'Twas thus I heard him say;
"I shed no tears for thee
When I stole thy gems away.

I have plucked thy fairest flowers,
And hid them from thy sight,
And o'er thy gayest hours
Have thrown a withering blight.

I found thee wild with glee,
I leave thee deathly sad;
I have not spared to thee
One joy to make thee glad.

Thou hast not drank a cup
I have not turned to gall,
And from thy heart, its hopes,
Like withered leaflets, fall.

Then wherefore weep for me,"
The old year, moaning, said;
"The new year comes with glee—
Rejoice when I am dead."

He closed his stony eyes
Beside his frozen bier;
Beneath the midnight skies
I watched the dying year.

The chill night-wind swept by
As on my ear there fell
A heavy, long-drawn sigh—
The old year's last farewell.

A pause, like that of death,
Came o'er the listening earth,
As his last quivering breath
Proclaimed a new year's birth.

And when his final doom
Death stamped on that pale brow,
Time bore him to his tomb—
The new year reigneth now.

HARPOONING A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

A WHALING EXPERIENCE.

BY CHARLES WORDEHOFF.

"ALL'S fish that comes to our lines," said our skipper one day, as an excuse for lowering his boat after an enormous boneshark, who had been floating around in the neighborhood of the vessel during a two days' calm, looking so badly ennuied that it seemed almost a mercy to him to rouse him into activity by means of an iron and lance.

"All's fish that comes to our lines, boys," said the mate some days afterward, as we "sterned all" to get out of the way of a dying behemoth.

It happened in this way. We had been some nine months from home, and were nearly out of wood. Sailing lazily down the Mozambique Channel, occasionally "lowering" after a *hump-back*, but seeing no signs of sperm whales, we arrived at the Bazarreta Islands, whither the skipper had determined to go, in search of a stock of wood. These Isles are situated in the Mozambique, at but short distances from the main-land of Africa, in about latitude twenty-one degrees twenty minutes south, and longitude thirty-six degrees twelve minutes east. They are thickly wooded and but sparsely inhabited, both which circumstances contributed, in the present instance, to making them a favorite place of resort for our captain.

We sailed into the little bay formed by the islands and the neighboring main-land, about 7 o'clock one morning, and after coming to anchor, furling sails, and clearing a space in the hold for the reception of the wood, took axes in the mate's boat and proceeded to an inspection of the facilities for cutting and boating off fire wood, afforded by the different little islets. It must be premised here that our ship lay at the distance of about two and a half miles from the main-land, the different isles being from half a mile to three miles distant.

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise is a work requiring some days, and even often weeks; and it had been determined that the first, and, if need be, the next day likewise, should be devoted to a thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible.

Consequently we, the mate's boat's crew, had been ordered to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the boat's breaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed the boat toward the nearest island. Landing her we found

naught but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place where to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said, "Trim aft, Tom, there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the main-land." Accordingly the boat's head was laid shoreward, and we spread ourselves out at full length upon the thwarts, enjoying an unusual treat of some cigars, which our chief officer had good-naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the main-land we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw black-skin glisten in the sun just then," said the boat-steerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon bow thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said he drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig either, nor porpoise, nor—no," said he, with some degree of animation, "nor any thing else that wears black-skin that I ever saw before."

This had the effect of rousing us up. Every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable "black-skin."

"There he blows"—"and there again"—"and over here, too," said several voices in succession.

"It an't a spout at all, boys; let's pull up and see what it is."

We took to our oars, and the boat was soon darting forward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

"Stern all," suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat brought up "all standing" against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us *hors de combat* into the bottom of the boat. As we backed off an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and incontinently dove down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question, which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, "if it comes within reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it, lads, so pull ahead." We were again under headway, keeping a bright look-out for the reappearance of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole school," said the

mate eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistering of white water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water just ahead," said the boat-steerer.

"Pull easy, lads, I see him; there—way enough—there's his back."

"Stern all," shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm whale's.

"Stern all—back water—back water every man," and the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature as, in his agony and surprise, he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round till he grasped the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely dove down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was traveling along it by a line of blood, as well as by the air bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of us," said the boat-steerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat and in rather unpleasant proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation the wounded beast, unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead of us.

"Pull ahead a little, let's get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around, so—now, stern all," and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim. With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.

"Back water—back, I say. Take down this boat-sail, and stern all—stern for your lives, men," as two more appeared by the bows evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put

into his short neck so close to his head that he could not get it in his mouth.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the school, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and I'll soon settle him with a lance."

This was done, and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart. With a tremendous roar and a desperate final struggle, of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and after sinking momentarily, rose again to the surface lying upon his side, just as does the whale when he dies.

His companions had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for our victory, towed the carcass to the not far-distant shore. It was luckily high tide, and we got the body up to high-water mark, where the speedily receding tide left it ashore. When we had viewed the giant and thought of the singular agility he had displayed in the water, we could not help acknowledging to one another that to get among a school of hippopotami would be rather a desperate game.

On measuring we found our prize to be a few inches less than fifteen feet long, from his head to the commencement of his short, hairless tail. We could not measure his girth, but his bulk was enormous. His legs were disproportionately short, giving him, conjointly with his short neck and very large head, an awkward, stolid appearance, which the agility he displayed in the water by no means justified. His skin was very thick and very tough, and almost altogether devoid of hair. His head was shaped a little like that of an ox, but his mouth was very large, and furnished, aside from a set of stout grinders, with four tusks, two in each jaw, from ten to twelve inches long, which, together with a peculiarly savage look of the eye, gave him a most wicked appearance.

We had not been long on shore when several natives made their appearance. They testified much joy at sight of our prize, and went through a most lively pantomime, from which we gathered that the beasts were a great plague to them, that the meat was good to eat, and that they would like a portion. The hint was not lost upon us, who had not tasted fresh beef for some six months.

"What say you, boys; will you try a piece of hippopotamus steak?" proposed the mate, and as no one dissented we got the axes, and after considerable chopping and hacking got off the head, when we were enabled to cut ourselves about twenty-five pounds of what appeared to be tolerably tender meat, off the fore-quarter.

With this supply, and some tusks which the natives gave us, we proceeded on board to relate our adventure. Our steaks were cooked for supper, and whether it was that we were blessed with an unusually good appetite, or that the meat was actually well flavored, certain it is that they tasted delicious.

We paid some farther visits to the shore, but at the captain's orders kept out of the way of the *river-horses*, as he did not choose to risk a boat, and, perhaps, her crew, when no profit was to be gained. We gathered from the natives that the hippopotamus infested the country about there in great herds, and often in one night destroyed all the rice fields in the neighborhood. We were shown two large pits, on the borders of a field, in which already several had been caught. These holes are dug by the natives with sticks and rough wooden spades. Sharp stakes are driven in the bottom, the whole trap is covered over with boughs of trees and old wood, that it may look like part of the path which the beasts make in their daily peregrinations down to the water side, and it is complete. As the troop comes up from the water after night, on an incursion, the leader generally falls a victim to the ingenuity of the natives. But they, not having any weapons wherewith to dispatch their huge prize, are obliged to let the poor beast starve to death in his narrow pit, securing thus naught but their revenge and the tusks, which last are valuable as ivory.

Our curiosity had been aroused to see an entire herd coming up out of the water to go inland, and at the instance of the captain a party, including him, armed ourselves and took up a position, one evening about sunset, just on one side of what appeared to be their principal line of march, among a thicket of large trees. We remained at our stations in the dark till about 9 o'clock, listening with astonishment at the gambols of the unwieldy monsters in the water close to us. It had been proposed—before coming on shore—to fire at the herd as they came past our hiding-place, and our muskets were loaded with ball for that purpose. But the first signs of their coming put all firing out of our heads, and each one shrunk back behind his tree, only too glad to escape their notice. The noise they made in coming on was as though a tornado was sweeping through the woods. The roaring was terrific, the very earth seeming to tremble at the sound. Three of us, who had concealed ourselves behind an enormous tree where we had been merrily boasting of how we would “pop down the hippopotami,” now shrank close together, each one

laying down his musket, ready for instantaneous flight.

The beasts were evidently aware of our presence, for as they passed us they snuffed the air suspiciously, and breaking into a waddling trot, made the welkin ring with such deafening roars that for a while it seemed as if all the beasts of the forest had joined in concert. When the troop was past and out of hearing, we crept out of our hiding-places and hurried down to the boats, glad to escape without a battle, and perfectly willing to leave hippopotamus hunting to those who were better provided for the sport than we.

WESTERN EMIGRATION.

BY CHARLES ADAMS.

EMIGRATION is one of the pre-eminent features of American society; and so it is probably destined to be for a long time to come. An almost unlimited extent of unoccupied territory, stretching away toward the setting sun, comprising lands that can be possessed at a nominal price, and characterized by singular fertility and beauty, must, in the nature of things, operate to entice and perpetuate a strong current, setting forth from the olden and more crowded settlements of the Atlantic regions. Nor has the staid and sober dweller of the east any adequate idea of the extent and depth of this same current. He would need to take his stand at some one of the ferries crossing the Father of Waters, and contemplate there the procession whose solemn march westward is well-nigh as constant as the eternal flow of the great stream before him. Or he would require to glance over upon the crowded decks that are, every day, floating along that stream, bearing thousands and thousands to the realms of the north and north-west. Or he would be hove to light down, for a few hours, amid one of the new-born cities of the land of Iowa, and mark the never-ceasing arrival and departure of the emigrant wagon, with its white canvas top, and the children stowed away with “the stuff,” and the way-worn mother, in whose features are written her longing to reach some quiet retreat and be at rest. Onward they come, and onward they go. The movement is slow, for each of these four-wheeled tents are houses—houses in motion and drifting afar over the undulations of the prairie, like as a thousand whitened sails are swelling in the breeze, away upon the sunny sea. And, like the ocean craft, these also are bound for some distant haven, where, it is hoped, the anchor will be dropped, the home will be perma-

ment, and long wanderings being finished, the weary voyagers shall rear up the humble villa and "move no more."

Approach now a little nearer, and contemplate this great people thus afloat, and voyaging from the eastern to the western regions of this wonderful land. "Men, women, and children" constitute, of course, the classes of the emigrative community. They were families in their eastern homes—they are families as they travel—and when their travels cease they are to be the same families still—families transplanted in distant lands.

Of these family groups the men appear hardy and strong men, such as have known what it is to grapple with labor, and are prepared to meet further labor and hardships amid their homes that are yet to be. The children are generally yet young—many of them infants—and often long travel has given them a tawny hue, and they appear as if sighing for green play-grounds, and shady trees, and genial fruits. The women have the seeming of wives of just such men, and mothers of just such children. Strong women are they, and capable of endurance, and qualified to encounter life's trials and vicissitudes.

Yet these, after all, are not the only emigrants westward, nor, perhaps, the most interesting class. Large numbers, specially from the far east, emigrate by railroad and steam-ships to the extent that steam will carry them. This is particularly true of such as spread themselves along the Upper Mississippi, and amid the bright lands of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Many of these are of a more cultivated class of society, including numerous young men with their wives, just embarking together on the voyage of life. They have known the comforts and even refinements of New England society, and are seeking the west for the more speedy realization of a pleasant competence, after which it is in the mind of more than one or two to return and pass the evening of life amid the loved scenery and associates of childhood. Alas! how many bright dreams like this shall never wake into reality!

But the pilgrimage is finished, and the emigrant has arrived. Let us note the different aspects of emigrant life as it has arisen to the observation, or as it has been revealed to the ear of friendship.

Here, then, is an enterprising young man from one of the thriving townships of Vermont. He came to the west to "seek his fortune," having some small means wherewith to commence, and a genial temperament and disposition, leading him to keep his eye upon "the bright side of

things," and in his heart resolving not to be "discouraged at trifles." He enters upon business, and a kindly success in the outset has preserved and even improved his ordinary good nature, while continued prosperity has an influence to place him on more and more favorable terms with himself and his newly adopted country and associations. The city or country that is making him rich hardly fails to grow pleasant to his eye, till, in no very long time, the west becomes sentimentally the land of his preference, and, perchance, of his admiration. It is to him the garden of his country—the glory of all lands; and it is well if the colder and rougher region that gave him birth is not looked down upon as some desert realm scarcely worthy of possession.

Nor is there an entire rarity of the opposite examples. Another young man, not quite so favorably constituted as my friend just noticed, comes westward—comes with hopes as high and energy as active as the most sanguine and vigorous. At the same time, Fortune—to use a heathenish expression—smiles upon him. His beginning is propitious, and many things are favorable, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, the chills are upon him, or he is prostrated by fever, and thus a grim cloud darkens all the bright prospects that seemed opening before him. He failed, as he came, to calculate all the allowances to be made for differences in regions so remote as those of his former and latter dwelling-places. He forgot that the sunshine on the prairies of Illinois is different from that which gilds the Green Mountains; that the evening air of the former might not be so safely inhaled as that of the latter; that there is an equal difference in the water, also a difference in meats and even fruits, as well as beverages, of the two countries. He did not keep in mind that rains could not be encountered, at least by him, with the same impunity in Indiana as in New Hampshire; and that the winters of the west, if somewhat milder than in the east, yet none the less demand prudence and precaution against colds and fevers.

Thus this young man grew dispirited. The west proved not a paradise to him, and no marvel if he return ere long, bearing no very favorable or very fair report of the goodly land.

And then, again, I have known an emigrant young lady just married in the east, and retiring from the nuptial ceremony, and exchanging her bridal for her traveling robes. She started off in high cheer, with her young husband, for a home in the west. He was a farmer, and their destination was to be somewhere away on the far-reaching prairie. They arrive at length, and the young

bride is weary, and perhaps sickened by the unceasing rush and smoke of the engine. A wagon ride of a few miles after leaving the railroad brings them to the cabin. It is lonely there—very lonely, and the prairie landscape is level—too level, and seems stretching away to meet the horizon. And there is no city—no village—no church, with its graceful spire—no groves, or orchards, or glorious woodland scenes. Her home is a lodge in the midst of a magnificent Sahara. And such a lodge! Her feet never trod the like before. It is a single room, with a solitary little window to light it, and the floor is naked and rough, and the walls are unceiled and dark, and the furniture is a bed—where else could it be?—and a chair or two are there, and an unsightly fireplace opens at one end, and a ladder in the corner ascends, through an opening, to the garret, and this is all.

Dost thou marvel, fair lady of the east, that this, thy sister—the bride who gave to thee her farewell kiss as she left thee on the morning of her marriage—dost thou marvel that she sits down in that cabin, buries her face in her hands, and weeps? Is it so strange that her heart dies within her, and her bright hopes are all hastening to wither and perish?

And the prairie was never a home for poor Martha. The contrast was too violent, and the home of her youth—the home which she had left forever, rose ever on her vision with far more loveliness than before. Like a faithful woman, as she was, she set about the performance of her appropriate duties as wife and housekeeper. But her heart was heavy, and her steps grew slow, and her hands waxed feeble. Her mind, in spite of all her efforts, would be ever flying away to linger with the dear old home of her childhood; and she would muse and wonder why she might not have remained near her beloved sisters and brothers, and listen to the distant roar of the ocean, and feel the cool sea-breeze, as it floated landward to soothe the evening heats, and hear, of a Sabbath morning, the familiar old church-bell calling the rural worshippers to praise and prayer.

Such was the sorrow of Martha; and when a twelvemonth had passed over her western home, and the flowers of the prairie were drooping under the chill autumn breath, she also drooped and faded into death, and the weary exile passed away to her home in the skies.

And I knew another—a beautiful one, to whom the great and goodly west could never become home-like and lovely. She passed, with her young husband, from her father's abode, on the

banks of the Connecticut, to dwell upon the shores of the glorious Mississippi. But she never could give up the charming scenery of New England's monarch stream, not even for the sublimer beauty of the great river of the west. She only asked of her husband one thing, that he would carry her back to those pleasant shores—the bright sporting ground of her childhood's days; but the cholera seized her before her homeward journey was commenced, and she, too, found her grave in the distant west.

In truth, the matter of emigration is by no means that trifling subject which many appear to imagine. In innumerable instances it is fraught with weal or woe to those who undertake it; while with few, if we judge right, does it prove an affair of indifference. Hence am I a little inclined to wonder that, amid all the multiplicity of pens that are moving in this literary age, so few practical things have been written bearing upon it. The question among others as to who ought and who ought not to emigrate, is certainly one of some moment; for that some should exchange an eastern for a western residence appears entirely obvious; while on the other hand, it is equally certain that many others ought not to emigrate, and not a few of such as have attempted it.

Emigrants westward should, as a general rule, be *young*. They should come while yet the bright heyday of life is before them—when they have just arrived at the possession of their full physical powers, and are strong to lay firm and broad foundations, and overcome the various obstacles incident to a pioneer life.

And emigrants should be young people of *strong perseverance*—such as are fixed that their courage shall not fail in one year or two—who will abide contented and firm till a full and fair experiment has been made, and till their best energies have been put in exercise.

The western emigrant should be a person of *prudence*—one who recognizes the positive difference between the east and west in air, water, food, soil, and, in general, all matters more or less connected with health, and who also acknowledges the necessity of the precautions appropriate to these differences. Were all this attended to there would often be far milder reports at the east touching the insalubrity of western climates, and the unhealthiness of one and another western locality.

So also should the emigrant be free from all morbidness in his local attachments. If he loves his eastern home with a very ardent love; if it wear in his eye the fascination of poetry; if it be

his *beau idéal* of Eden, and he can conceive of no other paradise that may compare with that; if a man's home be thus with him, then, by all means, unless at the high command of duty, let him not abandon it for another in the west or elsewhere.

We have written that in general the emigrant should be *young*; for as a man advances into mature life his habits become rigid, so that it is a matter of great difficulty with him to conform himself to altered modes and circumstances. He will also have acquired his established friends, and it will be painful to him to dissolve long-existing associations. Then, as we grow into years, we naturally feel reluctant to form new friendships, and become aware how few of such actually find existence in mature life. It may be added that a world not overburdened with kindness easily indulges some slight suspicion of men who emigrate after a certain period, and are prone to admit the inquiry as to the reasons or the necessity of their making such a change. Such a one may be actuated by the very highest and purest motives, and, at the same time, be generally suspected of impulses of a very different character.

Especially is emigration of doubtful propriety with the man of years, if the companion of his youth hesitates and would prefer to remain amid the associates of kindred and the pleasant friendships that have grown up with her. Her wishes are to be most carefully and tenderly consulted in a step involving such grave consequences; nor should a husband expect prosperity and happiness in such a change, unless it have the cordial acquiescence of the wife. And why, we may reasonably ask, should not her judgment be consulted in this matter? and why should not her wishes have even greater regard than those of her husband? If there is to be suffering by emigration—as is morally certain—is not she to share it, and share it deeply? If the result shall be disastrous—as is quite possible—will not the disaster fall more heavily upon her than upon any one else? Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the voice of the wife and mother should be decisive in a question of this character, and a wise man will be slow to make the change till that voice, with a note free and unconstrained, pronounces its consent and approbation.

Nor yet are the wishes of children also to be left out of the account, and especially if they have come up into youth. It is true, their judgment may be slender in respect to what will or will not work out the highest good of the family circle. Yet if they lack in judgment they have

hearts, and are capable of feeling; and when a thousand miles removed from the companions of their childhood—from their pleasant cousins and other kindred, they will be competent to feel the separation, perhaps more so than the father who has commanded them so far away. And they will be capable, not only of feeling, but of weeping, too, as they remember the dear old home and the loved mates that they shall see no more. There are men bearing the relations of husband and father, who, in another sense than that of Paul, act, in reference to their wives and children, "as though they had none," and proceed to the most important steps, and those deeply involving the comfort of their families, much as if such families had no existence. These are the men to crush rather than elevate the domestic circles where they move, while, for whatever else they may be suitable, they certainly should not emigrate, unless, indeed, they emigrate alone.

Further, it is doubtful that they of the east should emigrate westward who are in comfortable circumstances where they are. Emigrants of this class more generally have in view the advancement of their estates, and perhaps the making of a more liberal provision for their children. But such should bear in mind that wealth is not the whole of life; that there are other things of equal and even paramount importance, and which are as accessible in the east as in the west. At the same time there is much good sense in the maxim that teaches to "let well enough alone." If thou art young, and well, and unincumbered—of slender means, yet full of courage and hope, and possess a firm and strong heart; if thy father and mother sleep, or, being yet alive, are comfortably provided for, and are willing to spare thee; and if thou art sure that thou canst leave these and other friends and the home of thy childhood with serenity; and if, moreover, the west is fascinating to thee, and pleasant drawings thence are felt within thy heart; if thy dearest friend assents and feels as thou dost; if thou hast looked carefully and thoroughly, and daily weighed all interesting results and bearings; and if, above all and beyond all, thou hast faithfully conferred touching the matter with Him who whispers, "In all thy ways acknowledge me, and I will direct thy paths;" if thus all is clear, then go and see what a munificent Providence hath for thee in the great western Canaan! For that there never was a richer or more magnificent realm thou mayest at thy starting feel well assured.

But ye who emigrate ponder well these nine simples following:

Before starting review the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and study carefully the process of the ancient emigrant when he had gone but a little way upon his journey. Go kneel at the altar and vow to the Lord Jehovah, saying, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." And then, as you journey, and as you arrive, and as you toil, and as you suffer and prosper, in town and on prairie, in storm and sunshine—in all, say and insist unceasingly, "The Lord shall be my God!"

Retire not from the east till your peace is made with every one there. You may never return, and the ill will of any man is too awful for endurance. It will go running after you even to the "farthest verge of the green earth;" and it is a specter that will haunt you, and work you mischief, though thousands of miles away. "First be reconciled to thy brother," and then go.

If it be possible let all your affairs be settled before leaving your native land. Away in the great country of your destination it will help you essentially, if you shall be unembarrassed and untrammelled; if your spirit shall be in sympathy with the glories of the great western world, and your movements there shall be free as the breeze that, in its buoyancy, shall sweep over your prairie home.

Pass not to the great west with any view of sudden wealth. Wealth will come to you there about as certainly as prudence, integrity, industry, and perseverance shall be among the qualities of your character. But the man who goes to the west for the purpose of sudden riches belongs not to the class of emigrants that bless that goodly country, or bless themselves. They may attain their object; yet, so far as they do, the injury, in almost every case, is greater than the benefit. Speculation and monopoly may enrich the few; but it will, to the same extent, be injurious to the many.

Go not west for a home without having first established habits of strictest temperance. Intoxicating beverages must, of course, be dispensed with every-where. But the temperance of the western emigrant must go beyond all this. It must extend to all other drinks—to all the diet, and govern the habits of the man as it respects rain and sunshine, labor and rest, exposure, excitements, and all things. How often has a visit to a neighboring city, and for a day or two, resulted in sickness and death! Is it strange, then, that so great a transit as that of one and two thou-

sand miles, with all the changes involved, should often, without the appropriate precautions, prove disastrous and fatal?

Expect no paradise in the west till you make it for yourself. You will find there, indeed, the materials for the building, but you must proceed to rear it up. The prairie is there with its verdure, and flowers, and plains, and swells, and ravines, and exhaustless fertility and boundless reach. And woods are there, intermingled with the prairies, and skirting the rivers. But remember that all is *wilderness*, save where man has walked and labored. Wild is the open prairie, and oppressively solitary; and the snake nestles and suns himself there. And it would be easy there as elsewhere to die for the aching which the heart hath for something it can not reach. Wild, too, are the woods that bespot the prairies. They are not the clean, grove-like, and graceful woods that clothe the hill-sides of the east; but the trees seem aged, and wrinkled, and rough. They are old men, whose beauty is faded, and whose forms are withered and bent; while beneath spreads the undergrowth and bushes, with here and there a spot of long and tangled grass—the whole forming a waste difficult to penetrate, and unsightly to the eye. Nor are the prairie rivers eastern in their character. They come not from cool mountain springs, nor sweep along granite and silicious beds. They are, rather, the downflowings of waters rained from the rich prairie regions, and the turbid stream passes you slowly and sluggishly.

All is wild in the unoccupied west, and you will not find your home there till you make it.

Go west, ye who go, with a lowly mind. You will mingle with people already there, and of whom you have, possibly, formed erroneous notions; who may have been represented as, in some sense, inferior to those who have grown up in the older and more cultivated regions. But mind, and learning, and refinement, and piety are, all of them, in the west as truly as elsewhere, and it will not benefit you to assume there any airs of superiority in these respects. You will doubtless discover differences, and institute comparisons—some of them favorable to the land of your origin; but speak of such with all suitable caution and reserve. Adopt the west as yours, at least for the time being, and identify yourself with all good people there. Enter into their plans, institutions, and efforts for improvement in Church and state, and in the arts of life—not obtrusively, but modestly—not presuming to lead, but evincing a cordial will and a ready co-operation.

Carefully avoid making enemies in your new home, and, on the other hand, make friends of all possible. Expect many cold eyes lighting upon you at first, especially if you go from New England. That noble country and its people are strangely misunderstood by thousands in the west as well as in the south; and the emigrant must brace up his mind and heart to meet, bear down, and overcome every unreasonable prejudice, and rally the friendship and scatter the jealousies of the people, where he is to sojourn.

Hence, finally, let the emigrant resolve to *deserve* friendship; that is, he should commence, in his new home, as a man every way true and upright, friendly and good—loving God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, and bearing himself in the most friendly manner toward all around him. Thus, he will have but little difficulty; friendships will beget friendships, suspicion will vanish, pleasant salutations will meet him here and there, and his new abode will daily wax home-like, and genial, and beautiful.

LIFE IN ASIA MINOR.

ASIA MINOR has been in many respects so lavishly gifted by nature, that strangers passing through the country, enchanted by the beautiful scenery, and excited by the clear air and sunny skies, feel inclined to believe they have found an earthly paradise. A longer residence might perhaps dispel this delusion; but the climate is indeed delightful; and although the mid-day heat in summer is far too great for outdoor exercise, the mornings and evenings are delicious, and a plentiful dew refreshes the parched vegetation. The cold in winter is extreme, which braces the enervated frame. The houses are so badly built that the inhabitants suffer much in the cold months; for instance, the panes of glass are let into the frames by a groove, without a morsel of putty—thus forming a complete trap for draughts, besides playing a most noisy accompaniment to conversation in a storm. Then, the basement story of a country-house has seldom any side-walls: the upper stories are raised on pillars, so the wind sweeps through perfectly unchecked; and the flooring-planks are so carelessly laid down, that, looking through your parlor-floor, you see the servants killing and plucking fowls for to-morrow's dinner, with other agreeable sights; and if you try to lay down a carpet, it balloons up, till walking over it becomes quite a work of difficulty. These minor evils, however, could be easily removed by a very little trouble; and house-rent is not high, though it is the dearest

item in expenditure here. The constant fires make property so unsafe, that, in towns, the builder, calculating that his house will not last more than six years, charges you for rent a sixth portion of the original cost. As the houses are chiefly built of wood and plaster, they are not very expensive.

The great evils for residents to struggle against, are the country fevers—some of a very bad kind, but the most usual one the common intermittent fever and ague, which is not dangerous, but weakens much, and is difficult to be shaken off, even after leaving the country. High and low, young and old, are all equally affected by this curse of the country. When you go into the bazars, you see a great bundle of cloaks heaving in a corner, and are told that so and so has just got the cold fit on: you turn round, and see a poor trader, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, languidly collecting his goods—his cold fit is just over; and he is going home, with parched lips and burning brow, to toss through the next few weary hours of fever. The natives yield unresistingly to the attacks of their enemy, and look upon every other day as sacrificed to it without hope of redemption: they know that it will disappear with the season that brings it, and scarcely make an effort to stay its violence. Every one you meet has, of course, a different idea as to what gives you fever: if you eat peaches, and go out in the sun, you are sure to get it; if you drink cold water before walking, you are equally certain of a fit; if you venture to touch *caimac*—a delicious preparation of half-boiled cream, made into cakes a little thicker than pancakes—there is no hope for you. Many kinds of fruits are looked upon as “lumps of fever.” If you venture out when the dew is falling, you deserve to be laid up. This last rule really seems to have some truth in it. Sulphate of quinine is an unfailing specific for common ague; but it is an expensive medicine, quite out of the reach of poor people; and really when you see them feeding entirely on unripe fruit, or sleeping in the open air in a perfect steam-bath of dew, you only wonder they do not all die, instead of being only unwell.

The eldest child of a Greek, who acted as a sort of porter at our gate, was a perfect martyr to fever. She was a very pretty little girl; and we promised to try to cure her with quinine, on condition she attended to some rules of diet during the process, as the children were all constantly eating raw cucumbers, pumpkins, and other such unwholesome viands. For some days every thing went on well; but one morning I saw her

in the court, presiding at a feast of green pomegranates, and instantly ran out, saying: "Ahi naughty Ghullanie!"—a name equivalent to our rose—"you know you were forbidden to eat fruit till you were well." This being duly translated to her, the little lady, aged about ten, rose up, and with singular grace and dignity informed me, in the liquid tones of her beautiful Greek, "That she would not eat *fruit* after having been forbidden to do so, but every one knew that pomegranates were not included in that category; and, in fact, the lining membrane of green ones especially was known to every body as an excellent thing for fever." Certainly people here do eat pomegranates in every stage of fever, and the inside skin being very bitter, may have some good effects; but I wonder what English girl of that age would have been able to defend herself in such a manner. The children, from being constantly at liberty, and not confined to a nursery like ours, are all precocious. They are generally pretty, and look so funny dressed up in their miniature turbans and trains, that I always expected them to begin acting some charade or play. Both sexes are dressed exactly alike while they are juvenile.

We went one day to visit the pashaw's wife; and her son, a boy about twelve, left the room at once, with an absurd assumption of manliness, pretending not to see his mother's visitors. He was habited, as his father might have been, in a fez cap, and a dark, badly-fitting surtout of English cloth, with a leather belt. All Turks in government employment must wear this dress, which looks mean and paltry beside their own flowing native costume. The pashaw's wife was a dignified, middle-aged woman, who had been handsome, and still possessed beautiful, almond-shaped, dark eyes. Her high-bred ease of manner would have done honor to any drawing-room, and completely distinguished her from the chattering crowd of slaves around. When asked if she was the only wife, she replied in a very stately manner: "Yes, my husband and myself have always been sufficient to each other." I am sure she was a very superior woman, and her husband was a wise man. The house was in great confusion; many curious-looking rounded hair trunks, with iron bands, were lying about, ready packed, as the family were just moving down to Stamboul; and the husband, a man of progress, intended going on board a steamer, shortly expected on the coast. The women had never seen a steamer, and were much alarmed at the prospect, and much relieved to hear we should be there also, thinking our presence a kind

of guarantee for their safety. We did afterward meet the poor things on board—at least we saw some bundles of clothes stretched on the deck, lying quite motionless—till at length starting into life, the unfortunate creatures beneath, tortured by the attacks of an enemy there was no escape from, in paroxysms of despair hastily tore off the muslin bandages which had hitherto concealed their faces from the gaze of the unfaithful, and then, struck with horror at the profanity of the act they had been guilty of, sank back in a state of utter prostration, and were one by one summarily carried down stairs to the ladies' cabin, and delivered over to all the unknown miseries of seasickness.

There was a remarkably lovely child in the pashaw's house, with the most purely blue eyes I ever saw; but the Turks do not admire blue eyes—indeed, are very much afraid of them, believing that their possessors have the power of casting the "Evil Eye." A friend of ours was one day standing watching some poor bullocks yoked to a load of wood far too heavy for them to move. After several ineffectual attempts to make them stir, the driver turned to the Englishman, and in no measured terms begged him to go away instantly, as it was of course utterly impossible for the bullocks to move, when his blue eyes were transfixing them. If you admire a child in Turkey, you are supposed to have thrown the Evil Eye on it; and the nurse will most probably spit at you, to avert any evil consequences to her charge. The Turkish domestic servants are nearly all slaves, both black and white, and seem very comfortably off. No doubt they are often tyrannized over, and sometimes harshly treated; but, on the whole, their chains appear to be as light as the chains of slavery can possibly be. Even after death their identification with the family continues. When walking through the lovely cemeteries, you will see a square space railed off, containing perhaps a high headstone, with a sculptured turban on the top, indicating the spot where sleeps the lord of a household; beside it a peaked stone—perhaps two or three—with a rose on it, tells you a wife lies beneath; some smaller stones round will probably complete the family circle; and then adjoining will be a tiny piece of ground, also inclosed, with an inscription relating that here lies some faithful Mustapha, or Ibrahim, who had been in the family fifty or sixty years, and was laid in death, as he had lived, close to the master he had served so well.

The peasants here have a great dread of being drawn in the conscription for the army. One

day, when we were visiting the consul's wife, in rushed a poor woman in a dreadful state of agitation, followed by a group of sympathizing friends, and dragging along her unfortunate son, a puny, sickly lad, who had just been drawn for a soldier. He looked about fourteen, and seemed quite scared and totally unmanned by the fearful prospect opening before him. The weeping mother frantically implored the great lady to take her son into service in any capacity—the servants of British subjects are exempt from the conscription—vehemently lamenting her hard fate, and pointing by turns to the youth of her son, his great delicacy, his want of height, and, above all, to a slight deformity in one of his fingers; any of which reasons ought, in her opinion, to be sufficient to prevent his going to the wars. All the women chimed in in chorus; while the young candidate for martial honors stood behind, sobbing piteously, and certainly looking a most unfit subject to aid in upholding the glory and honor of the Ottoman Empire. It really seemed a hard case: he was his mother's only son; and after some consideration, her heart was set at rest by seeing him appointed to some nominal post about the children, where I often afterward saw him looking very happy. The soldiers are generally small, dark-complexioned, and wretchedly poor creatures, from the interior—very different from the stately Turk of the capital. They have a simple, good-natured look, which is very pleasing. I always heard them spoken of as having good stuff in them, though the attempt to dress them in a sort of European uniform makes them feel uncomfortable and look ridiculous.

On going into the town one day, we went, as usual, to leave our horses at a very decent sort of hotel—as things go here—kept by an Armenian and his wife. They had a pretty daughter, whose round, good-tempered face had often attracted our attention; and as by this time we were looked upon quite as old residents in the country, and friends of the house, we were taken into consultation on the subject of a proposal which had just been received for the young lady from a Frank visitor—I believe Italian—who, attracted solely by her rosy cheeks and dark eyes—for he could not speak a word of any language intelligible to her—wished to transplant her to his own home. The mother explained the whole affair to us most volubly, and the daughter listened with frightened looks, and seemed altogether more alarmed than flattered at the honor done her by the Frank. The elder woman seemed to have settled the matter in the most sensible possible manner—quite provokingly

so to my ideas. She informed the dismayed and eager suitor, that, "many foreigners coming here, take a fancy to our daughters, and wish to have them for wives; but then they go away and forget their promised brides. Go back, then, stranger, to your own country, and remain there a year: at the end of that time, if you have not altered your way of thinking, return here, and I will gladly give you my daughter." After such a speech there was nothing to be added or suggested by us; and in a few moments both mother and daughter were deep in the discussion of a Turkish dress, which I wanted to have made, and appeared far more interested in the details of colors and trimming, than in the consideration of the poor unbeliever's offer of marriage. The only thing that puzzled me was the fact, that in this country, where one hears so much about the subjugation of women, no one seemed to think of referring to the paternal parent for his opinion. The mother held forth to her friends, and discussed minutely her own ideas on the subject, without paying the smallest attention to the melancholy and decidedly henpecked man, who was quietly pursuing his daily avocations in the house. Certainly, the ordinary class of Franks in this country are calculated to give the natives but a poor idea of European society: they are usually the very refuse of southern Europe—men who, from bad conduct, or some unfortunate circumstances, find the home circle closed against them, and come out here to pick up a living as they best can. From the talented members of this class springs up that witty, wicked, and dangerous man called a *chevalier d'industrie*.

We fell in with a brilliant specimen of this genus, who made his debut at the before-mentioned hotel, where he led a rollicking, pleasant enough sort of life. I scarcely know how we first became acquainted with M. Achille: people are not particular with regard to introductions so far from home; and he was perfect in the art of suiting himself to his company. He spoke both French and Italian so well, that I knew not which country claimed him for her son. He sang exquisitely; and possessed a power of sketching I have never seen equaled: any blank piece of paper that fell in his way, the backs of letters, the fly-leaves of books, were instantly covered with fanciful designs, ruined mosques, and Moorish palaces. I still possess many of these specimens, all finished with a delicacy and rapidity that appeared to my inexperienced eyes quite miraculous. He soon made himself notorious by his furious and reckless riding through the crowded bazars. We afterward heard, that when

pressed for the payment of some silver-mounted pistols, cimeters, and other fancy articles he had selected, he pointed a bright stiletto at the startled trader, and replied: "That's the only payment you'll get from me!" He succeeded in borrowing fifty dollars from my father, and gave him, at the same time, a little gold-headed cane, which he said "his honor was pledged to redeem at all hazards, as it was engraved with the arms of his family." I need not say the family arms are still in the possession of strangers.

The children of Englishmen who have married Armenian or Greek wives, are very interesting specimens of humanity. They are generally pretty, and very quick and intelligent. Indeed, to English people they appear remarkably clever, from the extraordinary number of languages they can all speak. Their nurses are chiefly Greek, and they, of course, talk to their nurslings in their own beautiful language; daily intercourse with the natives around instructs them in Turkish; the father speaks to them in English, and the mother probably in Armenian; every visitor teaches them French, and Italian is learned as easily: so that by the time our children at home begin going to school, these little things are conversationally perfect in five or six different languages, and have thus already mastered a great deal of that knowledge our school children toil so painfully after and so seldom attain. Another characteristic of this class that struck us, was the wonderfully large appetite they are generally blessed with; fortunately, the necessities of life are cheap out here, or the housekeeping bills would be something frightful. I used to sit in silent amazement, watching the celerity with which immense piles of food disappeared down the throats of pretty piquant girls, who had certainly never been taught to be ashamed of the act of eating. We were much amused once by the naive speech of a young lady who was dining with us. There were two dishes of meat on the table, and when asked which she would prefer, she replied, looking alternately at each: "I'll take some of both, if you please, sir."

Some of these families have passed through most stirring and exciting scenes. I am sure their histories would open thrilling pages of romance to the reader. I remember two girls once giving me a description of a morning of alarm they had spent some time before near Constantinople. It was a time of great tumult; the town was almost in a state of siege; and bands of lawless Albanian soldiers were wandering about, recklessly plundering whatever they could lay their hands on. The street where these girls

lived was almost deserted; the inhabitants had fled, shutting up their houses—they had no servants—the mother was very ill, confined to bed; the father was compelled to go out, leaving these two girls, with two or three little children, alone in the house. He directed them to keep perfectly quiet, shut all doors and windows, and by that means strive as much as possible to escape observation. The immediate neighborhood was quiet, but the distant sounds of riot sometimes reached them; and their suspense becoming at last intolerable, they went to the top of the house to discover if possible what was going on. The death-like silence of the street was for some time unbroken; but at length one of the much-dreaded Albanians appeared. The sisters watched with breathless anxiety, and saw him trying the different doors, till, finding one close to them that yielded to his hand, he entered; and in a few moments, what was their horror and despair to see him come out of a window on the top of the house, and walk along the parapet, apparently looking in at each window in succession, as if to see which promised the best prospect of plunder. It was a fearful moment, but Providence shielded these defenseless children from harm, for the fierce Albanian passed the window behind which the frightened girls were cowering, without looking in.

THE PRECIOUS LITTLE PLANT.

TWO maidens, Bridget and Bertha, went to the city, and each bore upon her head a heavy basket of fruit.

Bridget murmured and sighed constantly; but Bertha only laughed and sported.

Bridget said, "How canst thou laugh so? Thy basket is as heavy as mine, and thou art no stronger than I."

Bertha replied, "I have placed a certain little plant on my burden, and so I scarcely feel it. Why don't you do so, too?"

"Ay," cried Bridget, "that must be a precious little plant. I would gladly lighten my burden with it. Tell me at once what is its name."

Bertha answered, "The precious little plant that makes all burdens lighter, is called—*patience*. For

'When thy burden's very weighty,
Patience neath it makes it easy.'

Older heads than those on the shoulders of these two little girls can learn from them a lesson, patiently to "endure what they can not cure," and hopefully to trust in the providence of Him who does all things well.

THE FLOWER ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

BY REV. C. J. THOMPSON.

My beautiful flower,
 Why bloomest thou here,
 In this place so lonely,
 And rugged, and drear?
 With perfume so sweet
 And colors so bright,
 Thou art pleasing to scent,
 And pleasing to sight;
 But there's none here to value
 Thy beauty so rare,
 And thy sweetness is wasted
 On wild desert air.
 In a garden 'twere fitter
 Such beauty to find,
 Attended by some one
 Both gentle and kind,
 And where kindred flowers
 With colors as bright,
 And perfume as sweet,
 Would afford thee delight.
 Art thou contented
 To dwell here alone
 Midst this fallen old wood,
 And this rugged old stone?
 See yon old rock
 With his sides so brown;
 His visage is grim,
 And dark is his frown;
 And yon old fallen wood,
 So charred and decayed,
 To be sure for such company
 Thou never wast made.
 Then hie thee away
 From this desolate place,
 Come hie thee away
 Some garden to grace.
 "Dost thou ask, kind friend,
 Why it is I am here?
 I was placed here by God,
 This desert to cheer.
 Do I not by my beauty
 Detract from this gloom?
 Do I not by my fragrance
 This desert perfume?
 Then I live to some purpose,
 Though I live here alone,
 Midst this fallen old wood,
 And this rugged old stone.
 If I lived in a garden
 Attended with care,
 To be praised for my beauty
 And fragrance so rare—
 True, those might be pleased
 Who have other pleasure,
 And those might be proud
 Who have other treasure;
 But here, I am sure,
 I can do the most good
 Midst this rugged old stone,

And this fallen old wood.
 Then contented I'll stay,
 In this desert so drear,
 And this recollection
 My spirits shall cheer:
 Though none here may flatter
 My fragrance and beauty,
 I have this satisfaction—
 I am doing my duty.
 It does not make us happy
 To be praised and caressed,
 But God has so made us,
 That in blessing we're blessed;
 Then I'd rather live here
 In discharge of my duty,
 Than bloom in a garden,
 Midst fragrance and beauty.
 And though while I live here
 I have not the care
 Of the graceful, and gentle,
 And beautiful fair,
 Yet God is my keeper,
 And it matters not where
 I live, so I'm under
 His kind, guardian care.
 Without his protection
 I would not be secure
 In a place the most lovely
 And pleasant, I'm sure;
 But with his protection
 There is nothing can harm;
 So I'll live here securely,
 And feel no alarm."

A SOUL-STRUGGLE.

BY REV. O. M. SPENCER.

WHAT means that dark, portentous cloud,
 That like an evil spirit seems?
 Its voice prophetic murmurs loud,
 With some dire fate it surely teems.
 The threatening storm is raging now—
 The iron bolt has pierced my soul;
 A shattered wreck, it lays me low,
 While onward still the thunders roll.
 I can not weep, for through my eye
 Their rapid course the lightnings take;
 I can not live, I can not die,
 My heart will neither beat nor break.
 Be still, my soul, or cease to be,
 Now to the verge of madness driven;
 For worse than this were death to me,
 And aught elsewhere would prove a heaven.
 The storm is past, the struggle's o'er,
 A flood of tears relieves my brain;
 O I shall never feel it more,
 Or drink that bitter cup again!
 With humble pride, now bending low,
 I draw near him who wields the rod;
 The stroke grows lighter as I go,
 When lo, behold! it is my God.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

SERMON ON A LEAF.—"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." *Psalm cxi, 2.*

The following incident came to the knowledge of the writer, says a correspondent of the London Christian Miscellany, when collecting materials for a funeral sermon on the death of Mr. Henry Cunliff, of Crawshaw-Booth.

Before his conversion to God he was so far enveloped in the darkness of unbelief, as to doubt the existence of an almighty Creator. This left him very wretched; for being without God, he was also without hope in the world. He was, however, a great observer of nature; and while looking one day into a field, during a shower of rain, his eye fell upon a plant—the burdock—whose leaves were very broad. This circumstance, as he thought, prevented the rain from descending to the root, and nourishing the plant; but, on closer observation, he found that all the water caught by the leaf was conveyed by various channels to the stalk, which was so grooved as to convey all the water to the root. It instantly occurred to him that those leaves evinced design, and that that implied a designer; and therefore he concluded that there must be a God, the maker and upholder of all things. From that moment he was most effectually delivered from all atheistic notions; and he resolved to seek this all-wise and glorious Being, as he is manifested in his Son, Jesus Christ. He subsequently became a cheerful and happy Christian, and a useful servant in the Church, and was wont, like the great Teacher, to impart religious instruction to his friends, in beautiful similes drawn from natural objects, thus leading them

"From nature up to nature's God."

THE GROWLER BEE.—I once witnessed a spectacle in the Liverpool Zoological Gardens which I shall never forget. In a large, deep pit there were three bears; two were large, the other quite small. I dropped a biscuit for the little one, which he began to eat. The large bears, being full of frolic, took away the broken pieces of the biscuit several times with their paws, and returned them to him. The little one was testy fierce, snapped and snarled, and bit at his jocose companions. The big bears put up with this for a while without resentment. But the little one could not forget the insult, and he went on quarrelling and snapping. In a few moments, to my surprise and horror, the great bears began to growl; and, being angry, set upon the poor little thing, bit him completely through the bowels, and laid him dead on the spot. I looked on and received instruction. I said to myself, if men will not put up with trifling annoyances, but resolve to fret, and fume, and resent them, they must expect from parties as meddlesome as themselves, but with greater power, formidable injuries, and, it may be, ruin. Let a man once acquire a character for peevishness, we may then conclude that in social life he will be avoided; and should he give himself airs before power and authority in public, he will be chastised; and if still

troublesome, as a member of an organized society, he may expect to be deposed.—*Sermons on Peevishness.*

THE STRAIT GATE.—"Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereto: because, strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." *Matt. vii, 13, 14.*

The Duke of Hamilton, from a child, was remarkably serious, and took delight in reading his Bible. His mother, the Duchess, told a relation, that when he was playing about the room at nine years of age, she said to him, "Come, write me a few verses, and I will give you a crown." He sat down, took pen and paper, and in a few minutes produced the following lines:

"As o'er the sea-beat shore I took my way,
I met an aged man who bade me stay;
'Be wise,' said he, 'and mark the path you go,
This leads to heaven, and that to hell below;
The way to life is difficult and steep,
The broad and easy leads you to the deep.'"

GOING IN AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.—"And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?'" *Matt. xx, 8.*

An old sailor, who was very ragged, and whose white head spoke the lapse of many years, was leaning against a post in conversation with another sailor. A member of the Bethel Union spoke to them, and particularly invited the old man to attend the prayer meeting. His companion, after hearing the nature of the invitation, said, "Thomas, go in! Come! come! man, go into the meeting; it won't hurt you." "Puh! puh!" cried the old seaman, "I should not know what to do with myself. I never go to Church or prayer meetings; besides, I am too old. I am upward of seventy, and I am very wicked, and have always been so; it is too late for me to begin, it is of no use; all is over with me, I must go to the devil." After a moment's pause, the member, looking with pity upon the old veteran, answered, "You are the very man the prayer meeting is held for." "How so?"—with much surprise. "Because Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners. When young, I suppose, you were tempted to think it would be time enough to be religious when you came to be old?" "Ah! that I did," replied the sailor. "Now you are old, you say it is too late. Listen no longer to these suggestions; come with me: no time is to be lost, for Jesus is waiting to save you, poor sinner, or he would have sent you to that place where hope never comes before this; your sins deserve it." His companion then said, "Thomas, go to the prayer meeting. You have need, at your time of life, to prepare to die." He went, and attended regularly. Some time after he was asked, "Well, my aged friend, do you think you are too much in years to be saved? too old in sin for the blood of Christ to cleanse you?" "No, sir," said he; "I bless God, I do feel hope, a blessed hope, which I would not give up for worlds; a hope which

encourages me to think that God will be merciful to me and pardon me, old sinner as I am."

CLIMBING INTO THE SHEEPFOLD.—"He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." John x, 1.

The celebrated Mr. Alexander Henderson, who lived in the seventeenth century, was presented by Archbishop Gladstones to the parish of Leuchars in Fife. His settlement was so unpopular, that on the day of ordination, the church doors were shut and secured by the people, so that the ministers who attended, together with the presentor, were obliged to go in by the window. Shortly after, having heard of a communion in the neighborhood, at which the excellent Mr. Bruce was to be an assistant, he went thither secretly; and fearful of attracting notice, placed himself in a dark corner of the church, where he might not be readily seen or known. Mr. Bruce having come into the pulpit, paused for a little, as was his usual manner, a circumstance which excited Mr. Henderson's surprise; but it astonished him much more when he heard him read as his text, these very striking words, "He that entereth not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" which words, by the blessing of God, and the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, took such hold on him at that very instant, and left such an impression on his heart afterward, that they proved the very first means of his conversion unto Christ. Ever after he retained a great affection for Mr. Bruce, and used to make mention of him with marks of the highest respect.

HOW TO REBUKE.—"Rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee." Titus ii, 15.

When the late Rev. Mr. K— was settled in his congregation of S—, they could not furnish him with a manse, or even with lodgings. In these circumstances, a Captain P—, in the neighborhood, though a stranger to religion, generously took him into his family, and gave him his board, it is believed, gratuitously. But our young clergyman soon found himself in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the Captain's usual practice of profane swearing. Satisfied of his duty, however, he determined to perform it at all hazards. Accordingly, one day at table, after a very liberal volley of oaths from the Captain, he observed calmly, "Captain, you have certainly on the present occasion made use of a number of very improper terms." The Captain, who was rather a choleric man, was instantly in a blaze. "Pray, sir, what improper terms have I used?" "Surely, Captain, you must know," replied the clergyman with greater coolness, "and having already put me to the pain of hearing them, you can not be in earnest in imposing upon me the additional pain of repeating them." "You are right, sir," resumed the Captain, "you are right. Support your character, and we will respect you. We have a parcel of clergymen around us here, who seem quite uneasy till they get us to understand that we may use any freedoms we please before them, and we despise them." It ought to be known, that the Captain never afterward repeated the offense in his presence, and always treated Mr. K— with marked respect, and befriended him in all his interests.

"THE FAITHFUL WATCHER."—"Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth." Rev. xvi, 15.

The Honorable Robert Boyle was, from early youth, singularly attentive to derive moral and religious improvement from every object in nature, and every occur-

rence in life. In the year 1648 he made a short excursion to the Hague. Sailing home, between Rotterdam and Gravesend, he saw, through a perspective glass, a vessel imagined to be a pirate, and to give chase to the ship in which he was embarked. The occasion suggested to him the following judicious reflection: "This glass does, indeed, cause the distrusted vessel to approach; but it causes her to approach only to our eyes, not to our ship. If she be not making up to us, this harmless instrument will prove no lodestone to draw her toward us; and if she be, it will put us in better readiness to receive her. Such an instrument, in relation to death, is the meditation of it, by mortals so much and so causelessly abhorred. For though most men studiously shun all thoughts of death, as if, like a nice acquaintance, he would forbear to visit where he knows he is never thought of; or, as if we would exempt ourselves from being mortal, by forgetting that we are so; yet meditation on this subject brings the awful reality nearer to our view, without at all lessening the real distance betwixt us and death. If our last enemy be not approaching us, this innocent meditation will no more quicken his pace than direct his steps; and if he be, it will, without hastening his arrival, prepare us for his reception."

"THE TRUE VINE," John xv, 1.—This passage occurs in the last discourse of Jesus, and was probably uttered in the upper chamber in which he supped with his disciples immediately before he crossed the brook Kedron, to go to the garden of Gethsemane. He was about to be parted from his followers; and for their consolation he reminds them of their close and indissoluble union with himself; a union which should endure even when he should be removed to heaven.

In fulfillment of old Jacob's prophetic blessing, the vine was wont to grow, as at Eschol, in great luxuriance in Judah's land. Its juice, which was mingled in the drink-offering, is spoken of in Scripture as "cheering God and man." The terraced hills of Palestine testify at this day to the former abundance there of the grapevine. Its wood was useless; only for its fruit was it cultivated. It may seem a fanciful thought; but, methinks, its small and tender tendrils may represent weak and faint believers, who are, nevertheless, united to Jesus and safe in him. As it is one and the same sap which circulates through the whole of any tree, so if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

What are the fruits which hang in luxuriant clusters upon the branches of this vine? They are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Here, indeed, these fruits attain not perfect maturity; but there is a more genial clime above, where every grace of the Spirit shall flourish in immortal perfection.

While wandering lately in an antique garden, I came upon a terrace of vines where desolation seemed to reign; so completely had some of the branches been stripped of their leafy glories. Yet, as I was assured, this had all been skillfully done for their future benefit. Here was a salutary lesson for the desolated and bleeding heart! If thou art his, afflicted Christian, the Lord has a gracious purpose toward thee. It is for his glory, that thou shouldst bear much fruit; and therefore art thou subjected, it may be, to sharp discipline. Strive to profit by it; and to bring forth more fruit. Yet a little while, and thou shalt see the dawn of that eternal day wherein thou shalt flourish forever in the celestial paradise; and the time of thy mourning shall be ended.

Editorial Disquisition.

FEMALE HEALTH IN AMERICA.

A SHORT time since we were standing on the corner of Fourth and Main streets, Cincinnati, waiting for an omnibus. In the space of ten minutes we counted the faces of twenty ladies, who were out enjoying the sunshine, or making their calls of shopping. Of these twenty we marked just seven who had what might be called a full and healthy expression of countenance, while the other thirteen had a paleness and a languor of expression which indicated all too clearly the absence of good health. A theme was suggested for our discussion, and the reader is invited to a few considerations on it. It is this—What are some of the causes operating unfavorably to the enjoyment of good health by American females? Miss Catharine Beecher has become so interested and so alarmed in regard to "the terrible decay of the female constitution" in the United States, that she has written and published a book on the subject, as the reader may know, entitled "Letters to the People on Health and Happiness." In one of her chapters she has some statistics, gathered from almost every section of the Union, showing that about three-fourths of all the mothers of the country are either invalids or persons possessing but a moderate share of health. Her plan was this: She wrote letters to various ladies living in two hundred towns and cities of the free states, requesting the persons so addressed to write back to her in reference to the health of ten women with whom they were best acquainted, and their letters gave the impression as above stated.

With the proposition granted, that American female health is not what it should be, the question at once propounds itself, what is the cause, or the causes, of this ill health? Is it a sequence inevitable from some peculiarity of our climate? or does it spring from our mode of dressing, acting, and eating? That these have some influence in regard to the matter seems clear; yet the following, it occurs to us, have more than any other causes that could be named:

1. *The unnatural method of early female training.* Physicians generally admit that, so far as it concerns their original organic strength or life-force, males and females are brought into the world with equal chances of life. These chances continue the same so long as infancy continues, or before either a boy or girl can walk. After the exercise of walking is well learned, the chances are against the girl and for the boy—and why? Let us see. Take as an illustration brother and sister, and let the latter have the start over the former by two years. Call the boy six years old and the girl eight. Both have endured with tolerable impunity the bandaging, tight dressing, and pinning of early infancy; both have had their allowance of paregoric, castor oil, and laudanum; and both have been rocked, "jounced" on the knee, and well fed with candies and sugar-teats. Mayhap they have been sweltered with a night-cap and a heavy feather-bed, have been roasted in a hot stove-room, or have been poisoned with the foul air of an unventilated bedroom.

"Our little couple start for school, with such a minimum of lungs as the unnatural life they have led will allow, and a stomach that is yet fresh enough to endure bad

bread, plum cake, candies, and diseased milk. The reader will remember that nature is beneficent, and will endure much abuse before she succumbs. Well, they are off to school. Observe how circumspectly my little miss walks; soon she chides her brother for being 'rude.' He, nothing daunted, starts full tilt after a stray dog or pig; and though he often tumble in the mud, and his clothes get spoiled, the result is soon visible in increase of lungs and ruddy cheeks. He can not run without more breath; he can not continue to run without increased dimensions and power of lungs; he can not have large lungs without good digestion; he will feed well, and thrive apace.

"They are now at school, seated on a bench without a back, and often with their legs hanging down, so that the poor back-bone has no earthly support. Thus sits the wretched child with book in hand, from nine till twelve or one o'clock, and sometimes three. The boy, with the aid of sticking a pin now and then in his neighbor, and occasionally falling asleep and tumbling from his bench, from pure nervous exhaustion, to the great relief of his half-stagnant blood-vessels and torpid nerves, endures it till another merciful pig or dog chase makes him feel that he is alive.

"After dinner, she either sits down to her sampler, or the piano, and in all probability finishes the day's feeding with tea and preserves. She is then posted off to a feather-bed in an unventilated room, with the door shut for fear the little darling will take cold. A stove or furnace keeps the upper chambers from eighty-five to one hundred degrees, and the feather-bed and the blankets, retaining all the heat of the body, swelter the wretched little creature till morning. What wonder that she gets spinal curvature, if not actual deposits of tubercles in the body of her vertebrae or lungs?"

As life progresses, matters, instead of mending, get worse. All proper exercise is abjured, and the mind, with the body, is in a miserable condition. Yonder is a lady—you know her, reader—who is always ailing. You seldom see a rose on her cheek or elasticity in her step. She lives mostly at home; that is, in the parlor. Sometimes she gets into the kitchen; yet not so much to do any work as to see whether the servant is doing any. To be seen bending over the wash-tub, or using the smoothing-iron on a shirt-collar, would be awful; but to spend three to six hours a day in fixing her hair or her dress, and the rest of the day in doing nothing, would be a matter of course and of propriety. When she goes out it is not to carry a good-sized market-basket on her arm, with which to bring home supplies for the family; but it is to take a fashionable walk, and that walk must be only so fast—never on a run. It may happen to be in one of the fall or winter months, and before she gets home a heavy rain falls. She has on a pair of paper-soled shoes—American women *dare* not wear thick-soled shoes—her neck and chest, by the dictum of fashion, have been left exposed, and when she gets home she has some complaint to make respecting her throat, her lungs, or her feet. In a woman of ordinary size, according to the computations and admissions of physiologists, one-half of the blood passes under the feet every two minutes. The conducting power of the damp earth being very

great, the blood is speedily deprived of its warmth, and the system indicates at once, and with certainty, the loss. A chilliness or coldness supervenes, and a cough establishes itself. You stand with your stockingless foot on a piece of oil-cloth or the hearth of your bedroom, and the result is an almost instantaneous sneeze. You have begun to take cold. A lady pedestrian who is destitute of cork-soled or heavy-made shoes, may set it down as an affair of certainty that she will thereby become a subject of disease. A man might feel disposed to make the passage of the Niagara river one hundred feet above the Falls; but a few bold strokes from his oars would soon be overbalanced by the superior gravitating force of the waters, and, unless saved by a miracle, he would take the fatal plunge. A lady, with something less of apparent folly, might set herself in opposition to the laws of physiology, and hope to come out equal in the contest; but the hopeless wreck of her health would teach her a different lesson.

2. A determination not to keep the external surface of the body purified is a fruitful source of disease. Some people have a horror of cold water when applied to any except the following parts of their bodies; namely, the face, the hands, the neck, the arms, and the feet. Through the pores of the skin exude a large portion of the extraneous matter of the system. The pressure of the clothing tends to confine this extraneous matter or excretions to the surface, and, unless the whole surface of the body is washed each day, there is an invitation for disease to come in. We have spoken of taking cold; but what is a cold? It is the result of the closing of the pores of our skin. How is caused rheumatism and certain aches of which we hear complaints so frequently? By the settling of cold in some of the muscles whose capillaries have been engorged by the blood retreating from the skin. Whence come neuralgia and its concomitants? "They result," says the physician, "by the capillaries of the nerve-cases becoming engorged by a chill."

"But," interposes an objector, "we have no bath-room, nor is it possible for us to have one. How, then, am I to take a daily bath?" Easily, very easily. You have ten cents and can buy a piece of sponge; you have soap probably, and also a towel, a tub, and a wash-basin. Try your hand in using these articles, and though awkward, at first, you will soon use them with skill. But mark specially this; a simple sponging or washing off on a hot day is not going to keep you in health. You must attend to it every day of every week in the year—winter as well as summer; and no matter if, in December, January, and February, you have to break the ice in getting at the water. It was a remark of the first Napoleon, that ten minutes occupied in bathing was worth a sleep of three hours. The remark was made from his personal experience; and granting its truth in his case, would not persons of weaker constitutions enjoy quite as much of benefit relatively as the French emperor.

3. The practice persistently to avoid exercise in the open air has much to do with the paleness of face and the nervousness of constitution, so much complained of by American women. A tight air stove, or something similar, is used in warming the sitting-room, and over the fire so generated there is a hanging from morning till night. Should the door perchance get ajar, and a little fresh air steal in, it is instantly shut and the accident is greatly deplored. Remarking on this point Dr. Ticknor uses these words: "Nothing is more common than for a

person to retire into a small bedroom and close the door and windows, thus precluding all possibility of a supply of fresh air, and in the morning to complain of weakness and headache, without once suspecting their true cause. In the southern part of the United States, it is not unfrequent for travelers to sleep in the open air, wrapped in a blanket, for many successive nights, and seldom is it that they ever take cold, or suffer in consequence, even when in delicate health. Where, then, is the propriety in excluding from our bedrooms every breath of pure and wholesome air? The door may be left ajar, or the window a little open, to admit the external air, without allowing a current to blow upon the body, or incurring the least risk of unpleasant consequences. The air of school-rooms, and most other apartments heated with stoves, is rendered unfit for respiration by being deprived of its moisture, a certain proportion of which is necessary for the due performance of the functions of the lungs. A heated, dry air can not be inhaled, generally, for any length of time, by a healthy individual, or one afflicted with a cough or predisposed to affections of the chest; a basin of water on a stove prevents a dry state of the air, and is a precaution which should in no case be disregarded. Besides the lack of moisture in the air of a stove-room, it is so rarified by the heat that a sufficient quantity of oxygen can not be inhaled to carry on healthy respiration; and hence the uneasy, suffocative sensation of those confined to such an atmosphere, the effect being precisely the same as if but half a breath were taken."

Equitation, as it is called, or horseback riding, is not only an active exercise and a severe labor, but it is an exercise that can only be taken in the open air. Part of the education of the Spartan youth consisted in riding on horseback, and well did their rigorous constitutions tell in regard to its beneficial effects. By it every organ and muscle of the body are brought into play, and the blood is made to circulate with a rapidity truly wonderful.

Next to riding in carriage and on horseback, walking is to be commended. A lady friend of ours had, four years since, a constitution so weak that she was unable to walk half a dozen squares without fatigue. At Church, like many others either too indolent or unable to stand, she sat during the singing. Her complaints respecting her poor health became stereotyped, and holding fast to her two old favorites, confinement within doors and a neglect of outdoor exercise, she was a burden to herself. At length, for the sake of her improvement, her husband moved out of town, and she took to walking a mile, and then two and three miles a day. The change in the air and the walking soon produced a change which made her the subject of remark by her friends. Her step, hitherto hesitating and languid, became firm and elastic, and her face, colorless and hollow, filled up and wore as ornaments the blush of the rose. The climate of England is moist, and has a decided and favorable influence on health. It has much to do with that double-chinnedness—we coin the word to save circumlocution—for which the inhabitants of Great Britain are so famous. But the outdoor exercise—the digging in gardens, the road and moorland walks, etc., for which British females have won the palm, certainly have a vast deal to do with their firm health.

Such, in brief, are some of the causes of the ill health of American females. Our limited space this month prevents a fuller discussion of the topic, which all our readers will admit, we think, to be one of vital importance.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—The anniversary of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in New York and Brooklyn October 21-24th. From a synopsis of the report of matters, we gather the following respecting Sunday schools in our Church:

Our Sunday school history is divisible into three principal periods.

First. The period of forty-three years intervening between the organization of the Church in 1784, and the first organization of our Sunday School Union in 1827.

During this period—namely, in 1786—the first Sunday school in America was founded by Bishop Asbury, but for many years little progress was made in the great enterprise then commenced. Sunday schools did not become common before 1820 or 1825.

They were first established in New York and the Atlantic cities in 1815; and when our first Sunday school census was taken, we had, in the United States, as follows:

1828. 1,025 schools, 12,338 officers and teachers, and 63,240 scholars.

Second. The period of seventeen years between 1827 and 1844, during which our schools quadrupled, and reached the following aggregates:

1845. 5,005 schools, 47,252 officers and teachers, and 263,775 scholars.

Third. The third and current period of our Sunday school history extends from 1845 to 1855—ten years.

Subtracting from the last aggregate the figures reported by Southern conferences that withdrew the same year, and we had, in the present bounds of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the beginning of 1845, 4,165 schools, 41,749 officers and teachers, and 236,946 scholars.

At the opening of 1855 we had, irrespective of the South, 9,908 schools, 107,649 officers and teachers, and 553,065 scholars.

During the first of the above-named periods our Sunday school system may be described as *inorganic*, and during *forty-three years* it secured to us only 1,025 schools, 12,338 officers and teachers, and 63,240 scholars.

During the second period our system was *partially organized*, and during *seventeen years* we gained 3,980 schools, 34,814 officers and teachers, and 205,535 scholars.

During the third period our system has become *well organized*, and in half our former territory we have gained, in *ten years*, 5,743 schools, 55,900 officers and teachers, and 316,119 scholars.

Thus it appears that our actual *increase* during the last ten years was greater than our whole progress during the preceding sixty years. A more conclusive argument in favor of united and systematic effort in the Sunday school enterprise can not be expressed in figures.

During ten years past we have raised and disbursed, in donated books exclusively, more than \$50,000.

During the same period our publications have increased in number from about three hundred to over one thousand bound volumes, besides a corresponding increase in the number of rewards and minor publications.

The Sunday School Advocate has advanced from twelve thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers. Our number of books in libraries has increased more than a million.

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During the last eight years and a half we have expended about five hundred thousand dollars on our schools; and one hundred thousand souls have been converted—an average of nearly twelve thousand per annum.

The returns of net *increase* in seventeen conferences, reported thus far during 1855, are: schools, 163; officers and teachers, 4,918; scholars, 7,992; volumes in libraries, 69,815; total of conversions, 8,058.

During the late anniversary the sum of \$6,500 was raised, which is only \$3,500 less than the whole sum raised by the entire Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States last year.

GENERAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES.—With the exception of the delegates of the Arkansas conference—two in number—and such of the conferences as meet in the spring, the following is a complete list of the delegates meeting in General conference, Indianapolis, May 1, 1856:

New Hampshire Conference—Richard S. Rust, Warren F. Evans, Newell Culver, Charles N. Smith, James Thurston. Reserves: Lewis Howard, Silas Green.

New York—D. W. Clark, Phineas Rice, Abiathar M. Osbon, Benjamin Griffen, Morris D'C. Crawford, Seymour Vandusen, John B. Beach, Lucius H. King, Jarvis Z. Nichols. Reserves: J. Holdich, Davis Stocking, William H. Ferris.

Troy—William Griffin, D. P. Hulburd, B. M. Hall, Zebulon Phillips, Andrew Witherspoon, Henry L. Starks, Stephen D. Brown, Sanford Washburn, Stephen Park. Reserves: Lewis Potter, C. R. Morris.

California—John D. Blain, Isaac Owen. Reserves: Samuel D. Simonds, M. Taylor.

New York East—Edwin E. Griswold, James Floy, John Kennaday, Heman Bangs, James H. Perry, John M. Reid, John B. Merwin, William C. Hoyt. Reserves: Seymour Landon, William H. Norris.

Maine—Stephen Allen, Daniel B. Randall, Aaron Sanderson, William F. Farrington. Reserves: Joseph H. Jenne, O. C. Coone, H. B. Abbott.

Vermont—W. J. Kidder, A. G. Button, P. P. Ray, A. Webster. Reserves: J. E. King, A. T. Bullard.

Black River—A. J. Phelps, Hiram Mattison, J. S. Bingham, G. Baker, James Erwin, F. H. Stanton, P. D. Gorris. Reserves: B. Holmes, R. Chapin.

Western Virginia—James Drummond, Gideon Martin, Gordon Battelle. Reserves: William Lynch, William Hunter.

East Maine—Loren L. Knox, Caleb D. Pillsbury, George Pratt, Luther P. French.

Pittsburg—Isaac N. Baird, Wm. Cox, James Henderson, W. F. Lauck, John Moffet, B. Boyd, John Barker, Samuel Wakefield. Reserves: J. G. Sansom, T. M. Hudson.

Wyoming—George Peck, G. P. Porter, W. H. Pearne, H. R. Clarke.

Eric—Calvin Kingsley, Samuel Gregg, H. Kinsley, J. Flowers, M. Hill, W. F. Wilson, G. B. Hawkins. Reserves: E. J. Kinney, E. J. L. Baker.

Oneida—Charles Blakeslee, David W. Bristol, C. Starr, Elias Bowen, A. J. Dana, William Reddy, Isaac Parks. Reserves: D. A. Whedon, S. Comfort.

East Genesee—Wm. Hoamer, Calvin S. Coates, E. G.

Hibbard, J. Watts, John Dennis, J. Dodge, D. D. Buck. Reserves: W. G. Goodwin, S. W. Allen.

Wisconsin—F. S. Bennett, J. M. Leihy, E. Cooke, C. Hobart, E. Yocum. Reserve: A. Brunson.

Genesee—Thomas Carlton, R. L. Waite, J. C. Kingsley, C. D. Burlingham, Israel Chamberlayne. Reserves: A. P. Ripley, E. E. Chambers.

Ohio—Z. Connell, J. M. Trimble, S. Howard, J. M. Jamison, J. Young, U. Heath. Reserves: A. Carroll, F. Merrick.

North-Western Indiana—J. M. Stallard, G. M. Boyd, J. L. Thompson, Wm. Graham, J. L. Smith, B. Winans.

Michigan—J. V. Watson, E. H. Pilcher, J. H. Gillett, W. H. Collins, R. Sapp, W. H. Brockway. Reserves: G. Bradley, E. O. Haven.

Indiana—B. F. Crary, W. C. Smith, Jas. Hill, H. S. Talbott. Reserves: C. B. Davidson, W. M. Daily.

North Indiana—S. C. Cooper, O. V. Lemon, G. W. Bowlers, H. N. Barnes. Reserves: J. H. Hall, J. Colclazer.

North Ohio—W. L. Harris, E. Thomson, J. H. Power, J. Wheeler, W. B. Disbro, Adam Poe, H. E. Pilcher, G. W. Breckenridge. Reserves: L. B. Gurley, H. M. Shaffer.

Oregon—Wm. Roberts, Thos. H. Pearne.

Rock River—L. Hitchcock, S. P. Keyes, G. L. Mulfinger, J. Luccock, H. Summers, H. Crews, R. Haney, J. Morey. Reserves: John Dempster, P. Judson.

Southern Illinois—Jas. Leaton, J. B. Corrington. Reserves: N. Allyn, Wm. Cliffe.

Cincinnati—W. Young, J. B. Finley, W. Nast, J. W. Fowble, G. W. Walker, A. Brown, C. Brooks, A. Lowrey, M. Dustin. Reserves: J. T. Mitchell, C. Elliott, W. Ahrens.

Iowa—J. Brooks, H. W. Reed, J. G. Dimmit, L. W. Berry, D. Worthington. Reserves: W. Simpson, M. H. Hare.

South-Eastern Indiana—F. C. Holliday, E. G. Wood, J. A. Brouse, John Kisling, C. W. Ruter. Reserves: W. Terrell, J. W. Sullivan, J. Barth.

Kentucky—S. F. Conrey, A. J. Triplett. Reserve: W. H. Black.

Illinois—P. Cartwright, George Rutledge, P. Kuhl, W. D. R. Trotter, H. Wallace, W. H. Buck.

Missouri—J. M. Hopkins, J. M. Chivington. Reserves: B. F. Northcutt, N. Shumate.

DELAWARE LIBRARY DEDICATION.—In February, 1853, Mr. William Sturgess, of Zanesville, O., a member of the Presbyterian Church, offered to the Trustees of the Ohio Wesleyan University \$10,000 for purchasing a library, on condition of their raising by the first of June \$15,000, with which to build a library building. Measures were immediately taken to raise the required \$15,000, and were finally successful. The cost of the building, excluding what has been paid by the literary societies, in finishing their halls, and including expenses of collecting subscriptions and interest on borrowed money, is \$16,497.38. Of this there remains unpaid \$3,376.74. The Committee also owe \$1,457.40 borrowed money; making their entire indebtedness \$4,834.34. Toward meeting this indebtedness, the Trustees are understood to have conference pledges and individual subscriptions to the amount of about \$8,154.34, leaving unprovided for a balance of \$1,700. The building, also, is not properly completed; it needs painting and stone steps in front, both of which things will be promptly attended to, or as soon as the means can be raised. The style of the edifice is Grecian Doric, and presents a fine appearance. On October 11th the dedication took place; the editor of the

Repository delivering an address on the origin and mission of letters, and John G. Saxe, Esq., of Vermont, reading a poem on "The Press." Addresses were also made by representatives of the Chrestomathean, Zetagathean, Philomathean, and Athenian Literary societies connected with the University. Between the afternoon and evening exercises the audience retired to the rooms underneath the chapel, where the good ladies of Delaware had prepared a bountiful supply of good things for the inner man—all which were dispatched with great good feeling.

MUNIFICENT GIFT OF BOOKS.—The late James Brown, Esq., of the firm of Little & Brown, book publishers, Boston, gave to the Boston Society of Natural History the following books: Gould's Ornithology, in 16 volumes folio; Cuvier's Histoire Naturelle, in 3 volumes folio; Hardwicke's Indian Zoology, in 2 volumes folio; Poiteau's Pornologie Francaise, 4 volumes folio; Lambert's Genus Pinus, in 1 volume folio and 1 volume octavo; Gray's Genera of Birds, 3 volumes royal octavo. The total cost of these volumes was not less than \$2,000; and with the exception of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, the Boston Society of Natural History is now the most complete of any similar society in the country.

HIGH GROUND.—America is the only country on earth that can possibly lay claim to the natural capital of the globe. The researches of Lieutenant Maury have demonstrated that by wind and wave it is down stream from our country to all the world; and that all nations must ascend to reach it. With an ocean on either hand, its power descends with celerity to every country on the sphere; and that, too, from even the deepest interior of the country.

GLASS.—It is a curious fact in science that glass resists the action of all acids except the fluoric; it loses nothing in weight by use or age; it is more capable than all other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over and properly cooled in the furnace, receiving a polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy. It is capable of receiving the richest colors produced from gold or other metallic coloring, and will retain the original brilliancy of hue for ages. Medals, too, imbedded in glass can be made to retain forever their original purity and appearance.

RETURN OF THE GREAT COMET.—The eminent astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Bomme, of Middleburg, Holland, have been making some interesting investigations respecting the return of the comet which appeared in the years 104, 392, 682, 975, 1264, 1556. M. Bomme has gone over all the previous calculations, and made a new estimate of the separate and combined action of all the planets upon this comet of three hundred years, the result of which severe labor gives the arrival of this rare visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years, more or less.

IS THE EARTH CHANGING POSITION?—A writer in one of the English papers recently stated that the noon shadow of a church tower, in his neighborhood, had so altered since his remembrance that it was now in arrears two hours. A scientific gentleman has replied, and says the statement is a delusion, as such an alteration would indicate a change of about fifteen degrees in the situation of the earth's axis or poles, which would necessarily involve a second deluge, and the ruin of every thing on the face of the globe. He says that the rolling earth can not swerve an atom from its course, nor the great globe of day transgress its path by one degree.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

JOURNALS OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—We have received Volumes I and II of this publication, including the Journals from the origin of the Church down to the close of the General conference of 1844. They make two old-fashioned octavos of about six hundred pages each. The Journals of 1848, 1852, and 1856—the latter yet to be—will probably make Volume III in the series. These Journals have been published in obedience to a vote of the General conference of 1852. Every minister, and, indeed, every intelligent layman, who would become acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of the Church of his choice, should possess himself of these volumes. We know not how it may be with others, but to us these Church "annals" possess a peculiar interest. They constitute the best possible history of the development of our economy as a Church. Nor can we doubt but that they will possess a great and permanent value. We can only regret that the original Journals were not kept with reference to publication—which it is abundantly evident they were not. On the whole, we congratulate the Church at large that the Editors and Agents at New York have been enabled to bring forward the work in so perfect a condition as it is. And now we bespeak for it a sale which will not only pay the expense, but make it profitable to the Book Concern.

A HISTORY OF MEDICINE, from its Origin to the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By Dr. Renouard. Translated from the French by Dr. C. G. Comegys, Professor in the Miami Medical College. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co. 1855. 8vo. 750 pp. \$3.50, with the usual discount.—We have read with great profit this entire volume. It supplies what has heretofore been a great want in the medical literature of our country. No medical man should be without it. And, indeed, to professional men of every class, as well as scholars generally, we unhesitatingly recommend it as a work of unusual value. It is rich in all that pertains to the history of human progress—especially in physical science. Its author was a profound scholar, and had studied not only the facts, but the philosophy of history; and a more complete resume of physical philosophy is no where to be found. The translator, too, has executed his task with great fidelity and success. Dr. Comegys has already attained an enviable position in the medical profession in the west; and this publication must contribute largely to increase his reputation and usefulness. It can be ordered through the Western Book Concern.

CHRISTIAN THEISM, by Robert Anchor Thompson, is the title of the work which took the first Burnet prize of \$9,000 for 1854, by a commission consisting of Baden Powell, Henry Rogers, and Isaac Taylor. The work is comprised in four hundred and seventy-seven duodecimo pages. Book I treats of the First Principles of Knowledge and their Misapplication in Systems of Atheism and Pantheism; Book II of the Direct Evidences of Natural Theism; Book III of the Manifestation of the Divine Character in Nature; and Book IV of the Spiritual Revelation of the Divine Character—Objections of Modern Deism. The work is a most able one, and should be

in every minister's library. New York. Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA, by Rufus W. Griswold, *Sixteenth Edition*, carefully revised, much enlarged, and continued to the present time, is just from the press of Parry & M'Millan, Philadelphia, and forms an octavo volume of 622 pages. It has portraits, on steel, from original pictures, of Richard H. Dana, Wm. C. Bryant, James G. Percival, Henry W. Longfellow, Wm. D. Gallagher, Edgar A. Poe, Philip Pendleton Cooke, James R. Lowell, and Bayard Taylor. A list of one hundred and fifty poets is given, with biographical sketches prefixed, and about one thousand different poems are contained in the volume. In connection with Mr. Griswold's other two works, entitled the *Female Poets of America*, and the *Prose Writers of America*, the work should be in possession of all such as desire a cyclopedia of American literature. On sale by H. W. Derby, Main, below Fourth-street.

THE RAG-PICKER; or, Bound and Free, is a book from an anonymous Boston writer, the scene of which commences in a "junk store" at "the lower end of a narrow lane in the northerly extremity of" Boston, and runs through quite a variety of changes to "a happy new year," and to the telling "of the Rag-Picker's story." New York: Mason & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

SALLUST'S JUGURTHA AND CATHLINE, with Notes and a Vocabulary, by Noble Butler and Minard Stungus, will find favor, we think, with professors in our schools and colleges. The vocabulary was prepared by the late Wm. H. G. Butler, who was murdered by Matt. Ward, of Louisville, and is remarkably thorough and accurate, as we can affirm from a careful examination. On sale by H. W. Derby.

JAPAN AND AROUND THE WORLD—an Account of Three Visits to the Japanese Empire, with Sketches of Madeira, St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, China, and Loo Choo, by J. W. Spalding, is a duodecimo volume of 377 pages, embellished with eight tinted engravings. Mr. Spalding evidently has had but little experience with his pen, and lacks, in several instances, sound judgment; yet his volume is readable and instructive. His pages, he informs us in his preface, are not a history of Japan, but simply a record from "scattered memoranda," "jottings down to friends," and "from memory," of certain observations made by him in a cruise of two years and a half on board the steam-frigate Mississippi, connected with the late United States Government expedition to Japan. New York: J. S. Redfield; Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EASTERN KING is a duodecimo volume of 246 pages, detailing the life and acts of his late majesty, Nussir-u-deen, King of Oude, India, and his Court, the Court of Lucknow. A large variety of facts, some of them of a painful and harrowing character, may be found in the volume in reference to East India life. J. S. Redfield, New York; Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati.

CASH AND CHARACTER: A Lecture on High Life, is the title of a miniature volume of 62 pages, published by

Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., of this city. It has many pungent paragraphs and fine hits, and will instruct as well as interest all who read it. On sale by the publishers, Fourth-street, between Main and Walnut.

MAN-OF-WAR LIFE: A Boy's Experience in the United States Navy; THE MERCHANT VESSEL: A Sailor Boy's Voyages to see the World; and WHALING AND FISHING, are titles of three 16mo., juvenile, illustrated works just issuing from the press of Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co. We have barely space to say of them, that they are the details of actual experience, and are from the pen of one of the contributors to the Ladies' Repository. An examination of the proof-sheets warrants us in saying that they will be read with avidity, not only by all young people who get hold of them, but with interest by many people having a sprinkle of gray hairs on their heads. On sale by the publishers.

MESSES. HANPER AND BROTHERS have commenced reprinting the volumes of Bohn's Classical Library, with revisions and notes from the latest English edition. **THE WORKS OF HORACE, Translated literally into English by Professor Smart**, is the title of the first volume of the series; and the **WORKS OF VIRGIL, translated by Davidson**, is the title of the second volume. Both of these are edited and revised by Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church College, England. Other volumes of the classics will be given in rapid succession. On sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

DOCTRINES is a "demoralized" edition of Fanny Fern "in breeches." We beg pardon of ourself for reading so much of it as we have. The only redeeming quality of the work is a vein of genuine wit that crops out now and then; but even that is of the coarsest grain, and uniformly connected with base associations.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF CINCINNATI, which is a volume of 162 pages, sets forth the number of schools, teachers, and scholars, as follows: Two High Schools; one Intermediate School;

twenty District, Sub-District, and Asylum Schools; seven Night Schools; 223 Teachers—168 females, and 55 males; 88,446 White Youth of school age by Census—17,444 of whom are enrolled in all the Schools.

Exclusive of expenditures for real estate and buildings, the actual maintenance of all the Schools for the year has cost the city \$190,878.29 for an average attendance of 10,587 pupils, or at the rate of \$11.47 per pupil. In this the support of the High Schools is included, which cost \$13,047.77 for an average attendance of 261 pupils, or at the rate of \$51.96 per pupil.

HOMER is the title of an address delivered before the Belles-Lettres and Union Philosophical Societies of Dickinson College, July 11, 1855, by Rev. D. D. Whedon, D. D. The position is taken that the word Homer is not to be considered the name of a firm Homer & Co., nor a brace of Homers, nor a multiplication of Homers; but that it is a name belonging to a single man, a great poet of antiquity. The address abounds in brilliant flashes of wit, in quaint conceptions, in the keenest logic, and in the most elevated sentiments.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, published monthly, 222 Broadway, New York, has many articles of value from the pen of its editor—W. W. Hall—and his correspondents. On the cover of each issue are these words: "Men consume too much food and too little air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise."

THE MINUTES OF THE OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE FOR 1855 shows a membership, including local preachers and probationers, of 31,062—an increase over last year of 416. Missionary money contributed, \$13,409.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY, at Charlotteville, N. Y., for the Year ending September 26, 1855, exhibits an attendance as follows: Ladies, 202; gentlemen, 402; total, 604. Rev. Alonzo Flack, A. M., Principal, with eleven assistant teachers.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE SEMINARY, Northfield, shows an attendance for the year, of ladies, 179; and of gentlemen, 141; total, 320.

Notes and Queries.

"THE FIRST WRONG ACTION."—In your October issue, W. A. P. says, "I would like for some of the profound to tell me whether the first wrong action grew out of a wrong principle, or whether the principle originated with the action." I do not claim to be of the class designated, nor is it essential in this case that I should. The case is plain as it respects man. He was "formed in the image of God," was pronounced "very good," and is alluded to by St. Paul as having been "created in righteousness and true holiness." Whatever else these declarations include, they certainly go to the extent of affirming an entire freedom from moral taint, or "wrong principle." That which led to sin was from without, not within; was temptation, not inclination; was the result of deception, not of intentional wrong. The root of the first sin was the consent to discredit God's word. This disbelief led to the forbidden act, and it to the incurred penalty, which included depravity. If, then, it

is clear, that prior to this act man bore the image of God, and that after it that image was defaced, it follows that the "action" did not "grow out of the principle," but that "the principle originated with the action." Of the manner of the origin of evil nothing is known. But since a holy God could not create an unholy being, and since man fell by *doing* wrong, it seems evident that, however much is obscure on this dark subject, there can be no doubt that wrong action preceded wrong principle.

G. R. S.

THE MIND AND ITS OPERATIONS.—*Mr. Editor*,—In your July number, S. L. Y. answers the question, "Is the mind conscious of its own existence, or only of its operations?"

By confounding *existence* with *essence*, he makes out that "the mind is not conscious of its own existence."

I do not suppose your magazine is designed for lectures on metaphysics—still as every one who *writes*, or *speaks*, or *thinks*, has to do with the laws of mind, and really

acts upon a theory of metaphysics, true or false; some speculations on that subject may not be out of place in your pages. Let the readers of the Repository look at this answer.

In our earliest conscious existence we find ourselves occupied with the phenomena of surrounding objects, actively employed with the ideas derived from these sources, and variously combining and separating them. This activity of the mind, in connection with its constitutional faculties and susceptibilities, becomes the occasion of other ideas. We are conscious—that is, we have inward knowledge of all these mental operations. The phenomena of surrounding objects make us acquainted with those objects. We know nothing of their essence; but we know their existence, as the subjects of these phenomena. So, too, we know nothing of the essence of our mind; but while we are conscious of various mental operations or phenomena of mind within us, we are, at the same time, conscious of a personal existence as the subject of these operations. I am conscious of *thought, feeling, ratiocination*; and am equally conscious that I who think, feel, and reason, am a personal being—that is, I am conscious of my own existence.

Self-consciousness, indeed, must be coeval with mental action. Suppose the mind to exist in unconsciousness, till, at a given moment, a sensation produced by contact with another body causes the mind to perceive that body. The mind is conscious of this perception, and at the same time must be conscious of its own existence. It knows there is something apart from itself; but this knowledge implies the knowledge that itself exists.

H.

ANSWERS.—“*Mr. Editor*,”—In the table of “Notes and Queries” for the October number of the Repository, it is asked, whence comes the phrase, “But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?” It is found in Yorick’s “Sentimental Journey through France and Italy,” by the celebrated Laurence Sterne, and in the tender and touching story of “Maria.” Maria was a disappointed and demented maid, who sometimes strayed with her goat along the road to Moulins. It seems that Mr. S. had met her upon a previous occasion to the one in which the above-quoted language was used.

“She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter’s once, and returned back; that she found her way alone across the Apennines, had traveled over all Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes. How she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb*.”

In the same table the querist says that he is unable to find the following lines:

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.”

These lines are properly attributed to Bishop George Herbert. They occur in his ode to “*Virtue*,” which may be found in D. Appleton & Co.’s edition, published in 1844, and edited by the Rev. Robert A. Willmott.

In conclusion, let me ask, whence the expression, “In the midst of life we are in death?” S. H. W.

“LIQUID FIRE AND DISTILLED DAMNATION.”—Can you inform me, Mr. Editor, who is the author of the expression “liquid fire and distilled damnation?” I once

thought it belonged to Shakspeare, but think otherwise now.

Yours, truly,

COMA.

ANSWER.—One of our literary exchanges propounded this query some time since, and the following answer was furnished by a correspondent: “A clergyman in England, whose appetite for brandy was increasing with his age, was in the habit of calling upon Robert Hall. Seeing that his ruin was inevitable unless the habit was broken, Hall resolved to make a strong effort for his rescue. The next time he called, when he had as usual asked for a glass of brandy and water, Hall said, ‘Call things by their right names, and you shall have as much as you please.’ ‘Why, don’t I employ the right name?’ was the reply; ‘I ask for a glass of brandy and water.’ ‘That is the current, but not the appropriate name,’ said Hall; ‘ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation, and you shall have a gallon.’ He turned pale with anger, but knowing that Mr. Hall did not intend to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and thanked him, and from that time ceased to take brandy and water.”

SUPERSTITION.—One of the superstitions of France is that a fire kindled by lightning can not be extinguished, and that he who attempts to extinguish it will die within the year. The mayor of a country village has lately had to argue with his constituents on the subject during the late conflagration of a barn. He could only prevail upon ten men to assist him in pouring on water. The Insurance Company interested made a present of five francs to each of these ten for having risen above the prejudices of ignorance and an inadequate education.

EATING OFF THE SAME PLATE.—An Italian writer says of the age of Frederick II:

“In those times the manners of the Italians were rude; a man and his wife ate off the same plate, etc.—Hallam’s *Middle Ages*, new edit., vol. iii, p. 242.

Was not this custom known in Great Britain in more recent times, and even in high life? Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann in 1752, says:

“Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the duchess, at their own house, walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, *eat off the same plate*, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of earl,” etc.—*Letters*, 3d edit., vol. iii, p. 18.

It is difficult to determine the degree of credit to be given to Walpole’s anecdotes. This, however, is related as if at least he thought it, and meant it to be taken as true.

If so, the custom in question betokened conjugal affection, and not rudeness of manners.

The same practice seems to be referred to in the nursery rhymes—too familiar to be quoted here—which recount the agreement in disagreement of Jack Sprat and his wife.

QUERY.—What is Mr. C. Wesley’s meaning in the first verse of his well-known hymn, commencing,

“All praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is darkness in th’ abyss
Of uncreated light?”

Does he mean that the throne of God is darkness, in an abyss of uncreated light? Can not you, Mr. Editor, or some of your correspondents help me to a little light on the subject?

BETA.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

THE BOY COMPLAINING TO HIS MINISTER.—"I once heard," says S. G. Goodrich, "of a boy, who, being rebuked by a preacher for neglecting to go to church, replied that he would go if he could be permitted to change his seat. 'But why do you wish to change your seat?' said the preacher. 'You see,' said the boy, 'I sit over the opposite side of the meeting-house, and between me and you there's Judy Vicars and Mary Staples, and half a dozen other women, with their mouths wide open, and they get all the best of the sermon, and when it comes to me it's pretty poor stuff.'"

EXAGGERATION OUT-EXAGGERATED.—Nothing is more common than to make extravagant and improbable assertions, as if a rational conversation could not be supported but by the marvelous. The best answer that can be made to such is, if possible, to exceed the absurdity. A gentleman was boasting, in company with Boursault, of his very strong sight, and, just at the moment, looking through the window, said, "I can discern from hence a mouse on the top of that high tower." "I do not see it," answered Boursault, "but I hear it running."

DR. JOHNSON'S RAMBLER.—Dr. Johnson was paid by the booksellers two guineas per week for this work; and his employers made by it above ten thousand pounds. Upon the very great repute of the Ramblers, the University of Albin honored him with a degree of A. M., a favor Johnson had before vainly solicited.

UPRIGHT JUDGE.—Judge Richardson, in going the western circuit, had a great stone thrown at him, which, as he happened to stoop at that instant, passed clear over his head. "You see," he said to the friends who congratulated him on his escape, "you see if I had been an upright judge, I had been slain."

SOWING AND REAPING.—A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

JUSTICE.—Though justice is not ostensibly sold, yet it costs so much that a man must be rich to obtain it.

"I SAY."—Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words "I say." An under graduate, having, as the Doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him to give him a jobation, which he thus began, "I say, they say, you say I say, I say"—when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding him begone to his room.

DR. YOUNG.—One day, as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies—one of whom he afterward married—the servant came to acquaint him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," said the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank—his patron, his friend; and as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when finding resistance vain,

he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and, in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n;
Like him I go, but yet I am loth to go;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Heed was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

IMPORTANCE OF A COMMA.—In the priory of Ramesses there dwelt a prior who was very liberal, and who caused these verses to be written over his door:

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none be shut, to honest or to poor."

But after his death, there succeeded him another, whose name was Raynhard, as greedy and covetous as the other was bountiful and liberal, who kept the same verses there still, changing nothing therein but one point, which made them run after this manner:

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none, be shut to honest or to poor."

Afterward, being driven from thence for his extreme niggardliness, it grew into a proverb, that for *one point* Raynhard lost his priory.

DOWNRIGHT RAIN.—A gentle sprinkle of rain happening, a plowboy left his work and went home; but his master, seeing him there, told him he should not have left his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for the future he would stay till it rained *downright*. Some time afterward, upon a very rainy day, the boy staid till dusk, and returned almost drowned. His master asked him why he did not come before. "Why I should," said the boy, "but you see I shouldn't come hoam vore it rained downright; and it has not rained *downright* yet, for it was quite *aslant* all the whole day long."

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—Handel being once in a country church, asked the organist to permit him to play the people out, to which he, of course, consented. Handel accordingly sat down and began to play in such a very masterly manner as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats as usual, remained for a considerable space of time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient, and at length addressing the performer, told him he was convinced he could not play the people out, and advised him to relinquish the attempt; which done, a few strains in the accustomed manner operated like the reading of the Riot Act, by immediately dispersing the audience.

A GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.—Take a pair of thick boots, inhale any quantity of pure air, and take plenty of exercise, and you will escape a cough. Hug the stove, grow lean, walk out in wet weather with paper-soled shoes, and die.

A POEM.—Burke told Garrick at Hampton that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," replied Garrick, "then what think you of a bitter cold day?"

A BAD MARRIAGE EXPERIENCE.—A man, on being asked if he had ever seen the "Bridge of Sighs," replied, "Yes; I have been traveling on it ever since I was married."

Editor's Table.

THE MONTH.—"Dark December," says Shakspeare of the closing month of the year. But is his estimate a just one? Is December dark always? We like the long social evenings of the month; we like its snow showers, the jingle of its sleigh bells, and the sharp whistle of its night winds as they sweep around the house corners, looking into the crevices of the windows, and peering under its doors, while we sit with our family or our friends around the cheerful fireside. Types of human life are spring, summer, autumn, and winter. We have in our own experience, our bright days and our dark days—our hours of tear-shedding and our hours of laughter-making. But while the earth has its annual change of seasons, we have but one set of seasons. To us spring will never return, and when the winter of life comes, its chill will last clear down to the waters of death, and its ice be thawed only in the grave. But what beyond? Is there another country? Is there a land where snowfalls come not? Is there a world where clouds dim not the sky, nor winter winds prevail, nor storms arise, nor tempests lower?

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—The contrast in the Smile and the Frown is too apparent to render comment necessary. The reader turns doubtless in memory to the time when he was a boy, and when he was up to any trick on the teacher that would afford an hour's fun. Take a close look at the first picture; the schoolmaster has stepped out, possibly to have a talk with some calling patron, and great jollity among his subjects is the consequence. How happy, how exceedingly happy, all hands appear! The fellow of the slate has succeeded finely in his caricature; his neighbor is most gracious to the little codger with primer in hand; the three chaps in a heap take affairs swimmingly; even Master Toothache-Sufferers find his grinders in good condition to labor at his half-finished turnip, while only his honor of the dunce cap seems solemn. In the Frown a sudden change has occurred. The monarch of the hickory oil preparation is returned, and having discovered unmistakable signs of disorder in his kingdom, he is beating about for the remedy. Our friend, the caricaturist, has suddenly laid his slate aside; his neighbor is reading over the top of his book; little Sammy is pouring some tears on the pages of his primer, and the trio and the toothache boy, together with the tall-cap owner, are all doing their best to look busy. Are not the pictures worth studying, reader, and has not our artist, Mr. Jones, executed his work well?

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—*A new method of clapping.*—At a meeting which I once attended, Mr. Editor, there was considerable of that miserable theater clapping, when any thing fine was uttered. At last, one of the speakers, himself quite eccentric in his remarks, and of course one who would, therefore, occasionally "bring the house" down, became annoyed beyond endurance. Toward the close of his speech he touched the matter off thus: "My brethren, it has been the custom to-day, as you all are aware, for the speaker to receive a considerable amount of praise by the clapping of hands. The practice is somewhat tiresome, and I propose a new method of clapping less noisy and a great deal more pleasing; it is this, when the collector comes round clap your hands into your pockets, and clap your money into

the plate to receive it, and the Lord will give it his blessing." After this most seasonable piece of advice there was no more smacking of hands together to tell the speaker how well he was speaking.

Yours, truly,

E.

Congregational Music.—Do you love music, dear Doctor, and do you try to sing sometimes? Poor singer though I am, I love always to hear good music. Let a congregation sing a dull, minor tune before I commence preaching, and my spirits, like mercury in a barometer in falling weather, go down with a rush. I entirely agree with Mr. H. W. Beecher in his preface to his Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes: "Congregational singing will never become general and permanent, till the Churches employ tunes which have melodies that cling to the memory and touch the feelings or the imagination." This is the doctrine, the true doctrine, Mr. Editor. The scientific music, which it takes years to learn, and longer years to comprehend, is never going to affect the world in the way that pure heart melodies must affect it. Let a *true tune* be sung, and what is the effect? The sensibilities and the feelings are stirred. The melody clings to the soul. On the road-side, and on the hill-side; in the forest walk, or in the quiet of the parlor, you hear the snatches of the song playing in echoes, or dying away upon the air. Your little child just beginning to talk, learns and sings the air, and when Sunday comes you may hear it as it is poured forth from scores and hundreds of voices, old and young. Does not such music make one feel good? does it not tend to help one's religious feelings? Yes, it does, and it can not help so doing. Give me a people cold in heart, and cold in their love to God, and I will give you a people who can not sing "according to the spirit and the understanding." Put me on top of an iceberg and let me float to the North Pole and die there, rather than live among a soulless, singingless, religionless set of professors.

Yours, forever,

AN OLD PREACHER.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHILDREN.—*Will there be flowers in Heaven?*—A mother sat, with bowed head and breaking heart, by the bedside of her darling first-born son; and that dark-eyed little girl moved slowly about the room, gazing thoughtfully for a while into the bright fire, then kissing the pale cheek of her brother, and wondering "how long he would sleep." For hours he had lain with closed eyes and white lips, and a breath so short and low that it scarce stirred the white cover. The fever had left him, but nature was exhausted, and they told us that our Charlie must die.

Sunlight faded, and in the gray twilight we sat watching the little one passing so gently from our circle. At last the eyes slowly opened, and a soft voice spoke the sweet words—

"Mother, how long till summer time?"

"Six months, my darling."

"Then your Charlie will not see the flowers again. Don't cry, mamma, I must go pretty soon, but I wish I could see the flowers once more. Will there be any in heaven? Kiss me, mamma, cousin Amy, good-night, sweet sleep"—and Charlie was with the angels. Then we crossed his white hands over his still heart, and smoothed back the golden curls from his pure temples,

and they laid our faded lily upon the stainless snow. Our boy was too frail and fair for earth, and God has taken him to a holier clime.

Yes, there are flowers in heaven, sweet child; such flowers as thou. Their tender petals can not bear our wintry winds, so angels gather them, and they go to bloom in fadeless beauty in the garden of our Father in heaven.

Little Clara.—Little Clara was watching with much curiosity and interest a flock of fowls, as they were sunning themselves, when her attention was suddenly arrested by the gorgeous red crests of two roosters.

"Mamma, what are those red things on their heads?"

"They are combs, my dear."

"Why, how funny!—they wear combs! Mamma, are they the women?"

Artless Candor.—A gentleman inquired of a carpenter's boy—"My lad, when will this job your master has on hand be completed?"

"I can't tell, sir," said the honest boy, artlessly; "it's a day job, and it will depend upon how soon the man has another order."

Pursell Words.—A little boy lay on his dying couch. He had a father who was irreligious. Just before he died, he said: "Father, I am going to heaven, what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love Him?" The father burst into tears; but before he could give an answer, the dear Sunday school boy had fallen asleep in Christ. Subsequently the reproof operating upon that father's heart led him to repentance and to Christ, and he has since joined his son in the happy land.

Faking for a Compliment.—Vanity is a plant which thrives in the soil of young as well as old hearts, and can be made to grow to an extravagant degree by assiduous culture: "I once knew," says Mr. Abbott, "a little boy of unusually bright and animated countenance. Every one who entered the house noticed the child, and spoke of its beauty. One day a gentleman called upon business, and being engaged in conversation, did not pay that attention to the child to which he was accustomed, and which he now began to expect as his due. The vain little fellow made many efforts to attract notice, but not succeeding, he at last placed himself full in front of the gentleman, and asked, 'Why don't you see how beautiful I be?'"

Love for Jesus.—A little girl between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed, seeing her elder sister with a Bible in her hand, requested her to read it. The preceding passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus; he will soon take me up in his arms, bless me too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her, and said, "Do you love me?" "Yes, my dear," she replied, "but do not be angry, I love Jesus better."

Sandy and the Big Doctor.—A little boy of three was thrown from his carriage as it was drawn rapidly through the garden, and had his arm hurt. The physician of the family, being doubtful of the extent of the injury, desired a surgeon to be called in consultation, whose close scrutiny caused additional pain.

"Papa! who is that big doctor? I don't like him at all. He hurts your little boy very much indeed. Send him away."

Finding his request could not be granted, he made a different appeal:

"Big doctor! what's your name? Can't you be gentle? O dear! How savage you are!"

He then besought sympathy, and addressing the family around his bed, said:

"Are you sorry for me? Are all of you sorry for Sandy?"

On being assured they were, he still rejoined, "Why don't you cry then? Can't you cry when Sandy is hurt? Cry, every one of you. Cry loud."

STRAY GEMS.—*Little Sins Dangerous.*—A little rope suffeth to hang a great thief; a little dross abaseth much gold; a little poison infecteth much wholesome food; a little heresy corrupteth much sound doctrine; a little fly is enough to spoil all the alabaster box of ointment: so, the smallest sin, without God's mercy, is sufficient to ruin our soul to all eternity!

A Beautiful Motto.—The young ladies of the class that recently graduated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Mass., adopted for their motto, "Our rest is above," the initial letters of which were engraven upon a ring worn by each member, O. R. I. A.

Childhood Prayers.—Dr. Adam Clarke, in his last days, wrote thus: "The prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns I sung when a child, I still remember with delight." Thus when the young cherish these sacred influences, they

"Sow seeds,

To blossom in their manhood, and bear fruit
When they are old."

A Pretty Face.—A pretty face is often like cheap furniture; the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

The River of Truth.—Those who pursue the stream of Truth to its sources have much climbing to do, much fatigue to encounter, but they see great sights.

Roses and Thorns.—The perfume of a thousand roses soon dies, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after: a saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

Liberty.—When liberty is at stake, we can not be too scrupulous; we must burnish up every precedent; we must parley upon a hair, for that hair may be a fiber of eternal right upon which cling the destiny of millions.—*Chapin.*

Life.—The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—With this number ends volume *fiftieth* of the *Ladies' Repository*. We feel anxious as we write. Shall we lose any who have been subscribers for 1855? Some few we know, who have removed or died, we must lose, but shall we part company with any from their lack of interest in the work itself? We trust not. The year has been pleasantly spent by us, although we have labored with considerable assiduity in preparing matter that would interest and instruct you, reader. We desire a large increase for volume XVI, and we wish the co-operation of all our friends, whether they be preachers, preachers' wives, or whether they be laymen, and the wives and daughters of laymen. Take upon yourself a special agency. See to it that the list of the *Repository* is increased in your neighborhood. We intend to make the next volume *better* than any that has preceded. Tell your friends our intention, and throw in, as you make the statement, a few warm words in our behalf. Begin now. On receipt of this number let your canvassing commence. Your preacher will forward the money and the names you procure, without additional labor on your part. For full particulars we would refer to the Circular of the Publishers, which accompanies this number.

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